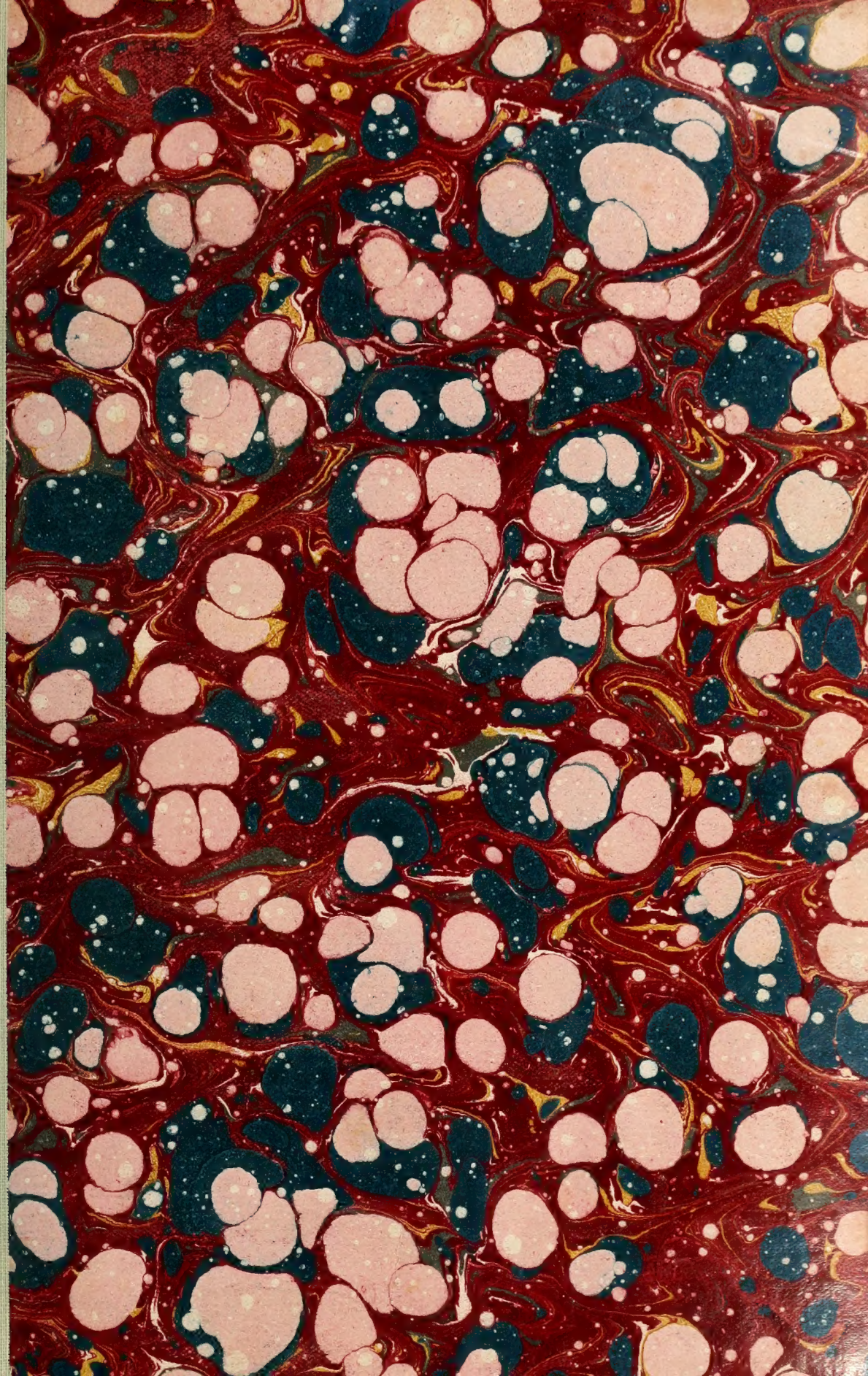


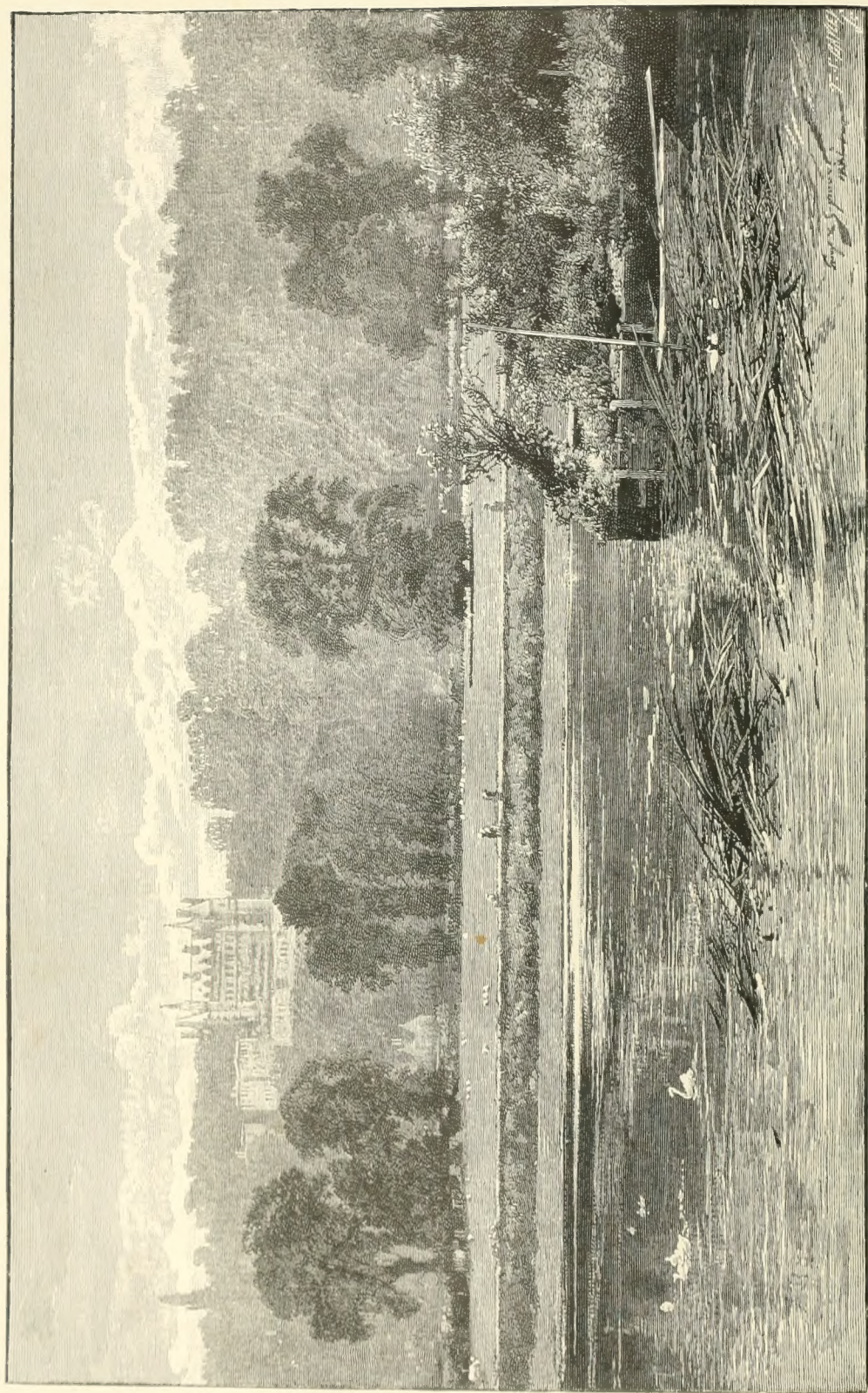
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THE THAMES AT RICHMOND.

GREATER LONDON:

A NARRATIVE OF

ITS HISTORY, ITS PEOPLE, AND ITS PLACES.

BY

EDWARD WALFORD, M.A.,

JOINT-AUTHOR OF "OLD AND NEW LONDON."

ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

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GREATER LONDON.

CHAPTER I.

THE THAMES THIL FOO, ETC.

O! the land, that for ever
 O! the land, that for ever
 As now, fair river, come to rest
 O! the land, that for ever
 Thy quiet, and on all the river
 Till all our minds for ever flow
 As thy deep waters now and then—Woe to the

The Pool—The Commerce of London—London Dock—The Thames
 Gibbets—The Warspite—Archer, and other London Ships
 —The *Dreadnought*—A Floating Hospital—The City
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 of Fossils and Remains of Animals—"Cunobelin's Gold Mines,"
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 Island—Hadleigh Castle—Leigh—Yanlet Creek—The Boundary
 Marks of the Thames Conservancy—Southend.

THAT portion of the Thames lying im-
 mediately eastward of London Bridge, and
 extending as far as the Isle of Dogs is known as
 the "Pool," and has always been the busiest part of

1. Monument to late Prince Imperial, and Camden House, Chislehurst.
2. Molesey Weir.
3. In Richmond Park.

the river. Tacitus describes London, in the year 61, as celebrated for the number of its merchants and commerce; and an edict of King Ethelred (A.D. 978) refers to the fact that "the Emperor's men, or Easterlings, come with their ships to Billingsgate." "The Easterlings," observes John Timbs in his "Curiosities of London," "were the merchants of the Steelyard, and paid a duty to the port." Fitz-Stephen, in his "Life of St. Thomas à Becket," thus describes the merchandise of London:

"Arabia's gold, Sabæa's spice and incense,
Scythia's keen weapons, and the oil of palms
From Babylon's deep soil; Nile's precious gems;
China's bright shining silks, and Gallic wines;
Norway's warm peltry, and the Russian sables,
All here abound."

Special advantages have been from time to time conferred by different English sovereigns upon foreign traders entering the port of London, whose great guilds long held the commerce of London in their hands. Under an Act of Charles II. the port of London is held to extend as far as the North Foreland. It, however, practically extends only about six and a half miles below London Bridge to Bugsby's Hole, just beyond Blackwall. The actual port reaches to Limehouse, and consists of the Upper Pool, the first bend, or *reach*, of the river from London Bridge to near Wapping and Execution Dock; and the Lower Pool, thence to Cuckold's Point. In the latter space colliers mostly lie in tiers, a fairway of 300 feet being left for shipping and steamers passing up and down. The depth of the river ensures London considerable advantages as a shipping port.

"The congregation of men, ships, and commerce of all nations in the 'Pool,'" writes the author of "Babylon the Great," "the din, the duskiness, the discord of order, activity, and industry, is finer than a bird's-eye view of London from the hills on the north or south, or than the royal gardens, the parks, and the palaces, that first present themselves to a stranger coming from the west . . . This is indeed Old Father Thames, in the overwhelming wonders of his wealth; and the ships and the warehouses that we see contain the stimulus and the reward of those men who have made England the queen and London the jewel of the world."

Some idea of the immense amount of business done in the Pool may be gathered from the fact that *on one day* (September 17, 1849) there arrived in the port 121 ships, navigated by 1,387 seamen, with a registered tonnage of 29,699 tons—106 British, 15 foreign; 52 cargoes from our

colonies, 69 from foreign states—from the inhabitants of the whole circuit of the globe. The day's cargoes included 32,280 packages of sugar from the West Indies, Brazil, the East Indies, Penang, Manilla, and Rotterdam; 317 oxen and calves, and 2,734 sheep, principally from Belgium and Holland; 3,967 quarters of wheat, 13,314 quarters of oats, from Archangel or the Baltic; potatoes from Rotterdam; 1,200 packages of onions from Oporto; 16,000 chests of tea from China; 7,400 packages of coffee, from Ceylon, Brazil, and India; 532 bags of cocoa from Grenada; 1,460 bags of rice from India, and 350 bags of tapioca from Brazil; bacon and pork from Hamburg; and 8,000 packages of butter, and 50,000 cheeses from Holland; 767 packages of eggs (900,000); of wool, 4,458 bales, from the Cape and Australia; 15,000 hides, 100,000 horns, and 3,600 packages of tallow, from South America and India; hoofs of animals, 13 tons from Port Philip, and 140 elephants' teeth from the Cape; 1,250 tons of granite from Guernsey; copper ore from Adelaide, and cork from Spain; 40,000 mats from Archangel, and 400 tons of brimstone from Sicily; cod-liver oil, and 3,800 sealskins from Newfoundland; 110 bales of bark from Africa, and 1,110 casks of oil from the Mediterranean; lard, oil-cake, and turpentine, from America; hemp from Russia, and potash from Canada; 246 bales of rags from Italy; staves for casks, timber for our houses, deals for packing-cases; rosewood, 876 pieces; teak for ships, logwood for dye, lignum vitæ for ships' blocks, and ebony for cabinets; cotton from Bombay, zinc from Stettin; 1,000 bundles of whisks from Trieste, yeast from Rotterdam, and apples from Belgium; of silk, 900 bales from China, finer sorts from Piedmont and Tuscany, and 200 packages from China, Germany, and France; Cashmere shawls from Bombay; wine, 1,800 packages from France and Portugal; rum from the East and West Indies, and scheidam from Holland; nutmegs and cloves from Penang, cinnamon from Ceylon; 840 packages of pepper from Bombay, and 1,790 of ginger from Calcutta; 100 barrels of anchovies from Leghorn, a cargo of pine-apples from Nassau, and 500 fine live turtles; 54 blocks of marble from Leghorn; tobacco from America; 219 packages of treasure—Spanish dollars, Syree silver from China, rupees from Hindostan, and English sovereigns.* Later statistics of the commerce of London will be found in our account of the East and West India Docks.†

* "A Day's Business in the Port of London," by T. Howell.
† See Vol. I., p. 100.

We will now ask the reader to accompany us, in imagination, in a steamboat trip down the river as far as the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor extends, pointing out by the way such objects of interest as are worthy of notice. First of all we pass in rapid succession Billingsgate Market, the Custom House, the Tower of London, Wapping, Rotherhithe, Deptford and Greenwich, and the various docks and wharves on either side, all of which places have been duly described in *OLD AND NEW LONDON*,* to the pages of which the reader is referred.

Execution Dock, at East Wapping, is the name of one of the outlets of the river, and preserves the memory of many a tale of murder and piracy on the high seas; for here used to be executed all pirates and sailors found guilty of any of the greater crimes committed on ship-board. "Opposite Blackwall," writes John Timbs in his "Curiosities of London," "we remember to have seen the gibbets, on which the bodies were left to decay." And Charles Knight, in his "London" (1844), remarks—"There are some now alive who yet remember the bodies of the pirates opposite Blackwall wavering in the wind—'a gibbet's tassel'—one of the first sights that were wont to greet the stranger approaching London from the sea." Hogarth has commemorated this exhibition of a barbarous custom in his picture of "The Thames Gibbets." Much more interesting objects to be witnessed now in a voyage down the Thames are our training ships for seamen—the *Warspite*, *Arethusa*, and *Chichester*—three fine specimens of the "wooden walls of old England," which have been set apart for the purpose of preparing young lads, mostly orphans and friendless, to become the sailors of the future. Off Greenwich lay for many years a hospital ship for "seamen of all nations"; this was the old *Dreadnought*, a vessel which had been famous in many sea-fights of Nelson's day. Its inmates, however, were a few years ago transferred to one of the wings of Greenwich Hospital, and the old vessel was broken up. A floating small-pox hospital is now moored in the river near this spot; it is formed of two old war-ships, fitted up for the purposes of a hospital, and connected with each other by a wooden bridge.

After leaving Blackwall the river winds round the south side of the Victoria and Albert Docks, and North Woolwich Gardens, by the several broad reaches known as Bugsby's Reach, Woolwich Reach, and Gallion's Reach, to the mouth of the

Roding at Barking Creek. On our right we pass the town of Woolwich, with its dockyard and arsenal, and the high grounds of Charlton, backed by Shooter's Hill away in the distance. Next follow, on the Kentish side, the monotonous levels of Plumstead and Erith Marshes, the former of which is much used by the Military Academy for gunnery practice of all kinds. The sewage outfalls of the Metropolitan Main Drainage Works at Crossness Point, with those at Barking on the opposite shore, render the Thames hereabouts at times little better than an open sewer. Opposite Crossness Point, shut in from the river by a broad embankment, is the sheet of water known as Dagenham Breach. Dagenham Church forms a conspicuous landmark on the rising ground amid the trees in the distance. We next pass the village of Erith, with its picturesque church nestling at the foot of the steep hill of Belvedere. On the eastern side of Erith, the waters of the Thames are augmented by those of the Darent—

"The silver Darent, in whose waters clear
Ten thousand fishes play and deck his pleasant stream."

The Darent in its course has been joined by another "faire" river, the Cray, and the conjoined streams enter the Thames very near "Long Reach" tavern.

Passing from Erith Reach into Long Reach, we descry on the Essex side of the river the chalk cliffs of Purfleet, on one of which was placed the standard of England when our "tight little island" was threatened by Spain in the time of Elizabeth. The government magazines, built here about the middle of the last century, provide storage for 60,000 barrels of powder. The building is very solidly constructed, the walls being of great thickness. Much lime is burnt about here for the use of the London and Essex builders, and the little "flete," or creek, from which the village takes its name, is generally filled with barges loading with lime and chalk. The *Cornwall* juvenile reformatory ship is moored off the shore at Purfleet.

Greenhithe and Northfleet follow Erith on the Kentish side of the river. They are both large and populous villages, and on the high ground above the former are several modern villa residences, commanding extensive views both of the river and of the opposite county of Essex. On an eminence close by stands the parish church of Stone, one of the largest and most interesting in all West Kent. It is in the early English style, and is rich in architectural details. As we glide along, the green lawns of Ingress Abbey, stretching pleasantly down to the water-side, soon come in sight. The

* See Vol. II., pp. 4., 5., 6., and 1., 5.; and Vol. VI., pp. 1., 4., 14., and 164.

present house, formerly the seat of Alderman Harmer, is said to have been built partly out of the stones of old London Bridge.

Moored off Greenhithe is Her Majesty's ship *Worcester*, which has been set apart as a nautical training college. It is under the management of a committee of London shipowners, merchants, and captains; and youths between the ages of eleven and fifteen intended for the sea are received on board and specially educated for a seafaring life. The annual terms are from forty-five to fifty guineas. The Board of Trade allow that two years passed on board this ship shall count as one year's sea service; and the Admiralty annually give as prizes some nominations to cadetships in the Royal Naval Reserve. The Queen also gives an annual prize for competition.

In the curve or bend of the river forming St. Clement's Reach and North Reach, on the Essex side, are seated the three villages of West Thurrock, Gray's Thurrock, and Little Thurrock. West Thurrock is a long straggling village, with an old Early English church, dedicated to St. Clement; its massive tower, standing near the river-bank, forms a conspicuous landmark. The old ferry here was the regular route for pilgrims from the eastern counties to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. On a slight eminence, westward of the village, stands Belmont Castle, an embattled mansion of considerable architectural pretensions. Gray's Thurrock is situated in the centre of a concave sweep of the river, forming the reach known as South Hope. There is here a small creek or harbour capable of receiving vessels of 300 tons burthen, and a wooden pier some 400 feet long. Large quantities of fossils have been found in the lime quarries in this neighbourhood. A bed of brick-earth, lying above the chalk, has been found to contain the remains of elephants. The bones of deer, bears, and other animals, have also been found here, as well as the remains of forest-trees. The church, re-built in 1846, in the Norman style, occupies a lonely position near the river-side. Thurrock belonged to the noble family of Gray for three centuries, and hence is called Gray's Thurrock, or simply Gray's. Little Thurrock is located on the high ground above the marshes, at some little distance from the river. The church, which was "restored" in 1878, is Early English, and consists of a nave and chancel only. The chalk hills in these parishes are perforated with extensive caverns, called "Cunobelin's Gold Mines," and supposed to have been used as places of shelter by the Saxons in the days of the Danish invasions: they are popularly known as

"Dane-Holes," or "Dene-Holes." It is thought that the Danes used to lurk in them, and here conceal their plunder; others consider that they were inhabited in the winter by the natives, who here screened themselves alike from the cold and from the invaders. As Virgil writes, in his "Georgics," of the natives of Germany:

"Ipsi in defossis specubus secreta sub altâ
Otia agunt terrâ, congestaque robora totasque
Advolvere focus ulmos, ignique dedere.
Hinc noctem ludo ducunt, et pocula læti
Fermento atque acidis imitantur vitea sorbi."

The fenny levels we are now passing have been often compared to the marshy scenery of Holland: their narrow dykes, their stunted pollards, their drooping willows, and the sleepy-eyed cattle, dotting the green pastures, seem to have been bodily transported from the canvas of Cuyp.

We now rapidly approach the populous and thriving town of Gravesend. It is the first "port" on the river, and consequently immediately connected with its navigation. The name of the town is derived from *Gerefa*, signifying a *ruler*, or portreeve, termed in German "Greve" or "Grave;" hence Gravesend indicates the limit, or bound, of a certain jurisdiction or office. The port of London terminating just below the town, an office of customs is established in it, and all homeward-bound vessels are obliged to "lay-to" until visited by the proper authorities. The contiguity of Gravesend to the metropolis, and the ready access afforded by both steamboat and railway, together with its baths and the attractions of its pleasure-gardens, have ranked the town among the fashionable watering-places of the kingdom; at all events, the place has become a favourite one with Londoners at holiday-time. The town has been greatly improved and extended within the last half-century, and the fields in its immediate neighbourhood have become covered with streets. Windmill Hill is being gradually encroached upon by the greedy builder; the old mill, however, still stands, although its occupation as such has long departed. The spot has been occupied by a mill since the days of "good Queen Bess," before which time a beacon was placed there to warn the country in case of an invasion by the passage of the Thames.

On the Essex bank, opposite Gravesend, stands the Tilbury station of the Southend Railway, and adjacent are the frowning batteries—lately enlarged and strengthened—of Tilbury Fort. The present defensive works were first constructed in 1667, from the designs of Sir Bernard de Gomme, the Engineer-General; but a fort had been built here

after the alarm of the Spanish Armada, according to the designs of Frederick Gerrebelle, an Italian, who conducted the defence of Antwerp against the Spaniards. Within the last thirty years the forts, both here and at East Tilbury, have been rendered of formidable strength. On the green slopes which lead up from the marshes stand the village and church of West Tilbury. This spot has been rendered historical from the fact of its being the scene of Queen Elizabeth's famous address to her army before the arrival of the Spanish Armada off these coasts, which, although so often given in our English Histories, will be found quoted by us in a previous chapter.*

In consequence of the insufficiency of dock accommodation in the port of London, and the want of depth in the river above Gravesend for vessels of the largest size, the directors of the East and West India Dock Company accepted a scheme for the construction of an extensive system of deep-water docks at Tilbury. Parliamentary powers were obtained in due course, the contract was let, and the first sod was raised on the 8th of July, 1882, by the chairman of the company, Mr. H. H. Dobree. Since that time considerable progress has been made in the work of construction. The river entrance to these docks will be 300 feet wide, flanked by two long timber jetties running out from the shore at an angle of thirty-five degrees, and forming an opening 800 feet wide; the lock will be 80 feet wide and 700 feet long. There will be four large graving docks, of which two, by removing the dividing caisson, can be converted into a receptacle large enough to receive the *Great Eastern*. The total water area of the main docks will be fifty-two acres. Shedding of large capacity will be provided, and there will be ample railway accommodation for carrying on the business of the docks with despatch. Cattle lairage will be provided, and the requirements of the inland-borne railway traffic, especially that of grain, will be met on an extensive scale. The entire area covered by the new docks is 320 acres, and it is anticipated that they will be opened for business early in 1885. The total cost will probably be about a million and a quarter of money. When completed, these docks will meet the requirements of the enormous steamships engaged in the East India, China, Colonial, and American trades. The sinuous and shallow reaches of the Thames above Gravesend will be avoided by the use of these docks, which may be entered and

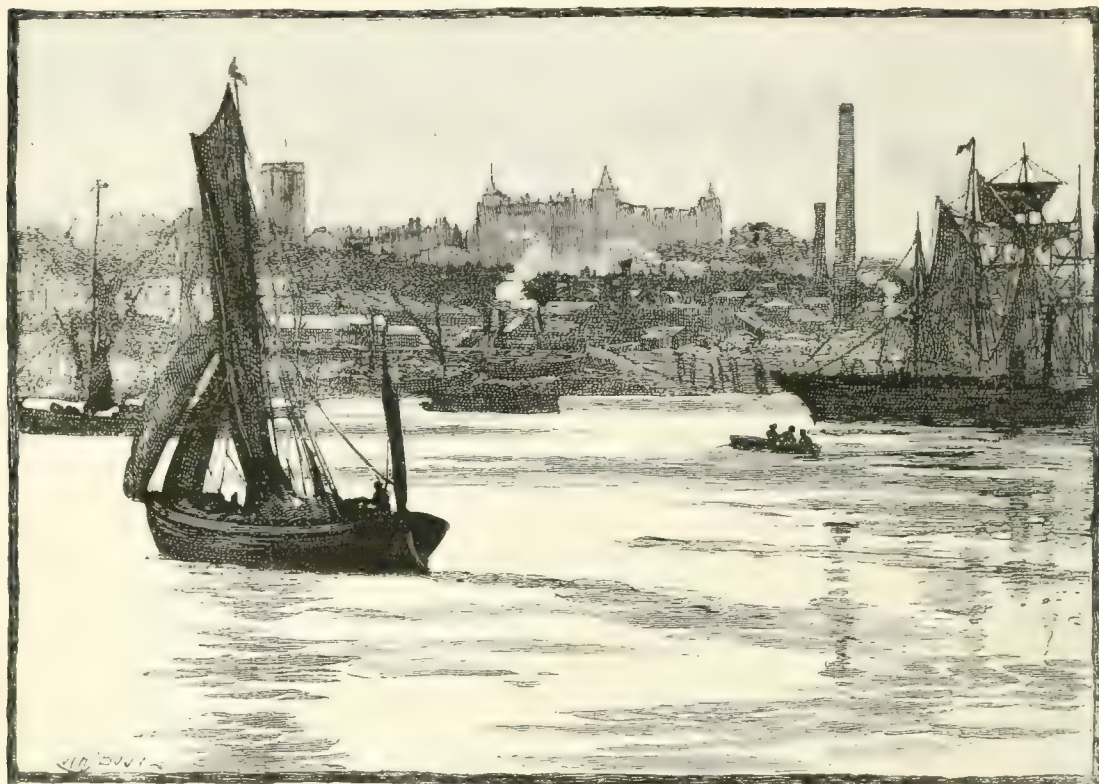
quitted by vessels of the deepest draught irrespectively of conditions of tide. There will be efficient hotel accommodation for incoming and outgoing passengers, and the docks will have convenient railway communication with London, by the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway.

Following the course of the river, we glide into Hope Reach, at East Tilbury, between which and Higham, in Kent, exists an ancient ferry. The church of East Tilbury is very old; its tower, which stood at the south-west angle, was destroyed by the Dutch when they sailed up the river in insolent triumph in 1667. Sweeping round the Hope, and passing into the estuary of the Thames, where it begins to broaden into the open sea, we arrive at Thames Haven, situated at the mouth of a deep and considerable creek, which strikes inland for several miles. In January, 1881, much damage was done to the sea-wall here during a violent storm.

Canvey Island—supposed to be the "Convennos" of Ptolemy—is a long irregular stretch of marsh land, some six miles in length, and from one and a half to two and a half miles in breadth. It is separated from the main land of Essex by Hadleigh Bay and South Benfleet and East Haven Creeks. On the rising ground to the left, after clearing Canvey Point, we see the crumbling ruins of Hadleigh Castle, and a little further eastward the pretty little fishing village of Leigh comes in sight. About a mile and a half beyond Leigh stands the boundary stone which marks the extreme limit of the Conservancy of the Thames by the Corporation of London, the boundary mark on the Kentish shore being at the entrance to Yanlet Creek. The town of Southend, with its pier more than a mile long, is seen away in the distance at the point where the combined waters of the Thames and Medway mingle with the ocean at the Nore.

"In these lower reaches of the Thames," observes Mr. Thorne, in his *Rambles by Rivers*, "the banks are quite flat, and no object breaks the level line of the shore on either hand. The only relief to the eye is the low ridge of hills which on each side runs along at a little distance inland; and on each of these hills are a few village churches, and also an old castle or two, but hardly near enough to be of much importance to the general prospect. Canvey Island, on the Essex side, and the Cowing and other marshes, which extend to Yanlet level on the Kentish, are both low, fenny, and foggy tracts, but, though uninteresting to look over, of great agricultural value."

* See Vol. I, p. 524.



WOOLWICH, FROM THE RIVER.

CHAPTER II. WOOLWICH.

"See where the river in branches divides,
Cut in two, all the same as a fork;
How proudly the *Commerce* with *Industry* rides,
Then the *Blarney*—oh! she's bound for Cork;
There's the homeward-bound fleet from the Downs, only see,
So taunt their top-gallant masts bend;
There's the *Silkworm*, the *Beaver*, the *Ant* and the *Bee*,
And all standing on for Gravesend."—DIBDIN.

Sketch of the Town—Extent of Woolwich Town—Its Etymology—Domesday Record of Woolwich—Descent of the Manor—A Curious Tradition respecting North Woolwich—Roman Occupation of Woolwich—A Market Established here—Acreage of the Parish, and Census Returns—Description of the Town—Steamboat Piers and Railway Stations—Early Naval Importance of the Town—Pepys' Official Visits to the Dockyard—Dangers of the Neighbourhood—Woolwich a Century Ago—Omnibuses and Steam-Packets Established—Hanging Wood—Woolwich as a Fishing Village—The Parish Church—Other Churches and Chapels—The Goldsmiths' Almshouses—Parochial Almshouses—Lovelace, the "Cavalier" Poet—Grimaldi—A Centenarian.

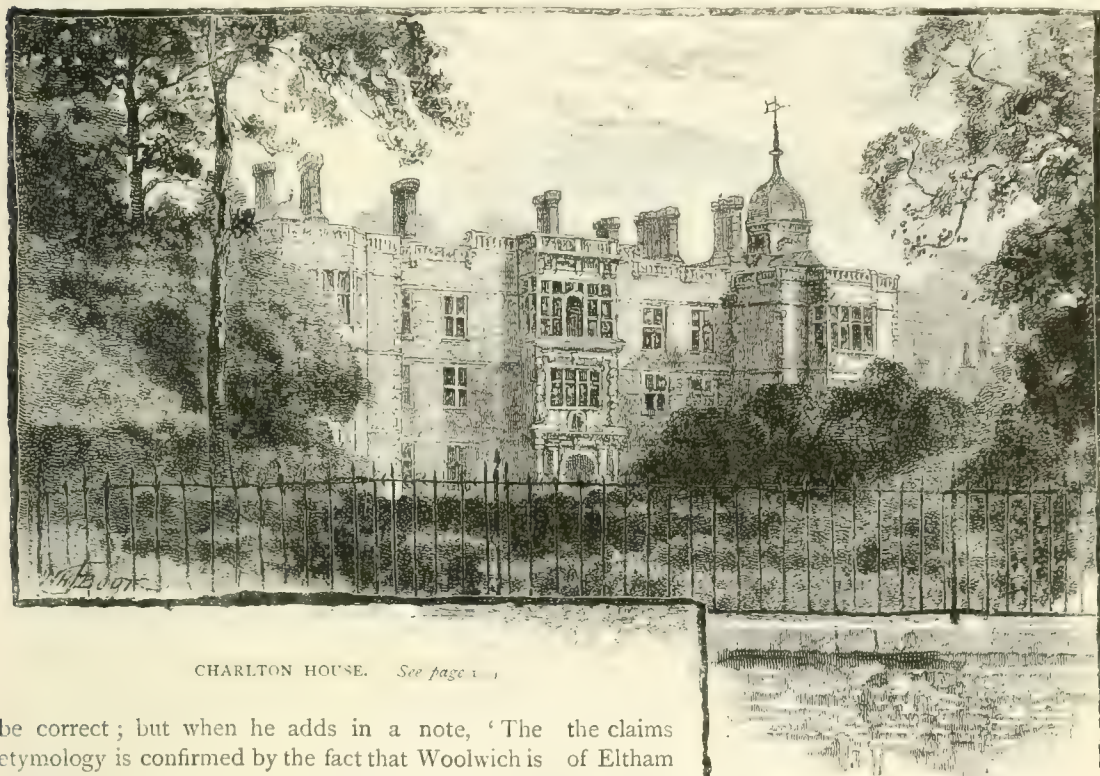
WE will now commence our exploration of the southern portion of our allotted district at the point at which our perambulation ended in OLD AND NEW LONDON,* namely, on the further side of Charlton and Greenwich. The town of Woolwich, which adjoins these places on the east, extends for some two miles down the banks of the river, and for about half a mile upwards from the river to the brow of the hill, where are the Royal Artillery Barracks and Hospital. A considerable portion of the parish, as we have already seen, lies on the

opposite side of the Thames, surrounded by Essex, and yet geographically within the county of Kent. This is called North Woolwich, and is connected with the town by means of a steamboat ferry. Owing to this singular circumstance, a local proverb has it that "more wealth passes through Woolwich than through any other town in the world," referring, of course, to the traffic to and from the metropolis continually passing along the Thames between the two divisions of the parish.

In the time of the Saxon Heptarchy the name of this place was written *Hulviz*, which, in the language of that people, signified "the dwelling on

the creek of the river." By that name, too, it is called in the Domesday Survey; but in the *Textus Roffensis* it is written Welwic. Later on, in the fourteenth century, the name was written Wolwiche, and two centuries later it is spelt Wolwych. Mr. Taylor, in his "Words and Places," assigns the name to the Danes, and explains its etymology thus:—"Woolwich, *the hill reach*, so called apparently from its being overhung by the conspicuous landmark of Shooter's Hill." "This," observes Mr. Thorne, in his "Environs of London," "may

which William the Falconer held of King Edward. In this estate there are eleven bordars, who pay 41 pence. The whole value is three pounds." The estate, remarks Lysons, is supposed to be comprehended in what is now the principal manor, and which, at a very early period, was called the Manor of Wulewicke, and afterwards the Manor of Southall, in Woolwich. This manor, however, together with all other parts of the parish, is subordinate to the parish of Eltham, as was proved in the Court of Exchequer in 1702, when



CHARLTON HOUSE. See page 1.

be correct; but when he adds in a note, 'The etymology is confirmed by the fact that Woolwich is written *Hulviz* in Domesday,' we feel that he is on unsafe ground. A comparison of the names in Domesday with the earlier Anglo-Saxon forms shows that in a large number of instances the Domesday spelling—at first sight often very startling—is merely the attempt of a Norman clerk to represent the, to him, strange English pronunciation. The English called Woolwich *Wulewic* (which we are afraid will not help Mr. Taylor's etymology); this the Norman scribe represented by *Hulviz*, just as, in the seventeenth century, we find a French ambassador writing *Oulmarlton* for *Wimbleton*."

The reference to this place in Domesday Book is to the effect that "in the half-lath of Sudtone, and in the Grenviz (Greenwich) Hundred, Haimo has thirty-six acres of land in *Hulviz* (Woolwich),

the claims of Eltham were contested by

Mr. Richard Bowater, who had then recently purchased the Manor of Woolwich, and with whose descendants it continued down to the present century. In whose reign this manor became an appurtenance to Eltham is unknown.

By what means the portion of land called North Woolwich, lying as it does on the Essex side of the river, came to be incorporated with this parish is not clearly known. "Probably," says Hasted, "Haimo, Vice-comes, or Sheriff, of Kent in the time of the Conqueror, being possessed of Woolwich as well as of those lands on the other side of the river, procured them, either by composition or grant, from the king, to be annexed to his jurisdiction as part of his county, and then incorporated them with it."

Harris, in his "History of Kent," mentions an old manuscript which he had seen, which stated that the parish of Woolwich had on the Essex side of the river "five hundred acres, some few houses, and a chapel of ease." "There is a vague tradition," observes Mr. Brayley, in the "Beauties of England and Wales," "that a man, a native of Woolwich, was found drowned on the opposite shore, in Essex, and that the parish in which he was thrown refused to bury him; on this, he was buried by the parish of Woolwich, which afterwards claimed the land where the body was discovered, and obtained a verdict in a court of law."

That Woolwich was occupied by the Romans during their invasion of England there is little doubt, from the fact that funeral urns and fragments of Roman pottery have been found at different times during excavations in the Royal Arsenal and its neighbourhood. The great Roman road called Watling Street, which passed through Kent from London to Dover, and portions of which are still traceable, crossed over Shooter's Hill, at a short distance southward of the settlement, which was, in those far-off days, at the foot of a green and sloping hill, and by the side of a broad and noble river. To the Romans has been assigned the credit of having reclaimed the great river marshes by the embankments of the Thames between Gravesend and London, for whose maintenance, as we learn from the "Minutes of Proceedings of the Royal Artillery Institution"—so far as the Arsenal is concerned—the Government still pays annual "wall-scot" dues. In Walker's Thames Report of 1841 it is stated that "the probability is that they are the work of the ancient Britons, under Roman superintendence. That they are the result of skill and bold enterprise not unworthy of any period is certain." Sir William Dugdale, Sir Christopher Wren, and many others, considered these great works to be of Roman origin; whilst some have supposed that they were constructed by the abbots of Stratford, in Essex, and Lesnes, near Erith, whose convents were founded in the twelfth century. In 1236 a sudden rise of the tide caused the river to overflow the marshes, and Henry III. appointed a commission "for the overseeing and repairing the breaches, walls, ditches, &c., in diverse places between Greenwiche and Wulwiche."

For many centuries Woolwich was little or nothing more than a small fishing village, consisting of only a few streets, which were huddled together by the river, and below a place called the Warren, now covered by the Arsenal; but small and insignificant as it was, it had from a very early date a weekly market, which, by an Act passed in 1807, was made

to be held twice a week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Under the provisions of the above-mentioned Act a new market-house was erected; the market, however, is now mainly carried on in the High Street.

In the Conqueror's time, when Haimo, or Hamo, the sheriff of Kent, was the great man of the neighbourhood, there were, as shown by Domesday Book, but eleven cultivators of the soil, or "bordars," rich enough to pay a yearly rental of forty-one pence. In the reign of Henry VIII. these payers of *rent* had been replaced by one hundred and twelve payers of *rates*; and since that time, owing to the foundation of the Royal Dockyard and Arsenal, the town has gradually increased in size and importance. Towards the end of the last century the number of houses in Woolwich was only 1,200, and the population under 9,000 souls. By 1821 the latter had increased to 17,000, and the number of houses to 2,500. Half a century later, according to the census returns for 1871, the population numbered a little more than 35,500, including 4,100 military, and in 1881 it had risen to 36,200. The area of the parish, as set down in Kelly's "Six Home Counties," is nearly 1,113 acres, of which about 400 acres, or nearly one-third, lie, as already stated, on the Essex side of the Thames.

The Woolwich of the present day, apart from the Royal Dockyard, Arsenal, and Artillery Barracks, is a singularly dull and uninteresting town. It occupies the slope of the rising ground extending southward towards Shooter's Hill, and runs eastward for about two miles, from Charlton to Plumstead, the Dockyard and Arsenal lying between the town and the river nearly the whole distance. The streets are mostly narrow and irregular, and the shops and houses poor and mean-looking. In some of the principal streets there are a few shops and residences of a better class, but their presence scarcely relieves the squalor of the town generally. The public buildings, apart from those connected with the Government, are few, and altogether devoid of interest, even the churches scarcely affording any relief to the general dulness.

The parish of Woolwich lies within the limits of the Parliamentary borough of Greenwich. The town is eight miles below London Bridge by land, and nine by water. It is built on the northern declivity of Shooter's Hill, sloping gradually down towards the bank of the river. At the summit, however, is a spacious level, known as Woolwich Common. On the south and west Woolwich is bounded by Eltham and Charlton, and on the east by Plumstead.

There are two steamboat piers: the one for the town, and the other in connection with the Arsenal. The London Steamboat Company's boats call at the town pier on their way between London and Gravesend, Southend, and Sheerness. There is also a steam-ferry in connection with railway conveyance from North Woolwich by the Great Eastern Railway. The North Kent Railway, and also the South Eastern Railway, have stations at the Dockyard and Arsenal. The South Eastern Company have also a direct line to London through Greenwich and Deptford. The North Kent line of railway was not opened till 1849, but the Eastern Counties ran a branch to North Woolwich shortly before that date.

Early allusions to the town represent it as being of naval rather than of military importance. Thus Stow speaks of "Woolwich, seated on the Kentish side, low, and not over healthful; but, by reason of its Dock and Storehouses for the Royal Navy, is a place well inhabited, especially by those who have their dependence thereon. And in this dock hath been built the best ships of war, amongst which the *Royal Sovereign*, anno 1637." After describing her "three tire of guns, all of brass; in all, 100 guns," Stow relates that "this royal ship was curiously carved, and gilt with gold; so that when she was in the engagement against the Dutch, they gave her the name of the *Golden Devil*, her guns, being whole cannon, making such havock and slaughter among them."

"The Royal Dockyard at Woolwich," observes Lieutenant Grover, in his "Historical Notes on Woolwich Arsenal," "was commenced early in the reign of Henry VIII.; and Camden, writing (in his 'Britannia,' anno 1695) concerning the arsenals for the Royal Navy in *Kent*, speaks of Woolwich having given birth to the

<i>Harry Grace de Dieu</i>	in 3°	Henry VIII.
<i>Prince Royal</i>	„ 8°	Jac. I.
<i>Sovereign Royal</i>	„ 13°	Car. I.
<i>Naseby</i> , afterwards <i>The Charles</i> „ 7°	} Car. II.	
<i>Richard</i> , afterwards <i>The James</i> „ 10°		
<i>St. Andrew</i>	„ 22°	

so that men-of-war must have been constructed there at least as early as the year 1512. The '*Henrye Grace a Dieu*,' as she was sometimes called, was burnt at Woolwich in 1553. From this dockyard were launched most of the ships celebrated in the victories of Drake and Cavendish, and in the voyages of Hawkins and Frobisher."

Mr. Pepys, as Secretary to the Admiralty, often paid official visits of inspection to Woolwich. As he tells us in his "Diary," under date 11 July, 1662, he "viewed well all the houses and stores there

which lie in very great confusion, for want of storehouses." The public roads about Woolwich appear in Pepys' time to have been somewhat dangerous for travellers, for under date of 19 September, 1662, we read: "To Deptford and Woolwich Yard. At night, after I had eaten a cold pullet, I walked by brave moonshine, with three or four armed to guard me, to Redriffe [Rotherhithe], it being a joy to my heart to think of the condition that I was now in, that people should of themselves provide this for me, unspoke to. I hear this walk is dangerous to walk by night, and much robbery committed there." Again he writes, "30 June, 1664: By water to Woolwich, and walked back from Woolwich to Greenwich all alone; saw a man that had a cudgell in his hand, and though he told me he laboured in the King's yard, and many other good arguments that he is an honest man, yet, God forgive me! I did doubt he might knock me on the head behind with his club. But I got safe home."

What changes have not taken place in this neighbourhood since it first became a favourite summer resort for Londoners two hundred years ago! when Pepys writes in his "Diary": "28 May, 1667. My wife away down with Jane and Mr. Hewer to Woolwich, in order to a little ayre, and to lie there to-night, and so to gather Maydew to-morrow morning, which Mrs. Varner hath taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face with; and I am contented with it;" and when, even ninety years later, the river flowing past was found so enticing to bathers as to necessitate Col. Bedford's order of the 8th April, 1757, "The first cadet that is found swimming in the Thames shall be taken out naked, and put in the guard-room."

"Between the Woolwich of to-day and the Woolwich of sixty years since," observes Mr. T. Miller, in his edition of "Turner and Girtin's Picturesque Views" (1854), "the difference is so great that one is puzzled to discover the point of view from which Girtin drew his picture. We have traversed the ground in all directions, and even taken counsel of that infallible authority, 'the oldest inhabitant;' but after all our trouble are obliged to confess that the question is one on which we are unable to come to any decision. But what matters? the picture is, no doubt, a faithful transcript of one lovely aspect of nature, as it presented itself to our artist's delighted vision; and the blame is not his if it is now altered and defaced by the handiworks of man. Look at this *beau idéal* of a country road, with its Arcadian cart, and quaintly-dressed rustics, and sand-banks, and bushes

tumbling about in all directions, and encroaching where they like, without the slightest fear of billhook or spade. Look at that undulating expanse beyond the straggling hedgerow: no straight lines there, all curves—true lines of beauty! Think of the blackberries on all these hedgerows, and the hazel-nuts in the copses, and ask yourself if this is not truly English—the England of sixty years since! . . . But what about Woolwich? Of Woolwich, gentle reader, as it is now, we see little, and might almost doubt if that in the picture is Woolwich church, which is a plain brick erection, with stone facings, bearing date about 1726, and dedicated to St. Mary—a comfortable, well-fitted structure inside, but neither imposing nor picturesque externally, and having stuck on to it a vestry with a tall chimney, very like a wash-house. There are, besides, chapels out of number for all denominations of Christians, and two other district churches in Woolwich; but as these have been built since the view was taken, the church in the picture cannot be either of them. Standing on the spot whence the relative positions of the tower, with regard to the rest of the building, would lead us to suppose Girtin might have taken his view, we see—what, of course, the artist could not—the intervening space in great part covered with buildings; but we see not several prominent objects which appear in the picture, and which we are assured by the ‘old inhabitant’ aforesaid never did exist in Woolwich, as far as his memory carries him back. The question then arises, May it not be Charlton Church that Girtin has taken for Woolwich? The two are but a mile or so apart, and the places are so closely connected, that an artist not well acquainted with the locality might easily fall into such an error. Both churches have square towers, and the body of each, somewhat foreshortened, as in the picture, would look very similar. There is nothing like the old range of buildings to the right now existing in either Woolwich or Charlton, nor can any such be remembered. They may be part of the dockyard buildings, which came up very close to the sacred edifice at one time. Beyond we see the river Thames, and this would seem to strengthen such a supposition. There is no object in the present aspect of Woolwich, from the direction whence Girtin must have looked, at all corresponding with the large house on the hill to the right of the picture; but if we go to Charlton, there is Charlton House, the seat of Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson, Bart., a fine old Elizabethan mansion, occupying an elevated site, and about the same relative position with regard to the church. After all, however, we must leave the question as

we took it up. Our readers had better visit this interesting locality, and decide for themselves. Were we to attempt to describe all the changes which have taken place here since the date of Girtin’s picture, we should find it necessary to give nearly the whole contents of the modern ‘Guide to Woolwich and its Environs,’ which may be had in a very cheap and compact form from any bookseller in the place.”

Let us try to imagine the Woolwich of a hundred years ago. This we can readily do by the help of a small map published in the “Survey of Kent,” in 1778. The town then consisted merely of the High Street, and what is now called Cannon Row, and the lanes running down to the water-side. Shooter’s Hill was then a wild heath, much dreaded as the haunt of highwaymen. Charlton was a lonely village, reached by a footpath called Love Lane. The Royal Military Academy as yet was not, nor had the establishment on the Warren yet been dignified by the title of Royal Arsenal. But Woolwich was already rising in importance; royal visits and consequent local rejoicings, the erection of new buildings, the bustle at the Warren occasioned by the great war, all combined to make the little town a place of gaiety and liveliness, foreshadowing its present prosperity.

It was about 1831 that omnibuses began to run to and from London; and in 1834 the Woolwich Steam Packet Company was established, the first boat which started from Strother’s Wharf, in High Street, being the *Sylph*. There are now thirty-five vessels belonging to the company; but it is easy to imagine what a benefit the opening of this ready communication was to Woolwich, for on this occasion a local bard perpetrated the following verse:—

“To bear you o’er the waves in state,
Though wind and tide contray,
A *Sylph* and three attendants wait,
A *Naiad*, *Nymph*, and *Fairy*.”

Mr. Vincent, in his admirable little guide to the town, entitled “Warlike Woolwich,” enables us to form some idea of the appearance of the place and its neighbourhood in the middle of the last century. “The mill which stood a few years ago on the site of the Engineer Office in Mill Lane existed even then; and nearly opposite it a road crossed the Common (where now is the Barrack Field), and a tavern called, ‘The Jolly Shipwrights,’ stood at the corner, just where we now see the White Gate. The present road across the Common was made years afterwards, farther to the south of the old road; and the road from the town to Shooter’s Hill appears to have been an ill-defined

way, straggling past a few houses which had been built on the edge of the Common. Another road, a continuation of Frances Street, extended from near the 'Jolly Shipwrights' to the dockyard gates; and there was a road, now extinct or nearly so, from the cross roads at Shooter's Hill (near the present police station) over the Common, and through the Hanging Wood to the Lower Road, emerging between the hills near Sand Street, where the end of the ancient way and some of the old houses still exist. Some remains of it are also found where it crossed Little Heath, and the road at Woodland Terrace, where it suddenly gets wider, is, no doubt, part of the same way. Thence it wound in a devious course under the hills, past Mount Place, and out nearly opposite the 'Lord Howick,' and so on to the ferry stairs, which the old advertisements might have announced as the 'nearest landing place for Shooter's Hill'. . . . A hundred years ago and less, Hanging Wood extended to the Common, and covered the whole slope of the Little Heath Hill, except, perhaps, the 'little heath,' or roadside green, which gave its name to the spot, for the Charlton Road even is a modern creation, and that for many years came no nearer the heart of Woolwich than the corner of the Barracks at Frances Street. Wood Street and the 'Woodman' were formerly part of the wood; and the shady glades of the Royal Military Repository, in the valley where the wood ended, still show how lovely a valley it was."

The Hanging Wood appears to have been a noted place for robberies in the "good old times." Mr. Hewitt, in an article on "Old Woolwich" in the Minutes of Proceedings of the Royal Artillery Institution, gives the following information respecting the locality:—From the old newspapers of the last century we gather many notices of depredations in and about Hanging Wood. . . . Under 1732 we read: 'On Sunday morning the Reverend Mr. Richardson, going from Lewisham to preach at Woolwich, was attacked by a footpad in Hanging Wood, who robbed him of a guinea, leaving him but two-pence, and then made off.' In January, 1762, 'several people have been robbed this week in Hanging Wood, near Woolwich.' 1782, 'Three men robbed a boatswain of a man-of-war, near Hanging Wood, of his watch and ten guineas, but some gentlemen coming up, they took to the Wood,' &c. 1812, 'On Tuesday last a poor boy was murdered in a wood near Woolwich by a ruffian, who, having robbed his master, and being pursued, fled for refuge to the wood, where, being seen by the boy, the latter screamed with terror of him, on which the villain seized and strangled him.'"

We may mention that in the Middle Ages the fishery of Woolwich was of considerable value, and that Thames salmon was procured here, with various other fish. In 1320 we learn from the ancient Letter Books of the City of London that "Master John le Fishmongere," and others, "produced at the Guild Hall, before the Mayor and Aldermen, sixteen nets, called kidels, taken in the Thames while under the charge of John de Pelham, fishmonger, of Woolwiche, and John Godgrom, of Plumstede, who said that the same kidels belonged to certain men of Plumstede, Lesnes, Berkyng, and Eerbethe, who were there named; and that the said kidels were placed in the water aforesaid, to the destruction of the small fish and salmon, &c. It was therefore adjudged by the said Mayor and Aldermen that the kidels should be burnt, and that the said fishmongers, on the peril which awaits them, should not commit the like offence again." The lawful measure of the meshes of Thames nets at this time was "two inches from one knot to the next nearest knot."

The parish church, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, is situated on an eminence near the centre of the town, on what is called Church Hill, about midway between the Dockyard and Arsenal, and looks better at a distance than close. Overtopping as it does most of the houses on the lower or river side of Woolwich, this church is a conspicuous object from the river, as well as from other parts of the town. It is a plain building of brick, with stone dressings, consisting of nave, aisles, and chancel, and an ugly square tower at the western end. The predecessor of the present church, which stood a few yards further southward, dated its erection from about the middle of the fifteenth century; but having fallen into decay, or being too small to contain the inhabitants attending Divine service, it was rebuilt under an Act of Parliament, 5th George II., as "one of the fifty new churches directed to be raised by the two Acts of Queen Anne, when it was ordered that the sum of £3,000 should be paid out of the funds appropriated by those Acts." The present church was commenced about 1733, and finished in 1739. The interior was fitted up "in the Grecian style," with galleries, but has lately been "restored." The monuments in the church are chiefly to officers of the Royal Artillery, many of whom had distinguished themselves. In the churchyard lies interred the body of Andrew Schalch, who was for many years director of the gun factory here, and whose name, as we shall presently see, is closely associated with the early history of the Royal Arsenal. Henry Maudslay, the founder of the

well-known engineering firm bearing his name, lies buried here, as also does "Tom" Cribb, a famous pugilist, who lived and died at Woolwich. In his latter years Cribb kept a baker's shop in the town. His monument here has upon it the symbolical figure of a huge lion resting one of its paws on an urn. The churchyard itself is allowed to remain in a state of most admired disorder, and would afford good ground for the Society for Preserving the Memorials of the Dead to work upon.

these, there are the Garrison, Ordnance, and the Dockyard chapels, as well as a Roman Catholic chapel dedicated to St. Peter, and chapels for Congregationalists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and other denominations.

The Woolwich Cemetery, opened in 1856, is on Plumstead Common, and will be more fully dealt with by us in the chapter devoted to Plumstead parish.

Facing Warren Lane are the Goldsmiths' Alms-



NILE STREET, WOOLWICH.

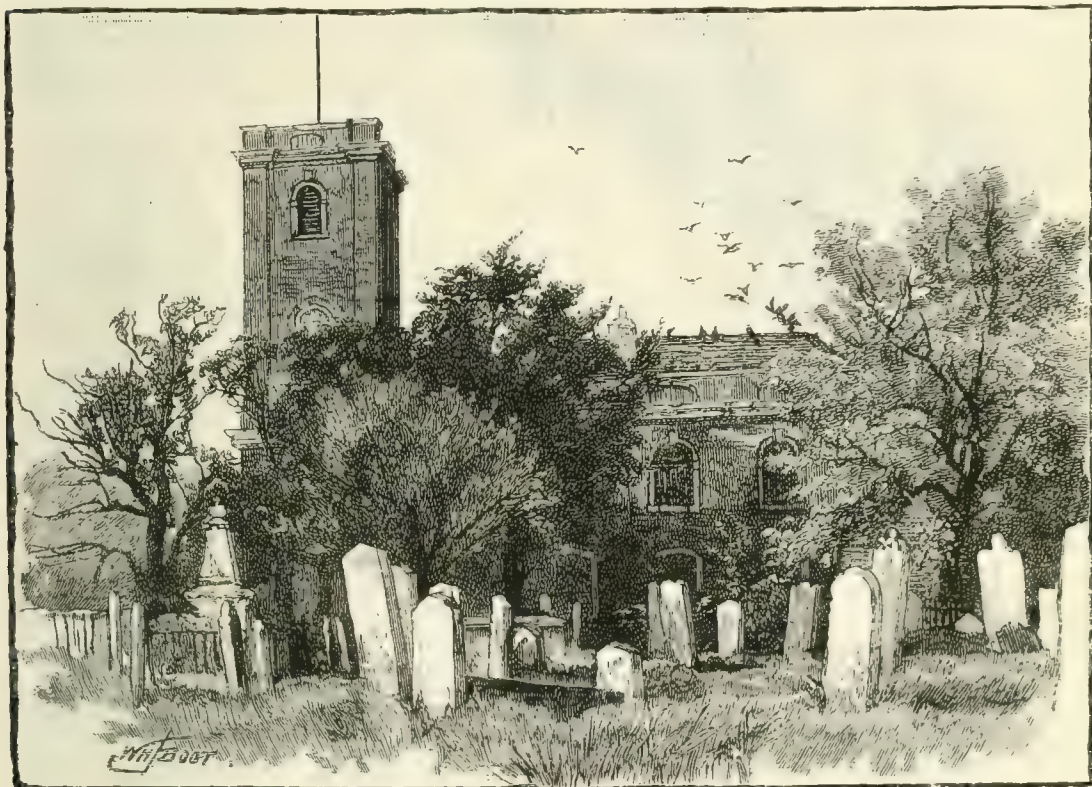
There are now several churches and chapels in Woolwich. St. Michael and All Angels, in the Station Road, was commenced in 1877-8. It is built in the Early English style. St. John's, in Wellington Street, is a handsome stone building, with lancet-shaped windows, and dates from the year 1848. The ecclesiastical district of Holy Trinity was carved out of the mother parish of St. Mary Magdalen in 1881. The church, which stands in Beresford Street, near the Royal Arsenal, is a plain, but roomy, building. It was erected as a chapel-of-ease to St. Mary's, and several of the seats are set apart for the workmen of the Royal Arsenal. The Arsenal Chapel, a very plain and unpretending edifice, stands in the Plumstead Road. Besides

houses for five poor widows, inhabitants of Woolwich, who receive a yearly pension and an allowance for coals. They were founded by Sir Martin Bowes in 1560, but rebuilt by the Goldsmiths' Company in 1771. Mr. Vincent, in his "Warlike Woolwich," writes:—"Tradition says that Sir Martin Bowes endowed the charity in gratitude for his son's life being saved by a Woolwich waterman; but we find by contemporary records that Sir Martin had valuable estates both at Woolwich and Plumstead, and although this fact does not disprove the legend, it affords a reason for his feeling an interest in the locality, without seeking for an accidental one." The Parochial Almshouses, at the back of those of the Goldsmiths' Company,

occupy the site of the old workhouse. When that establishment was broken up, on the creation of the Greenwich Union, in 1844, these houses were built principally through the liberality of Mr. Thomas Clark, a former resident of this town, and Miss Reed, of Woolwich Common.

Among the noted residents of Woolwich in former times, besides those already mentioned, were Lovelace, the "cavalier poet" of the seventeenth century, and Grimaldi, the "prince of stage

of one. He was as fearlessly brave as a knight-errant; so handsome in person, that he could not appear without inspiring admiration; a polished courtier; an elegant scholar; and, to crown all, a lover and a poet. He wrote a volume of poems, dedicated to the praises of Lucy Sacheverel, with whom he had exchanged vows of everlasting love. Her poetical appellation, according to the affected taste of the day, was *Lucasta*. When the civil wars broke out, Lovelace devoted his life and



THE PARISH CHURCH, WOOLWICH. (See page 11.)

clowns." The former was the son of Sir William Lovelace, and was born here in 1618. His chequered "life" has been often written: how he espoused the cause of the king on the breaking out of the Civil War, and beggared himself in the service; how he agitated the famous Kentish petition, which he himself presented to Parliament, and was met, in return, with an immediate commitment to prison; how he subsequently fought at Dunkirk, and later on was again imprisoned, and ultimately became the object of charity. Mrs. Jameson, in her "Romance of Biography," writes thus of Lovelace:—"His fate and history would form the groundwork of a romance, and in his person and character he was formed to be the hero

fortune to the service of the king, and on joining the army, he wrote that beautiful song to his mistress which has been so often quoted:—

" 'Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

' True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

' Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.'

"The rest of his life was a series of the most cruel misfortunes. He was imprisoned on account of his enthusiastic and chivalrous loyalty, but no dungeon could subdue his buoyant spirit. His song, 'To Althea, from Prison,' is full of grace and animation, and breathes the very soul of love and honour:

"When love, with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates.
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.
"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty."

"Lovelace afterwards commanded a regiment

at the siege of Dunkirk, where he was severely, and, as it was supposed, mortally wounded. False tidings of his death were brought to England, and when he returned he found his Lucy ('Oh, most wicked haste!') married to another. It was a blow he never recovered. He had spent nearly his whole patrimony in the king's service, and now became utterly reckless. After wandering about London in obscurity and penury, dissipating his scanty resources in riot with his brother cavaliers, and in drinking the health of the exiled king and confusion to Cromwell, this idol of women and envy of men died miserably in a little lodging in Shoe Lane,* London. He was only in his thirty-ninth year."

Grimaldi lived here for some time, and died at his residence near Pentonville Hill in 1837. His career is recorded in OLD AND NEW LONDON, Vol. III., p. 33, where the reader will learn that he first made his appearance on the stage in 1781, and finally quitted it in 1832.

CHAPTER III.

WOOLWICH (*continued*)—THE DOCKYARD AND ARSENAL.

"To Woolwich next, where noble ships have birth,
And war's dread engines slumbering lie in store,
Ready to desolate this peaceful earth,
Plucking red laurels from a field of gore."

*Situation and Extent of the Dockyard—Its Early History—The Building of the *Harry Grace à Dieu*—Queen Elizabeth present at a Launch here—The Ship *Sovereign Royal*, called by the Dutch the *Golden Devil*—Batteries raised and Ships sunk at Woolwich for Defence against the Dutch—Prince Rupert's Tower—Enlargement of the Dockyard—The Docks Re-modelled under Sir John Rennie—The Docks "Disestablished"—Subsequent use of the Dockyard—Convicts and the Hulks—Situation and Extent of the Royal Arsenal—Beresford Street and Beresford Square—Condition of the Locality a Century ago—An Explosion at the Gun Foundry at Moorfields—Andrew Schalch—Early History of the Ordnance Armoury at Woolwich—"Greenwich Barne"—Extracts from Ordnance Records—The Laboratory Establishment removed hither from Greenwich—Woolwich Warren—General View of the Arsenal—Mutiny among the Woolwich Rope-makers—Establishment of the Brass Foundry here—Number of Men employed here—"Watering Time"—Description of the Arsenal Buildings—The Entrance—Dial Square—The Old Brass Gun Foundry—The Laboratory Workshop—The Pattern-Room and Museum—The Military Store Department—The Gun Factories—"Woolwich Infants"—The Great Nasmyth Hammer—The Carriage Department—Regulations for Admission of the Public—Museum of the Royal Artillery—The East Laboratory—The Sale Yard—The "Proof-butts."*

It is without doubt to the Dockyard and Royal Arsenal that Woolwich owes its present prosperity. The former, however, is no longer the great ship-building dépôt that it was for many generations past, it having been "disestablished" in 1869. The Dockyard, nevertheless, may still be seen, with its long river-wall extending from Charlton to the west part of the town, a distance of about a mile, and with its surface covered with sheds, factories, and basins. On the breaking up of the establishment, a small portion of the dockyard was sold, but the bulk of the property was transferred from the Admiralty to the War Department, by whom its great factories, and even some of its building-slips, have been utilised as warehouses for stores.

When Woolwich first assumed the character of a naval station is somewhat doubtful. Bishop Gibson, however, supposes it to be the oldest royal dock in the kingdom. It is generally said to have been founded early in the reign of Henry VIII., but some writers date its establishment from the time of Henry VII. There may probably have been a small dock or ship-building yard here at that distant date, for it is on record that Henry VIII. bought of Sir Edward Boughton, then proprietor of the manor of Southall and Woolwich, "two parcels of land there, called Boughton's Docks, and two other parcels, called Sand Hill and Our Lady Hill." There is a place called

* See "Old and New London," Vol. I., p. 120.

Sandy Hill in Woolwich in the present day, but the two hills mentioned, as Mr. Vincent suggests, are probably those through which the railway tunnels are cut, near the dockyard. Several small ships are said to have been built here in the reign of Henry VII., but it was not till the reign of his successor that Woolwich acquired anything approaching the character of a great naval station. Deptford Dockyard was founded early in the reign of Henry VIII.,* the same circumstances apparently calling both into existence; indeed, they seem to have been as nearly contemporaneous in their beginning as they were in their close. It is certain, however, that the great *Harry-Grace-a-Dieu*, which has been assigned both to Erith and Deptford, was really built here. Payments for "shippewrights and other officers working upon the king's great shippe called the *Harry-Grace-a-Dieu* at Woolwiche," and for the materials used in its construction, being regularly entered, from the 4th December, 1512, in a book kept for the purpose, and now deposited in the Record Office. The "summa totalis of this boke" amounts to £6,472 8s. 0½d., but timber is not charged for, that being supplied by various monasteries and other corporate bodies, and noblemen and bishops, whose names, with the particulars of their several gifts, are duly specified. The king often visited the ship during its construction, and John Wodowse, "steward in the *Henrye-Grace-a-Dieu*, is paid 16d. for 'creme by him purveied at sundry times for the kinge's grace,'" when he came to Woolwich. The great ship was launched in October, 1515, in presence of the king and queen, and "well nigh all the lords and prelates of the kingdom; and all dined on board at the kinge's charge." The *Great Harry*, as she was at first called, was of 1,500 tons burden, and when launched it took 400 men four days to work her to Barking. Before the launch of the *Great Harry* took place, namely, in April, 1515, entries were made in the dock accounts of charges for bringing the *Sovereign* "from Erith to Woolwich, and so into her Dock;" and in 1521 it is reported that "the *Sovereign*, being of the portage of 800 tons, lyeth in a Dock at Woolwich." Clearly, therefore, Woolwich was by this time established as a naval dockyard as well as a building yard.

In Campbell's "Political Survey of Great Britain," chapter vii., we read:—"That manufacture, however, which is now the glory of this county (Kent), and, indeed, of Britain, is ship-building, more especially at the royal yards, as at Woolwich,

which was settled by Henry the Eighth, and some considerable ships built there. At present (1774) there is not only a most complete establishment for the building and equipping of men-of-war, a rope-walk, foundry, and magazines, but also many private docks, in which prodigious business is carried on, and multitudes of people employed."

Queen Elizabeth witnessed here, in May, 1559, the launch of a great ship, to which she gave her name. The *Prince Royal*, built in the reign of James I., was the next vessel of importance launched here, and this was followed some few years later by the *Sovereign Royal*, or *Sovereign of the Sea*, as it is sometimes called, a splendidly decorated vessel of more than 1,600 tons burthen, and carrying 100 guns. Old Stow, in treating of Woolwich Dockyard, states that "this royal ship was curiously carved, and gilt with gold, so that when she was in the engagement against the Dutch they gave her the name of the *Golden Devil*, her guns, being whole cannon, making such havock and slaughter amongst them." This great ship (which was accidentally burnt at Chatham in 1696) seems to have given much satisfaction and comfort to all but those who, like Mr. John Hampden, at that time objected to the heavy ship-money impost. A quaint pamphlet by Thomas Heywood, published at the time, purports to contain "A True Description of His Majestie's Royall Ship, Built this Yeaere 1637, at *Wooll-witch in Kent*. To the Great Glory of our *English Nation*, and not paraleld in the whole Christian World. Printed by *John Okes* for *John Aston*, and are to bee sold at his shop in Cat-eaten-streete, at the sign of the Bulls-head, Anno, 1637."

In June, 1667, when the Dutch, under Admiral De Ruyter, struck a blow at England's naval prestige, and sailed defiantly up the Thames, several large ships, with their loads on board, were hurriedly sunk "in the river off Woolwich, to prevent their coming higher if they should attempt it." This proceeding seems to have been keenly felt by the then Secretary of the Admiralty, for we find Mr. Pepys writing in his "Diary," under date of 14th June, 1667:—"At night came home Sir W. Batten and W. Pen, who only can tell me that they have placed guns at Woolwich and Deptford, and sunk some ships below Woolwich and Blackwall, and are in hopes that they will stop the enemy's coming up." And again:—"23rd June, 1667 (Lord's Day). To Woolwich, and there called on Mr. Bodham; and he and I to see the batterys newly raised, which are indeed good works to command the river, below the ships that are sunk, but not above them. It is a sad sight

* See "Old and New London," Vol. VI., p. 146.

to see so many good ships there sunk in the river, while we would be thought to be masters of the sea." A letter from Sir William Penn and Mr. Pepys, dated the 15th June, 1667, reminds him of "the six ships to be sunk at Woolwich, and the eight hoys with four guns each, and, if it were possible, 4,000 tons at least of stones to be cast into the ships to be sunk."

The spot where these vessels were sunk was, according to tradition, at the head of Gallion's Reach, almost immediately opposite the site of the present "T" pier in the Royal Arsenal.

John Evelyn writes in his "Diary," under date of 14th June, 1665:—"I went to see the work at Woolwich, a battery to prevent them [the Dutch] from coming up to London, which Prince Rupert commanded, and sunk some ships in the river." The battery which Prince Rupert commanded mounted sixty guns. The passage in the rear of it, where is now the Control Wharf, was long known as Prince Rupert's Walk. The prince was much at Woolwich, and the building on the west side of the Arsenal, now used as the Laboratory Museum, is said to have been erected by him, and used as his residence. "It is more probable," remarks Mr. Thorne, in his "Environs of London," "that it was built for the use of Charles II. and the Duke of York on their frequent visits to the dockyard." By it was a lofty tower, or observatory, known as Prince Rupert's Tower, demolished in 1786. The tower was built of brick, was octagonal in form, and consisted of some six or seven storeys. A wooden model of this building is preserved in the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution in Whitehall Yard. Lieutenant Grover, in his "Historical Notes on the Royal Arsenal," observes:—"That such a building, with such a name, existed in, and gave a name to, the Tower Place is probable enough. That it was occupied permanently as a residence by Prince Rupert of Bavaria is extremely doubtful, since no mention of such a circumstance is made by any writers of the day, who carefully record the prince's having resided—after his retirement from public affairs in 1673—at Spring Gardens and Windsor Castle. It seems probable that he may have occupied the house temporarily, during the construction of the batteries thrown up under his superintendence. . . . It is a somewhat singular coincidence that the site of the great military arsenal of England should be thus associated with the name of a soldier so distinguished as was Prince Rupert in the investigation of war material manufacture. He is recorded to have studied carefully, and to have determined many important points

respecting the best composition for gunpowder; to have patented a mode of annealing cast-iron guns; to have invented the 'prince's metal,' or pinch-beck, with a view to its use in the casting of ordnance, and to have specially built a water-mill at Hackney Marsh for the boring of guns."

Towards the end of the last century great additions were made to the dockyard works, new building-slips, docks, and mast-ponds being constructed. In the early part of the present century the dockyard was again greatly enlarged and improved. The skill of the Rennies (father and son) was called into requisition; new granite wharfs and docks, and immense ranges of workshops and warehouses, were constructed, and the dockyard became one of the most extensive and complete in existence. Then came steam and iron, and Sir John Rennie again re-modelled the docks; building-slips for first-rates and a great steam reserve basin were added, at a cost of £200,000, so that the dockyard became as much a model establishment for building iron war-steamers as it had been for the old wooden vessels. It could not, however, keep pace with the growth of the armour-clad ships. Vessels of such enormous size could not, without increasing risk and difficulty, be launched in so shallow and crowded a river, and it became necessary to concentrate our great naval yards. In 1864 a Parliamentary committee recommended that the dockyards of Deptford and Woolwich should be closed, which was accordingly done in 1869. A small portion of the yard has been sold; the rest has been transferred to the War Department of the Government, and is used for stores. The torpedo stores are now deposited here.

A considerable portion of the labour in both the dockyard and the arsenal was performed of old by convicts, for whose accommodation the hulls of several old ships were moored in the river, off Woolwich. These vessels—called the hulks—were huge, black, melancholy-looking three-deckers, and were divided into wards, galleries, workshops, and store-rooms; each contained also a hospital and chapel, and would accommodate about six hundred men on board. The convicts were separated into classes, according to the way in which they conducted themselves—whether good, bad, or indifferent. At the expiration of the day's labour they were permitted to associate only with convicts belonging to the same class as themselves. The cells throughout the hulk were numbered consecutively, commencing with those on the lower deck, and ranging upwards. Those bearing the highest numbers were occupied by the best characters, who were gradually promoted from the decks below.

Every prisoner, after having served two years, was eligible to commence a period of probation, when a portion of his earnings were reserved for his own use. No convict was allowed to be without an iron upon one or both his legs, and if engaged on board the vessel, he had to undergo the same restraint as was imposed on those who worked during the day in the dockyard or arsenal. The periods of labour ranged from eight to nine hours and a half daily, according to the seasons of the year; the convicts, therefore, worked less hours than many independent labourers engaged in manufacture and agriculture. The author of "Summer Excursions in the County of Kent," published about thirty years ago, in dealing with Woolwich dockyard, writes:—"Every adult convict, too, costs, on the average, a yearly sum of £18 12s. 11d., equivalent to 7s. 2d. per week, being 2d. a week more than the agricultural labourers of Dorsetshire and Wiltshire, with wives and families to support, and who work longer hours, are receiving at the present time. The labour of a convict is valued at £10 12s. 9d.; leaving a loss, therefore, of £7 14s. 4d. per annum on every prisoner engaged on board the English hulks. At Bermuda an annual profit of £13 3s. 7d. per man is produced on board the hulks there."

Towards the middle of the last century it appears that convicts were extensively employed upon the works in the Warren, the site of which is now covered by the Royal Arsenal; and a newspaper of September, 1777, mentions that "the place where the convicts are now at work, near Woolwich Warren, is inclosing on the land side with a brick wall, so that spectators will soon (if not already) be barred the sight of those miserable wretches on the land side, except at a distance."

The Royal Arsenal is usually the chief object of attraction for visitors to Woolwich. It stretches for a mile along the Thames eastward of the dockyard, and covers over a hundred and fifty acres, partly in the parish of Plumstead, occupying the site of the above-mentioned rabbit-warren; from which latter circumstance was kept its name of the Warren, till George III., on one of his visits, gave it its present title.

Beresford Street, through which we make our way to the Arsenal, was so called after the celebrated companion-in-arms of the Duke of Wellington, Viscount Beresford. Half a century ago, as Mr. Vincent tells us in his "Warlike Woolwich," a group of low-roofed cottages stood in Beresford Square, the open space facing the principal entrance to the Arsenal. In a map of Woolwich Warren, drawn up in 1781 by General Borgard,

R.A., the spot now occupied by Beresford Square appears as a village green, with two or three cottages upon it, and a few more dotting the road-side along Green's End; and the only streets shown are those now known as Cannon Row, Warren Lane, and Harden's Lane. Plumstead Road, which extends along the south side of the Arsenal, from the gates towards Plumstead, and which is now traversed by tramways, was then a green lane, with a byeway leading across the lower part of the Arsenal towards the river, and the Arsenal itself was plentifully studded with trees.

This establishment is said to have been originally situated in Moorfields,* London, whence it was removed to Woolwich in consequence of an accident of the most melancholy nature. The story goes that the surveyor-general had given orders that some old ordnance, captured from the French by the Duke of Marlborough, should be re-cast into English guns, and a large concourse of people assembled to witness the operation. Among these was a young Swiss, Andrew Schalch, who was travelling for improvement in scientific pursuits. His keen observation detected that the moulds placed to receive the metal had not been sufficiently dried; and he immediately intimated to the surveyor-general his suspicion of the danger that would accrue from this fact. Notwithstanding his prediction, the metal was run, and the instantaneous generation of steam in the damp moulds caused an immediate explosion, that not only destroyed the edifice, but was attended with a lamentable sacrifice of human life. But it was a fortunate occurrence for the young mechanic, who was subsequently summoned to the Ordnance Office, and, after a strict trial of his ability, commissioned to select a site for, and to erect, a new foundry, the affairs of which he superintended for sixty years. There does not appear, however, to be any foundation for this story, inasmuch as there was an Arsenal at Woolwich long before the date of this explosion at Moorfields.

Lieutenant Grover, F.S.A., has collected evidence to prove that the Arsenal can boast of an antiquity far greater than would have been the case had Schalch been its founder. "As a manufacturing establishment," he observes, writing in 1846, "it can boast, perhaps, no greater antiquity than 150 years, but as a military post and a store depôt, it existed much earlier. It would be rash to assert that on this very site there stood an ordnance establishment in Queen Elizabeth's reign; yet there did exist an ordnance armoury at Woolwich in the

* See "Old and New London," Vol. II., p. 124.

commencement of the seventeenth century; and 'Remaines of the Armour of the Tower and Woolwich, Anno 1603,' set forth that there were 'at Woolwich, as in the former Remaine taken, iiii Backes and Brests for Almayne Corsletts (besides 1 od backe), lxxv Collers with Bombards, xlviii Burgonetts and Huskins, cccxxxiii Murrians blacke, and xii Burgonets old and nothing worth.' The backes and brests for Almayne corsletts," Lieutenant Grover explains, "were the plastrons and

dated 19th December, 1695, for taking down this "Barne" in the Greenwich Tilt-yard, and re-erecting it at Woolwich. Among these Ordnance records is a manuscript, dated 9th July, 1664, estimate of repairs necessary to be done "to make y^e Stoare-houses wind and water tite for y^e keeping dry of y^e powder, match and other provisions, and to keep y^e said store-houses from falling downe and utter ruin," of which estimate one item provides for "floaring a Stoarehouse att Woolwich to



WOOLWICH DOCKYARD FROM THE RIVER.

carapuces for suits of armour put together with Almayne, or German, rivets. They were worn by pikemen, who, from the use of such harness, acquired the title of 'Corsletts.' *Bombards* were the padded breeches worn by the military at the end of the sixteenth and commencement of the seventeenth century. *Burgonetts* were the close-fitting helmets invented in Burgundy in the fifteenth century, and employed in England as late as the reign of Charles II."

In General Borgard's plan of the Warren (1701), a building called "Greenwich Barne" seems to have occupied the site on which the Brass Gun Foundry was afterwards built, in 1717. In the Ordnance "Journall Bookes" appears the authority,

keepe shipp carriages dry." As far back as 1688 it was ordered that "all y^e gunns, carriages, and stores now att Deptford be removed from thence to Woolw^{ch}, and from henceforth new Ordnance and carr^s be layd there." On the 5th October, 1680, it was ordered "that y^e sheds at Woolwich along y^e Prooffe house and y^e shedds for carriages there be forthwith repaired;" and in November, 1682, it was further ordered "that y^e Officers of y^e Board do contract with all convenient speed with artificers at y^e reasonablest rates for his Majestie's Service for building of a new Shedd, 18 fo^t broad and 100 fo^t long, at Woolwich, for lodging of Ship Carriages in y^e place where y^e old one is fallen down." The shed here referred

to figures in General Borgard's map of Woolwich Warren (1781) as a building on the south side of the "Old Carriage Yard." Not storage only, but workmanship also, appears to have been at that time found for gun-carriages at Woolwich, for in 1683 the storekeeper "broke up eighty-nine condemned carriages, and took out all their iron work."

The laboratory establishment appears to have

been previously submitted to, and approved by, Sir Bernard de Gomme.

In Lyson's "Environs of London" (1796), the Woolwich Warren is thus described:—"The gun-wharf at Woolwich is of very ancient date. It formerly occupied what is now the site of the market-place. When removed to the Warren, where it now is, it acquired thence the name by which it is now called. The Warren at Woolwich



ADMIRAL-SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, 1869.

been removed hither from Greenwich in 1695, for on the 3rd of December of that year a warrant was issued "to William Edge to fetch gravell, and raise and levell the ground at the new Labouratory att Woolwich, taking the Surveyor's direction therein to be according to agreement made with him by Mr. Boulter." Saltpetre stores are mentioned in the Ordnance "Journall Bookes" as existing at Woolwich in 1680, when they were in charge of a "storekeeper of saltpetre." In 1681 Sir William Warren was invited "to contract for the making of two butts at Woolwich for the tryall of a fire shott preparing of Capt. Leake, Master Gunner of England," the estimates for which butts had

is the grand depôt of the ordnance belonging to the navy. Within this warren is a foundry for brass cannon, a laboratory (under the direction of a comptroller, a chief fire-master, and other officers) for making fireworks for the use of the army and navy, and a repository for military machines, both for the land and sea service, in which are also various models of bridges, fortifications, &c. All ordnance for the use of Government, as well as the iron cannon made by contractors at various places, as the brass cannon cast at the foundry here, must be proved in Woolwich Warren." A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of August, 1798, rapturously describes the Warren as "an immense repository

of military arts, the *Palladium* of our empire, where one wonder succeeds another so rapidly that the mind of the visitor is kept in a continual gaze of admiration."

The Arsenal has an extensive wharfage along the bank of the river, occupied by a spacious and handsome range of storehouses, forming three sides of a quadrangle. The ground-floor, as well as the wharf, is intersected with iron tramways, on which the heavy stores are transmitted from the warehouse to the quay. Small craft are also brought to the several buildings by a canal, which forms the boundary of the Arsenal to the south-east, the banks being ornamented with a fine avenue of trees. Near it are a sawing-mill, a planing-machine, and a variety of apparatus for turning, all of which are worked by steam-engines. At the south-west angle of the Arsenal is the principal entrance, through a noble gateway, fitly decorated with warlike emblems, and forming one side of Beresford Square.

The establishment consists of five grand divisions, respectively designated the carriage, the artillery, the laboratory, the engineering, and the store departments, each of which is placed under the supreme control of an officer, who is appointed by, and only responsible to, the Honourable Board of Ordnance. To the first of these departments belong the construction and repair of every kind of carriage connected with naval and military artillery; in the second all fire-arms are proved and kept in readiness for immediate service; in the third are manufactured all cartridges, rockets, and other combustible preparations, used for purposes both of warfare and public rejoicing; upon the fourth devolves the duty of erecting and repairing all buildings belonging to the Board of Ordnance; and to the fifth department is committed the custody of the naval and military stores. The ordnance foundry, in which the processes of casting, turning, and boring cannon is carried on, is, perhaps, the most interesting portion of the Arsenal to visitors.

During the wars with Spain and France, in the reign of George II., Woolwich made considerable strides in the development of its warlike character. "It was during this busy time," Mr. Vincent tells us, "that a mutiny broke out among the Woolwich rope-makers. There were about 400 of these employed in the rope-walk, the site of which (for it has long disappeared) is indicated by Rope Yard Rails. It is said that these men, with a desire to enhance the value of their labour, refused to take apprentices, and that the king, to punish them, had eight of them impressed for sailors. This the others

resented by going in a body and volunteering for the navy; and as the supply of cables for the ships was thus stopped, the Government was glad to send them all back."

The growth of the Arsenal has been comparatively slow. In the seventeenth century most of the guns and mortars for the ordnance were cast at the foundry in Moorfields, but the guns were stored, after proof, both here and at the Tower of London. Indeed, before 1716, all ordnance for the military and naval services was obtained from private manufacturers, but proved, before receipt by the Board of Ordnance, at the Government proof-grounds. In July, 1663, a warrant was issued "to Sir William Compton, Master of Ordnance, to order delivery to George Browne, gun-founder, of certain defective brass guns in the Tower and at Woolwich, that they may be re-cast towards furnishing the new frigate lately ordered." In the October of the same year a similar order was made "for new casting all old and unusefull ordnance in y^e Tower and Woolwich." The Ordnance journal books, under date of April, 1663, make mention of "the Gunwharfe at Woolwich;" and in May, 1664, it is ordered "that Mr. Scott take care to repair y^e crane at Woolwich, and y^e gate at y^e Wharfe." "The Admiralty," writes Lieutenant Grover, "seems to have borne part of the expense of maintaining this gun-yard wharf, for Mr. Bodham, writing to Mr. Samuel Pepys from the Woolwich Rope-yard, 6th May, 1665, having ventilated as much as possible Edward Rundell's estimates, can but pronounce him a prevaricating knave, and admires the audacious impudence of a bold mechanic, who dares affront his superiors with such a piece of plain derision. He encloses the estimates by Edward Rundell for a gallery from the old hemp loft to the street, total, £15 1s.; for repairing 38 feet of wharfing in the gun-yard at Woolwich, total, £18 2s. 4d.; for altering and raising the shed at Woolwich rope-yard, £25 18s. Also enlarged estimates for the same works, the prices being £27 5s., £22 16s. 3d., and £23 11s. 4d." The proof of ordnance was transferred from Moorfields to Woolwich somewhere between the years 1665 and 1680, when Major Mathew Bagley was "y^e prooffe master," and George Brown, Esq., was "his Majesty's founder of brass and iron ordnance."

In consequence of the accident at Moorfields, narrated above, the brass foundry was formally established here, as set forth in the following extract from the Tower records:—"Martis 19^o, die Junij, 1716. It having for many years been the opinion of the most experienced officers that the Govern-

ment should have a brass foundry of their own, and whereas Mr. Bagley's foundry is the only one for casting brass ordnance, and liable to dangerous accidents which can't be prevented, it is therefore ordered that a proposal and estimate be made for building a Royal Brass Foundry at His Majesty's Tower Place at Woolwich, and the charge thereof defrayed out of the £5,000 given this year by Parliament for re-casting brass ordnance, and yet no time be lost herein, inasmuch as there are but two 12-pounders, and not one 18 or 24-pounder for land service. A letter to Mr. Henry Lidgbird to attend the Surveyor-General the 20th, about providing bricks for the Royal Brass Foundry at Woolwich."

Within two months from the date of the above decision, the sum of £300 was paid for bricklayers' work upon the New Brass Foundry, and on the 10th of July the following advertisement appeared in the *London Gazette*:—"Whereas a brass foundry is now building at Woolwich for His Majesty's service. All founders as are desirous to cast brass ordnance are to give in their proposals forthwith, upon such terms as are regulated by the principal officers of His Majesty's Ordnance, which may be seen at their office in the Tower." A month later it was ordered that, if the results of inquiry proved satisfactory, Mr. Andrew Schalch should "be employed in building the furnaces and providing of the necessary utensils for the Royal Foundry at Woolwich, at £5 a day, until everything is provided and his performances approved."

The foregoing statements from the Tower Records, as Mr. Grover remarks, tend to disprove the popular tradition, mentioned above, that to Mr. Schalch belongs the credit of selecting the site of, and virtually founding, the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich.

Andrew Schalch continued for sixty years master-founder at Woolwich. He died at Charlton in 1776, aged eighty-four, and, as we have seen, was buried in Woolwich Churchyard. The Brass Foundry, as we now see it, was completed in 1717, and is said to have been designed by Sir John Vanbrugh. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1858, describes it as "stately, solemn, and picturesque, with its high-pitched roof, red brickwork, and carved porch, looking like a fine old gentleman amid the factory ranges which within these few years have sprung up around. It is impossible to contemplate this building without respect, for forth from its portals have issued that victorious ordnance which, since the days of George II., has swept the battle-grounds of the old and new worlds."

The Arsenal, as originally established at Tower Place, consisted of but forty-two acres, whereas at the present time it covers upwards of 300 acres. Considerable advance was made in the works during the French wars at the end of the last and the first fifteen years of the present century; but since the introduction of machinery consequent upon the great strides made in the "science" of warfare, its progress has been rapid and almost continuous. Usually the number of artisans employed here is about 10,000, but in times of war the number sometimes reaches as high as 14,000. In 1796, according to Lysons' "Environs of London," published in that year, the number of artificers and labourers (exclusive of convicts) employed in the various departments of Woolwich Warren was about 1,500, including 300 boys, and the making of canvas bags for the use of the Warren furnished employment for a large number of poor women in the town.

Fifty years ago the manners and customs of the place were very different from those of the present day, and this will especially strike a Government *employé* in the fact that at that time an hour a day was allowed in the Royal Arsenal for "watering time." For half an hour every morning and half an hour every afternoon, work was suspended, and barrels of beer were brought in from the public-houses to keep up the spirits and energies of the workmen. This custom was abolished in 1829, and the abolition caused some heartburning at first, though all now admit that it was a judicious step.

The Arsenal is surrounded by a high brick wall, and has a massive entrance, opening on to a wide gravelled space, the ranges of buildings and houses within, with tall chimney-shafts pouring out volumes of smoke, and seeming almost like a town in themselves.

It is time now for us to glance over the various buildings and workshops of this great hive of industry. In the west lodge of the main gate a small stone let into the wall bears the following inscription:—"This entrance to the Royal Arsenal was planned, and the gateway constructed, by order of General Viscount Beresford, G.C.B., G.C.H., Master-General of the Ordnance, in the tenth year of the reign of His Majesty King George IV., A.D. 1829." On the green, opposite the gates, stands a handsome brass culverin, of French manufacture, but brought from Malta. It is twenty feet long, and bears the date of 1607. It is mounted on a gun-carriage, made here in 1827.

In the rear of this curious cannon are the officers' quarters and the various offices connected with the

department of the Director of Artillery and Stores. Here is transacted most of the business connected with the different experiments carried out by the scientific committees appointed by the War Office. The surgery and hospital, Arsenal Mechanics' Institution, police barracks, and school-room, are situated to the right of the entrance, whilst to the left are guard-room and engine-house.

The Dial Square (a branch of the royal gun factories), which faces the entrance, has over the gateway a sun-dial, dated 1764. It contains various fitters' and founders' shops. This and the adjacent brass foundry were formerly the chief buildings of the royal gun factories. The brass gun foundry, adjoining the guard-room, is one of the oldest buildings in the Arsenal. It is constructed of fine red brick, and was built from the designs of Sir John Vanbrugh, but has been much altered. Although brass guns are no longer made, the old foundry, with its curious cannon-shaped chimneys and huge furnace, is preserved as a relic. The other buildings in the Arsenal, erected at different times for manufacturing and warehousing purposes, are devoid of architectural pretension, but are roomy and conveniently arranged.

A narrow-gauge tramway traverses every part of the Arsenal, and is continued on to the cannon cartridge factory and powder magazines in the Plumstead Marshes.

The laboratory workshop, which is the first department usually entered by visitors, contains no less than 500 lathes, and some of the most extraordinary machinery ever produced. Overhead are upwards of 4,000 feet of revolving shafts, crossing and re-crossing, to give motion to the lathes, with which the shafts are connected by bands. The motive power for all this work is derived from two pairs of engines. In this vast workshop is carried on bullet-making of all sorts and sizes, some of which are turned out at the rate of a million a week. After leaving the furnace, the molten metal, a mixture of lead and tin, is driven by hydraulic pressure through an aperture in the top of the lead-squirting machine, and issues in the form of an endless rod the thickness of a bullet. This is coiled as it issues, and conveyed to the bullet machine, where it is cut into pieces of the proper length, one end compressed into a cone and the other hollowed out, and finally dropped into a box below, a perfectly-formed bullet. The manufacture of rockets (both for saving and destroying life), fuzes, powder-cases, percussion-caps, &c., is here carried on, the work, although so rapidly performed, being executed with the greatest nicety and exactness. In an enclosure at one end of the workshop

workmen are busy gauge-measuring every article made in the department, as it is of the utmost importance that everything shall be true to size, sometimes to the 2,000th part of an inch.

The spectator is struck, on entering the workshops and passing through the various departments, by the silence which seems to reign around him, interrupted only by the not unmusical hum of an ever-working steam-engine, and the perpetual click, click, click of light hammers, coming from the distant field of shot and shells; the slow sentry pacing up and down, with vigilant eye on each visitor as he passes; the long gravelled esplanade; the flowing river closing the view, studded with many a slowly-moving sail; the silent and unbustling look of the officials: all combine to throw a solemnity and shadow on our spirits, which even the bright sunshine scarcely suffices to dissipate.

The laboratory pattern room and museum contains models of cartridges for heavy guns, some of them resembling huge bolsters; torpedoes, sections of cartridges, fuzes, and shells, and numberless other articles which have been called into existence by the science of modern warfare. The original of this building was, according to tradition, Prince Rupert's Palace, about the middle of the seventeenth century. The rooms are large and lofty, and bear evidence of having belonged to a palatial residence. The apartment on the left of the entrance is set apart for specimens of wood, charcoal, sulphur, saltpetre, and their various changes and modifications until combined into gunpowder. Grinding mills, sifting machines, and all the implements necessary for its manufacture, are here exhibited. Here also are moulds for casting balls and bullets of various sizes; all the sizes and forms of chain, grape, and canister shot, from one to two hundred and fifty pounds in weight, are arranged on tables and on the floor. Specimens of rockets of every description, and all kinds of port-fires and cartridges, are also to be seen.

Close by the museum are situated the carpenters' and tinmen's shops, the saw-mills, coopers' shop, rolling-mills, and annealing furnaces. In one of these buildings is to be seen the boring machine, which twists, turns, and bores and polishes a heavy brass gun with as much ease as a common lathe would a snuff-box. A large bit of the requisite diameter is firmly fixed, against which the solid gun is made to revolve, cutting away the metal in flakes until the bore is excavated, while the implement for turning revolves at the same time, and completes the outer surface. The touch-hole is then drilled, and the gun is finished. It then remains to be seen whether it is trustworthy and

fit for service, for which purpose it is carefully examined with magnifying-glasses in every part, its interior reflected upon mirrors, and its relative proportions tested with mathematical accuracy. If any imperfection is discovered, the piece is at once condemned to the foundry again; but if all seems perfect, the last grand test is resorted to: the gun is loaded and fired. If there is a flaw in it, it bursts to pieces; if not, it comes from the ordeal triumphant, and is henceforth one of the recognised pieces of British ordnance.

A long range of buildings, extending the whole length of the western wharf, is set apart as the Military Store Department, or Control Store, which is continued in less pretentious buildings along the east wharf also. Here everything required by the army in peace or war can be supplied "at a moment's notice." Guns and gun-carriages, shot, shell, and cartridges, waggons, carts, and harness, barrack and stable furniture, tents and tables, and all the paraphernalia of a soldier's equipment—even to such minor articles of domestic use as brooms, brushes, and pails—all pass in and out of this department, under systematic regulations. Near the entrance to the Store Department, ranged on either side, may be noticed the trophies of war, in the shape of several foreign guns captured from the enemy, chiefly Russian and Chinese. A stone statue of the Duke of Wellington, brought hither from the Tower of London about the year 1860, stands as sentinel over the realms of the Control.

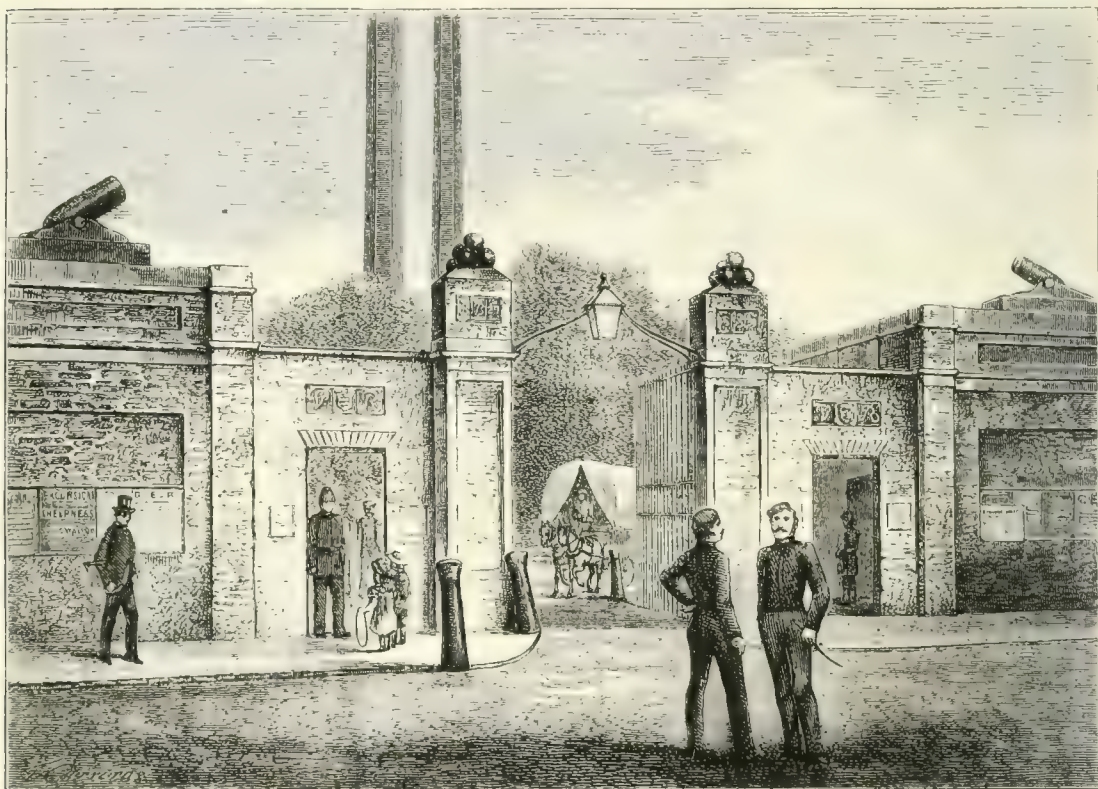
Passing the shot ground, where are arranged huge pyramids of shot and shell of all kinds, shapes, and sizes, the visitor reaches the wharf, which extends along the whole river front of the Arsenal, a length of more than a mile. Here, at the T pier—as it is called from its shape—troops embark and disembark, and even royalty itself has often used it for the same purpose. The harness stores, chain cable testing-houses, the hydraulic engine-house, and other buildings, are next passed, and then one of the most interesting features of the Arsenal presents itself, namely, the Royal Gun Factories. Before reaching this establishment we pass by a row of elm-trees, under which is a remarkable collection of fragments of cannon of all kinds, which have either broken down under the strain of testing or have been burst in action. This curious heap of bruised and battered artillery has been called "the cemetery." In the coiling mills, in the East Forge, where the inspection of the Royal Gun Factories is usually commenced by visitors, are fashioned the monster guns to which have been given the name of "Woolwich Infants." Down the whole length of this forge are furnaces

200 feet in length, sometimes projecting, by a temporary arrangement, out through the further wall and across the road in the rear. Before the door lie, on rollers, the iron bars of which the coils are to be made. In this they are heated almost to white heat, the temperature of the bar being exactly regulated to ensure the maximum of flexibility with the minimum of elasticity. At the mouth of the furnace is a revolving core, or mandril, upon which there is a catch, which seizes one end of the bar, draws it out like a "snake of fire from a den of flame," and winds it round and round in a glowing spiral. This is one of the coils from which "Woolwich" guns are built up on the system invented by Mr. R. S. Frazer, Deputy Assistant Superintendent of this department. By the coiling furnace is a huge pair of shears, which chips off a piece of the 7-inch bar as easily and as noiselessly as a tailor's shears cuts through a piece of cloth.

In a lecture at the Royal Artillery Institution, Captain Stoney, late Assistant Superintendent of the Royal Gun Factories, described the principles of the coiling system, first introduced by Sir William Armstrong, as follows:—"First, in arranging the fibre of the iron in the several parts so as best to resist the strain to which they are respectively exposed; thus the walls or sides of the gun are composed of coils with the fibre running round the gun, so as to enable the gun to bear the transverse strain of the discharge without bursting, whilst the breech end is fortified against the longitudinal strain, or tendency to blow the breech out, by a solid forged breech-piece, with the fibre running along the gun. Secondly, in shrinking on the successive parts together with tensions so regulated that each part shall do its due proportion of work on the discharge of the piece; thus, the outer coils contribute their fair share to the strength of the gun, whereas in an ordinary homogeneous gun the inner portions receive the brunt of the explosion, whilst the exterior ones are hardly affected by it at all. The Woolwich guns built on this system, and lined with toughened steel, are sound and strong; but from the fine iron used, and the great number of exquisitely finished coils, and a forged breech-piece, their manufacture was very costly; and as it was probable that several heavy guns would be required, the War Office pointed out the desirability of procuring some cheaper plan. Accordingly, the attention of the Royal Gun Factories was devoted to the question, and their efforts have been crowned with success. First a cheaper iron, sufficiently strong for the exterior of the gun, was obtained; and, secondly, the plan which was proposed by Mr.

Frazer, the principal executive officer of the department, was found to be less expensive than the original one. Mr. Frazer's plan is an important modification of Sir W. Armstrong's, from which it differs principally in building up a gun with a few long double or triple coils, instead of several short single ones, and a forged breech-piece. There is less material, less labour, less fine working, and consequently, less expense, required for the 'Frazer,' or present service construction."

a new 'mucous membrane') is still as good as ever." Mr. Vincent adds that "the name of the 'Woolwich Infant,' which has become a household word in all parts of the world, and has been adopted for the whole family of large guns, was suggested to the writer of these pages by Sergeant-Major Adamson, of the Depôt Brigade, Royal Artillery, and finding its way by that means into print, was universally adopted as the word needed, and has, no doubt, assisted in making the gun famous."

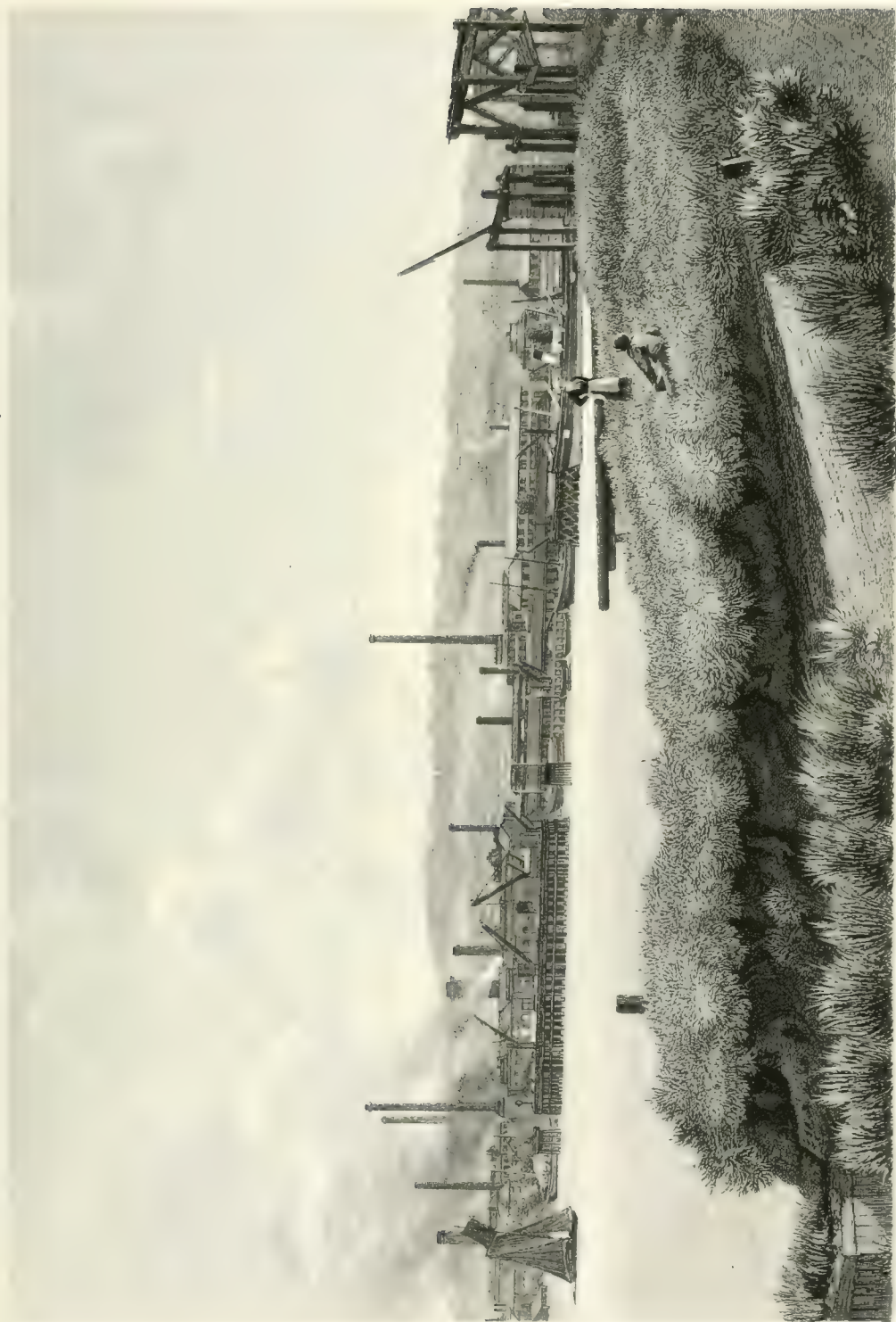


ENTRANCE TO WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

"Woolwich guns of the Frazer construction," writes Mr. Vincent, "cost only about £70 a ton, while those built on the original plan cost fully £100 a ton. Nevertheless, the guns thus made are undoubtedly the cheapest, the safest, and best in existence. Even when one or two have been 'tested to destruction,' it has been found next to impossible to burst them, and, unlike steel or cast iron, they almost invariably give warning. Two of the Frazer guns lie in 'the cemetery,' which endured upwards of 2,000 rounds each with extraordinary charges before giving way; and the original 'Woolwich Infant,' which is constructed on this system, was fired many times after the experimenters had succeeded in cracking its steel lining, and (with

The 38-ton Woolwich gun will, with a charge of 130lbs., discharge a Palliser shell of 800lbs., with an "initial velocity" of 1,425 feet per second, or a force sufficient to carry it through an armour plate 14 inches thick, with all its wood and iron backing; and the 81-ton gun, with a charge of 300lbs., will send a shot of 1,460lbs. with an initial velocity of 1,540 feet per second.

There are several steam hammers at work in this forge, varying from 30 cwt. to 60 cwt., used for welding together short bars of iron, to form one long bar for coiling. Over the north doorway is a window of stained glass, representing Edward III. and his officers examining an early specimen of brass ordnance, and comparing what was then



considered a wonder in the way of cannon with an ancient ram, which is seen to the right.

In the Rifled Ordnance Factory is carried on the manufacture of the smaller kinds of guns, or field artillery, from the 7-pounder mountain gun to the 16-pounder and 25-pounder. Here the various operations of boring, turning, and rifling may be witnessed.

In the West Forge may be seen at work a couple of hammers, worked by steam, and of immense power. The largest, a 12-ton hammer, is used for producing the large forgings for the trunnion

enormous framework is required to sustain aloft this ponderous mass. This is formed of two immense iron piers, which at about ten feet from the ground bend over so as to form an imperfect arch, open in the centre for the rise and fall of the hammer, and bearing the upper portion of the apparatus. The entire height of the "tool" is 45 feet; the base covers an area of 120 feet square, and the entire structure weighs 550 tons. But to support this structure, the anvil—weighing in itself over 100 tons—and the tremendous blows of the



ARTILLERY BARRACKS AND GATEWAY.

hoops. The force of its heaviest blow is computed at 400 tons, while it is under such perfect control that a blow can be struck by it which will crack a nut without wounding the kernel. The other hammer, a 10-ton, is used principally for welding the large coils together, and attaching the trunnion hoops. The "40-ton steam hammer," in a shed close by, is said to be the most powerful "tool" of its kind in the world. Its falling portion, or "hammer-head," weighs exactly forty tons, and hence its technical description. It was manufactured by Messrs. Nasmyth and Wilson, of Patricroft, near Manchester, and cost altogether over £50,000. The "striking fall" of the hammer is fifteen feet, but by the injection of steam into the cylinder above, it is driven down with such immensely increased force, that the blow is equal to what it would be if the hammer fell of itself from a height of eighty feet. It may be easily imagined that an

hammer, foundations of unusual magnitude are required. These comprise blocks of iron weighing in the aggregate some 650 tons; the largest of these blocks weighs no less than 100 tons. Besides all this iron, there is timber and concrete to a depth of about 30 feet underground. Two immense furnaces supply the hammer, and four huge cranes, whose combined lifting power is above 300 tons, for the purpose of feeding the monster. This hammer was used for the first time on the occasion of the visit of the Czar of Russia in May, 1874. The scene is thus described in the newspapers of the time:—"But now the sight of



sights is ready. His Majesty passes to the house of the great steam hammer, a large open airy building of corrugated iron and lofty beams, where the Woolwich Titan lives, with all his retinue of furnaces, cranes, cranks, tongs, and pits, and chains, and steam pipes, about him. There has been some dispute as to the pre-eminence of this among all steam hammers. Krupp, at Essen, people say, owns as big a forging tool, and there is a bigger still, somebody avers, in Russia itself. But when it comes to figures, the Woolwich Titan is reinstated. If there be any other hammer which weighs 40 tons, as this does, and is built up of standards, apparatus, and anvil containing together over 2,000 tons of solid metal, there is none which has the 'back action' in such force. As nearly as percussion can be represented in terms of weight, the stroke of our Titan counts for a thousand tons! The monster, with a band of swart sons of Vulcan about him, stands, one might say, watching the door of the great furnace by his side, from the chinks of which a red light streams out. Suddenly, up flies the front of the great furnace, disclosing the interior of a burning fiery cave—a chasm of scorching, intense, withering, intolerable incandescence. But, as it cools a little with the outer air, one dimly sees inside the outlines of a vast cylindrical form, slightly, and only slightly, less furiously hot than the seething flame around it. This is a coil for the 38-ton gun, which the sons of Vulcan have got to tackle and carry to the hammer. It weighs 23½ tons. How can they face it? How can they stir it? Covered with leathern mail, the swart band goes at the glowing mass with a massive pair of tongs. Lifted by the great crane, these are thrust into the burning fiery furnace. They clasp the trunnion-piece round the middle; they grip it; their grip is riveted upon it by a lever and wedges. Then the crane sways, and the monster lump of blazing iron is dexterously swung under the Titan. There is a little hiss of steam, and down comes the Nasmyth hammer, driving with one terrific blow the loose coils tight, as if that huge red snake made of iron shivered and contracted with pain unspeakable under such a thud. *Cran-n-nch!* but the sound of the impact is intranslatable in any alphabet. It seems something between a smash of wood, a splash of liquid, and a shattering of metal, as the hammer-head squashes down on the glowing iron, driving squirts of it in red rain all over the building, and dribbles of what looks like red-hot juice down the coils of the trunnion. How is it that the swarthy craftsmen do not catch fire? But twenty blows, at the most, have completed the trunnion-piece; the crane,

under the skilful handling of these fire-proof Shadrachs of the forge, upsets the forging, and it lies upon its side, a rough, huge, hollow cylinder. The Titan over the anvil is as silent again as a child asleep; the only sweat upon him is that dribble of red hot iron, chilled now into black smuts."

There are two furnaces, one at either end of the forge, and the door of each weighs eight tons. The apparatus by which they are lifted consists simply of a long steam cylinder.

Passing by the boring-mills, the turneries, and the rolling-mills and puddling-furnaces, we come to the Carriage Department. Here the visitor will observe the saw-mill, which throws trees and rough timber about like shuttles, licking them into smoothness and size as required; nor should he pass, without due notice and admiration, the planing-machine, by Bramah, which receives the logs from the sawing-machine, forming them from almost shapelessness into useful articles of perfect symmetry. Here are a number of very curious circular saws for various purposes. Congreve rocket boxes and carriages are also made in this department. Formerly gun-carriages were all made of wood; but modern improvements in the gun and ammunition have called for a stronger material, and since 1864, when iron began to replace wood for this purpose, the latter has been gradually superseded, and of late years this department has developed into a highly important engineering establishment.

To view the Arsenal it is necessary in the first place to obtain an order from the War Office in Pall Mall. On either the written or personal application of a British subject (a foreigner must apply through the consul or representative of his country), a card will be given for admission any Tuesday or Thursday within fourteen days from the date of issue. The hours of admission are from ten till half-past eleven in the forenoon, and from two till half-past four in the afternoon. There is no official guide to the Arsenal published, but visitors will find a very good substitute in Mr. Vincent's "Warlike Woolwich, A History and Guide," to which we must acknowledge our indebtedness in drawing up this account of the marvels of the Arsenal.

At the east end of the long front of the Arsenal is the Museum of the Royal Artillery. It is supported by the subscriptions of the officers themselves, and, though occasionally assisted by the Government, is a private institution, and is not generally shown to strangers. It includes a large collection of guns and arms of all sizes, dates, and countries; ancient firelocks of the

days of the Tudors and Stuarts; assegais from South Africa; darts and spears from the South Sea Islands. There is also a most extensive and varied collection of stuffed birds and beasts, sent home by officers from abroad, brought down by their guns in several parts of the world, and sent home to be kept at their former quarters. There are skulls of the elephant, mammoth, and walrus; two very perfect mummies from Egypt; heathen gods from India, China, and Japan; groups of shells, rocks, ores, and other geological specimens, all properly arranged and classified; likewise models of saddles, harness, trappings, &c.; in fact, objects of all kinds which are likely to instruct or interest those for whose benefit the Museum was instituted. Adjoining are a library, a chemical laboratory, and a lecture room, the latter adorned with portraits of distinguished Artillery officers. In the Hall are busts of Dr. Olinthus Gregory, and Dr. G. P. Barton, two of the old professors of mathematics and science.

The East Laboratory, or composition department, forms a series of distinct, and, to a certain extent, isolated buildings, eastward of the parts of the Arsenal which we have visited, and shut off from them by walls and canals. This portion of the works is entirely inaccessible to strangers, unless provided with special authority. In the East Laboratory the small-arm cartridges are made; further afield, in the marsh-land, on the other side of the canal, are the rocket factories and detonating sheds; and further still, down the river bank, is the cannon cartridge factory. In these portions of the Arsenal hundreds of boys, and a few men, are employed, and so perfect is the system on which the works are conducted, that accidents are of very rare occurrence. Machinery has been devised by which risky operations are performed in a tube, through which the force of an accidental explosion is carried harmlessly away, and other precautions are taken by which the chances of the loss of life through accident are reduced to the narrowest limits. "Everybody employed in these works changes his clothes on entering, so as to avoid the possibility of taking in a lucifer match or other dangerous article, and they all put on boots in which there are no nails but copper ones. Large slippers, in which persons entering the enclosure on business encase their feet, are also provided, and any visitor permitted to enter will gain some idea of 'snow-shoe' travelling."

In September, 1883, a terrible explosion occurred in the rocket department of this factory, but fortunately only two lives were lost, though some 200 rockets burst in all directions.

Adjoining the Cartridge Case Factory, a large and handsome building just inside the Marsh Gate, is what is called the Sale Yard, where the old stores are collected and sold by auction at periodical dates. The open space, commencing at the Sale Yard and extending for about a mile down the marshes, has long been known as the "inner practice range"; it is now used only for short ranges—up to 500 yards—as there is a longer range outside the Arsenal. The various kinds of rifles and ammunition are here tested by being fired from a fixed rest at the immense iron targets which stand at the north end of the grounds, and a record is kept of a succession of shots. "If from the same fixed point the rifle registers its shots close together on the target—say twenty hits within the size of a dinner-plate—it is considered to have made a 'good diagram,' and the rifle, or the ammunition, whichever is being tried, is credited accordingly. It is obvious that a rifle or cartridge which does not shoot straight when properly directed is not to be trusted."

The "proof butts," at which the great guns are tested, are high mounds of earth faced with baulks of timber, and "pierced" with lays, or sand-holes, into which the guns are fixed. The very large guns, however, are tested at Shoeburyness, off the Nore, just beyond Southend. Mr. Vincent, in his "Warlike Woolwich," narrates one or two incidents which have taken place in connection with the firing at the butts or the testing of "inventions," which have taken place here. "Accidents," he tells us, "seldom occur at the proof butts; but there was once an occurrence which might have had tragical, but fortunately had only farcical, consequences. Among the thousands of 'inventions' which have here been tested—too often to their failure—was a light gun, proposed to be mounted on a mule's back and fired from thence, much as a ship's stern-chaser delivers her fire at the pursuing foe. A great deal of interest, though little faith, was felt in this new plan of field artillery, and a number of officers assembled to witness the trial. A mule not being readily procurable, a gentle donkey was pressed into the service, and bore the process of lashing on the gun and loading with powder and ball as meekly and as unconcernedly as is his kindred's wont. It was thought advisable for the spectators to retire a few paces in order to observe the effect of the recoil, and, a slow match being lit, the quadruped was left standing alone. Great was the astonishment and alarm of the 'committee' when poor Neddy, overjoyed at his unaccustomed liberty, began to move and caper about, changing

front by wheeling on the centre, and sweeping the horizon with the muzzle of his gun, apparently choosing some object to aim at. The experimenters, not desiring to offer themselves a sacrifice to science in such an ignominious fashion, sought cover where they could, or threw themselves flat on mother earth, and when the loud report told that the danger was past, every one was delighted to find himself unhurt. All that we can record relative to the result of the experiment is that the shock was too much for the donkey, for he was rolled over, head first, several yards away; but where the shot went has never been discovered. This is the story: for its complete accuracy we are not able to vouch."

The guns tested at the butts were formerly fired by slow burning fuses, which enabled the men to reach a safe distance before the discharge took place; but a rather remarkable accident occurred here in 1852, which led to a modification of the system then in use, and the ultimate adoption of electricity. Several large guns were lying side by side loaded, and pointed to the butts. The first which was fired burst, and one of its fragments struck the next gun, causing it to "wheel" round in the direction of the town. When its charge ignited, the shot flew into the air over the Arsenal and the streets of Woolwich, where it was seen and heard whizzing overhead, and finally descended, two miles away, through the roof and several floors of a house in the dockyard, close to the gates. As it was just the dinner-hour, some thousands of workmen were coming out of the gates, and it was almost miraculous that no one was injured.

A somewhat similar occurrence took place here more than a hundred years previously. A newspaper of the date of 1742 records:—"On Friday

there was a proof of iron ordnance in Woolwich, when a 24-pounder burst, and a piece of metal of about 4 cwt. flew near 300 yards over the heads of the people, and fell upon the top of a chimney of a house adjoining the founders', broke through the roof and through three storeys down to the ground-floor, and providentially did no other mischief. The gun, in its agitation before bursting, turned that which lay next to it so as to point its muzzle towards the spectators and the storekeeper's house, and, had it not struck out the portfire, which was lighted, great mischief would probably have ensued."

Behind the butt, and close to the river wall, may be seen a row of hillocks, which mark the spot where the convicts who died in the hulks were buried. There used to be, observes Mr. Vincent, some hundreds of these graves scattered about various parts of the Arsenal, and the remains of the bodies have frequently been found in excavating for modern buildings. They were buried in rough boxes or coffins, and some of their skeleton forms have been discovered *in irons*, their fetters being buried with them to augment the ignominy of their disgraceful end; others of the coffins have been found quite empty, the corpses having either been abstracted by "body-snatchers," or appropriated before leaving the hulks for the purposes of anatomical "study."

In former times, it appears, the testing process was performed in the neighbourhood of Blackheath, for under date of March 17, 1687, John Evelyn writes in his Diary:—"I saw a trial of those devilish, murdering, mischief-doing engines, called bombs, shot out of the mortar-piece near Blackheath. The distance that they are cast, the destruction where they fall, is prodigious."

CHAPTER IV.

WOOLWICH (*continued*)—THE BARRACKS, ETC.

Depôt for Sappers and Miners—Depôt for Field-Train Artillery—The Ordnance Hospital—Barracks for the Royal Horse and Foot Artillery—The Battery or Trophy—The Crimean Memorial—The Royal Engineer Barracks—The Army Service Corps—The Depôt Barracks—The Riding School—The Royal Artillery Institution—The Royal Military Repository—The Rotunda—Royal Military Academy—Memorial of the Prince Imperial—A Mineral Well—Shooter's Hill.

At a short distance from the Arsenal, on the road to Woolwich Common, are the barracks for sappers and miners, and adjoining these is the grand depôt for field-train artillery, while a little southward on the opposite side of the road is the "ordnance" hospital, capable of containing 700 patients.

The barracks for the Royal Horse and Foot Artillery are now on our right; let the tourist proceed if possible with closed eyes in a south-westerly direction for two or three hundred yards. He will then have a view of the finest barracks in the kingdom. The centre front consists of a splendid portal of three arches, separated by ranges of

Doric columns, the eastern wing is surmounted by a fine clock, and the western by a wind dial, the latter having been placed there in 1802. The barracks form two extensive squares, with stabling for horses and residences for the men in the rear of the principal front, which faces the broad green common, and is one of the finest buildings of its kind in England. The barracks is built in the form of a parallelogram, consisting altogether of six ranges of buildings, each more than 400 feet in length. When first erected, in 1775, it consisted only of the eastern half of the present building, but early in the present century it was enlarged to meet the growth of the royal regiment. The enlargement was effected by the erection of a corresponding block to that already standing, and uniting the two with Doric arches, front and back, which gives to the whole a completeness and uniformity of design as perfect as if the whole building had been drawn in the original plan. The central arch facing the common is surmounted by the royal arms and military trophies, and the east and west gates respectively bear coats of arms, which fix the dates of the two wings. The former bears the arms of the Duke of Richmond, who was Master General in 1775, and the latter those of the Earl of Chatham, who held that post in 1806. The front is further divided by four intervals of masonry in the brickwork, with stone columns supporting the *fascia*. These several divisions are set apart as the garrison recreation rooms, the guard room, the officers' mess, and the commandant's offices. The central part of the chief front is taken up by the dining-hall, library, and the writing and reading rooms appropriated to the use of the officers. These are on the ground and first floors. The hall is a really magnificent and lofty room, and the walls are decorated with a large number of portraits. The central gateway leads direct into the interior of the barracks. The rest of the front is taken up with quarters for officers, commissioned and con-commissioned, and privates, with libraries, reading-rooms, &c. In the rear is an American bowling alley.

At East End is the new garrison church, a replica, without a campanile at present, of Sidney Herbert's fine Italian church at Wilton. The old garrison church, near the eastern end of the barrack front, has been converted into a theatre and recreation rooms for privates and non-commissioned officers. It was converted to its present use when the church opposite was erected in 1863. Its interior is beautifully fitted up, and it will accommodate nearly 1,500 persons. In connection with the officers' mess there is an extensive and valuable

library of 40,000 volumes. Its store of plate, Mr. Vincent tells us in his very useful guide, is exceedingly rich, and comprises gifts from kings and emperors, souvenirs from other regiments, and spoils taken from the enemy, one of the most recent additions being a massive ram's head of unalloyed gold, captured in the palace of Ashantee.

On the parade, in front of the grand entrance to the barracks, stand five large pieces of ordnance, mounted upon handsome bronze carriages, cast expressly for the purpose. The central gun was taken by the British troops at the siege of Bhurtpoor. On the right side of the carriage is the following inscription:—

“TO THE KING,
FROM THE CAPTORS OF BHURTPOOR,
MDCCCXXVII.”

This gun is a fine specimen of Oriental ordnance, nor is the carriage unworthy to support it. It is richly embossed; the wheels are solid, the centre representing the sun, and the diverging rays the arms, giving them a chaste and elegant appearance. The body of the carriage on each side is formed into the figure of elephants, and the trunnions are placed in the castles represented on their backs. On the left side is a representation of the fortress of Bhurtpoor during the siege, and at the moment the magazine exploded. A lion crouches to support the breech of each gun, and under these is another inscription:—

“BY HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,
GEORGE IV.,
PLACED IN CHARGE OF THE ROYAL CORPS
OF ARTILLERY AND ENGINEERS, GENERAL LORD
BERESFORD MASTER-GENERAL,
MDCCCXXVIII.”

On the breech end of the carriage are figures of the royal Bengal tiger and palm-trees, and in front an inscription stating that the carriage was constructed in the Royal Arsenal Carriage Department, Marquis of Anglesea, Master-General, 1828. The four Florentine guns are precisely alike, with the exception of their names, inscribed on a scroll, which are “Violentum,” “Testudo,” “Destructor,” and “Negans.”

In front of the great gun of Bhurtpoor stands the Crimean memorial. It consists of a bronze statue of Victory, as in the act of crowning her warriors with wreaths of laurel. It was erected to the memory of the officers and men of the Royal Artillery who fell in the Crimea during the Russian war of 1854-56, and it was cast out of cannon captured from the enemy. The figure stands upon a high pedestal, on the front of which appears the following inscription:—

“HONOUR TO THE DUTIFUL AND BRAVE.”

On a shield in the rear it is stated that the statue was

"ERECTED, BY THEIR COMRADES, TO THE MEMORY OF THE OFFICERS, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, AND MEN, OF THE ROYAL REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY, WHO FELL DURING THE WAR WITH RUSSIA, IN THE YEARS 1854, 1855, AND 1856."

The band of the Royal Artillery plays daily on the grass-plot on the front terrace.

On the east side of the common, in the new

schools, we pass on our left the barracks of the Army Service Corps. This building was partially erected in 1780, and opened as a soldiers' hospital. A newspaper cutting of April 8th of that year says: "The new hospital opened on Monday last, at Woolwich Common, for the reception of patients, is calculated to hold 200 beds." In 1806 it was enlarged by the addition of buildings "to accommodate 700 men." It was used as a hospital until the Herbert Hospital at Shooter's Hill



THE CRIMEAN MEMORIAL, WOOLWICH.

road leading to the arsenal, stands the Royal Engineer Barracks, an unpretentious building, formerly the head-quarters of the corps, then called the Royal Sappers and Miners, before the staff of the regiment was removed to Chatham. It was for a long time subsequently used as quarters for the practical class of cadets from the Royal Military Academy, but has now reverted to its original purpose, being occupied by a company of the Royal Engineers—"the men of the scientific corps who conduct our siege operations in times of war, and map out our country, construct our telegraphs, and build our bridges 'in the piping times of peace.'" Further on, after passing the Roman Catholic and Scotch churches and

was opened, about the year 1866, when it was converted into barracks for the Military Train, now the Army Service Corps. This useful branch of the army is composed of two parts—the "Supply" and the "Transport," the former being such as attend to the food, clothing, and other necessities for the army, while the latter convey the stores and other *impedimenta* from place to place, as required. Opposite this building are the Depôt Barracks, the main block of which was built and opened as the Military Clothing Store, the remainder, now stables, being called the Grand Depôt, as the greater part of the artillery was here deposited. After the removal of the clothing store to Pimlico, in 1868, the building was made

over to the commandant of the garrison, and transformed into barracks for the Royal Horse Artillery. Near it is the Riding School and *Ménage*, a large building 150 feet in length, where the troops go through their riding and sword exercises. The Royal Artillery Institution, which is intended solely for the amusement and instruction of the officers of the Royal Artillery, is close at hand. The building, which overlooks the barrack field, was erected in 1854, and the front of it is uniform with that of the riding school. The

services which our gunners have to perform in our forts and garrisons at home and abroad. All the officers of artillery, including those of the militia and volunteers, have to pass a term of instruction or schooling here for a month or more. Among the various instruments of war, &c., deposited here, are pieces of artillery taken at the battle of Waterloo, and also the military oven of Bonaparte, which was found among the carriages left by the fugitives on the same field. On the north side of the repository, and partly connected with it, is a



THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY.

Institution has a commodious theatre or lecture room, a printing office, a photographic studio, a museum, &c., and it is entirely supported by the subscriptions of its members, among whom are nearly all the officers of the regiment, some 1,500 in number, some officers of kindred corps, and other men of science.

On the western side of the barrack field is the Royal Military Repository, enclosed within an earthwork fortification, through whose embrasures, and above whose parapets, may be seen the guns with which the young soldiers take what are called their "repository exercise," which embrace the mounting and dismounting of heavy ordnance, lifting and moving of heavy weights by various mechanical appliances, and all the variety of

piece of water, and canals, where experiments with gun-boats, pontooning, &c., are occasionally made. Here, too, the entering of forts by scaling-ladders, crossing rivers, and other military operations in the engineering department, are taught.

Within the repository enclosure, but approached by a separate entrance, is that well-known museum of military history and science, the Rotunda. This building, which strikes the eye from a distance by its circular form and pagoda-like roof, was originally erected in St. James's Park for the reception of the allied sovereigns on their visit to England in 1814. Its diameter is 116 feet, and it covers an area about two-thirds of that of Westminster Hall. Its twenty-four sides, its one light, slender pillar in the centre piled all round with curious arms, shields,

helmets, and guns, of a rare and ancient description, present a grand vista to the visitor on his entrance. Models of cities and harbours, of dockyards and ships, of forts and mountains, and whole countries, are profusely arranged about. On a shield on the south side of the pillar is the following inscription :—

“ 1819. This room, first erected, by order of the Prince Regent, in the Gardens of the Palace of Carlton House, to receive the Allied Sovereigns, when their Majesties visited England at the glorious Peace in 1814, is now given by his Royal Highness to the Royal Military Repository, for the reception of the Models belonging to this establishment, and of the Arms and other Trophies taken by the British Army in Paris, on the triumphant entry of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington into that city in 1815.”

To it were transferred, in 1820, the remains of the repository which was founded in the arsenal in 1778, and which was destroyed by fire in 1802. The museum abounds in records of the fertile invention of Sir W. Congreve, and his equally remarkable son. The visitor will notice outside guns of various nations, chiefly from China. On entering, his attention will be arrested by the models of Plymouth and Sheerness dockyards on his left, while on the right he will see stands of arms with specimens of every rifle in existence. Further on will be seen the rocket apparatus designed by Colonel Congreve for saving life from wrecks. Here also will be noticed a collection of Australian weapons. On the left is a case of incendiary and explosive projectiles, ancient and modern, from the old fire-arrow and hand-grenade of rough glass, to the most improved shells of the present day. A wonderful cinder is generally kept in this case. It is all that was left when the old £1 notes were destroyed. Notes to the value of £100,000 were burnt in a stove, and this is the cinder. A short distance from these objects, on the left, are models of Chatham dockyard and an old cannon foundry, and a little further on is one of Gibraltar, thirty-six feet in length. In a recessed apartment on the right hand is a French brass feed gun and equipment, presented by the late Emperor Napoleon III., in 1858. At the entrance of the recess, on a pedestal, is a curious instrument for measuring time. It is said to be the nearest approach to “perpetual motion” yet discovered. Still advancing, the visitor will find, on the right, a collection of North American tomahawks, snow-shoes, &c. On the table is a beautiful set of models, twenty-two in number, of a battery of Russian artillery, presented by the Czar to the Duke of Wellington in 1834. We now come to the most interesting relic in the museum—an ancient

“gonne,” probably of the 14th century. This is one of the earliest guns known to exist, and it was used for throwing stone balls, specimens of which are exhibited close by. It was found in the moat at Bodiham Castle, and was for many years exhibited at Battle Abbey. Near the door are some curious old English artillery and ammunition, discovered in the Isle of Walney, upon the western coast of Lancashire. They were found buried in the sand, at a place only accessible at low water. When first discovered, the largest gun was quite perfect, and measured ten feet in length; the breech was in the centre; it fires both ways, and had two rings near the muzzles to sling it by. This piece is formed of thick plates of iron, hooped. The second piece, also with rings, is a culverin, and quite perfect; it is formed of bars of wrought-iron, hooped together. The third and fourth are chambers, and supposed to be charged with gunpowder; they are of wrought-iron. There are a number of stone balls, the greater part of granite, one of sandstone, and others of clay, iron, and limestone. “It is evident,” says an authority on such subjects, “that these are the earliest guns on record, being supposed to have been on board one of the ships which accompanied Richard II. in his expedition to Ireland, 1239, when a terrible and disastrous storm happened to his fleet and army, under the command of Sir John Arundel, by which twenty-five vessels were wrecked, and Sir John and upwards of a thousand men perished.” Mention may be made also of a smooth-bore arquebus, dated 1537, and said to have belonged to Henry VIII. It is remarkable for the resemblance of the breech mechanism to that of the Snider breech-loader of the present day.

We now quit the Rotunda, our eyes almost satiated with gazing on trophies and curiosities, naval and military. But a parting glance at a number of old guns lying on the ground outside, makes us inquire their story. Some of them are the guns of the *Mary Rose*, sunk at Spithead in 1645. Another is the gun that exploded in the casting at the foundry at Moorfields, and was the reputed cause of that department being transferred to Woolwich. Near the gate are two guns, with three barrels each, taken from the French, at the battle of Malplaquet, in 1700, by the Duke of Marlborough.

On the south-western part of the common, and to the left of the road leading to Shooter's Hill and Eltham, stands the Royal Military Academy. The building is in the castellated form, and was erected about the beginning of the present century, from a design by Sir J. Wyattville. It

consists, in front, of a centre and two wings, united by corridors, with a range of buildings behind, containing the dining-hall, servants' offices, &c. The centre forms a quadrangle, with octagonal towers at the corners, and contains the library, reading-room, the offices of the governor and secretary, and one or two class-rooms and studies. At either end of the wings a new block of building has been added within the last few years. In the rear, detached from the Academy building, and of recent erection, are the workshops for the cadets, together with a school of arms, or gymnasium, billiard rooms, &c. The wings contain the apartments for the cadets and the chief officers. The hall is a well-proportioned room, with a timber roof.

The Duke of Connaught (Prince Arthur) and the late Prince Imperial of France received their education at the Royal Military Academy as "Queen's Cadets," the sovereign possessing the prerogative of nomination.

At the north end of the triangular grass-plot in front of the Academy is a statue of the Prince Imperial of France, erected in bronze, with the eagles of his family at its base. It was erected to his memory by his brother cadets.

With few exceptions, all the young officers appointed to the "scientific corps"—as the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers are termed—have to pass through this Academy, being previously prepared at private schools, of which there are several in Woolwich and its immediate neighbourhood. Charles Knight traces the remote origin of the Academy to a private school which existed at Charlton before 1719, the precursor also of the many military schools of the present day. The cadets at the Academy pay a large sum for their maintenance and education. They are generally here for about two years, and are under strict discipline, any breach of which subjects the offender to "rustication" for a term, or even dismissal. The centre quadrangle of the building was destroyed by fire in February, 1873, and many valuable books and works of art were lost.

The Military Academy, as we have already seen, was originally established within the arsenal, about the year 1719, yet it does not appear to have been finally arranged till 1741, when George II., by royal warrants, directed the founding of an academy "for instructing persons belonging to the military part of the ordnance, in the several branches of mathematics, fortifications, &c., proper to qualify them for the service of artillery, and the office of engineers." Since that period, however, various improvements have been made in the institution,

which has been particularly fortunate in the abilities of its mathematical professors. The Academy is under the direction of a President, the Commander-in-Chief for the time being, a Governor, Secretary, and Treasurer, Captain of the Company of Gentleman Cadets, Adjutant and Quartermaster, &c.

The houses along the east side of the Common have of late assumed all sorts of pretentious names, apparently without much reason; and as we pass along we notice "Connaught" and "Wellington" houses in rapid succession.

It may be well to record the fact that the house No. 50, a plain white brick house of modest dimensions and covered with creepers, was for some years the abode of the Prince Imperial of France whilst a student at the Academy. The house is not above 200 paces from his statue.

On the north-west side of Shooter's Hill, a little above the Royal Military Academy, is a mineral well, celebrated for its curative properties. Queen Anne is said to have used it; and Evelyn, under date of 1699, writes:—"August: I drank the Shooter's Hill waters." The well is still visited by invalids of the neighbourhood.

Of the Herbert Hospital, on that portion of Woolwich Common intersected by the roadway over Shooter's Hill, an account will be found in the pages of OLD AND NEW LONDON,* where also the singular structure called Severndroog Castle is likewise dealt with. As, however, Shooter's Hill lies mostly within the limits of the parish of Woolwich, this chapter would be incomplete if some notice was not taken of the famous hill. Down to a comparatively recent date the little thoroughfare now called Red Lion Lane was the main road from Woolwich up to Shooter's Hill, the present road across the Common being formerly a mere track over the green sward.

The "Bull" inn, on the summit of the hill, was a large hotel in the "good old days" of stage coaches and highwaymen, before the railways came to destroy half the romance of the road. Mr. Vincent, in his work already quoted, speaking of the "Bull," says:—"It stretched to the corner of Shrewsbury Lane, and was the first post-house at which travellers stopped *en route* from London to the Continent. Tradition says that Dick Turpin, the famed highwayman, frequented the road, and natives allege that it was at the 'Bull' that he put the landlady on the fire in order to make her confess where she had hidden her gold. A large stone stands beside the house, from which travellers used to mount their horses, and the neighbours

* See Vol. VI., p. 236.

insist on calling it 'Turpin's stone.'" Lord Byron has vividly described an encounter with footpads on Shooter's Hill in one of his cantos in "Don Juan," and the old newspapers record many such adventures. For instance, a paragraph in 1773, says:—"On Sunday night, about 10 o'clock, Colonel Craige and his servant were attacked near Shuter's Hill by two highwaymen well mounted, who, on the Colonel's declaring he would not be robbed, immediately fired, and shot the servant's horse in the shoulder. On this the footman discharged a pistol, and the assailants rode off with great precipitation."

Dr. Watson, tutor to the Princess Charlotte, when that princess was residing at Shrewsbury House, obtained from the Shooter's Hill cut-purses the privilege of approaching "the Daughter of England" without having his brains blown out. Shrewsbury House is said to have been acquired by gambling, and soon after lost again by the same process. To highwaymen smugglers succeeded in the possession of Shooter's Hill wood. Cargoes of spirits, tobacco, and tea, were brought up here from the river craft, and hidden away among the bushes and fern-brakes.

In 1767 there was some prospect of improvement on Shooter's Hill; at all events, a project with that view was started, if the following paragraph from a newspaper of that date means anything:—"In the circle of the new town to be built on Shooter's Hill is to be a bason of water, and in the centre of that bason a circular island, on which a coffee-house is to be erected, and over it an assembly-room, the entrance to be by four

bridges, from which there are to be four grand streets to be made out for Greenwich, Woolwich, Gravesend, and the high road over Shooter's Hill." A few months later a further notice appears, inviting subscription for the purpose of carrying out this notable project, and, of course, promising wonderful gains to those who might determine to join in the undertaking.

Shooter's Hill at that time was surrounded by woods and copses, and it was this advantage of covert which made the spot so pleasant to highwaymen. On the top of the Hill was formerly a beacon. In the old accounts of the churchwardens of Eltham various payments are recorded "for watchinge the beacon on Shutter's Hill." Mr. J. Hewitt, in his account of "Old Woolwich," mentions six men being hanged here, within the memory of an old villager, for robbery with murder, four on the top of the hill by the waterworks, and two down by the Eltham road.

Shrewsbury Lane and its continuation, Plum Lane, which form the connecting links between Woolwich and Shooter's Hill, figure in the map of Woolwich (1778). From the name of Plum Lane and the analogous name of Plumstead, it may be assumed that the plum was at one time the staple fruit of this neighbourhood, as the apple and cherry are in the more central districts of Kent. A pottery—or, as it is called in the map above referred to, "Pott Houses"—formerly existed near Shrewsbury Lane, but it seems to have disappeared about fifty years ago. It stood within the angle of the present Herbert Road, Ripon Road, and Eglinton Road.

CHAPTER V.

PLUMSTEAD AND EAST WICKHAM.

"Where gentle slopes the golden harvest crowned." CRABBE.

Situation and Extent of Plumstead—Census Returns—Domesday Records of Plumstead—The Manor passes to Queen's College, Oxford—Burrage Town—Borstall, or Bostal—Suffolk Place Farm—The Soil and Climate—Plumstead Common—The old Artillery Practice-butt—The Slade—Bramble Briers, otherwise Bramblebury House—Brick-kilns and Sand-pits—The Cemetery—The old Parish Church—Extracts from the Parish Registers—The new Parish Church—Other Churches and Chapels—Brookhill School—Woolwich Union—Railway and Tramcars—Geological Formation of the District—Plumstead Marshes—The Main Drainage Works at Crossness Point—East Wickham—Descent of the Manor—The Church—A Curious Fresco Painting.

THE east end of Woolwich gradually dies away into Plumstead, which, a century or less ago, was still a rural village, though it now can boast of a High Street, which is scarcely to be distinguished from the High Street of Woolwich, of which it is a continuation. Second-class villas, workmen's cottages, and small shops and public-houses, make

up its accessories, and help to swell the population into a good-sized town. The growth of Plumstead may be gathered from the fact that, whereas in 1851 it numbered only 8,000 souls, its population now exceeds 33,000.

At the beginning of the present century there were only about 200 houses in the whole parish,

consisting merely of a cluster near the old village church, another nest of cottages at Cole Fields, a district now absorbed in the Royal Arsenal, and a few others scattered about the farms and gardens. At that time it was calculated that 980 acres were marsh, 510 arable, about 300 woodland, 100 upland pastures, about 100 market gardens, 100 orchards, and about 200 waste. The parish contains, on the whole, nearly 3,400 acres, and its two extremities of Shooter's Hill and Crossness Point are nearly five miles apart. It has two reaches of the river Thames on its northern boundaries, but all the water frontage belongs to the Government, though there is a public footpath along the river wall. There can be little doubt that before this wall was built the river overflowed the marshes, and Mr. Vincent, in his "Warlike Woolwich," inclines to the opinion that "the present irregular line of the Plumstead Road marks the ancient strand, or beach, in evidence of which there is 'Strand Place' in the village."

The first recorded owners of Plumstead are the abbot and monks of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, to whom King Edgar gave the manor in 960. At the Conquest it fell to the share of Bishop Odo, who, contrary to his usual custom, afterwards restored it to the monks. In Domesday Book it is stated that the Abbot of St. Augustine's had the manor of "Plumstede," which was taxed at "two sulings and one yoke," and that in the demesne there was "one carucate and 17 villiens, with six cottagers," and a "wood for the pannage of five hogs." With the monks of St. Augustine's the manor remained, together with the church of Plumstead and chapelry of East Wickham annexed, till confiscated by Henry VIII., who granted it to Sir Edward Boughton, whose descendants sold it to Mr. John Michel, of Richmond, who left it in his will to Queen's College, Oxford, for the purpose of founding eight fellowships, and four scholarships, and it is still the property of the University.

The western end of the village is called Burrage Town, and in it is comprised nearly half the houses of the parish, of which there are now about 6,000, most of which were built between the years 1854 and 1860. Burrage Town is said to have derived its name from an old family who owned the land; but the name has been strangely corrupted, even in recent times. In the reign of Edward III. it was the property of the family of de Burghesh, whose seat, called Burwash Court, was in existence early in the present century. It was then called "Bur-rish Place," and it stood on the site now occupied by the houses at the bottom of Burrage Road, called Burrage Place to this day. The gradual

transition of "Burghesh"—through "Burwash," and its shorter sound, "Bur-rish"—down to "Burrage," affords a striking instance of the mutability of names. In Phillipot's "Kent Surveyed and Illustrated," published in 1659, occurs the following notice of this estate, under the heading of "Plumstede":—"Burwash Court is an eminent seat in this parish, made more illustrious by being wrapped up in the revenues of the noble family of Burghesh, or Burwash. Bartholomew de Burghesh died possessed of it, in the 28th year of Edward III., and left it to his son Bartholomew, Lord Burwash, who, in the 43rd year of the above-said prince, conveyed it, with much other land, to Sir Walter de Paveley, Knight of the Garter, in which family it continued until the reign of Richard II., and then it was alienated to William Chickley, Alderman of London, who left it to his son, John Chickley, by whose daughter and heir, Agnes, it came to be possessed by Mr. Tattershall, of Well Hall, in Eltham, who, about the beginning of the reign of Henry VI., conveyed it to Boughton, in the descendant of which family it had a permanent abode until the age that our remembrance had an aspect on, and then it was passed away to Rowland Wilson, of London, and he, upon his late decease, gave it to his daughter and her heirs, who was first matched to Doctor Crisp, and now secondly to Colonel Row, of Hackney." From the Crisp family the estate passed by sale to Nathaniel Maxey, a merchant of London, the property being described in the deed of conveyance as "all that the manor or capital messuage, commonly called or known by the name of Burwash, Borrough Ashe, or Borage, with the appurtenances, containing about 300 acres." It was subsequently conveyed, by the marriage of Miss Mary Maxey, daughter of the above Nathaniel Maxey, into the family of the Pattisons.

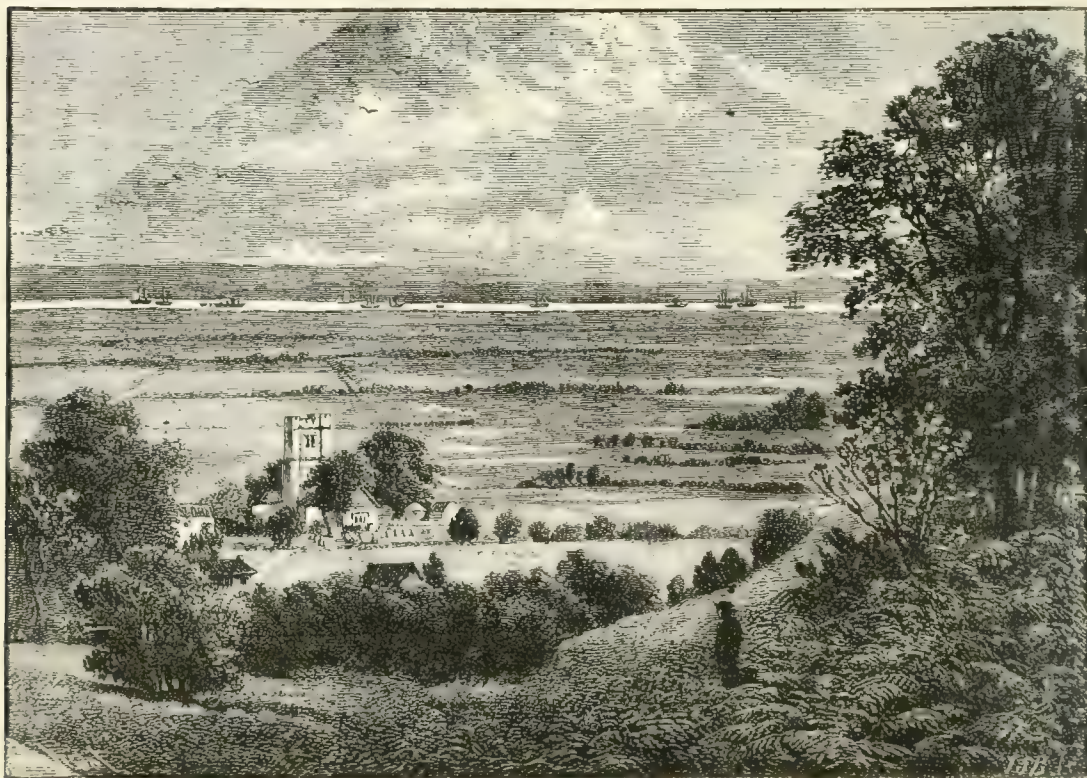
Borstall, or Bostal, is a hamlet in the eastern part of this parish, and has always been reputed as a manor. In the reign of Henry VII. it was in the possession of the family of Cutte, of Essex, by whom it was sold to the abbot and convent of St. Peter's, Westminster, with whom it remained till the Dissolution. Later on it became vested in the Clothworkers' Company. A portion of these lands is still called by the name of Westminster, as having formerly belonged to that abbey. Suffolk Place Farm, in the hamlet of Bostal, derived its name from Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who owned the estate in the reign of Henry VIII. He alienated it to Sir Martin Bowes, from whom it went by a female heir to one Barnes, who was also the owner of the manor of Plumstead. In the

middle of the seventeenth century it was in the possession of Sir Robert Jocelyn, by whom it was conveyed to the Company for the Propagation of the Gospel at Boston, in New England.

Here was the seat of the Hobarts, ancestors of the Earls of Buckinghamshire, before they obtained Blickling, in Norfolk.

In former times the parish was generally considered unhealthy, but drainage and other improvements have quite altered its character in that, as in

long time mere open and waste land. The whole of this Common belonged, till 1878, to the Provost and Fellows of Queen's College, Oxford, who exercised the manorial rights, in virtue of the bequest of Mr. Michel. In that year, however, after a long litigation, the details of which would be difficult to describe, and which are merely of local interest, nearly the whole, except some 300 acres at the extreme east, was bought by the Metropolitan Board of Works, railed in carefully,



PLUMSTEAD CHURCH AND MARSHES IN 1854.

other respects, and its mortality returns of late years show that it can favourably compare with any other place in England. Situated on the gentle slope rising up from the marshes to the summit of Shooter's Hill, it has many natural advantages; and the beauties of its scenery, especially from the high grounds of Shrewsbury Lane and the rugged heights of Bostal Heath, cannot be surpassed anywhere within the same distance of London.

Plumstead Common is a plateau, or rather, a succession of plateaux, divided crosswise by "combes," down which little streams in winter trickle or dash with mimic force, adding not a little to the rugged beauty of the scene. The Common itself extends for more than a mile along the high ground, and overlooks the marshes and the river. It was for a

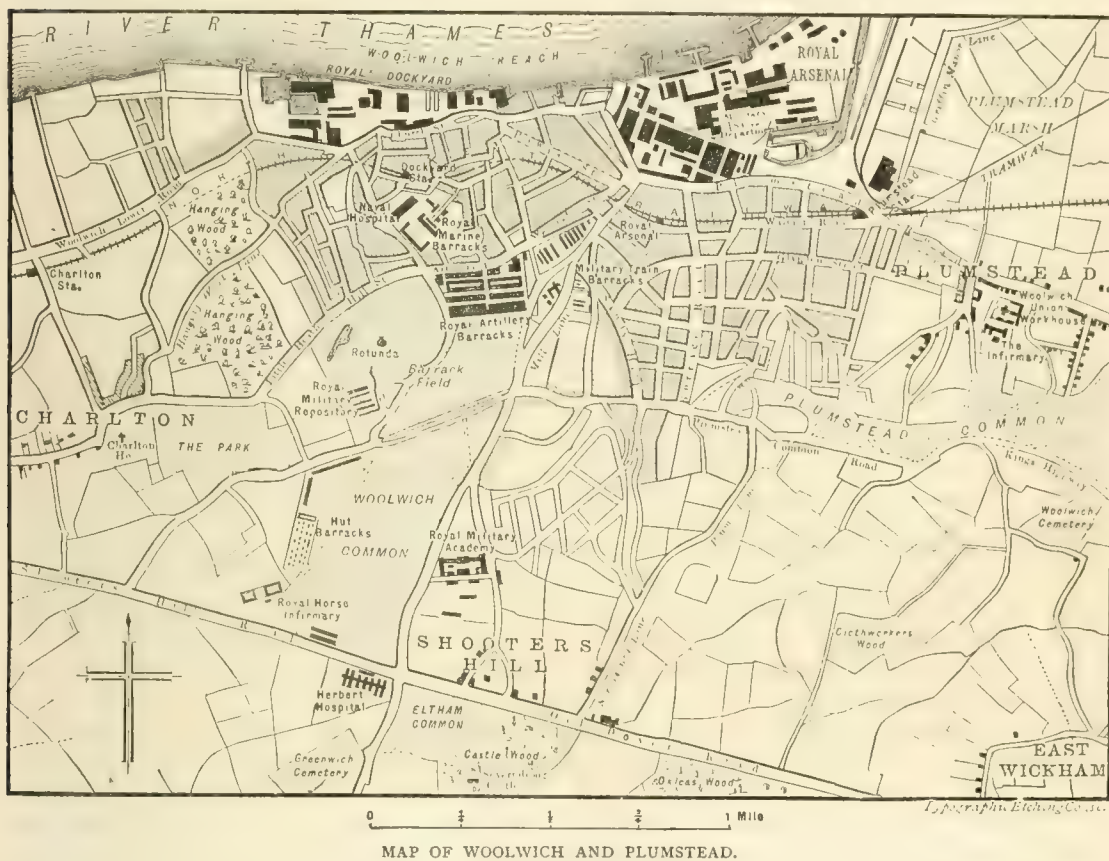
and placed under such regulations as will ensure its maintenance for ever as a recreation-ground for the people, in conformity with the Commons Preservation Act, which was passed about that time. The Common is to be kept in its present wild state, and not turned into a "park" or "garden." In many parts it bears a close resemblance to Hampstead Heath; and though not so diversified, nor so rich in wild flowers, it is covered in places with wild thyme, heather, and gorse, and affords a pleasant retreat and recreation-ground to the "Londoners south of the Thames."

The central part of the Common is used for exercising the horses belonging to the Artillery at Woolwich. Hereabouts, a little to the north of the road across the Common, before it descends to the

gate of Woolwich Cemetery, near the entrance to Wickham Lane, a little mound, having much the appearance of a disturbed Anglo-Saxon tumulus, is still visible: this, however, was the old practice-butt of the Royal Artillery, when the battery was placed on the west side of the ravine which runs between the old windmill and the Slade School, about half a mile distant.

The houses at the head of one of the valleys of

pleasanter-sounding title could not save the property from being seized upon by the greedy builders, and in the end the mansion became converted into a vicarage for a new church, and the park laid out in streets and terraces. A row of houses, bearing the name of "Vicarage Park," occupies part of the site of the above estate. The old windmill mentioned above, which stood to the west of Bramble Briers, was standing far into the



MAP OF WOOLWICH AND PLUMSTEAD.

the Common are named "The Slade," a term which is interpreted by Mr. Halliwell, in his "Dictionary of Archaic Words," as a valley or ravine: he quotes the ballad of "Robin Hood"—

"It had bene better of William a Trent
To have bene abed with sorrowe,
Than to be that day in the greenwood *slade*,
To meet with Little John's arrow."

On the west side of the Common, in the map of this locality published in 1778, appears the name of "Bramble Briers," a park-surrounded mansion, which was existing not many years ago on the bank overlooking the Thames and the opposite county of Essex. The name was long since changed to "Bramblebury House;" but even this change to a

present century; its site was on the east side of the road still called Mill Lane, a little above the garrison church.

Near the Common there are still several brick-fields, tile-kilns, and sand and chalk pits; and market gardening is carried on to a large extent, particularly in the valley on the southern side of the parish, through which passes the road to East Wickham and Welling.

The cemetery for Woolwich and Plumstead lies in a pretty valley—almost a ravine—behind Plumstead Common, on the road to East Wickham. It occupies about 200 acres, and is well and tastefully planted with flowers, shrubs, and evergreens. High up on the slope of the hill are five or six rows

of graves, all uniform, and bearing the names of young people of either sex who were drowned in the Thames off Triphook Point, between Woolwich and Plumstead, through the unfortunate collision between an outgoing steam-ship, the *Bywell Castle*, and a saloon steamer, the *Princess Alice*. A large stone cross close by records, by its inscription, this fact, stating that out of some 750 passengers, about 500 were drowned, and adding a well-timed Scriptural quotation that "in the midst of life we are in death." The cross was erected by a six-penny subscription, to which over 2,300 persons contributed.

Plumstead Church and the old manor-house which adjoins it stand apart from the rest of the village, on the debatable ground between the highland and the lowland, verging upon the marshes, just where the line of cliffs must have run when the unembanked river Thames was an arm of the sea. That such was once the case is shown by some fragments of rock, evidently once a portion of a bluff headland, still to be seen high up on Plumstead Common, near the Woolwich end. These fragments, having been much chipped away by mischievous children and pleasuring parties, have been carefully railed in and saved from further injury. They are now becoming objects of respect, and are regarded with almost superstitious veneration, on the old principle, "*Major ex longinquo reverentia*." Any one who will walk along the high ground from Woolwich to Plumstead, and will mark the formation of the succession of breezy downs, with verdant "coombes" between them, can come to no other opinion.

Like those of many other water-side places, the old parish church of Plumstead was dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron saint of fishermen. It stands on the edge of the marshes, which reach from the high ground to the river, nestling under the side of the hill by the side of an old farm-house in a most picturesque manner, forming quite a subject for a water-colour artist's brush. A view of it, as it appeared a quarter of a century ago, may be seen in the *Illustrated London News* for 1854. This we have reproduced on p. 36. The fabric, in the words of Mr. Thorne, is "a somewhat incongruous admixture of styles and periods," and its chief beauty lies in its tall embattled tower of modern red brick, dating only from the early part of the seventeenth century. Its interior is sadly commonplace, and offers scarcely any scope for description.

The church is described in the "Beauties of England and Wales," in 1806, as "an old structure, partly dilapidated, and now consisting of one pace (? piece) only, with a neat tower of brick,

embattled at the north-western angle." In Ireland's "History of Kent" (1830) the fabric is described as having "formerly consisted of a nave, two side aisles, and a chancel; but," continues the writer, "in the early part of the last century the whole was in so dilapidated a state, that the roofing fell, in which condition it continued for nearly twenty years, when it was at length repaired. As to the south aisle, which now constitutes the whole of the church, forming the nave and chancel, it was restored, through the care and industry of Mr. John Gossage, an inhabitant of the parish, who died in 1672, and was there interred; the south wall of the church appears to be very ancient, having narrow lancet windows."

The church, as it appears in the present day, may perhaps be best described by saying that it is of the "nondescript" order. It has no chancel at all, and only on the south side an excrescence which might possibly be called a transept. At the junction of this transept and the nave, embedded in the wall, is a massive arch, which may be Norman, or even Anglo-Saxon. Some of the windows in the transept are apparently Early English lancets. The whole interior is painfully "neat," but remains much as it must have done under the Georges, except that the galleries have been removed. Under the tower is a pulley, doubtless once used for lifting the cover of the font. On the floor of the central aisle is a slab commemorating the above-mentioned Mr. John Gossage, who, "by his care and industry, caused this chancel to be repaired, after about twenty years lying waste," and who died in 1672.

The red brick tower bears a strong likeness to that at Charlton, and probably was designed by the same hand. The chancel having been pulled down, the east end of the nave was walled up with stones many years ago, and a tasteless square-headed window of two lights was inserted; but this also has since been bricked up. The north aisle appears to have been re-built about the year 1820, and within the last few years the church has been further improved by uncovering the ancient pavement and the bases of the stone columns.

The foundations of the original church have been traced in a north-easterly direction. Among other sepulchral memorials is one in memory of Dr. Benjamin Barnett, Prebendary of Gloucester and Vicar of Plumstead, who died in 1707; and a mural monument in commemoration of John Lidgbird, Esq., of Shooter's Hill, who died in 1771.

The churchyard has been largely extended on the south, in fact, nearly to the main road, so that it

forms almost a cemetery ; it is planted with flowers and evergreens. Many brave officers and other distinguished men have found a resting-place in the old churchyard, along with the humble and forgotten villagers. The churchyard contains some choice epitaphs, one of which, on Master James Darling, is extravagantly absurd. This young gentleman, aged ten, speaking from his tombstone, exclaims—

“ The hammer of Death was give to me
For eating the cherries off the tree.”

May his example teach a lesson of moderation during the fruit season to the youth of Plumstead, and of other places too.

The old parish registers contain some curious entries ; for instance, it is recorded that “ Richard the Cobbler ” was buried in 1690 ; that “ Great Betty ” was interred in 1744 ; and that “ John the Taylor ” was here laid to rest in 1747. Under date of July 25th, 1737, is the entry of the burial of William Butler, a dwarf, two feet ten inches high, aged 40 years. The following entry is somewhat obscure : — “ 1688. John Robards and Geo. Robards both died in one hole of a grenado shell, and was buried the 24th day of June.”

The Church of St. Margaret's, on Plumstead Common, now the parish church, was built in 1858, and is in the Gothic style of architecture ; it consists of a chancel, nave, aisles, and an embattled tower. In 1864 a new ecclesiastical district, dedicated to St. Nicholas, was formed from the ancient parish of the same name. St. James's Church, in Burrage Road, was built in 1878 ; it is a plain rectangular building of brick, with chancel and vestry. St. John the Baptist's is a new ecclesiastical district, formed in 1882. A church in Robert Street is a temporary building, designed only to serve till the completion of the permanent church. Plumstead possesses several chapels and meeting-houses for Wesleyans, Presbyterians, Primitive Methodists, and other denominations.

A High School for boys at Brookhill, established under the auspices of the Woolwich and Plumstead High Schools Association, is intended to prepare pupils for the Universities, professional life, and commercial pursuits. Several scholarships, tenable at the Universities, have been provisionally founded. In Cambridge Place, Burrage Road, is a High School for Girls, under the same scheme.

The workhouse and infirmary of Woolwich Union occupy a prominent position in the village of Plumstead. They were completed in 1873, at a cost of nearly £30,000.

Plumstead is connected with London by a

station on the North Kent Railway, and by trams running through Woolwich and Greenwich.

Both Plumstead and the neighbouring town of Woolwich have a most interesting geological history. On the south and east are immense gravel-beds, which were formerly sea beaches, but which, from the acquisition of land from the sea, are now far inland. The so-called “ Woolwich beds,” which are alternately of sand, pebbles, and shells, contain numerous fossils, while old oyster-shells show where the ocean once existed. The whole district is on the chalk formation, which extends from New Cross as far as Dover. Above the chalk rises Shooter's Hill, an isolated mass of London clay, surmounted by a thick deposit of gravel, composed of pebbles of a coarse siliceous character, worn from a kind of rock which is not now to be found in the neighbourhood. The only probable explanation of this circumstance is the theory that this gravel was deposited by icebergs which came hither from Arctic climes, bearing the accumulations of rock and sand which glaciers had brought from the mountains. We may readily believe that in the warmer climate of England they soon melted, and left only their freight of pebbles, &c. At low tide at Dagenham, on the opposite side of the river, there are still found remains of trees—sole relics of the great forest which once occupied the valley of the Thames.

It is stated in the “ Beauties of England and Wales ” that the Marshes here were first enclosed by those great civilisers of remote districts, the much-abused monks. In the reign of Edward I. these unpromising lands were taken in hand by the brethren of the neighbouring Abbey of Lesnes, of which we shall have more to say in the next chapter. They drained and embanked them with such skill as they were masters of ; and from that date frequent commissions were issued by the Crown for inspecting the banks and repairing such breaches as were caused by the weather and the tides of the river. The same result, however, happened here as that which we have seen at Dagenham. Upwards of 2,000 acres were inundated by the Thames in the reign of Henry VIII., and these were not wholly recovered from Neptune and rejoined to *terra firma* until the reign of James I. A full account of this transaction will be found in Dugdale's “ History of Embanking.”

From the south-western extremity of the Marshes, near the church, a roadway extends in a direct line across the marsh-land to Crossness Point, near Erith, where is situated the southern outfall of the Metropolitan Main Drainage Works. The route thither by the new road will give the visitor a view

of a fine wooded range of hills on the right-hand side of the way. The Crossness Works are perfectly wonderful in their magnitude and comprehensiveness, and are well worth the trouble of visiting; indeed, nearly all noted foreigners who visit England inspect them. They were constructed for the purpose of pumping up the sewage of South London, including all the parishes between Crossness and Putney, an area of sixty-nine square miles. The main sewer at its Richmond end is four feet in diameter, while at Crossness it is eleven feet six inches, and it maintains this size as far as the Deptford pumping-station. It has been said that a heavy mounted dragoon could easily ride in it for the entire length of seven-and-a-half miles. Fifty million gallons of sewage daily pass through it. There are three principal branches which discharge at Crossness—namely, the high-level sewer, which brings the sewage of high-standing places like Norwood, Clapham, Tooting, &c.; the Effra branch, from the neighbourhood of the Crystal Palace; and the low-level branch, from the low-lying districts beside the Thames. The whole combined runs down to Crossness, taking up on its way the drainage of Greenwich, Eltham, Lewisham, Charlton, Woolwich, and Plumstead. On its arrival at Crossness the whole is pumped from a depth of twenty-one feet below the marsh into a large brick-covered reservoir, whose inside area is six-and-a-half acres, capable of containing about half-a-day's dry-weather supply of sewage, or 24,000,000 gallons. Night and day this pumping goes on, gangs of men relieving each other at intervals. In the reservoir the sewage awaits the turn of the tide. Then the gates of the reservoir are opened, and the sewage discharged under three hours.

Four engines are employed, each of 125 nominal horse-power, but they are worked up to double that power. The works were formally opened by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh on April 4th, 1865. The benefits which have resulted from their establishment may be inferred from the fact that the mortality in London now averages from twenty to twenty-two per thousand, while before the works were constructed the death-rate was often double.

East Wickham, about a mile or so inland, and upland too, from Plumstead, is an unimportant hamlet rather than a village. The name of Wickham is derived from its situation by what was at one time the high road to Dover, *wic* signifying a road, or way, and *ham* a dwelling; the prefix East distinguishes it from West Wickham, of which we shall speak in a future chapter. The present Dover road, in its continuation over Shooter's Hill, passes

nearly a mile to the south of the village. Beyond the church, which stands on a little hillock on the east side of the lane from Plumstead, there is nothing in East Wickham to interest or detain the stranger. The land all around is pleasantly diversified with hill and dale, and is mostly under cultivation.

From the "Beauties of England and Wales" we glean the following account of this parish:—"East Wickham formed part of the estates of the ancient family of the Burnells of Shropshire, and Robert Burnell, Bishop of Bath and Wells, who died seized of three-parts of this manor in 1292, had liberty of free warren here. From him it descended by the female line to the families of Handloe and Lovell, of whom was Francis, Viscount Lovell, the zealous adherent of Richard III. He was slain in the battle of Stoke, near Newark, in the third of Henry VII., when this manor, by virtue of an entail made by John de Handloe and Maud Burnell, his wife, in the reign of Edward III., descended to Henry Lovell, Lord Morley, who dying without issue two years afterwards, it escheated to the Crown. Henry VIII. granted it in 1512 to Sir John Pette for sixty years, and in 1514 he gave the reversion to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, whose great-grandson alienated it to John Olyffe, Esq., whose daughter and heiress married John Leigh, Esq., of Addington, in Surrey. . . . The estates being divided in 1767, this manor was allotted to the Bennett family.

"The old manor-house, which had been the residence of the Leighs, and was of the age of Elizabeth, has been pulled down.

"The church is a small ancient building of flint and stone, consisting of a nave and chancel, with a shingled turret rising from the west end of the roof. On a broken slab in the pavement of the chancel is inlaid in brass a cross fleury, containing small busts of a male and female in very ancient French dresses, and on the stem this imperfect inscription in Gothic letters: 'Zohan de Bladigdone et Maud S——.' On another slab, now covered by a pew, are brasses of a man and his three wives, and beneath them an inscription in black letters, from which it appears that the former was a 'Youman of the Garde,' named William Payn, who died in 1568. He is represented in his uniform—a small ruff, short jacket, and trunk hose; at his left side a sword, and on his breast a rose surmounted by a crown."

A curious fresco painting, discovered on the walls of the church, was made the subject of remarks by learned divines and grave antiquarians at a congress of the British Archaeological Association at Canterbury some years ago, but the drawing was too far gone to be revived.

CHAPTER VI.

ERITH AND LESNES.

"O'er eastward uplands gay or rude,
 Along to Erith's ivied spire,
 I start with strength and hope renewed,
 And cherish life's rekindling fire ;
 Now measure vales with staring eyes,
 Now trace the churchyard's humble names,
 Or climb brown heaths abrupt that rise,
 And overlook the winding Thames." BLOOMFIELD.

Situation of Erith, and Derivation of its Name—Descent of the Manor—A Saxon Law Suit—The Church—The Town—Cenotaph—Return—Chapel and Schools—Erith formerly a Maritime Port—Historical Incidents—The Pier and Public Gardens—Discoveries of Geological Remains—Erith Marshes—Powder Magazines—Explosion of a Magazine—Belvedere—The Royal Alfred Institution for Aged Merchant Seamen—The Village of Belvedere—Abbey Wood—Lesnes Abbey—Bostall Heath.

SUCH are the terms in which the self-taught poet, Robert Bloomfield, wrote of this neighbourhood, when, suffering in health, he was spending some months at Shooter's Hill, whence he would walk along the high grounds to Erith, taking one of his favourite rambles. Erith, or Eareth, as it was sometimes called, is the next parish eastward from Plumstead, having the river Thames for its northern boundary. It is about three miles across either way, and nearly one-half of it consists of marsh land. From the marshes and the village the ground rises somewhat steeply towards the west, where the woody heights of Belvedere form a beautiful background to the view, as seen from the river, the church nestling pleasantly at its base.

According to Ireland's "History of Kent," the place was formerly called Lesnes, otherwise Erith. The former name was, as Lambarde thinks, misspelt by the Normans, instead of the Saxon word *Leowes*, which signifies pastures ; "but," continues the writer, "we rather conjecture it to be derived from the old British word *lese*, pastures, and *ness*, a promontory, or cape, both names being suited to the different parts of this parish—the former to the western, and the latter to the eastern portion. It was written in old records *Aliesnes* : in the *Textus Roffensis*, *Lisna* ; and in Domesday, *Loisnes*. The name of Erith, or Er-ythe, seems to be derived from the Saxon word *ærre hythe*, that is, the *old haven*." Dr. Morris, in his "Etymology of Local Names," suggests *E-rith*, a "water channel," as the origin of the name ; whilst Taylor, in his "Words and Places," gives it as *ora*, a shore, and *hythe*.

The manor was one of those seized by the Conqueror, and given to Odo his half-brother. In the thirteenth century we find it in the possession of the family of Badlesmere, from whom it passed to Roger Mortimer, Earl of March ; it afterwards reverted to the Crown, and was given by Henry VIII. to Elizabeth Countess of Shrewsbury. During the lifetime of the countess the manor and

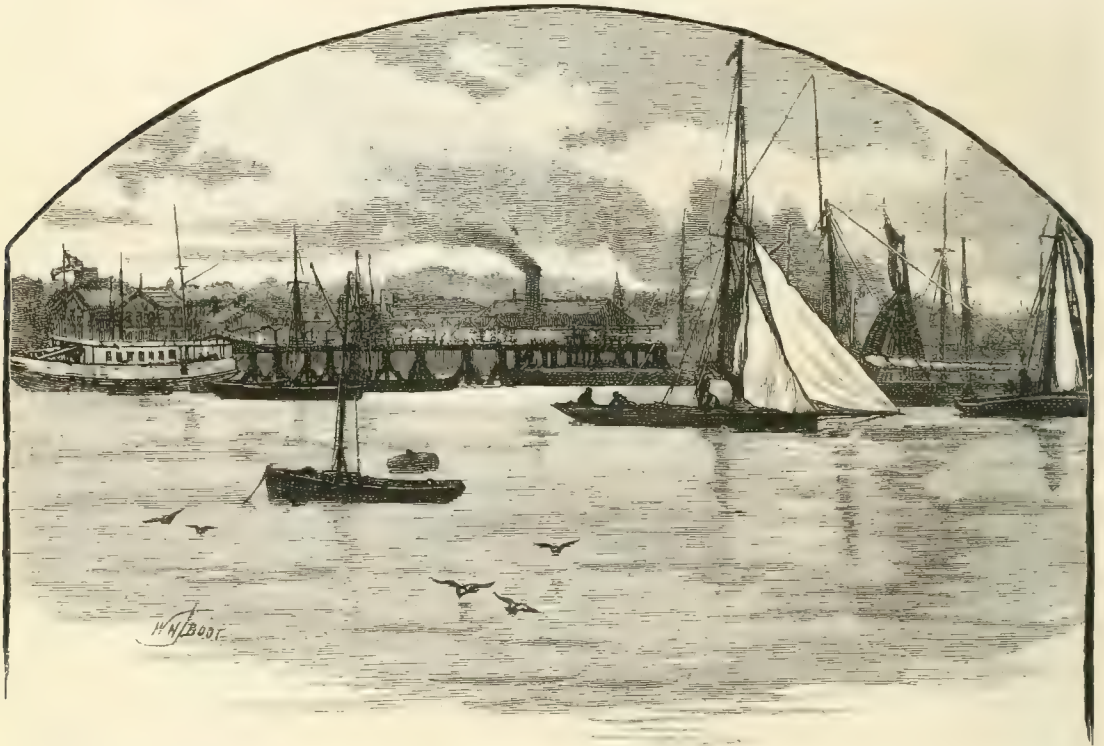
estate appears to have been settled on her only daughter Anne, wife of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, who died without issue, and on her death in the thirty-first of Elizabeth, the property descended to her only son by her first husband, Peter Compton. With this family it remained till towards the end of the seventeenth century, when it was sold by Sir Thomas Compton to a Mr. Lodowick. After one or two other changes of ownership, the manor subsequently passed, about the middle of the last century, to the Wheatleys, with whom it has since continued. Mr. William Wheatley, the second of the family who possessed the property, built a new manor-house on Northumberland Heath, in the upland or southern portion of the parish, where it joins on to Crayford.

Within the walls of the venerable parish church, if tradition may be trusted, a meeting was held in the reign of John between the king's commissioners and a party of the discontented barons, having for its object the arrangement of a treaty of peace, so that it is just possible it was here that the first discussion of the famous Magna Charta took place.

Erith was the scene of another important event, which took place nearly a century preceding the Conquest, when England was governed by the simple forms of Saxon law. Lambarde appears to have been the first to bring the circumstances to light from the hoary documents of long-forgotten ages. Here is the story, as told by the "Kentish Perambulator" :—"The narrative of a thing done at this place by Dunstane, the Archbishop of Canterbury, almost a hundred yeeres before the coming of William the Conqueror.—A rich man (saith the text of Rochester) being owner of Cray, Eareth, Ainesford, and Woldham, and having none issue of his body, devised the same lands (by his last will, made in the presence of Duhstane and others) to a kinswoman of his owne for life, the remainder of the one halfe thereof, after her death, to Cristeschurch at Canterbury, and of the other halfe to Saint Androwes of Rochester, for ever. He

died, and his wife took one Leoffun to husband, who (overliving her) retained the lande as his owne. . . . Hereupon complaint came to one Wulsie, for that time the shyreman, or judge, of the countie (as the same booke interpreteth it), before whom both Dunstane the archbishop, the parties themselves, sundrie other bishops, and a great multitude of the lay people appeared, all by appointment, at Eareth, and there, in the presence of the whole assembly, Dunstane (taking a cross in his hand) made a corporall oath upon the booke of

stands by the river-side, on the edge of the marshes, and was formerly covered with ivy, presenting a most picturesque appearance; but having within the last few years been thoroughly restored, and a north aisle added, it now exhibits a very modern aspect: in fact, almost as modern as the railway-station close by. A figure of the Saviour with extended arms stands above the chancel arch, within the oval of a vesica. In the south aisle will be seen the tomb of Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, who died in 1568, having been lady of the



ERITH, FROM THE RIVER.

the ecclesiasticall lawes unto the shyreman (which then took it to the king's use, because Leoffun himselfe refused to receive it), and affirmed that the right of these landes was to Christes and to Saint Androwes. For ratification and credite of which his oath, a thousand other persons (chosen out of East and West Kent, Eastsex, Middlesex, and Sussex) tooke their oathes also upon the crosse after him. And thus, by this manner of judgement, Christes Church and Saint Androwes were brought into possession, and Leoffun utterly rejected for ever."

The church, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, is an old stone building in the Later Decorated style, containing nave, aisles, and chancel, and having a short tower and spire, with six bells. It

manor for twenty-four years; while near it is the grave of Colonel Wheatley, another owner. On the south wall of the chancel is a small sun-dial, dated 1643, and bearing the motto, "Redibo tu nunquam."

Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, we are told, was the mother-in-law of William, Earl of Pembroke, one of Queen Elizabeth's many favourites. He seems, however, to have been rather remiss in his attentions to his royal mistress, for in a letter written by Rowland White to the earl's uncle, Sir Philip Sidney, he is blamed for his "cold and weak manner of pursuing her majesty's favour, having had so good steps to lead him unto it." Perhaps his coldness may be explained by the fact that a pair of brighter eyes had beamed on him at court

than those of Queen Bess, for we find him addressing the following lines to the Lady Christian Bruce, on parting from her company :—

“Dry those fair, those crystal eyes,
Which, like growing fountains, rise
To drown those banks ; grief’s sullen brooks
Would better flow from furrowed looks,
Thy lovely face was never meant
To be the seat of discontent.

“Then clear those watery eyes again,
That else portend a lasting rain,

monuments and brasses. One of these, dated 1506 and 1528, is engraved with the figures of Sir Richard Walden, and Elizabeth his wife ; two others, in a mutilated condition, evidently commemorated a knight and his lady. Another brass bears the representation of a man between two wives ; it is dated 1511, and is inscribed with the names of John Aylmer and his wives Margaret and Benet. There are several other smaller brasses, notably one to “Rogerus Sencler, quondam serviens abbatis et conventus de Lesney, obiit 1421 ;” and



BELVEDERE HOUSE.

Lest the clouds which settle there
Prolong my winter all the year,
And thy example others make
In love with sorrow for thy sake.”

Near the altar is a monument with an allegorical figure, by Chantry, to the memory of Lord Eardley, a former possessor of Belvedere, a handsome mansion crowning the woody eminence close at hand, and now converted into an institution for aged merchant seamen, as we shall presently see. There is also an elaborately sculptured altar-tomb of white marble, without name, but supposed to commemorate a member of the Vanacker family, who once owned the manor. A parclose screen divides the chancel from the south aisle, and in the latter are several

another, dated 1471, containing the figure of a lady in the triangular head-dress of the period, and commemorating Emma, daughter of John Walden, alderman, and wife of John Wade, citizen of London, and merchant of the staple of Calais. The churchyard is well laid out, and planted with flowers and evergreens.

The village, or town, of Erith stands by the river-side, at a short distance eastward from the church, and on the eastward termination of the range of hills which stretches westward by Abbey Wood, Bostal Heath, and Woolwich, to New Cross. It consists mainly of a long, straggling, narrow street of small houses and tumble-down cottages, with the usual admixture of unpretending country-looking

shops and public-houses, the latter, by the way, being pretty plentiful for the size of the place, which comprises an area of only some 3,800 acres, with a population of 9,500.

There are chapels for different denominations of Dissenters in the town, and also two or three commodious schools. On the Bexley Road, to the south-west of the town, is a convent for educational purposes. It was erected in 1879, and is owned by the Franciscan Fathers of the Order of La Sainte Union.

According to Lambarde, the "town of Eareth" was once in a flourishing condition; at all events, he speaks of it in the reign of Elizabeth as being then "an ancient corporation, either by reputation or chartre." It had the grant of a weekly market, to be held on Thursdays, and two annual fairs of three days each. Although it can no longer boast of a corporation, and its weekly market has long since ceased, a fair is still held annually on Whit Monday.

The older parts of the town present in places a somewhat picturesque appearance, the effect of which is heightened by occasional glimpses of the river, obtained through openings or side streets. Of late years Erith has exhibited signs of improvement. A Science and Art School has been established in connection with South Kensington. The public hall, built in 1871, is a brick building capable of accommodating some 500 persons, and is used for concerts, public meetings, and assemblies.

Erith is a favourite yachting station, and in the town are the head-quarters of the Erith Yacht Club and Corinthian Yacht Club. In times long gone by Erith was a considerable maritime port, and possessed a wharf used for naval purposes. The navy used to assemble here as late as the end of the seventeenth century. Pepys, in his capacity as secretary to the Admiralty, paid several visits to the fleet here, one of which is thus recorded in his "Diary," under date of November 16, 1665:—"To Eriffe, where, after making a little visit to Madame Williams, she did give me information of W. Howe's having bought eight bags of precious stones taken from about the Dutch Vice-Admiral's neck, of which there were eight diamonds which cost him £4,000 sterling in India, and hoped to have made £12,000 here for them. . . . So I on board my *Lord Brouncker*; and there he and Sir Edmund Pooily carried me down into the hold of the Indian shipp, and there did show me the greatest wealth lie in confusion that a man can see in the world—pepper scattered through every chink, you trod upon it; and in cloves and nutmegs I walked above

the knees: whole rooms full; and silk in bales, and boxes of copper-plate, one of which I saw opened. Having seen this, which was as noble a sight as ever I saw in my life, I away on board the other ship in despair to get the pleasure-boat of the gentlemen there to carry me to the fleet."

It is said that Erith was the birthplace of that most famous vessel, the *Henri Grace de Dieu*, though others, as shown in a previous chapter,* make her to have been built at Woolwich. She measured 1,000 tons. She had four masts, from the great tops of which soldiers shot arrows at the enemy, and is said to have mounted eighty guns, though these were probably of small calibre. She may be taken as a type of the largest ships of the time of the Tudors.

With reference to the building of the *Henri Grace de Dieu* (1512), there are contemporary documents in the Record Office, quoted in Cruden's "History of Gravesend," containing entries for the payments of "wages of divers and sondre persons, as ship-wrightts, calkers, and laborers that wrought and labored in carting and making of a new docke at Erythe, for the bringing in of our soveryn lord the king's reall shipp, named the *Soverin*, in the sayed dock, as for amending, raparyng, and calkyng of the sayed ship, as of heving forthe afflote out of the same docke, by the time and space of viij weks."

The "historical incidents" connected with Erith appear to be very scanty. We may be thankful, therefore, for such trivial scraps of information as the fact that "bluff King Hal" journeyed hither by water from Westminster, on his way to visit Francis I. of France, and that he slept at Erith, hastening the next morning to Gravesend, whence he rode across the country by short stages to Dover, where he embarked for the French coast; or that James II., when providing for the escape of the royal family to France, issued his warrant (Nov. 30, 1668): "Order the *Isabella* and *Ann* yachts to fall down to Erith to-morrow."

The present pier, standing on wooden piles, and upwards of 400 feet in length, was built in 1842. Close by the pier some public gardens, after the style of those at North Woolwich,† were laid out a few years ago. A greater source of prosperity to the town, however, has been the establishment of iron and other factories on the banks of the Thames and in its immediate neighbourhood. These factories have caused a large increase in the population, and consequently added considerably to the business of Erith. On the eastern

* See ante, p. 15.

† See Vol. I., p. 513.

side of the parish there are some extensive brick-fields, and the excavations of the hills to the south of the town, commonly known as the Ballast Pits, where sand is dug for ship ballast and iron castings, have given to that portion of the locality a somewhat peculiar appearance. Many interesting geological remains, including the fossil tusks and bones of elephants, have been disinterred in these excavations. About half a mile further southward, on the road to Crayford, is another great excavation, called the Erith Brick Pit. This pit, according to Mr. Thorne, in his "Environs of London," is even more interesting in a geological point of view than the pit above mentioned. "It lies," writes Mr. Thorne, "in the ancient bed of the Thames, and exposes a portion of the steep bank. Here the Thanet beds, which are sixty feet thick in the Ballast Pit, are only fifteen feet thick. They overlie the chalk, which here rises to a height of forty-five feet above the Ordnance datum line, both chalk and sand having been sharply cut, and the latter partially denuded, by fluvial action. A good section is here shown of the chalk and sand, the ancient bank of the Thames, with the gravel not merely resting conformably on the top of the sand, but following the denuded surface of the chalk, and filling up the hollows. In this gravel will be noticed many detached masses of unarranged Thanet sand and bull-head flints. The brick-earth beds over the gravel contain bones of fossil elephants, tigers, wolves, oxen, and horses—*Elephas antiquus* and *primigenius*, *Bos longifrons* and *primigenius*, *Equus fossilis*, *Canis lupus*, and *Felis spelæa* (the great cave tiger); but the brick-pit, about a mile farther, on the left of the Crayford road, is far richer in these remains, Mr. Dawkins enumerating no fewer than sixteen species of mammalia found there.* The Cyrena (*Corbicula fluminalis*) abounds in these pits."

The Erith Marshes stretch away westward from the town to Plumstead, and as they lie below the high-water level, the Thames is only prevented from flooding them by the great river wall, of which we have already had occasion to speak, both in the preceding chapter and in describing other portions of the Thames banks. The marshes form rich grazing-ground for cattle. Some portion of the land, too, has been utilised for factories and other works which have been built here. Of the southern outfall of the Metropolitan Main Drainage at Crossness Point we have already spoken.† At a

short distance from these works are some large powder-magazines. A terrible disaster occurred here on the 1st of October, 1864, when two of these magazines, containing upwards of fifty tons of gunpowder, exploded with terrific force, killing ten persons, wounding many others, and carrying consternation among the inhabitants for miles round. Although the scene of the catastrophe is about fifteen miles from Charing Cross, the explosion* was heard and felt more or less throughout the whole metropolis. The larger of the two magazines was about fifty feet square, and consisted of two floors; and the other was forty feet by thirty feet, and also consisted of two storeys.

When the explosion occurred it was a most fortunate circumstance that the tide was low; but there were only about four hours wanting to the time of high water. The explosion had forced into the river the greater portion of the materials of the embankment, in the 300 feet of length acted upon, only throwing up on the foreshore a low mound, not capable of affording any protection. In the 300 feet gap which was formed, the space which had been occupied by the foundation or base of the embankment wall was filled with broken and shapeless masses of earth and clay, which had formed part either of the consolidated mass of the wall or of the site of the magazines. All the available force of the neighbourhood was soon brought to work in stopping up the breach; but being found insufficient for the task, detachments of Sappers and Artillery, to the number of about 1,500, were set to work. Within a few hours the work was sufficiently advanced to withstand the force of the rising waters; but as it had been so hurriedly executed, the embankment sank several feet in the course of the following night. During the next day the military and navvies were again actively occupied, backing up and ramming the work, with the result that it was soon made as secure as the original wall.

Much damage was done to the houses of Erith and Belvedere by the explosion; indeed, for miles round the houses were sensibly shaken, and the shock, it is stated, was felt at places fifty miles distant.

The hamlet, or village, of Belvedere, with a railway-station on the North Kent line close by, is situated on the southern side of the marsh, and on the slope of the hill almost immediately opposite the powder-magazines. Belvedere is an ecclesiastical district, formed in 1861 from the civil parish of

* Professor Boyd Dawkins "On the Age of the Lower Brick-Earths of the Thames Valley," *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, Vol. xxii., p. 101.

† See *ante*, p. 40.

* For some account of the interior of a gunpowder factory and store and the precautions taken to prevent explosions the reader may refer to our account of Waltham Abbey, in Vol. I., p. 399.

Erith. The place takes its name from the mansion of Belvedere on the brow of the hill, a mile to the west of Erith Church, which was first erected by George Hayley, Esq., by whom it was sold to Lord Baltimore, who died here in 1751. The property was afterwards purchased by a Mr. Sampson Gideon, whose son, of the same name, was created a baronet, and subsequently advanced to the peerage with the title of Lord Eardley. The improvements which his father had begun in the mansion were completed by this nobleman, who in 1764 rebuilt the house on a much enlarged scale. The house, which is built of brick, is a fine example of the classic Italian in vogue at the time of its erection, and it has always been famous for the wide and striking prospect it commands of the Thames, with its ever-moving panorama of shipping, and the green meadows and low hills of Essex beyond. A still wider view, however, is obtained from the lofty prospect tower in the grounds nearer to Erith. While the mansion was the residence of Lord Eardley, and later on, when it was owned and occupied by his son-in-law, Lord Saye and Sele, the picture-galleries and elegant suites of rooms were thrown open for public inspection, and the house became equally celebrated for its fine collection of pictures, including one of the most famous of Murillo's "Assumption," and his "Flight into Egypt"; Canaletto's "Doge of Venice Marrying the Sea"; Teniers' "Alchemist," and his "Gambling Banditti"; and the "Marriage in Cana," by Paul Veronese, besides several other works of the highest class. In 1859 the collection of pictures was dispersed by the then owner, Sir Culling Eardley, with the exception of a few of the most choice subjects, which found their way to Bedwell Park, in Hertfordshire. About the same time a large portion of the grounds was disposed of for building purposes. Several villa residences were erected upon the outlying portions, and in course of time a goodly village, with a population of about 3,000 souls, has sprung up.

The mansion itself, along with the reserved grounds, about twenty-four acres in extent, was purchased for the sum of £12,100, and converted into a home for aged seamen—the Royal Alfred Institution for Aged Merchant Seamen, so named after its president, the Duke of Edinburgh. The house, which will accommodate 200 inmates, was opened as a hospital in January, 1867. The institution is supported by voluntary contributions, and the number of inmates up to the present time has generally numbered about one hundred, who are fed and clothed. There are also about the same number of out door patients in different parts,

who each receive £18 yearly. The prospect tower, or "belvedere," mentioned above, stands within the hospital grounds.

The usual approach to Belvedere from Erith is by the main road westward, towards the church. Near this, on the left, will be found one of the leafiest of leafy lanes, which leads into a thoroughfare bearing the whimsical title of Halt Robin Road. A little above are the grounds of the Institute. Passing along an avenue bordered on each side by spreading elms, we approach the front of the establishment. In front of the main entrance is a flagstaff, and the doorway is appropriately decorated with models of men-of-war and East Indian men of the olden time.

Proceeding forward, we approach the dining-hall. Should the visitor happen to be at Belvedere at one o'clock, it is a touching sight to see the poor old inmates hurrying from every part of the house and grounds, roused by that "tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell," as Byron calls it. The week's bill of fare is certainly sufficiently varied and abundant: Sunday, boiled beef, potatoes, and plum-pudding; Monday, soup and boiled mutton; Tuesday, salt fish and suet pudding; Wednesday, soup and boiled beef; Thursday, roast mutton; Friday, salt pork and pea soup; Saturday, soup and bouilli.

The visitor will find in the manager, Captain Park, a typical sailor, with all a sailor's native politeness, and will be shown all that is of interest in the building. But the most striking sight is undoubtedly the row of the most aged inmates, who may be seen on any fine day basking in the sun before the house, and seeming to derive pleasure from looking down on the vessels passing up and down the river, doubtless dreaming of their past lives of excitement and adventure ere they reached this haven of rest.

From the dining-room we pass to a large apartment used as a reading-room, filled with books and magazines. It has a most pleasant outlook on the beautiful grounds. Further on is another apartment, with boards for bagatelle and other games. All these rooms are kept in order by the work of the more able-bodied of the inmates. Concerning this establishment a writer in the *Daily Telegraph*, in an article entitled "Poor Jack," speaks as follows:—"Of such a charity as this, of the Royal Alfred Aged Merchant Seamen's Institution, how can any man who honours the English sailor and values his calling, hope to speak in such terms of praise as shall not seem hyperbolic? Not for one instant will I say that as a charity it is superior to others which deal with the sick, with

the destitute, with the infirm, with little children. 'There is misery enough in every corner of the world as well as within our convent,' Sterne's monk is made to imply by his cordial wave of the hand. But I do claim for this institution the possession of a peculiar element of pathos, such as no man who has not beheld the aged, the stricken, the helpless, the broken-down men congregated within its walls can form any idea of. . . . Ninety-three old sailors are at present lodged in the institution. The house is big enough to accommodate two hundred, but the funds of the charity are already stretched to their last limits."

On leaving Belvedere let the visitor take the road which leads over Lesnes Heath. Turning to the right, the path suddenly descends, while on one side many fine villas are in course of erection, a curious mingling of old and new, for at the bottom of the hill is an ancient hostelry, "The Leather Bottle," with a veritable ancient bottle of that nature dangling in front as its sign.

The spot to which we now find ourselves, close by on the north side of the open marshes, about a mile westward from Erith, is rapidly assuming the form and proportions of a small town, with its public hall, club, and some fairly good shops and inns. As stated above, it bears the name of Belvedere. The church of Belvedere, dedicated to All Saints, stands in the Erith Road. It is built of cut flint with stone dressings, in the Early English style, and comprises a nave and chancel, aisles, transepts, tower, and spire. There are also in the village chapels for Nonconformists of different denominations.

Abbey Wood, a little farther westward, but still within the parish of Erith, occupies part of the site of the woods belonging to Lesnes Abbey, which at one time extended eastward to Erith, and reached back to Lesnes Heath. Lesnes Abbey, of which but few fragments are now visible, was founded in 1178 by Richard de Lucy, Lord Chief Justice of England, he being then Regent of the kingdom, in the absence of Henry II. In front of the abbey might be seen the Thames some distance away across the marshes, while at the back rises a range of hills. The situation, indeed, was most delightful, showing that monks were good farmers and landscape gardeners, and that by their care and industry they could "make the desert smile." The barns in which the productions of the estate were stored remained down to a comparatively recent date, and the stews, or fish-ponds, on the east side of the Priory, may to some extent be traced to this day. The wall that enclosed the convent garden is still standing, and at the south-western corner

is a doorway, probably dating from the time of Edward I., which was formerly the principal entrance to the abbey. The walls encircling the courtyard are in excellent preservation, and we can still admire the substantial masonry of the monks, than whom no more "canny" builders have ever existed.

Considerable portions of the buildings were standing a century ago, but since that time the stones of which they were composed have been carted away piecemeal, and made to do duty in mending the roads in the neighbourhood. In the "Archæologia" for 1753 is given a view of the roofless walls of the abbey chapel, with its Early English lancet windows and doorway, as shown in our illustration. The ancient seal of the abbey is also preserved in the same antiquarian repository.

Weever, the author of "Funeral Monuments," who was rector of Erith in the reign of Elizabeth, mentions the discovery in 1630, among the ruins of Lesnes Abbey, of a "goodly funerall monument, the full proportion of a man in his coat armour, his sword hanging at his side by a broad belt, upon which the *flower-de-luce* was engraven in many places (being, as I take it, the relus or device of the Lucies). This his (Sir Richard Lucie's) representation or picture lay upon a flat marble stone. They likewise found other statues of men in like manner proportioned."

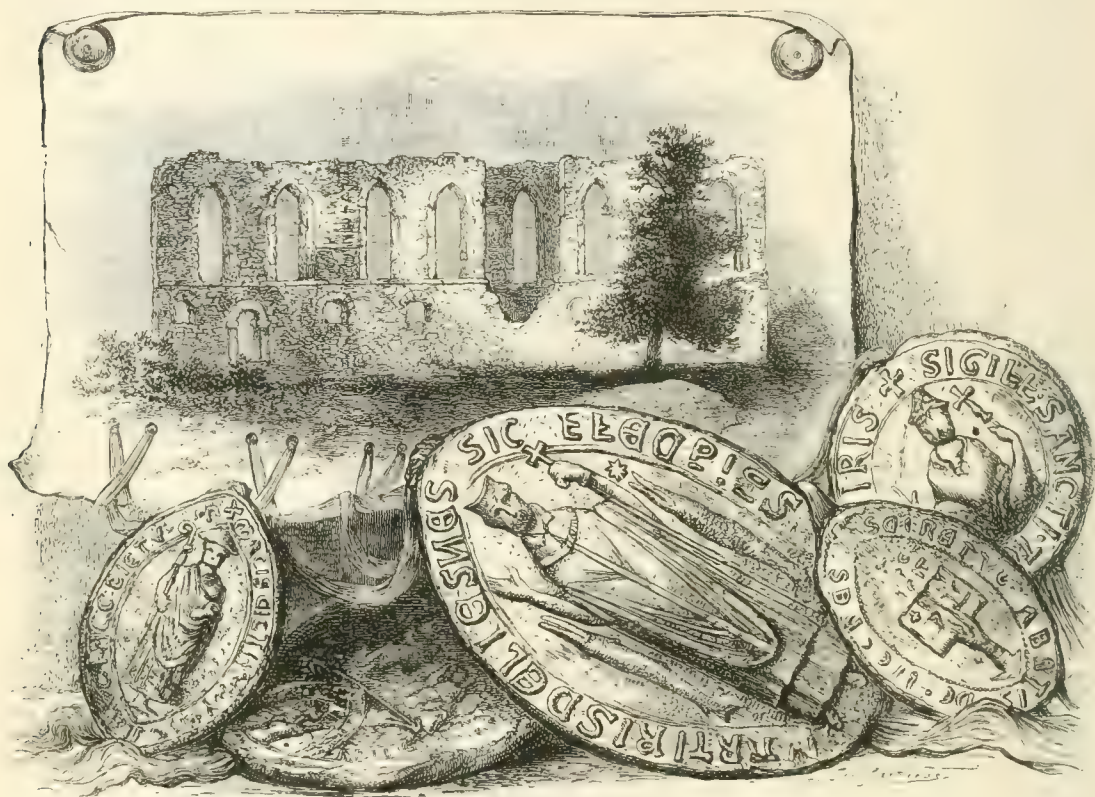
From the "Beauties of England and Wales" we quote the following account of Lesnes Abbey:—"It is remarkable that the church of this abbey was dedicated by its founder to St. Mary and St. Thomas à Becket, although this proud prelate had not been dead more than eight years, and though he had previously excommunicated De Lucy for being 'a contriver of those heretical pravities, the Constitutions of Clarendon.' The original endowments of the convent consisted of the western moiety of Erith parish, including Westwood, now called the Abbey Wood, which extends towards the south. . . . Godfrey, Bishop of Winchester, son of Richard de Lucy, increased the possessions of the monks, and their estates were further augmented by different benefactors. . . . This abbey was dissolved in 1524, under the commission for suppressing the smaller monasteries. The site of the abbey and its surrounding demesne is now tenanted as a farm."

"Few locations," observes a local antiquary (Mr. A. J. Dunkin), "were better adapted for the purposes of a monastic life than the site selected by De Lucy; for within its shady recesses might be found the seclusion favourable for study, and the quiet indispensable for pious contemplation."

The hills at the back of the Priory garden, which stood due south in a line with the refectory and cloisters, were covered with a dense forest, called Westwood, which perfectly sheltered the religious inmates from the biting blasts of the winds, and greatly added to the beauty of the scene; for the monks, those holy men, with all their reputation for sanctity and self-denying habits, were yet too good judges of the advantages to be derived from the contiguity of wood and water and 'the burn

against the northern side of the church, between the nave and the chancel, of which it formed a component part."

The history of the fall of this religious house is the history of the destruction of a hundred such. Lord Herbert, a contemporary, writes that Wolsey "sodainly entered by his Commissioners into the saied Houses (the priory of the Canon regulars of Lyenes, of the order of St. Austin, being one), and put out the Religious, and tooke all their goodes,



LESNES ABBEY AND SEALS.

and the brae' to be indifferent to the locality of their domicile. Although professedly abstaining from luxuries, and satisfied with simples, yet they knew full well, and duly appreciated, the delicate flavours and different qualities of fish and fowl, wine and venison. The barns in which the rosy prior stowed his sheaves and the goodly fruits of the earth rest on their original foundations; and the stews, or fish-ponds, still remain on the east side of the priory.

"The whole area of the church, cloisters, and lodgings of the monks, is still a market garden. From certain indications in the boundary wall, it would appear that the church was originally about 40 feet wide and 97 feet in length, and that the tower, a structure only about 17 feet square, abutted

moveables, and scarcely gave the poore wretches anything, except it wer to the Heddes of the House, and then he caused thercheter to sit, and finde the Houses voyde, as relinquished, and found the King Founder, where other men wer Founders; and with these landes he endowed with all his colleges, whiche began soe sumptuous, and the scholers wer so proude, that everie persone judged that thende would not be goode."

Lesnes Abbey was a thriving place, with a decent revenue, and with few to share it. It was one of the first lopped off at the Reformation, and its revenues of nearly £200 per annum went to endow Wolsey's new College of Christ's Church, at Oxford, when the star of the cardinal was lord of the ascendant; but when Wolsey fell headlong

from his towering height, and the hungry courtiers were all on the look-out for the spoil, the king granted the abbey estates to William Brereton, a gentleman of the Privy Chamber, who, like other sharers of Henry's favours, had better have been quit of his royal generosity, for two years afterwards he was executed on the false charge of an adulterous intercourse with Anne Boleyn. Sir Ralph Sadler, who owed his rise at court to Lord Cromwell, verifying the old adage that, "'Tis a great help to have a lord our friend," was Brereton's successor to these estates; and he was more fortunate than Cromwell, inasmuch as he kept his head after attaining the dangerous eminence of a secretary of state. Possibly his security lay in not intermeddling in the questions arising out of the matrimonial alliances of the king. The ablest of Henry's ministers rose and fell according to the part they played in reference to this regal butcher's wives. Sir Ralph Sadler appears to have steered clear of the rock on which the fortunes of less cautious statesmen split. He passed too through the religious dangers of the period, not only unscathed, but the gainer of a pardon from the Court of Rome, not for his own sins alone, but *the sins of his family for three generations!* and—what the shrewd statesman doubtless thought of more value—of vast estates, derived from the plundered abbeys and monasteries, although one of his maxims appears to have been that "reward should not empty the king's coffers, neither should riches be the pay of worth, which are merely the wages of labour." The reign of Mary passed by, leaving him minus only his office of clerk of the hamper, which was compensated for in the succeeding reign by his employment in services of the highest trust and importance, the most unthankful of which was the repugnant office forced upon him in his old age of gaoler to the unfortunate Queen of Scots. One of our old writers sums up the prudential qualities of Sir Ralph Sadler in the following eulogy:—"He saw the interest of the state altered six times, and died an honest man; the crown put upon four heads, yet he continued a faithful subject; religion changed, as to the public constitution of it, five times, yet he kept his faith." From Sir Ralph Sadler the manor of Lesnes passed to one descendant and another, until it came into the possession of Sir John Hippisley.

This gentleman was a courtier of the reign of Charles I., and the bearer of the fatal news of Buckingham's assassination at Portsmouth to the king. Charles was but four miles distant at the time, and when Sir John arrived was engaged at public prayers. The courtier, however, big with

the important intelligence he had to communicate, hastened up to the royal closet, and whispered in the king's ear the painful news. Charles made no reply, but allowed the service to proceed to its close, when he hurried out, and throwing himself on his bed, gave way to the most violent grief. A day or two after he issued orders for a magnificent funeral, the expense of which would have exceeded £40,000; but being advised that this vain display would only tend to increase the popular indignation, then raging in full force against the memory of the departed minister, the orders were countermanded. Charles next bethought him of a handsome monument, to perpetuate the memory of his attachment to his deceased favourite; but one of his friends whispering in his ear that his father, King James, had not yet been thus honoured, this design was likewise abandoned, and it was left to history alone to commemorate—

"His means of death; his obscure funeral.
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor funeral ostentation,
Cry to be heard!"

After passing through various hands, the property, towards the end of the seventeenth century, was settled on Christ's Hospital, which institution its rents now go to support.

The fields in the marshes near Abbey Wood in olden times, of course, belonged to Lesnes Abbey, and in right of them the abbot of that convent, in the reign of Edward I., put forward a claim, though unsuccessfully, to all wrecks of the sea that might be washed up by the Thames within this manor. Perhaps it would have been as well if the worthy monks had kept a better watch on the repairs of their river banks instead of looking after such chance arrivals: for, as stated above, the Thames broke in upon the marshes of Plumstead and Erith, and laid them under water for many a long year. Tax after tax was levied to rescue these lands back again; and after twelve years of unceasing labour the monks recovered the whole, as Hasted remarks, "to their no small benefit." The war of man against the forces of nature was not settled, however, in a single battle; and many years elapsed before the Thames was fairly and finally compelled to retire within its own domain.

What is left of the abbey ruins is of no architectural or picturesque value. The site of the Abbey Grange is marked by Abbey Farm, on the hillside overlooking the marsh, a tasteless modern building raised on the old foundation. The wood was at one time free and open, so that sketchers, botanists, and others might roam about in it at their own sweet will; but now the wood is in part

built over with prim villas, and the rest of it is closely fenced in against all intruders.

A pleasant country lane leads up from Abbey Wood railway-station to the high ground of Lesnes Heath and Bostall Heath, whence charming views are obtained of the surrounding country. On Lesnes Heath there are some very fine trees, in particular one gigantic old yew, of which many stories are told. It is of great girth, but during a strong wind in 1882 it was split into two parts.

Bostall Heath has been happily secured from enclosure, and is now under the control of the Metropolitan Board of Works as "an open place." It is a tract 155 acres in extent, situated on the table-land which bounds the Thames marshes between Erith and Plumstead. Bostall Wood, which covers its western side, is the property of Sir Julian Goldsmid. South-eastward from Bostall Heath there is a pleasant roadway leading towards Bexley, whither we now direct our steps.

CHAPTER VII.

BEXLEY, WELLING, AND SIDCUP.

"I draw fresh air, and Nature's works admire."—DRYDEN.

Situation of Bexley—Etymology of Name—Early History—St. Runwald—Lord Bexley—Population—General Description—Parish Church—St. John's Church—Bexley Heath—"The Yard of Beer"—Welling—Danson Hill—Lamorby—Sidcup—Hall Place—Bourne Place

THE parish of Bexley stretches over a considerable space in one of the prettiest portions of Kent, being about three miles across either way, and the whole district made up of hill and dale in pleasing variety. The land round about is much overgrown with coppice woods and orchards and fruit trees, whilst cereal crops of all kinds flourish in due season. The predominant soil is gravel, mixed with clay, and the little river Cray winds through the centre of the village.

In ancient deeds and documents the name of this parish is written *Bekesley*, derived from the words *Bec*, or *Bcke*, signifying a stream, and *ley*, or *lea*, a pasture. In Domesday Book it is called *Bix*; and in the "Textus Roffensis," *Bixle*. A weekly market, now disused, was established here in the reign of Edward II. Archbishop Cranmer alienated the manor to Henry VIII. It was afterwards granted by James I. to Sir John Spilman, who established the first paper-mills at Dartford, and whose monument may be seen in Dartford Church. Spilman sold it to the famous historian and antiquarian Camden, who founded at Oxford the historical professorship which bears his name, but at the same time covenanted that all the revenues of the manor should be enjoyed for ninety-nine years from his own death by Mr. William Heather, his heirs and successors, subject to the payment of £140 annually. We shall have more to say about Camden presently, when we come to Chislehurst.

Here, in the old times before the Norman Conquest, especial honour was paid to St. Runwald, a Saxon saint, of great fame for his piety. He was the son of a King of Northumbria by a

Christian princess, the daughter of Penda, king of Mercia. He was born at King's Sutton, in Buckinghamshire, and as soon as he was born he is said to have exclaimed—ignoring the doctrine of original sin and the need of baptism—"I am a Christian!" and, suiting the action to the word, to have chosen his god-parents and his own name as well. He also called for a large hollow stone, to serve the purpose of a font. On being baptised, he discussed learnedly and eloquently for the space of three days on the articles of the Christian faith. At his death he ordered that his body should remain at Sutton for a year, then at Brackley for two years more, and afterwards should be deposited at Buckingham. Churches were dedicated in his honour at Colchester and in other towns.

This place gave his title to the Right Hon. Nicholas Vansittart, the friend of Percival and Lord Liverpool, who, having sat for many years in the House of Commons as member for Harwich and other places, and having held the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and sundry other ministerial offices, was created "Lord Bexley, of Bexley, in the county of Kent," in 1823; his peerage became extinct on his death in 1851.

Included within the parish of Bexley are the several districts of Bexley Heath, Blendon, Bridge-end, Halfway Street, Hurst, and Upton. In 1821 there were only 400 dwellings in the entire parish, the population at that time numbering 2,300 souls; the latter, however, now amounts to about 8,800, the village of Bexley alone containing about 1,500 inhabitants.

Bexley is a quiet, old-fashioned little village,

consisting mainly of one long winding street of irregularly-built houses. It is thirteen miles from London, and there is a station on the South-Eastern (North Kent loop-line) Railway, at the western end of the village, and one also at Halfway Street. The little river Cray passes under the main street of the village by a brick bridge. A large corn-mill close by the bridge adds variety to the appearance of the street, although there is nothing particularly picturesque about it. The several high roads from the Crays, Dartford Heath, Eltham, and the London road through Bexley Heath and Crayford, lead through the village.

The church, which stands near the eastern end of the village, is a picturesque structure, with its tall tower and shingled spire. The latter is quaint in form, somewhat resembling a double octagonal extinguisher, and having a very singular appearance. The lower part of the tower is pierced with Early English lancet windows. A succession of these probably ran round the entire edifice. The body of the church is constructed of flint, and it consists of a chancel, nave, north aisle, with an arcade of three angles and the tower above-mentioned.

Doomsday Book shows that a church existed on this spot in the reign of Edward the Confessor, between A.D. 1041 and 1066; but probably the church was earlier still in its origin. And prior to that king's reign, and not long after the conquest of Kent by Cenulph, King of Mercia, a church, possibly of wood, was erected here. We know that the Manor of Bexley was granted by Cenulph for the use of Christ Church, at Canterbury, to Wilfrid, who became Archbishop of Canterbury in 803, and died in 829. Between these dates, therefore, it may be believed that he caused the first church to be erected at Bexley.

The discovery of a finely-moulded Norman archway over the Early English south door of the nave leads one naturally to suppose that the Saxon structure was superseded by a Norman one; and if so, there is no reason to doubt that the walls of the present church were erected previous to the twelfth century. Be this as it may, however, the one or two lancet windows that remain *in situ* seem to indicate that under the later Norman sovereigns the fabric was altered; and the Decorated and Perpendicular windows, all different in plan and detail, prove that works of piety here were not confined to a single generation. It is remarkable that every window is different in design, and many of them have been filled with stained glass by Messrs. Bodley.

In the chancel are three fine sedilia and a piscina.

But the chief beauty of the church is its light and graceful screen, which has been carefully completed from a few pieces that were found hidden away. In 1882—83 the fabric of the church underwent a most conservative restoration under the hands of Mr. B. Champneys, at a cost of between £3,000 and £4,000. The screen, however, is now made to support the organ instead of the holy rood, and the figures of the Virgin Mother and St. John, which crowned it in the days before Henry VIII., as is clear from the inventory of goods belonging to the church. In the "Registrum Roffense" and the "Customale Roffense"—two learned works published by the Kentish antiquarian John Thorpe in the last century—are to be found several curious entries relating to the furniture of this church at the time of the Reformation.

The old church was re-opened, after restoration, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in October, 1883. The floor has been laid down throughout with glazed tiles, after the patterns found *in situ*; the old oak stalls have been replaced in the chancel; the monuments have been carefully and lovingly restored; and the plaster having been stripped off both inside and out, the church once more stands forth very much after its original design. A few buttresses have been added, the eastern wall of the chancel has been rebuilt, and the windows have been replaced after the ancient patterns. The ancient oak stalls mentioned above are ornamented with Gothic mouldings and carved ornaments, and on the uppermost stall was carved an antique shield, bearing the arms of the family of Lucy—namely, *three pikes (lucii) natant*. These seats were for the use of the lay chanters, or possibly for that of the monks of Lesnes Abbey, of which, as we have already seen, the Lucies were the founders.

At the recent restoration of the fabric several brasses, long buried and forgotten, were brought once more into the light of day, and set up again in the church. Their probable locality had been indicated by the antiquary John Thorpe nearly a century and a half ago. One of these records a member of the family of At-Hall, of Hall Place, in this parish. The arms and inscription are gone, but below is the figure of a horn, showing that he held the manor by what was known as a hornage tenure. The At-Halls of Hall Place had free warren here, and some of the woods near that mansion are still called the Parks. The insignia of a horn, denoting a forester's office, was not uncommon in ancient times, and is often met with in painted glass or in ancient carvings. The fine brass of Sir William de Bryene at Seal, near Seven-oaks, has a bugle-horn near his head.

The brass of Thomas Sparrow, 1513, is remarkable as having been inserted in an inscribed stone of far earlier date, after the fashion of a palimpsest. His daughter appears to have carried the estate of Lamienby, now called Lamorbey, between Bexley and Sidcup, by marriage into the Goldwell family.

In the church, on the south wall, is a monument to a Mr. John Styleman, who died in 1734, who had been five times married. His wife Mary, who had been twice a bride before, and who died in 1750, founded, out of his wealth and her own, almshouses for twelve poor persons. These almshouses still flourish at the west end of the High Street.

A mural monument in the north aisle commemorates Mr. Oswald Smith, of Blendon Hall; another close by is to the memory of Sir John Champneys, a former Lord Mayor of London. The latter, dated 1556, comprises the kneeling figures of the knight and his lady. There are also monuments to Sir Edward Brett, the Austens, Woolryches, Hereworths, Shelleys, Whitmores, Gerards, Brintons, Huntingtons, and others.

The church was a "peculiar" of the Archbishop of Canterbury, but it is now in the patronage of Lord Sydney. The registers date from 1565. The churchyard is surrounded by a low stone wall, and entered by a lych-gate at the south-west.

A new church, for the use of the inhabitants of the west end of the parish, has been opened for service at Parkhurst. It is a handsome Gothic structure, dedicated to St. John, but calls for little description in detail. It was built at a cost of about £4,000, and was consecrated in 1882.

Opposite the upper gates of the churchyard there formerly was an old parsonage-house of timber, like those in the West of England. It was thought to be as old as the reign of Edward IV. Its material was chestnut, and it contained a hall, gallery, painted chamber, and enclosed a square court, with a wicker gate. Having been long inhabited by poor families, and having become ruinous, it was taken down in 1776. A representation of it will be seen in Thorpe's "Customale Roffense," p. 85.

Adjoining the church is the old manor-house. It was rebuilt about the middle of the last century by John Thorpe, shortly after purchasing the property from the Austens of Hall Place. It now belongs to the University of Oxford, the rents of the property being devoted to the support of the Camden Professorship of Modern History.

Bexley Heath is situated on the main road from

London to Dover, about a mile and a half to the north of the village. In 1866 it was formed into a separate ecclesiastical district from the mother parish. It is approached from the village of Bexley by a pleasant winding lane, which leaves the Crayford road nearly opposite the National School and Hall Place. The district is a long straggling street of small shops and dwellings, fringing the main road across what was once an open heath, with one or two smaller streets and lanes branching off at right angles. Of the "heath" itself all traces are fast disappearing under the hands of the builder. The original church of the district, a modern brick building of Early English design, with a tall spire, on the south side of the road, has given place to a much larger edifice (Christ Church) on the opposite side of the way. This church, which is constructed of stone, and of Gothic architecture, was commenced in 1877, and consists of chancel, nave, and aisles. Several of the windows are filled with stained glass, and the cost of the building, up to the present time, has exceeded £9,000. The population of this district, which includes the south side of Welling, numbers some 5,000 souls.

In 1870 a hall was built here for the purpose of holding public meetings, concerts, bazaars, &c. The building is of Gothic design, and the handsomely decorated concert-room is capable of seating an audience of about 500 persons. Besides two or three chapels for Nonconformists, the other public buildings at Bexley Heath are the Foresters' Asylum, erected in 1872 for sixteen pensioners, and a library and reading-rooms in connection with the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge.

Here, on high ground, which commands far-distant views to the south and east, we once more come upon the market gardens, which we left in the vale of the Thames about Twickenham and Staines. Strawberries, raspberries, and tomatoes, are the chief production of this district, which supplies a large part of the demands of Covent Garden with fruit, vegetables, and flowers. One grower in this neighbourhood, Mr. Ladds, has upwards of five miles of glasshouses under which he raises tons of tomatoes and strawberries for the London market; he has also at Dartford Heath about fifteen acres of garden, where tomatoes are grown like hops. The outlying portions of the estate of the Dashwoods of Hall Place comprise large fields of strawberries and raspberries, the picking season of which brings down from London hordes of ragged families, each member of which can earn about eighteenpence a day. When the picking season is over, these same families travel on to the Crays and further down, for the hop-picking, which we shall describe in another

chapter. It is to be feared that the "picking" and the "hopping" seasons do not add much to the morality of the poorer classes who take part in them.

Before proceeding to describe the seats in this parish, it will be as well to make mention of a curious custom which prevails at Bexley, and to which a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, in a communication published in that journal, May 20th, 1882, says that he gleaned the following reference from the pages of a local newspaper:—"Speaking of the singular shafts, some of them a hundred feet deep, found in the chalk about Bexley and other places in Kent, and which are supposed to have been made by our neolithic ancestors in the quest for flints for their weapons, the Rev. J. G. Wood remarks:—"At the bottom of each shaft is a globular chamber, so that the whole mine somewhat resembles an exaggerated claret-bottle without the handle. By a curious coincidence, the shape of the Bexley shafts is exactly that of a local beer measure which is held in great estimation. In several houses may be seen an advertisement that beer is sold by the yard.' And so it is, in accordance with a local custom. There is a glass vessel exactly three feet in length, with a very narrow stem, slightly lipped at the mouth, and a globular bowl at the bottom exactly resembling the pit, the lipped mouth representing the conical entrance to the pit, and the bulb answering to the domed chamber. This is filled with beer, and any one who can drink it without spilling it may have it for nothing, but if he spills one drop he pays double. It looks so easy, and it is so difficult, not to say impossible, to a novice. You take the vessel in both hands, apply the lip to your mouth, and then gently tilt it. At first the beer flows quietly and slowly, and you think how admirably you are overcoming the difficulty. Suddenly, when the vessel is tilted a little more, the air rushes up the stem into the bowl, and splashes about half a pint into your face. The cheapest plan is to treat the barman to a 'yard' of beer, and see how he does it. He will be only too happy to oblige you, and the Bexley ale vanishes with a rapidity only equalled by that of the beer consumed at Heidelberg among the students. The custom has extended far beyond Bexley, and not only in the neighbouring villages, but even near Oxford, the 'yard' of beer is advertised."

The hamlet, or village, of Welling is situated on the main road, at a short distance westward from Bexley Heath, and about two miles to the north-west of Bexley town, and at the eastern

foot of the road over Shooter's Hill. The south side of the village is in Bexley Heath, and the north in the parish of East Wickham. The name of Welling, according to Kentish topographers, had a curious origin. "It was called *Well-end*," writes Hasted, "from the safe arrival of the traveller at it after having escaped the danger of robbers through the hazardous road from Shooters' Hill." "Rather, perhaps," observes Mr. James Thorne, in his "Environs of London," "from *half* the dangerous way having been passed, as Bexley Heath must have been nearly as hazardous as Shooter's Hill. Really," continues Mr. Thorne, "the name is shown by the suffix *ing* to be an ordinary Saxon patronymic." Welling consists of a few small shops, one or two good roadside inns, and the usual heterogeneous assortment of dwellings—good, bad, and indifferent—which go to make up a roadside village. Towards the western end of the village is a small temporary iron church, erected in 1869, at the expense of Mr. Alfred W. Bean, a retired railway contractor, of Danson Park.

Danson Park, between 600 and 700 acres in extent, lies on the south side of Welling Street. The mansion, called Danson Hill House, is a semi-classic structure, built of Portland stone, and consists of a centre, with wings. It was erected about the year 1770 by Sir John Boyd, Bart., who then owned the estate, from the designs of Sir Robert Taylor. The park is pleasantly undulating, well timbered, and has a large lake towards its southern extremity. Under the heading of Bexley, in Hughson's "London," published in 1808, we find the following description of Danson:—

"Among the seats in this parish the principal is Danson Hill, lately the seat of Sir John Boyd, Bart. It was originally the property of Archbishop Parker, and, after various owners, came into the possession of John Boyd, Esq., merchant, of London, who erected the present mansion from designs of the late Sir Robert Taylor, though these were departed from in the course of building. The principal floor contains large and elegant apartments, and the grounds are laid out in a masterly manner by *Capability* Browne, who also formed a fine sheet of water at a small distance from the house, which is at once striking and beautiful. Mr. Boyd was created a baronet in 1775, and his grandson disposed of the estate and mansion to John Johnston, Esq., for the sum of £50,000."

The estate remained in the hands of Mr. Johnston's family down to the year 1865, when it was disposed of to Mr. Bean, the present owner.

Lamorby lies to the south of Danson Park, by

Halfway Street, on the road towards Sidcup. The orthography of the place seems somewhat doubtful. In Hasted's "Kent" we find it "Lamienby, now corruptly Lamaby," and in most maps it is called Lamb Abbey. In Ireland's "Kent" it is called "Lamienby," and is stated to have "once belonged to a family called Lamienby, or *Sparrow*, the last of which name was Thomas Sparrow, who died in 1513. He left a daughter, who carried this seat in marriage to James Goldwell, descended from the

and is about one mile north-west of Foot's Cray. The village contains a population of about 900 souls, and there are a few good seats in the neighbourhood, notably Belmont House, the Manor House, Sidcup Place, and Sidcup House. The Sidcup Station, on the North Kent loop-line of the South-Eastern Railway, is close by the village. Much of the surrounding land is cultivated for fruit, but the builders are cutting it up rapidly in all directions.



BEXLEY CHURCH.

family of that name in Great Chart. A good house was by him erected here, which became at length the property of his grandson, John, who in the reign of Charles I. resided here. One of his descendants sold this seat to one James, and John James passed it away to Nicholas Warren, Esq., who conveyed it to Thomas Foster; and he, in 1744, passed it by sale to William Steele, Esq., who built this seat and made the park."

In Halfway Street, adjoining the park, is a small district church, with schools, built and endowed by Mr. John Malcolm, of this parish.

Sidcup, which we have now reached, is situated on the main road from London to Maidstone. It is a hamlet and ecclesiastical district of Chislehurst,

The church, built in 1844, and partly remodelled about ten years ago, is dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, and is constructed of brick and flint, in a nondescript quasi-Byzantine style, with two towers at the western end, and an apsidal chancel. The interior is richly fitted up. The carved oak pulpit is of ancient Flemish workmanship, and bears the date "Antwerp, 1651." A communion table of black carved oak, and said to be of great antiquity, has been recently introduced. The reredos is of finely-carved Carrara marble, exhibiting a bas-relief of the "Last Supper," after Da Vinci, over which is a carved oak canopy, supported on twisted columns. Several of the windows are filled with stained glass to the memory of Lord Bexley, of

Foot's Cray Place, and of Richard and Henry Berens, of Sidecup, the principal contributors to the erection and endowment of the church.

Ursula Lodge, a handsome range of buildings by the side of the main road towards Foot's Cray, and in the same style of architecture as the church, was built and endowed by Mr. Henry Berens in 1840, for six unmarried ladies above the age of forty-five, each of whom has a house and garden free for life.

Blendon Hall, written in old deeds "Bladindon

Hall Place, about half a mile north-eastward from the village of Bexley, on the road to Crayford, is a quaint old Tudor mansion belonging to the Dashwood family. It rises out of a lawn of the softest and greenest turf, and its grey stone walls and square mullioned windows tell at once of its hoary antiquity. Its front, which looks to the road, is occupied by the dining-hall, a handsome room, whose oak panels, fine stone mantel-piece, and ornamented ceiling, bespeak the age of Henry VII. or Henry



HALL PLACE, BEXLEY.

Court," stands in the hamlet of Bridgen, about mid-way between Sidecup and the village of Bexley. It was anciently in the possession of Jordan de Bladindon, a name which in process of time became corrupted into Blendon. In the reign of Richard II. the estate was conveyed to the Walsinghams, with which family it continued till the close of the reign of Henry IV. In the time of Charles I. the estate was held by the family of Sir John Wroth, Bart., and later on it passed to the Bretts. Blendon Hall subsequently underwent several changes of ownership, and about ten years ago it was purchased by Mr. W. Cunliffe Pickersgill, the present owner. Near Blendon Hall is another seat, called Bridgen Place.

VIII., though portions of the house may be older. One room is used as a school, and another is known as Queen Elizabeth's gallery. The entrance corridor is enriched with a fine Jacobean staircase, with massive oaken banisters. The local tradition says that the Black Prince once stayed here as a visitor; but the story is impossible, if it is meant to refer to the present house. The outer walls are made of dark and light stones, disposed alternately, as in the towers of Dunstable and Luton Churches.

A quadrangular building of red brick, probably a century later in date, placed at the back of the above-mentioned front, accommodates the servants, and contains the offices. The gardens are level,

and laid out after the ancient fashion ; and peacocks strut about the trim square walks. The river Cray runs through the grounds. There are not many such quiet and retired rural residences to be found within fifteen miles of the great metropolis.

The estate of Hall Place was anciently the inheritance of a family which thence assumed its name, being called At-Hall, as we have already noticed in speaking of the brasses in the parish church. The last of this family appears to have been Thomas At-Hall, who in the reign of Edward III. conveyed the property to Thomas Shelle, or Shelley, of Gaysum, in the neighbouring parish of Westerham, with whose family it continued down to the time of Henry VIII., when it passed into the hands of the Champneys. In the reign of Charles I. the estate was conveyed to Mr. Robert Austen, who was high sheriff of Kent in 1660, and

was created a baronet by Charles II. in that year. On the death of Sir Robert Austen, the seventh baronet, without issue, in 1772, the baronetcy became extinct, when the fee of this seat and estate became vested in Francis Lord Le Despencer, who died possessed of it in 1781, having devised it to Mr. Francis Dashwood, ancestor of the present owner.

The mansion, which in the early part of the present century was occupied as a school, was carefully restored about twenty years ago.

Bourne Place, at a short distance from Hall Place, was built in the latter half of the last century by a Mr. Laurence Holker, of London, an "eminent practitioner in the law." It stands near the spot where the "bourne," or rivulet, which flows from Lamorby, joins the River Cray : hence its name is derived.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CRAYS.

"Spumat plenis vindemia labris."—VIRGIL, *Georg.* ii.

Origin of Name of Crayford—Battle Between Saxons and Britons—Cave Refuges—Roman Remains—Earle Manor—Howbury—Sir Cloudesley Shovel—Manufacturers—Population—Church of St. Paulinus—North Cray—Vale Mascall—North Cray Church—Ruxley—Foot's Cray—St. Paul's Cray—St. Mary Cray—Orpington—The Hop Gardens.

THE neighbourhood on which we are now about to enter is remarkable for one circumstance—the local names are largely derived from the River Cray, which flows through it from south to north. Thus we have St. Mary Cray, St. Paul's Cray, Foot's Cray, and North Cray, and further off, separated by Bexley, the village of Crayford. The last-named place is sometimes spoken of as one of "the Crays," although locally the term is usually applied only to the four first-named places—a series of pretty and once rural villages, now very much spoiled by the encroaching builder and manufacturer. We shall take the liberty of adding Orpington to these, following the guidance of an illustrated book on the seven churches published many years ago.

"The Crays," nevertheless, roughly speaking, is the name given to the tract of land lying to the south of Northumberland Heath, and is generally thought to be one of the prettiest valleys in Kent, the scenery being pleasingly diversified. The district abounds in hop-gardens, fruit plantations, farms, and homesteads, and the woods afford a rich treat to the botanist.

Crayford, the Crecanford of the Saxons, was so called from being the chief passage across, or rather through, the Cray, a river which gives its name to

four parishes, above named. It rises at Newel, in Orpington, whence it takes its course by St. Mary Cray, St. Paul's Cray, Foot's Cray, North Cray, Bexley, and Crayford. It then flows on through the marshes in this parish, and, after having received a small spring, which rises at Wantsum Farm, branches into two streams, both of which cross the high London road, and then, having supplied one or two mills in its course, meanders for a mile or so through the open meadows, and finally joins Dartford Creek, about a mile below that town, whence it flows in one united stream into the Thames.

Lambarde, in his "Perambulation of Kent," remarks that "upon the Cray was lately built a mill, for the making of plates whereof armour is fashioned." This was probably, according to Hughson, "the same with the mill now (1808) used for slitting and flattening iron to make hoops." "In the river," he continues, "is a great abundance of fine trout of an excellent quality."

Crayford, where we now commence our perambulation of this district, is situated about a mile to the north-east of Bexley. It was so named from the "ford" through the Cray, which here crosses the high road from London to Dartford, and by

which the old Watling Street here crossed that river, then called the *Crecca*. In the tenth century the place was called *Erhede*, or *Eard*; and at the Conquest *Eard*, alias Crayford, by which appellation it continued to be described in all ancient writings to the time of Henry VIII. The name shows that the original village was at the water-side.

Hughson, in his "Environs of London," has the following reference to Crayford:—"Several antiquaries have imagined the Roman station called *Noviomagus* to have been situated very near the town of Crayford. This place is also famous for a great battle fought here in 457, between Hengist, the Saxon, and Vortimer, the British king, in which the latter lost four thousand men and four of their chief commanders. The rout was so general and decisive that they left Hengist from that time in quiet possession of his kingdom. In the open heath near Crayford, as also in the woods and enclosures in most of the adjoining parishes, are divers artificial caves, or holes, in the earth, whereof some, according to Lambarde, are ten, fifteen, and twenty fathoms deep; the passage is narrow at the top, but wide and large at the bottom, with several rooms or partitions in some of them, and all strongly vaulted and supported by pillars of chalk. Many learned writers have supposed that these were dug by our British ancestors, to be used as receptacles for their goods, and as places of retreat and security for their families in times of civil dissensions and foreign invasions. But the much more probable opinion is that by far the greater number of them were opened in order to procure chalk for building and for the amendment of lands."

Tacitus, treating of the manners of the old Germans, ancestors of the Saxons, says they were accustomed to dig certain caves underground, in order that when an enemy came and spoiled all that was abroad, such things as were thus hidden lay unknown, thus deceiving those who sought after them. "If such have not been found in other places," writes Ireland, in his "History of Kent," "it must be imputed to the soil, chalk being alone suited to this subterranean species of workmanship. Many beasts have been precipitated into these pits, and the hunters continually miss their dogs, which have fallen in. Lambarde also states that in his time, a thin noble personage, in following his hawk, fell into one of these pits, at the imminent danger of his life, the aperture being at least twelve fathoms deep."

Traces of the Roman road—the ancient Watling Street—are, or were till very recent times, visible

in the vicinity of Bexley Heath, directing their course towards Crayford, which adds some strength to the conjectures of those who place the first station thereon from London, anciently called *Noviomagus*, at or about Crayford. Among the latter writers are Somner, Burton, Bishop Stillingfleet, and Thorpe; and although there have not been any foundations, tiles, urns, or other marks of antiquity discovered about this place, in confirmation of its having been a Roman station, yet it has one corroborating circumstance of no small force, namely, the similitude of its present appellation. "The manor of Crayford," observes Ireland, "is at this time called 'Crayford, otherwise Newbery,' which last name signifies in English exactly the same as *Noviomagus* in Latin, namely, the 'new fortress, or station.' However, as to placing this station here, some authors have made two principal objections: first, the improbability of the marshes at or about Dartford being easily passed in the time of the Romans, which, if not the case, would direct the course of the road more southward towards Keston; and, secondly, that the Watling Street road, whereon this station is supposed to have been, traversed the middle of the county, whereas that by Crayford to Rochester and Canterbury directs its course near the northern boundary. To obviate this objection, Mr. Robert Talbot, who wrote a comment on the 'Itinerary' of Antoninus, states that the Romans had two sorts of highways: one, though furthest about, through places better inhabited, more level, and altogether fitter for conducting an army, the other more direct and compendious; of which latter description most probably was this Roman road through Crayford."

But it is not only by the feet of the Romans in early times, or by those of modern highwaymen, that the road over Bexley Heath has been trodden. It forms part of the old road from London and Canterbury; and along it some four or five centuries ago must have travelled many a long and gay cavalcade of Canterbury pilgrims, on their way to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, such as we parted with at the door of the "Tabard" Inn in Southwark in the pages of OLD AND NEW LONDON,* and possibly Geoffrey Chaucer himself in their train. We have only to travel back mentally to the reign of the Plantagenets, and we can conjure up visions of Madame Eglantine the prioress, of the worthy knight and his son the perfect young squire, of the Benedictine monk, of the mendicant friar, of the clerk of Oxenford, of the

doctor of physic, of the wife of Bath, and of the haberdasher, the cook, the shipman, the carpenter, the weaver, the miller, the dyer, the tapster, the poor parson, the ploughman, the reeve, the manciple, the archdeacon's Sumpner and the Pardoner, who doubtless all arrived here through miry roads, having defied and escaped the dangers of Shooter's Hill, long before sundown on the day of their departure from London Bridge. They will probably rest for the night at Dartford, where they will be just beyond the limits of our jurisdiction. So wishing them all joy, merriment, and fine weather, we shall leave them to make their way to Canterbury as best they may,

"The holy blissful martyr for to seek."

Towards the close of the reign of Richard I., and under King John, the Manor of Earde, otherwise Crayford, was held of the Archbishop of Canterbury by Adam de Port, great-grandson of Hugh de Port, a baron in the reign of the Conqueror, who owned the manor of Basing, in Hampshire. The manor of Crayford remained in the hands of this family, who had assumed the name of St. John, down to the time of Edward III., when it passed through the female line to the family of De Burghersh, and later on to the family of Poynings. At the end of the seventeenth century the property, together with the sub-manors of Newbery and Marshall's Court, was sold to Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel. Sir Cloudesley Shovel, whose death by being shipwrecked on the Scilly Isles is a matter of history, left issue two daughters, the eldest of whom married, firstly, Sir Robert Marsham, afterwards Lord Romney, and secondly, Lord Carmichael, afterwards Earl of Hindford. The younger daughter was also twice married—firstly, to a son of Thomas, Lord Mansel, and secondly to Mr. John Blackwood, of Charlton. On the death of Lady Shovel, these manors and estates became vested in the two above-named ladies, as co-heiresses of their father, and on a division of their inheritance the manors of Newbery, May Place, and Elham, were allotted to Lord Carmichael, while the remainder of the property passed to Mr. Blackwood.

In 1737, Lord Carmichael, having in the interim become Earl of Hindford, joined with his lady in the sale of this manor, the mansion of May Place and Elham, to Mr. Nathaniel Elwick, who settled them on his daughter and heir, Elizabeth, on her marriage with Mr. Miles Barne, of Sotterley, in Suffolk. These estates passed by bequest to the Rev. Thomas Barne, F.S.A., who nearly rebuilt the Manor House after the model of an Italian villa, under the direction of Mr. Hakewill.

May Place, a fine seat standing in a park to the north of the church, still belongs to the Barne family. The Manor House, a smaller dependency of the above, was occupied some years ago by Sir Frederick Currie, whilst he held the office of chairman of the East India Company.

Howbury is a reputed manor in the north-west part of the parish, near the marshes, and at a short distance eastward of the hamlet of North End, near Northumberland Heath. This manor is described in ancient deeds by the name of Hoobery, otherwise Little Hoo. In the reign of William the Conqueror it was in the possession of Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, under the title of whose lands it was entered in the Domesday record. At the end of the seventeenth century it was sold to Sir Cloudesley Shovel, by the marriage of whose daughter it was conveyed to Mr. John Blackwood, above-mentioned. The mansion, now known as Howbury Farm, has the remains of a moat round it.

Marshall's Court and Elham House, which formed part of Sir Cloudesley Shovel's property in this parish, have long since been pulled down. May Place, however, as above stated, is still standing. It was built in the reign of James I., and was for some time the residence of Sir Cloudesley, who gave the altar piece which formerly stood at the east end of the chancel of the church.

The main street of Crayford is a continuation of the London road over Bexley Heath, and so on to Dartford, but there are two side streets leading up at convergent angles to the church. These comprise mostly old-fashioned houses, quaint in construction—houses which you enter by descending instead of ascending a step. The church having somehow or other been set on the top of a hill, on one of those "high places" which nearly all religions have chosen as places of worship, the houses seem gradually to have climbed up the slopes.

The village is largely occupied by factories and "works," and between its paper-mills and its calico and silk printing works and establishments for printing felt carpets, it has become a perfect hive of industry, not gaining anything in picturesqueness through the change.

When Hasted wrote his "History of Kent," in 1786, the seat of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, known as the Mansion House, and later as the Old Place House, and which had been for many years used as a linen manufactory, was in part pulled down, and the remainder converted into workshops by "an eminent calico-printer and whitster." The building was a large and handsome mansion,

thought to date from the time of Queen Elizabeth, and it stood at the east end of the street, near the bridge.

The river is navigable to within a mile of the village, near the point where the Cray in former times turned an iron mill, "anciently made use of for making plates for armour."

In the reign of Richard II., Archbishop Courtenay obtained from that king the grant of a market for this place, to be held on Tuesday in every week; but this privilege has been long discontinued.

There is a station here on the North Kent Railway, and the village possesses a good roadside inn, the "Bear." In 1871 the population numbered some 3,900 souls, but according to the census returns for 1882 the next decade had produced an increase of 1,400.

The church, which, as above indicated, stands on a plateau overlooking the older part of the village, is dedicated to St. Paulinus, and is of Perpendicular architecture, with modern Decorated windows inserted in the chancel. It is a very singular structure, being almost as broad as it is long. It has no nave, properly so-called, but in its place two aisles; the eastern arch between these aisles is carried into the crown of a very low and broad chancel-arch in a manner almost, if not quite, unique. The tower at the west end is massive and embattled, and contains a peal of five bells. In 1861 the interior of the church was thoroughly restored, the plaster ceiling being at the same time removed, and the open timber roof restored. Several of the windows are filled with modern stained glass, that at the east end of the chancel being to the memory of the late Mr. F. C. Jackson.

At the east end of the north aisle is a monument, with alabaster effigies, to William Draper and Mary his wife, who died in 1650 and 1652 respectively. Both the figures are in a recumbent position. At the head and feet are the kneeling figures of a son and daughter, and in front an infant. In the southern transept is a handsome monument to Dame Elizabeth Shovel, Sir Cloudesley's widow, giving an elaborate account of her two marriages and of the alliances of her daughters, the one of whom, as we have seen above, married an ancestor of Lord Romney. Lady Shovel died at May Place in 1732.

A grave-stone in the churchyard bears the following quaint inscription:—

"Here lieth the body of Peter Isnell, 30 years clerk of this parish. He lived respected as a pious and mirthful man, and died on his way to church to assist at a wedding,

on the 31st of March, 1811, aged 70 years. The inhabitants of Crayford have raised this stone to his cheerful memory, and as a tribute to his long and faithful services.

"The life of this clerk was just three score and ten,
Nearly half of which time he had sung out *Amen*.
In his youth he was married, like other young men,
But his wife died one day, so he chanted *Amen*.
A second he took; she departed—What then?
He married and buried a third with *Amen*.
Thus his joys and his sorrows were *Treble*; but then
His voice was deep *Bass* as he sung out *Amen*;
On the Horn he could blow as well as most men,
So his Horn was exalted in blowing *Amen*.
But he lost all his Wind after three score and ten,
And here with three wives he waits till again
The trumpet shall rouse him to sing out *Amen*."

The high road across the plateau north of the church passes through some of those cherry orchards for which Kent is so famous, and offers some fine and extensive views of the valley of the Thames from Erith to Dartford, and of the Essex Marshes beyond.

North Cray, the first of the chain of villages which, as we have shown above, is usually denominated "the Crays," is situated about two miles to the south of Crayford, the village of Bexley lying about midway between the two. It is called "North Cray," as being the most northerly of these villages. The place is very scattered, but at the same time exceedingly pretty, rural, and secluded: indeed, there is no regular village High Street, and scarcely a public-house to be met with. The main portion of the hamlet—for it scarcely rises to the dignity of a village—lies along the Bexley road. The number of the inhabitants, together with those of Ruxley, with which North Cray is united, is about 600.

North Cray belonged originally to the noble family of Percy, but on its coming to the Crown, by a surrender of Henry, Earl of Northumberland, to Henry VIII., that monarch granted it to Sir Roger Cholmeley, Recorder and Member of Parliament for the City of London, afterwards Baron of the Exchequer and Chief Justice of the King's Bench. He alienated the whole of his estate to Sir Martin Bowes, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1545, and from whose family, by female heirs, it descended to those of Buggin and Fowler, becoming the sole property of the former, Mr. John Buggin. He sold it in 1710 to Sir Thomas D'Aeth, who, jointly with his son Narborough, again sold it to Jeffry Hetherington, father of the benevolent the reverend William Hetherington, who died in 1778, having presented £6,000 to the College at Bromley, and established a fund of £20,000 for the relief of the blind.

On the east side of the road are some fine estates, notably Mount Mascal, the seat of the Alexanders. The property formerly belonged to Sir John Seman, Lord Mayor of London in 1616; it was afterwards sold to Sir Thomas Fitch, of Eltham. From him it descended to Sir C. Fitch, whose daughter by marriage to Sir John Barker, in 1740, conveyed it to that family. After many changes of ownership, the property eventually passed by sale a few years ago to the family of the

end of the avenue of trees leading to Mount Mascal, on the opposite side of the road, near the river, which adds to the beauty of the grounds. The mansion of Vale Mascal was built by Mr. John Task, son of Sir John Task, who was Sheriff of London in 1720.

On the high ground to the east of Mount Mascal, and stretching away towards Ruxley Heath, is Joyden's Wood, where are to be found several of those deep excavations in the chalk



CRAYFORD VILLAGE, FROM THE NATIONAL SCHOOLS.

present owner. This seat, which stands on an eminence, has a double avenue of trees in front, which extend down to the road. It is built on part of the lands anciently belonging to a mansion which stood a short distance to the south, and although now almost forgotten and unknown in the neighbourhood, was once a place of some note. It was called Jacket's Court, from the owners, who resided there; and Philipott, the Kentish historian, mentions having seen an old roll of Kentish arms, wherein one Jacket, of Jacket's Court, stood recorded. Sir Thomas Fitch, mentioned above, who died in 1688, possessed both Mount Mascal and Jacket's Court.

Vale Mascal is a smaller seat, standing at the

commonly known as Dane-holes, and of which we have spoken above.

North Cray is memorable as the scene of the death of the Marquis of Londonderry, better known to the readers of English history by his name of Lord Castlereagh, who perished here by his own hand in August, 1822. The house in which he resided, and where he died, is the first on the right hand as you enter the village from Bexley. It is a long low mansion of white brick, surrounded by a wall. The room in which the marquis died has been pulled down, but the rest of the house remains. Lord Londonderry was declared by the coroner's jury to have committed the rash act under temporary insanity, which was brought on

by incessant application to his ministerial duties as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. His remains were honoured by a public funeral in Westminster Abbey.

Robert Stewart, Marquis of Londonderry, was born in June, 1769 (the same year which gave birth to the Duke of Wellington and to Napoleon Bonaparte). He was

Seal for Ireland. He had in the meantime become Viscount Castlereagh. In 1798 he was appointed Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and made a Privy Councillor, and from this time he was regarded as the ministerial leader



1. HOUSE IN WHICH LORD CASTLEREAGH DIED.

2. MOUNT MASCAL.

3. VILLAGE OF NORTH CRAY.

not yet of age when, on his father being raised to the peerage, he offered himself for the vacant seat in the representation of county Down, and was elected. He was subsequently returned to the British Parliament as member for Tregony, and after remaining silent for a session, made his maiden speech in 1795. Having afterwards sat for the borough of Orford, he was again returned, in 1797, for county Down in the Irish Parliament, and was made Keeper of the Privy

in the Commons. In 1801 he was returned for county Down to the first Imperial Parliament after the Union. In the next year he was made a Privy Councillor of Great Britain and President of the Board of Control. In 1805 Viscount Castlereagh became Secretary for War and the Colonies, and later on was appointed Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Between 1813 and 1815 he was much employed in diplomatic business, taking part in the negotiations with the French at Châtillon, and also attending

the Congresses at Vienna, Paris, and Aix-la-Chapelle. He succeeded to the marquise on the death of his father in 1821.

North Cray Place, belonging to the Vansittart family, is a modern mansion, standing in a fine park, through which the Cray wanders pleasantly at its own sweet will; but it does not call for any lengthened description. It was tenanted for many years by the late Mr. Western Wood, brother of Lord Chancellor Hatherley, and M.P. for London. It doubtless occupies the site of the old manor-house, as it stands close to the church, which is embraced on all sides by its park and woods.

The parish church, dedicated to St. James, stands on the rising ground east of the river, and about a quarter of a mile to the south of the village. The old church was too small to meet the wants of the inhabitants, so it was pulled down in 1851, and the present church was built in its stead; the architect was Mr. E. Nash. The monuments and some rondels of painted glass were preserved from the old church. The present structure is built of hammered Kentish rag, with Bath stone dressings.

The church is in the Decorated style; it consists of nave and south aisle and a short chancel; the tower is surmounted by a shingled spire. The interior is well finished and fitted up, and the roof is of open timber-work. At the west end is a mural tablet to Octavia, wife of the second Lord Ellenborough (afterwards Governor-General of India), and daughter of Robert, first Marquis of Londonderry, and niece of the first Marquis Camden.

The registers of this parish commence with the year 1538, and have been most carefully kept throughout, even in the dark days of the Puritan tyranny and the Commonwealth. They contain several curious entries of "briefs" and collections in aid of sufferers by fires and other accidents in various parts of the kingdom, for the "poor Palatines," French Protestant refugees, who were encamped on Blackheath in the reign of Queen Anne, and for the redemption of slaves and of persons taken captive by pirates. In one page is recorded the baptism of a convert from the Turkish faith, who rejoiced in the noble Venetian name of Dandolo. The rector has also in his custody a "bull," signed by Cardinal Pole as legate of the Holy See, authorising the deconsecration or secularisation of the adjoining parish of Ruxley, or Roxley, spelt Rokesley. It is dated from the cardinal's manor at Croydon, on the 1st of April, 1557. The cure of souls and the tithes of

Ruxley are joined on to those of North Cray, the two parishes being united.

Ruxley, which gives its name to the hundred, was, as mentioned above, a separate parish until united to North Cray by Cardinal Pole. This was done on the petition of the patron, Sir Martin Bowes, setting forth the ruinous condition of the church. Indeed, he says, there was "no one, such was the scarcity of clergy in these parts, who could be conveniently found to serve it, insomuch that a priest could not be provided for scarce a fourth part of the year." The remains of Ruxley Church are in a farm-yard about a mile to the south-east of North Cray Church, at the top of a gentle slope leading up from Foot's Cray, not far from the "Black Bull" Inn at Birchwood Corner, a well-known roadside inn on the Farningham and Maidstone road. The walls are still standing, and even the sedilia and piscina are entire; but the building has long been used as a barn.

A pathway across the meadows to the south-west from North Cray Church brings us to Foot's Cray Church, which stands at a short distance north of the village. The edifice, which is dedicated to All Saints, is a small plain flint and stone building, with a small wooden tower and low shingled spire rising from the west end of the roof. The church is supposed to be of great antiquity, but it lost much of its venerable appearance on being "restored" about twenty years ago, at which time some new windows—of Perpendicular design—were inserted, and the old tracery re-chiselled. Some of the windows are filled with stained glass, and the font is Norman. There is a brass, with black letter inscription, for Thomas Myton, rector, who died in 1489, and among the monuments is an ancient altar-tomb, supposed to be to the memory of Sir Simon de Vaughan, who was lord of the manor, and his wife. Sir Richard Madox Bromley, K.C.B., who died in 1865, is buried in the churchyard, where may be seen, against the south wall of the church, a relic of the days when the iron trade was a staple of Kent, in the shape of a cast-iron grave-slab, ornamented with the conventional cross-bones, to the memory of one Martin Manning, a yeoman, who died in 1665, and his wife, who died in 1681.

Foot's Cray Place, another seat of the Vansittarts, stands at a short distance north of the church. We glean the following particulars of it from Hughson's "London":—"Foot's Cray Place was built by Bouchier Cleve, Esq., originally a respectable pewterer in Cheapside, after a design by Palladio. It became the property of Sir George Yonge, Bart., who married Mr. Cleve's daughter,

and was sold for less than a third part of the original expense to Benjamin Harence, Esq., High Sheriff of Kent in 1777. The hall is octagonal, with a round gallery leading to the bed-chambers. It is enlightened from the top, and is very beautiful. The house is of stone, and stands on a rising ground, with a gradual descent to the water, which appears a small river gliding through the length of the ground; opposite to the house is a fine cascade; the water, which appears a natural stream, is an artificial branch of the river Cray." Foot's Cray Place was for some time the residence of the Right Hon. Nicholas Vansittart, who at the commencement of the present century was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Denmark. In 1805 Mr. Vansittart was nominated to the post of Chief Secretary for Ireland, and after having been for some time Secretary to the Treasury, filled the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer for eleven years, upon his resignation of which post, in 1823, he was elevated to the peerage, with the title of Lord Bexley, and made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, which office he held till 1828. As Mr. Vansittart, he sat for some years in the House of Commons as member for Harwich and other places, and he died, at an advanced age, in 1851, when his title became extinct. He bequeathed Foot's Cray Place and other landed estates to his nephew, Mr. Arthur Vansittart.

Foot's Cray is said to have derived its name from the owner in the time of the Saxons, one Godwin Fot (*fot*, in the Saxon, signifying the same as foot in English), and the river Cray that flows through the parish. It is also called Vote's Cray and Foet's Cray in ancient documents. It was in possession of the Walsingham family in the reign of Henry VIII., and was probably the birthplace of Sir Francis Walsingham, the Elizabethan statesman.

The principal street of the village is formed chiefly by a collection of small houses on either side of the Maidstone road, westward of the bridge across the Cray, near which is a large paper-mill. The village is fourteen miles from London, and about a mile and a half from Sidcup station on the South Eastern Railway (loop line), and it has a population of about 400 souls.

St. Paul's Cray lies about half a mile to the north of Foot's Cray, and is a scattered village, with a population of about 600 inhabitants, mostly engaged in agricultural pursuits—hops, peas, and fruit, being largely cultivated. There are, however, besides, some paper-mills and extensive brick and tile works. The place is pleasantly located in a rich valley, through the centre of which flows the rippling stream of the Cray.

The manor, in the time of the Conqueror, was one of those given to Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. It was afterwards the property of Sir Simon de Cray, who, according to Philipott, was "Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports in the third and fourth years of Edward I." It next passed to the Champneys, or De Campaignes, and in the reign of Richard II. it was owned by Henry le Scroope, who held the office of "governor and supervisor of all the king's castles." From this family it passed by marriage to the Talbots, and then, after several changes of ownership, eventually devolved upon Lord Sydney.

The church is small, and mainly of Early English date, though in a chapel or chantry at the north-east angle there is still to be seen a Norman arch *in situ*, proving that it superseded a still earlier fabric. It consists of a nave and chancel and a south aisle, the latter being a modern addition. The windows are partly filled with modern stained glass. The south aisle was rebuilt in 1839, and the whole fabric restored in 1864. The church, as a whole, bears a strong likeness to that of St. Mary Cray, though it is somewhat smaller and older. The north wall has a mural monument to the memory of the first Lord Wynford, some years Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, who lived at Leesons, near Chislehurst, and is buried here. The lock to the old oak door of the tower is inscribed—

"John Mock
Made this lock,
1637."

The river Cray runs close to the west end of the church, being divided from it only by the road.

The church is dedicated to St. Paulinus (who accompanied St. Augustine on his mission from Rome to the Anglo-Saxons in 597, and became first Bishop of Rochester); the village was named, in like manner, after this patron saint.

Here is a Cottage Hospital started for the benefit of the poorer classes of Chislehurst and of the Cray Valley. It was opened in October, 1883.

St. Mary Cray—the most southerly of the "Crays"—is a long and busy-looking village, the greater part of which is taken up by an extensive range of buildings, forming the paper-mill of Messrs. Joynson, one of the most complete in the kingdom. Close by it is the St. Mary Cray Station, on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway.

The church here is small, its elongation being rendered impossible by its situation between the road and the little river, which, close by the western end, is dammed up so as to form a cascade. The interior has been carefully restored upon the old lines, and looks very much what it

must have done before the Reformation. The fabric is partly of the Early English and partly of the Decorated period, and has many points of interest. The pillars in the nave are round and massive, and might well pass for Norman work; and the windows present some very beautiful examples of geometric and flowing tracery. They are nearly all filled with modern painted glass. In the chancel, within the altar-rails, are two rather good brasses, recording various members of the family of Manning; and on the floor is another, almost unique, on account of its late date, to a merchant named Benjamin Greenwood and his wife. The latter died in 1720, and the former in 1770; the figures upon it are represented in the costume of the period. The chantry, at the east end of the north aisle, is called the Mount Chapel, from having belonged to a family who resided at the Mount, near the present vicarage. It contains a fine piscina and a curious aumbry. The chancel, restored by a member of the Berens family many years ago, contains a fine sedilia and piscina. Another feature of the church is its fine screen-work, which has been carefully restored upon the old lines. The walls of the interior are stencilled with floriated patterns. There is a hagioscope in the south transept, through which worshippers could see the high altar at the consecration of the host in the old Roman Catholic times.

Until the restoration of the church, about twenty years ago, there was on the south side a wooden porch, with a timbered room over it, forming a curious specimen of a parvise. It was doubtless once used as a dwelling by the resident priest, as it had in it an aperture commanding a view of the interior of the church. The aperture still remains, but the room itself, with its quaint dark timbering, is amongst the things that were.

The lych-gate at the entrance to the churchyard is a copy from the old lych-gate at Beckenham. On the north side of the church is a fine old yew-tree.

The manor of St. Mary Cray was formerly in

the possession of the Stanhopes, Earls of Chesterfield, who are said to have lived at The Mount. No traces of the old house are to be found, except the very scanty remains of an outer wall.

Kevington is the name of a subordinate manor in this parish. It belongs to Mr. R. Berens.

St. Mary Cray was formerly included in the Manor of Orpington. The "privilege of a market" was claimed from the authorities by the Prior of Christ Church, Canterbury (to whose monastery the manor then belonged), and for a long period was held each Wednesday in the village; a market-house existing there till blown

down in the "great storm" November 26th, 1703, when "in London alone two million pounds sterling of damage was done, and along the coasts over 8,000 seamen were drowned. Twelve war-ships were sunk, with their crews, and the county of Kent was strewn with thousands of uprooted trees. The Bishop of Bath and Wells was killed in his bed; and amongst other tragic incidents of the storm was the destruction of the Eddystone Lighthouse, with Winstanley, its builder, who, over-confident in the stability of his handiwork, had determined to live or perish with it."



LORD CASTLEREAGH.
(After Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.)

Orpington, which adjoins St. Mary Cray on the south, and extends eastward to Swanley, retires gracefully amid richly cultivated scenery, hop-gardens and fruit plantations forming its characteristic features. The village consists chiefly of one long street, which reaches southwards in the direction of the Crays, and might be called "straight" if it were not varied by slight curves, showing that it is only an old bridle-path amplified. On either side are plenty of old-fashioned, substantial houses about the size of common cottages, mostly standing each in its own plot of ground, showing that when they were built space was not so valuable as it is now. Maltings and shops are mixed up in picturesque confusion with the ordinary dwellings; and about the centre of the village is an old manor-house, with red-brick chimneys, tall windows, and heavy roofs, like a French

château, or a miniature Kensington Palace, with an avenue of walnut-trees in front. Many of the older houses of the village are constructed of lath and plaster, with the huge timber beams peculiar to this class of building. In 1871 the population was 2,300, a number which had increased to 3,000 during the next decade.

The parish is mentioned in the Domesday Survey as "Orpintun," but in very early times it was spelt "Dorpentune," from the British and Saxon words signifying the "village of rising springs." At a place called Newell, in the fields at the rear of Orpington Priory, and only a quarter of a mile from the church, are the springs which form the source of the little river Cray.

At the beginning of the eleventh century the lands hereabout were purchased and given by a monk "for the good of his soul," and, with the consent of King Canute and Queen Ælfgife, to the monastery of Christ Church, Canterbury. According to Philipott, and other Kentish historians, the Manor of Orpington in the reign of William the Conqueror was "wrapped up in the ecclesiastical patrimony, and belonged to the monks of Christ Church." Bishop Odo, however, seized upon this possession, but was forced by Lanfranc to restore it, on the accession of the latter to the Archbishopric of Canterbury; and it remained in the hands of the monks of Christ Church till the dissolution of religious houses, when it was taken from them, and retained by the Crown for about three years. Henry then granted it to Sir Percyvall Hart, of Lullingstone, who built for himself a mansion here, called by the singular name of Bark Hart, an appellation said to have been given to it by Queen Elizabeth, who was here entertained by Sir Percyvall, in July, 1573, with "the exhibition of a sea-fight and other pageantry." Philipott, in his "*Villare Cantianum*" (1659), writes as follows concerning this house:—"Bark Hart has obtained a place in the map of Kent, and therefore shall not want one in this discourse. It was built by Percyvall Hart, Esq. . . . but it was adorned with this name by Queen Elizabeth, when she was magnificently entertained at this place by the abovesaid gentleman. Upon her reception, she received her first caresses by a nymph, which personated the genius of the house; then the scene was shifted, and from several chambers, which, as they were contrived, represented a ship, a sea conflict was offered up to the spectators' view, which so much obliged the eyes of this princess with the charms of delight, that, upon her departure, she left upon this house (to perpetuate the memory both of the author and the artificer) the name and appellation

of Bark Hart." The old mansion still stands, adjoining the south side of the church, and is still owned by the Harts of Lullingstone.

The parish church and the other churches of the Cray valley, as they were before the modern restorations, are to be seen in a little work lately published, entitled "*The Seven Churches of the Crays.*" The series commences with Orpington, and ends with Crayford.

Orpington Church is a fine specimen of the Early English style, when it had scarcely passed out of the Norman; in fact, if it were not for the Pointed arches, it might almost be taken for Norman. The western doorway, with its stoup, is one of the most beautiful in Kent. In the porch at the west end is a fine Decorated altar-tomb, which must have been removed from the body of the church or chancel. The lower part of the tower, which occupies the centre of the north aisle, has in it an Early window of slight and elegant proportions, and beside it a sort of chantry chapel. In the chancel is a piscina and sedile, and also a fine brass to Thomas Wilkynson, who was rector of this parish at the beginning of the sixteenth century. The steps leading up to the rood-loft are still to be seen in the wall at the south-east end of the nave.

The interior of the church was carefully restored in 1872. It is an open timber roof, and an oak pulpit, lectern, and an ancient rood-screen. The east windows, which are filled with painted glass, are divided by banded shafts of Purbeck marble; the reredos, of Caen stone, is carved with a representation of the Last Supper.

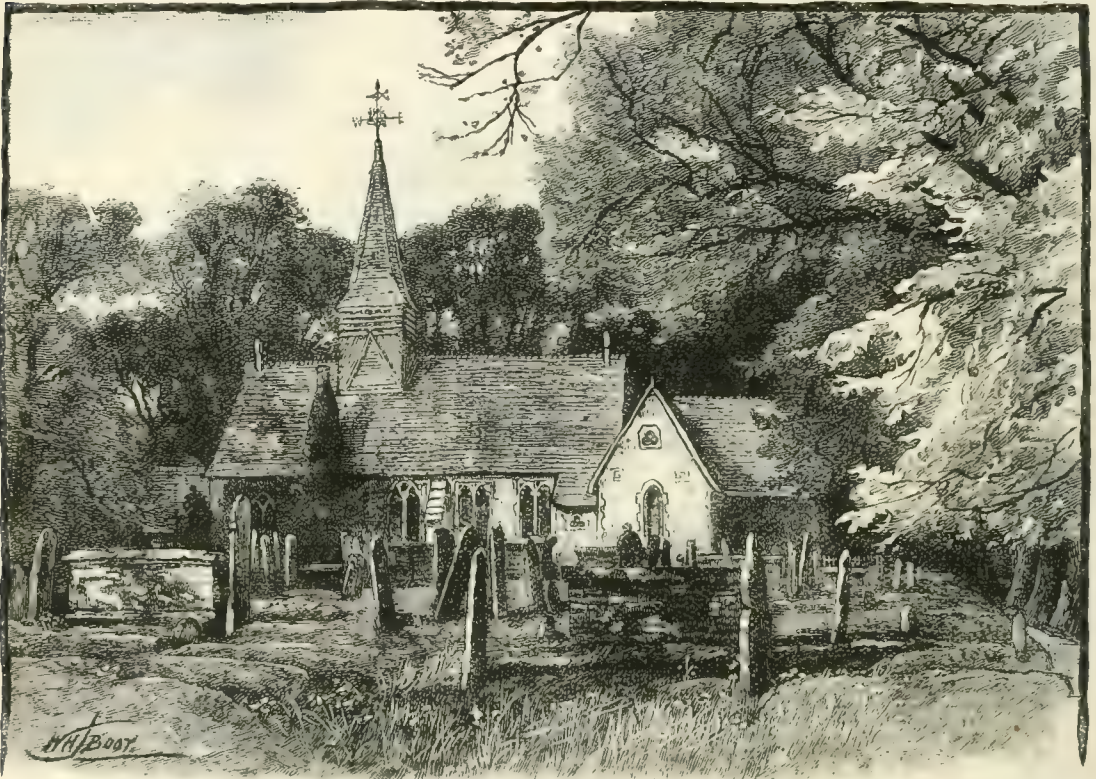
The tower is dumpy to a degree. It was formerly surmounted by a shingled spire, but this and the upper storey of the tower were destroyed by a thunderstorm in 1809.

In the churchyard is a fine spreading yew-tree, and the abundance of evergreens and flowers makes it most picturesque.

The Priory, the seat of Mr. Benjamin Lake, was built 600 years ago, the papers ordering its erection being still to be seen in the registers of the cathedral at Canterbury. When first built it was apparently very small; the three rooms occupied by the original prior are still to be seen. The lower one in the basement was probably a chapel, and is still used as an oratory; those above are small and snug, like one of the older rooms in a College at Oxford. The entrance-hall is clearly of the fifteenth century, and has a flat ceiling, divided into compartments, panelled with oak. The rooms are somewhat irregular, with short passages and corridors leading in all directions, and

connecting the private apartments. These are mostly low, and many of them have their thick walls pierced with the original Tudor-shaped windows. In one of the windows is some painted glass, probably of the fifteenth or sixteenth century, with the old arms of the University of Oxford. The drawing-room, on the first floor, is adorned with tapestry of a Japanese pattern, said to have been brought from Eltham Palace. The gardens attached to the house are laid out after the antique style,

Mayfield Place, a seat on the west side of the village, occupies the site of the small manor of Little Orpington, otherwise Mayfield. "The name of Mayfield, or Mayvil," observes Ireland, in his "History of Kent," "being its most ancient and proper designation, was acquired from a family which formerly held it. Philip de Malevill, or Mayvil, held this manor, in the 13th of King John, of Richard de Rokesley, who held it of the archbishop as the fourth part of a knight's fee; Mal-



FOOT'S CRAY CHURCH.

and appear to be just the place for peacocks to strut about in.

Crofton, a small secluded hamlet about a mile westward of the village, was, according to tradition, a parish of itself in former times, together with a goodly village, which is said to have been destroyed by fire. Crofton Court, the seat of Captain Aylwood, is situated here. No traces of the church, if ever one stood there, now remain.

The private printing-presses of Horace Walpole, at Strawberry Hill, and of Mr. Egerton Brydges, at Lee Priory, were famous in their day; and possibly the time may come when Orpington will be equally celebrated in literary history as the place at which Mr. Ruskin has become his own publisher.

gerius de Rokesle, ancestor of Richard, held it of the archbishop by knight's service in the reign of the Conqueror; and in the general survey of Domesday it was entered under the title of lands held of the archbishop." The property was held by the Rokesleys in the reign of Edward III., and later on by the Peches and Harts, and the knightly family of Tench.

In this neighbourhood—almost alone of all the suburban districts—we come upon those hop-fields—or rather, hop gardens—for which Kent is so famous, and which add so much beauty to the face of nature in the summer and early autumn. A brief account of these, therefore, will not be out of place as a conclusion to the present chapter.

What vineyards or vineyard scenes of the Continent can surpass in beauty the scenes and merry groups collected in our hop-gardens? Here lively and picturesque knots are gathered together beneath the luxuriant bines. The very atmosphere seems pregnant with the rich perfume of the hop. The tall poles, heavily laden with their vine-like leaves and hanging clusters of golden fruit, standing in green masses on fair slopes, or borne in triumph to the pickers at the bins, are objects of

happily on that cheapest and surest-footed of steeds, "Shanks's pony." On arriving at the grounds they are joined by cottagers of the neighbourhood, and picking commences. But for this industry it would be almost impossible for the poor Irish who abound so much in East London to support themselves and their families.

The following description of a Kentish hop-garden appeared a few years ago in a contemporary:—"Let the reader whose acquaintance



ORPINGTON PRIORY.

rural beauty, full of happy and pictorial suggestion. Contiguous to most of the hop-gardens small huts or sheds are erected for the accommodation of pickers from a distance, many coming from London, or even farther. A hop-garden early in September in a good year is one of the most beautiful sights in Nature. Then their vine-like clusters make perfumed avenues of scented foliage, and the golden fruit loads the waving tendrils. Then the Irishmen from St. Giles's or Seven Dials, and the impoverished and pale-faced "East-Enders" from London, bethinks him of the surest method of regaining both health and wealth, and forthwith sets his course to the south, haply by one of those early trains devoted to his class at that period,

with hops is limited to a suspicion of them in the decoction supplied by his brewer, or at most by a sight of the article shrouded in canvas, and in immense bales piled up and rocking in great waggons—let him imagine a great tract of level land, stretching as far as the eye can reach, and planted throughout with rows of flourishing hops, trailing vine-like up slender poles about nine feet high, and forming endless walls of foliage and flowers, with paths about six feet wide between. Looking down such an avenue, with the slanting sun flushing the golden-headed hops and throwing the path into dense shade, except where the rays find loopholes to dart through, forming bright and fantastic devices on the dull, dry soil—you get a

notion of a delicious shady walk, to be thought of afterwards many a time when traversing, on a summer's day, the bald hot pavement of the City. The hops are grown on 'hills'—little mounds as large as a lady's work-table, and a foot high. In each of these hills three roots are placed, and three poles, to support the growing line.

"Now for the picking. It is 'piece-work.' The proprietor of the garden furnishes immense baskets, or bins—the latter are peculiar to Kent, and are simply canvas bags suspended in a hurdle frame—and to a certain number of hands a 'pole-puller,' whose business it is to cut off the line close to the root, pulls up the richly-laden poles, and conveys them to the pickers belonging to his gang. The price for picking is regulated according to the fatness or leanness of the crop. When the crop is abundant three-halfpence per bushel is a fair price; but in time of scarcity sixpence per bushel is sometimes paid."

A few words here as to the technicalities may not be amiss. "Pullers" are the men who cut the line and pull the poles from the ground; "pickers"—who are almost entirely women and children—are those who pluck the fruit from the plants when the poles are laid across their bins by the pullers; "measurers"—called in some districts "tallymen"—are the persons who measure the contents of the bins as soon as they are filled; they are generally some responsible men belonging to the ground. "Hop-boys," little fellows who follow the pullers with baskets to gather the hops that may fall when the bine is cut; the "hop-dog" is an instrument to wrench the pole from the earth when manual labour is not sufficient to effect it; "tallies" are small pieces of tin, one of which the picker receives for every bushel gathered; "pockets," but another name for small sacks, in which the hops are sent to market; the "oast" is the house where the crop is dried; "bins," wooden frameworks, with sacking fastened all round, sufficiently loose to form a large bag to catch the fruit as it falls from the gatherers' hands; a double bin has room for four people to stand at, a single only admits of two. The "hair," a horse-hair carpet, or sieve, on which the hops are placed to dry. Work begins with the pulling up of the hop-poles. As fast as the pullers supply the pickers with plants, the latter pick the hops, letting them fall into the bins. When a bin is full, the picker cries "Measurer ho!" and the person named appears with a large sack, into which he empties bushel after bushel of fruit, and for every measure gives the picker a tally. The pullers are paid in some grounds so much a day, the prices varying,

but 2s. 6d. is about the average; at others, so much per 100 poles. About noon work generally ceases, and the pickers take their mid-day meal. Ample time is given for this; so much sometimes, in fact, that some of the lazier take a nap after their dinner. Then work recommences, and continues till sunset, when in some grounds the cry is "Money!" and the foreman pays to each person his or her due wages. As may well be imagined, among such a motley host as the hop-pickers quarrels are not infrequent, such, for instance, as the following (it should be premised that the most frequent cause of quarrels is jealousy on the part of the wives):—An angry voice is heard, "Sure now, Pat, and ye're giving that——girl all the best poles, ye blackguard!" And with these words an irate, red-faced woman forces her way to the cottagers' bins, where her lord and master has just arrived with a magnificent pole, which, with true Irish gallantry, he is presenting to one of the prettiest cottage-girls, to the intense indignation of his angry spouse, whose experienced eye not only detects two bushels of hops on the bine, but the glance of admiration which her giant husband bestows on the handsome picker.

"Sure now, darlint, and it's your own true Pat will find you a better and bigger pole than this little one," cries the penitent puller, edging at the same time out of reach of his wife's fingers. The foreman of the ground here interposes, and, with muttered oaths, Mrs. Pat returns to her work.

The quantity of fruit on the poles varies considerably, and when we remember that the richer the bine the swifter fill the bins, this angry virago had some cause for ill-temper. We may now turn our steps towards the oast-house, from whose cowl-surmounted chimney thick white steam is pouring fast, betokening that the drier is already at work. In this building the hops are dried, being spread on a hair sieve over charcoal fires. When thoroughly dry, the hops are placed in the stowage-room to cool, and here they remain some days. They are now ready for "stamping," a man and a boy being told off from the farm for that purpose. On the floor of the stowage-room is a circular trap-door, underneath this, when opened, the pocket is placed and fixed to the sides, and the hops are then stamped, or "stomped," into the smallest possible compass. Each pocket averages about one hundredweight and a quarter. A Government duty stamp is then affixed to it, after which the owner may send his samples to market as soon as he pleases. Such is the hop harvest, which for some weeks in every year makes a kind of working holiday for so many hundred poor,

We may add that great facilities are offered by the different railway companies whose lines penetrate into the hop-growing districts for the conveyance of "pickers" from London, special trains at considerably reduced fares being run at the beginning of the season, both from Bricklayers' Arms and London Bridge Stations. The scene presented by the motley assemblage at the latter station on a Sunday morning has been so graphically described by the writer previously referred to, that we may be pardoned for quoting it :—

"Fancy a troop of at least two thousand male and female individuals, varying in size from 6 feet 2 inches to 2 feet 6 inches, and attired, one and all, in just such tatters as the rag-sorter casts among his 'commonest commons,' as only fit to manure the land; some booted not at all, others with their heels and ankles draped with shreds of muddy leather, and with their ten toes bare; women with 'Wellingtons' or barge-men's 'lace-ups,' or with one of each, and men with 'Adelaide' boots and goloshes. Gawky damsels, destitute of stocking, and with the fore part of their bonnet jerked peakwise over their eyes, and with tufts of crop-hair sprouting out at fissures in the crown, with short pipes in their mouths and sooty kettles slung on their backs, the slouching lids in some instances revealing the rough head and twinkling eyes of a brown baby. Men and lads with tremendous bundles tied in old shawls and bolster-cases, which, as they lumber along, emit a sound of tinware opposed to crockery. Children swarming the roadway like a flock of sheep—ragged and tangled as they are just before shearing-time—but bleating not nearly so prettily, but rather fighting, and 'larking,' and roaring like young bears, and each, as a rule, burdened with a thick-waisted, big-boned, washed-out umbrella. Fancy all this, and you may get something like a faint notion of the army that besieged the London Bridge railway station a few Sundays since.

"Nobody seemed alarmed. The peaceful South-walkers on their way to church scarcely turned their heads to look. The cabmen on the clock-tower rank saw nothing in the spectacle even worth 'chaffing.' That the ragged company were not trespassing on the Company's premises was evident from the tolerant bearing of the Company's servants. To settle the matter, I made inquiry of a guard who happened to pass. The reply was—

"'Hoppers. Maidstone. Two shillings. Half fare under twelve. Cheap enough, aint it?'

"'It would seem so,' replied I, 'especially as so large a proportion, on account of their tender age, are but half fares.'

"'That's where they try to do us,' said the guard, winking artfully. 'If we were to take their words for it, we shouldn't find fifty out of all that mob over twelve years of age. The barefaced way in which they sometimes try it on is a treat to see.'

"Treats of all kinds—especially gratuitous ones—I am always loth to let pass; so as the civil fellow walked on to his duty I walked with him. The fare-paying had already begun. The doorway that admitted you to the Maidstone line was blocked to suffocation with human creatures in rags, with mighty bundles and umbrellas and cooking-pots. Out of doors, and for an acre round, was presented the same delightful scene; while within doors, and crowding the apartment in which the money-taker's box was situated, was an awful mob, emitting more clamour than has been heard since the building of Babel, and more evil odour than could be drowned in a sea of frangipanni. The reiterated cry of 'Get your money ready!' by the busy porters was by no means unnecessary, as, in a majority of cases, the production of the necessary coin involved no end of unbuttoning, untying, and rummaging in secret and unsuspected recesses, which, if left until the intending emigrant found himself jammed between the screen and the little money-taking hole, was calculated to seriously embarrass the proceedings. With the evasion of payment of the proper fare the money-taker had nothing to do. Whatever was asked for—half tickets or whole ones—were promptly supplied, and the ticket-holder allowed to pass on. It was with the gentlemen who examined the tickets ere the holders were allowed to approach the departure platform that the 'dodgers' found their difficulty. I am bound to say of the ticket examiners that they were by no means severe, and good-naturedly allowed to pass as 'under twelve' no end of suspiciously fine-grown children. Now and then, however, the easy flow of the ragged stream would receive rather a sudden check. There comes along a father and mother, with a four-year-old lashed to the saucepan at the mother's back, while two other children and a marriageable young woman bring up the rear. Two entire tickets and four halves are tendered. 'Stop a bit,' says the collector; and then, politely handing to the strapping 'under twelve' a half ticket, observes, '*You're* too big, miss, to ride to Maidstone on a 'arf ticket.' On the stream flows again, until it is once more checked by a little old Irish-woman and a gawky youth, tall enough to be a soldier, and for whose passage half fare had been paid.

"'What's this for?' inquired the astonished collector, eyeing alternately the mutilated bit of paste-board and the bullet-headed young man, who certainly did his best to look child-like and innocent.

"'For meself and me little boy,' said the old lady, amiably.

"'Ah! how old is he?'

"'Tin,' replied she, coolly. But perceiving that the dreadful falsehood was not likely to pass

without question, she continued, in explanation, 'Its throe he looks oulder, collector dear, but that's his misfortshun: sure an' he's outgrewed his stringth.'

"Despite such occasional interruption, in the course of an hour the ragged two thousand had paid their fares, and, ere I left the railway-station, the engine had whistled its consent to bear them into the midst of the pleasant hop-gardens of Kent."

CHAPTER IX.

CHISLEHURST.

"One poor moment can suffice
To equalise the lofty and the low.
We sail the sea of life—a calm *one* find,
And *one* a tempest; and, the voyage o'er,
Death is the quiet haven of us all."

Situation of the Parish, and Derivation of its Name—Its Population—History of the Manor—An Ancient Cock-pit—The Parish Church—St. Mary's Roman Catholic Chapel—Christ Church—Church of the Annunciation—Wesleyan Chapel—St. Mary's Hall—St. Michael's Orphanage—Governesses' Benevolent Institution—Camden Place—William Camden, the Antiquary—Charles Pratt, Lord Camden—The Murder of Mr. and Mrs. Bonar—The ex-Imperial Family of France take up their abode at Camden Place—Death of Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial—Scadbury—The Family of the Walsinghams—Sir Nicholas Bacon—Frogna!—The Seat of the Farringtons.

THE parish of Chislehurst—or Chaslehurst, as the name has been sometimes spelled—adjoins St. Paul's Cray and St. Mary Cray on the west, and stretches away towards Bickley and Bromley; the districts of Sidcup and part of Foot's Cray, which lie to the north-east, are included within its limits. The name is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *Ceosil*, or *cesil*, a "pebble," and *hyrst*, a "wood," as appears by the charters in the "Textus Roffensis," and is expressive of its situation among the woods. Mr. James Thorne, in his "Environs of London," observes that "very noticeable beds of water-worn pebbles may be seen by the railway and elsewhere, whilst there are still left woods of some extent on all sides of the village.

The village is situated about half a mile from the Chislehurst Station of the South-Eastern Railway (Tonbridge line), and, with the church and parsonage, stands on the south side of an extensive common, which is nearly in the centre of the parish. In 1821 there were 260 dwellings in the parish, and at the same period a population of about 1,600 souls, a number which has more than doubled itself since then. Chislehurst is generally considered one of the most pleasant and healthiest parishes in the environs of London, and the walks in the neighbourhood are full of beauty. Eastward of the village lies Place Green, and, beyond, Scadbury and the mansion of Frogna!, while at the northern extremity is Town Place.

The parish towards the west and north is much covered by coppice-wood, and the soil in general is thin and gravelly.

Chislehurst is bounded by a kind of natural rampart, consisting of a hill beautifully wooded, which may almost be said to separate the suburban from the rural districts. As soon as the train has passed through the tunnel which pierces this hill a scene of the greatest natural beauty bursts at once on the view, so rurally lovely is it that, to use a hackneyed phrase "one might be a hundred miles from London." Beyond beautiful villas look down on the valley of Lower Camden, from which, by a somewhat steep ascent from the railway station, Gummer Hill is reached, where a quaint edifice spans the highway, known as the Water Arch, and originally intended as a communication with a reservoir. On passing through this archway, we find on the right the cricket-field, made in 1823. On the common are many posts composed of whalebone, placed there by a Chislehurst resident who was concerned in the whale fishery. The next object of interest is the entrance to the avenue leading to Camden Place, so intimately connected with the imperial family of France.

The Heath, on the whole, is open and breezy, and though more of table-land and less abrupt in its sides, yet here and there it reminds one of Hampstead Heath. In places encroached seats have been made upon it for the erection of

mansions whose builders would seem to have screened their misdeeds by planting fine rows of limes around them.

In very early times Chislehurst appears, in some measure, to have been an appendage to the Manor of Dartford, in the general description of which manor it seems to have been included in "Domesday Book;" at all events, this place is not mentioned separately in that record. In the reign of King John it was given to Hugh, Earl of St. Paul, a Norman noble; but on the seizure of Normandy by the French king, it was escheated to the Crown, but was subsequently granted to John de Burgh, "till the king should think fit to restore it to the Earl of St. Paul or his heirs." Edward II., in his fifteenth year, by consent of Parliament, granted to Edmund de Woodstock the royalty of Dartford, the fee of which was confirmed to him by Edward III. That the manor of Chislehurst was included in the above grant appears by the inquisition taken after the earl's death, wherein, among the appurtenances of the Manor of Dartford, the "rents of assize" in "Chesilhurst" are specified. On the death, without issue, of Edward and John Plantagenet, Earls of Kent, Joan, their sister, called the "Fair Maid of Kent," became their heir. After her death, in the ninth year of Richard II., the property underwent several changes of ownership, but on the attainder of Henry, Duke of Somerset, who owned it in the reign of Henry VI., it devolved to the Crown, but was soon after granted to Richard Nevill, Earl of Warwick, who fell at the battle of Barnet, in 1471. It was next held by George, Duke of Clarence, and afterwards Lord Stanley, who was subsequently created Earl of Derby, and who bequeathed his estates to his wife. Among others, she possessed this manor, which was from that time frequently called "Richmond's lands." On her death, in the first year of Henry VIII., it reverted to the Crown, where it remained till 1584, when Elizabeth granted a lease of it for twenty-one years, by the name of the "Manor of Darford Chesilhurst," to Edmund Walsingham, whose son, Sir Thomas Walsingham, of Scadbury, in this parish, purchased the fee simple in 1611. A few years later the manor of Dartford was disposed of, but Chislehurst remained with the Walsinghams till 1660, when it was sold to Sir Richard Bettenson, from whom it has descended, with the Manor of Scadbury, to the present owner, Earl Sydney.

The old manor-house, near the church, is a large, old-fashioned, red-brick, Elizabethan building. The grounds are well planted with trees, among them being some fine cedars, whilst the

terraced lawns and the alleys of box and yew carry the mind back to the days of William III. or Queen Anne. The house was once the property and residence of Sir Francis Walsingham, and adjoins the rectory. It is a happy combination of antique taste with modern convenience; fine and lofty new rooms in the rear having been built on to the old house of the Walsinghams. Four of the original rooms have been but little altered, the library or sitting-room, the bed-room above (in which Walsingham is said to have died), the page's room adjoining, and a small sitting-room on the ground floor, now made into an ante-chamber to the modern drawing-room. Much of the house is panelled with old oak, and the furniture of the ancient part is of the same material. The entrance-hall has been made lofty, by throwing the ground and the first-floor room into one; and the staircase of ancient oak, newly arranged, resembles that in the old palace of the Howards at the Charter House. Over it hangs a portrait of Queen Elizabeth herself in full royal array; it is thought to be by Holbein. Some of the chimney-pieces belonged to the old Tudor mansion, which itself appears to have superseded a still earlier structure. Over the fireplace in the entrance-hall are carved the following quaint but hospitable lines, of uncertain origin:

"Welcome by day; welcome by night;
The smile of a friend Y's a ray of Lyght."

On crossing the Common from the west, going towards the church, we notice a sunken circular pit, about five feet in depth and 120 feet in diameter. The central portion is slightly raised, so that an inner circle is formed about ninety-six feet in diameter, around which runs a broad circular margin, or walk, about twelve feet wide, upon a slightly lower level. This pit, Canon Robertson informs us in an article in the *Archæologia Cantiana*, Vol. xiii., was used, within the memory of men still living (1880), as an arena for bouts of cudgelling and single-stick in connection with an annual fair. Its original purpose, however, is said to have been that of a cock-pit, and it is probably one of the very few perfect examples still existing.

A granite cross on the common commemorates the Prince Imperial of France. It bears on the front the imperial crest of the bee and the following inscription:—

"NAPOLEON EUGÈNE LOUIS JEAN JOSEPH,
PRINCE IMPÉRIAL,
KILLED IN ZULULAND,
1ST JUNE, 1879."

On the rear of the pedestal is the following extract from the Prince's last will:—

"I shall die with a sentiment of profound gratitude for Her Majesty the Queen of England and all the Royal Family, and for the country where I have received for eight years such cordial hospitality."

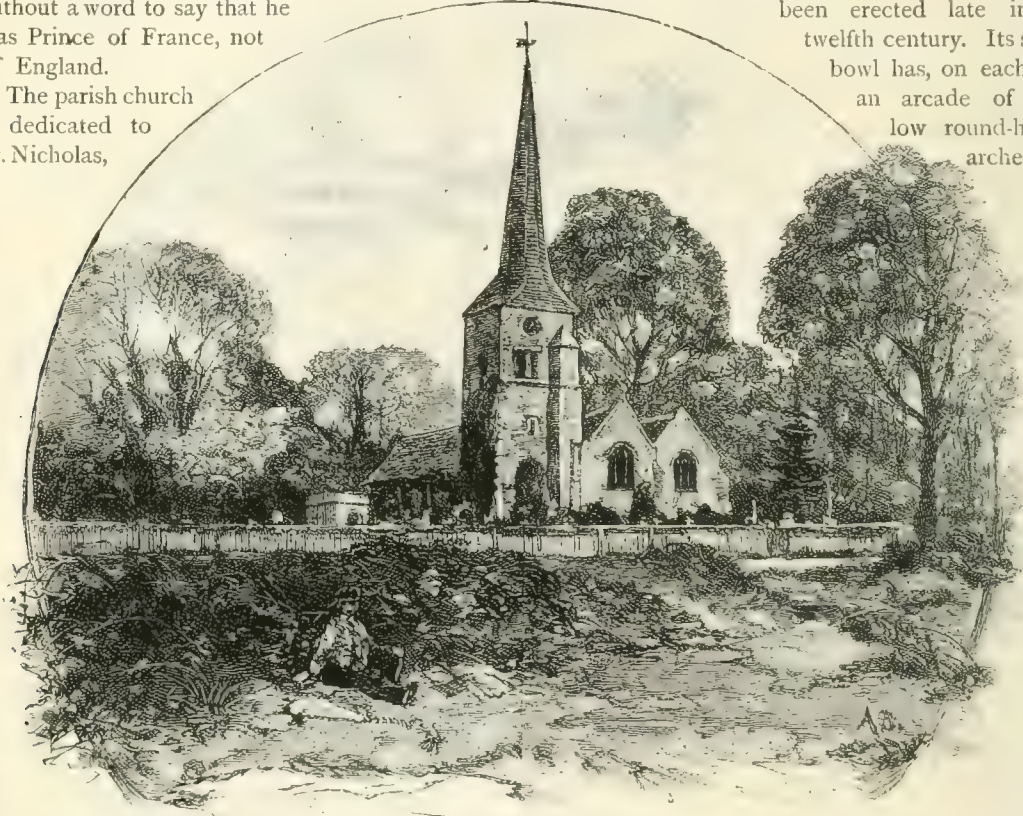
Below is this inscription :—

"In memory of the Prince Imperial and in sorrow at his death this cross is erected by the residents of Chislehurst, 1880."

It is remarkable that the young prince is here twice mentioned simply as "Prince Imperial," without a word to say that he was Prince of France, not of England.

The parish church is dedicated to St. Nicholas,

arcades spring from piers, which take the form of four shafts united. The spandrels are adorned with modern painting. The reredos is of carved stone, coloured and gilt. The walls on either side of the east window are covered with mural painting, executed in 1866; it consists of large figures of the Evangelists on gold grounds, and above them angels bearing censers. The walls and roof are brightly coloured and gilt, in diaper work, with emblematic designs. The font appears to have been erected late in the twelfth century. Its square bowl has, on each side, an arcade of shallow round-headed arches. It



CHISLEHURST CHURCH.

a strange dedication, seeing that no fishermen could be among its worshippers. It stands at one end of the Common, and consists of a nave of five bays, with north and south aisles and chancel, a handsome south porch, and a north-west tower, surmounted by a spire. The tower—the original spire of which was destroyed by fire in 1857—opens to the nave and north aisle by Pointed arches. In the tower are eight bells, cast by Warner, in lieu of those destroyed by fire in 1857. There is a three-light window in the tower. The chancel of the old church had three Early English windows, but it had no chancel-arch. The stained glass in the new chancel and throughout the church is modern. The arches of the nave-

stands upon five round shafts, whereof one in the centre is ancient, of Purbeck marble, but the others are modern insertions.

Within the modern south porch is a holy-water stoup, under an arch with continuous mouldings, probably made during the reign of Edward IV. The rood-screen is good, and may perhaps be of the same date as the stoup. Two doorways which led to a rood-loft are still visible in the north aisle, west of the Scadbury Chantry, which belongs to Lord Sydney. This chantry has a low stone bracket in the east wall. Its late Perpendicular windows are each of two cinque-foiled lights. It is enclosed by good wooden screen-work, inserted probably during the reign

of Edward IV., and similar to that of the rood-screen.

Within this chapel, on the south side, are painted two dates and badges. One is the date 1422, surmounted by a red rose with a white centre; the other is 1460, surmounted by a falcon on a fetterlock. These are the dates of the accessions to the English throne of King Henry VI. and King Edward IV. respectively, together with the respective badges, or cognizances, of the rival Houses of Lancaster and York.

In the chancel is a brass, with half-length effigy, commemorating Alan Porter, rector, who died in 1452. The monument of Sir Edmund Walsingham, who died in 1549, and of Sir Thomas, who died in 1630, and by whom it was erected in 1581—or, as the inscription puts it:—

“Which Thomas, now knight,
this erected the rather
In memory of Sir Edmond,
his father”—

comprises an altar-tomb, with a canopy supported by Corinthian columns and decorated with gilt foliage. In the south aisle is the monument of Sir Philip Warwick, who died in 1683, “an acceptable servant to King Charles I. in all his extremities, and a faithful one to King Charles II.” Warwick settled down at Chislehurst on his retirement from public life in 1667, and here wrote his “Memoirs of Charles I.” The south aisle also contains a monument, removed from the old chancel, to the memory of William Selwyn, Treasurer of Lincoln’s Inn, grandfather of Bishop Selwyn. He was buried here in 1817, and his monument, an alto-relievo, was executed by Sir Francis Chantrey. In the “Chislehurst Directory” the following note is made of a curious omission in this monument:—“The monument to William Selwyn was sculptured by Chantrey, in the detail of which a singular error may be noted—viz., the omission of a button-hole in the coat, on the left breast of the figure, which should have corresponded with an existing button on the right. This omission was discovered by a local tailor—parish clerk at the time—who also pointed out the defect to the distinguished sculptor himself.”



WILLIAM CAMDEN.

The churchyard is beautifully shaded by some fine trees, which give to it a pleasing rural appearance. Not far from the antique lych gate, which forms the entrance to the churchyard, is the tomb of Mr. and Mrs. Bonar, who were murdered at Camden Place in 1813, and of which we have more to say presently. According to the inscription over the grave, the aged pair had often expressed the desire during their lives that “they might leave this world together”—a wish terribly fulfilled by the cowardly hand of the assassin.

Not far from the parish church, about a hundred yards from the south edge of the Common, stands the Roman Catholic chapel of St. Mary, containing the remains of the Emperor Napoleon III. It is a Gothic building of stone, and was erected in 1854, chiefly at the expense of the Anderdon family. In its graveyard are many tall and beautiful elms. The edifice consists of a small chancel, nave, mortuary chapel, and entrance porch. Over the arch of the chancel is a Sanctus bell. The exterior is neatly finished in the French Decorated style, with a pierced parapet surmounting the walls. The interior, with the exception of the altar, is without ornament. There are three or four bays on either side, and a small

chancel, and the east window is filled with stained glass. The Empress built an elegant mortuary chapel on the north side of the chancel, for the reception of the Emperor’s remains. This is reached from the chapel by two steps through a double bay, divided by jasper columns. The mortuary is very carefully and neatly finished, the outer walls being of Bath stone and the interior of Caen stone; it has three windows at the side and a rose window at the end. The interior has a groined roof, and the capitals and tracery show much delicate work. At the end is an altar; in the centre, on a tessellated pavement, stands the sarcophagus, of polished Peterhead granite, the gift of Queen Victoria, with the inscription:—

“Napoleon III.
R. I. P.”

In this, the coffin containing the late Emperor’s

remains, was placed, with great solemnity, on the 9th of January, 1874, in the presence of the Empress and a large assembly. In a recess on the opposite side of the church rest the remains of the only child of the Emperor and Empress, the Prince Imperial, who was killed in Zululand, on the 1st of June preceding, while serving as a volunteer on a reconnoitring expedition during the Zulu war. His body was brought back to England, and deposited here in 1879. Both the Emperor and the Prince rest above ground.

Christ Church, consecrated in 1872, stands on an elevated site on the west side of Camden Park, and north of the railway-station. It is built of Kentish rag, with Bath stone dressings, in the Early Decorated style, and consists of a clerestoried nave, apsidal chancel, and tower surmounted by a tall spire. Another church; at the north-west corner of the Common, dedicated in memory of the Annunciation, was built in 1870, and is a handsome Gothic structure of stone, consisting of chancel, nave, and aisles. Its interior is remarkably fine. The district was formed into a separate parish for ecclesiastical purposes in 1876. There is also a Wesleyan chapel on the Common; it is a Gothic building, with a lofty spire; it was erected in 1780.

Among the public institutions of Chislehurst may be mentioned the St. Mary's Hall, on Red Hill, which was built by voluntary subscription in 1878, at a cost of about £2,000, and is used for Sunday-school purposes, as well as for entertainments and public meetings. St. Michael's Orphanage, established here in 1855, provides a home for boys between the ages of four and twelve years who have lost either or both parents, on payment of a small weekly sum towards the expense of their maintenance. The Governesses' Benevolent Institution, in Harley Street, London, founded in 1871, has an asylum here for aged governesses. The building, which was erected in 1871, is in the Perpendicular style, and furnishes separate apartments for twelve annuitants, who receive £42 a year apiece, together with an allowance of coals, and medical attendance.

Chislehurst West, we learn from the local "Directory," was "until quite recently styled 'Prick-end.' It is contended by some that this district was thus named because the 'end of the furze' was here reached, whilst, on the other hand, it is as stoutly argued that 'Brick-end' was the original title, being derived from the existence of brick-fields in this locality. When authorities disagree, who shall decide? and as neither name can claim to be in any degree euphonious or interesting, they both may well be relegated to the

obscurity into which they have fallen of late by the almost universal adoption of the more rational title, "Chislehurst West."

Camden Place, which owes its name and its early fame to Camden, the "Father of English Antiquarians," and which of late years has become famous as the residence of the exiled ex-Imperial family of France, occupies a commanding site on the west side of the Common. It is a large mansion, heavy and dull, of brick, standing in its own grounds, which are well laid out and planted with fine trees, and affording extensive views over the surrounding neighbourhood. The entrance from the Common is through a pair of handsome gates, elaborately wrought and gilt, whence a straight carriage-drive between stately elms leads up to the principal front of the house, on either side of which are fine cedars. The gilded gates were brought, in 1862, from the Paris Exhibition; and it was through this gateway that the funeral processions of Napoleon III. and the unfortunate Prince Imperial passed on their way to the Roman Catholic church. The house consists of a centre, two storeys in height above the ground-floor, and low projecting wings, with an open balustrade parapet. The centre of the principal front is slightly advanced. This contains, on the ground-floor a carved oak vestibule, which opens at once into the great central hall, the same in which the body of the Emperor Napoleon lay in state some ten years ago. Over the doorway is a balcony, and above this, on the second storey, is a clock, supported by a large figure of Time and other allegorical devices, under an arched pediment. The hall itself forms a good-sized square, and is lighted by a skylight from the roof. To the right and left of the hall are the dining and drawing rooms, and on the side towards the dining-room a rather fine staircase, the wall of which is hung with large pictures, leads to a gallery, from which branch the various doorways and passages of the upper storey. The room in which the Emperor died is very small, and one chosen by himself as his own bedchamber when he came first to reside here. It is on the upper floor at the back of the house, in a corner of the main building next to a semicircular projecting wing. A large room on the same floor in that wing, having three windows, and a balcony in the bow front looking on the garden, is the bedroom which was occupied by the Empress at the time of the death of the Emperor. It adjoins the smaller room which was occupied by the Emperor during his last illness. The bedstead of the Emperor, of carved oak, was one inherited from the First Empire; it has a coverlet of white satin,

with the letter N in the centre, and further embroidered with large bees, the Napoleonic family emblem. A common little iron bedstead, on which the Emperor died, was one which had been purchased and brought into the room for the convenience of the surgical operations. Two portraits hung on the walls of this room: one that of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia; the other that of the young Duke of Reichstadt, once styled King of Rome, the only child of Napoleon I., and a cousin of Napoleon III. The gardens are well laid out and ornamented with statuary.

In the park attached to Camden Place may be seen that celebrated piece of architecture which is commonly called "The Lantern of Demosthenes, or Choragic Monument of Lysicrates." A view of the garden side of the house and grounds may be obtained from a public footpath crossing the park, but the house is "not shown to strangers."

William Camden, as he tells us in his own "Britannia," was descended, on the mother's side, from the ancient family of the Curwens, of Workington, Cumberland, who were said to spring from Gospatrick, Earl of Northumberland. His father was a "paper-stainer," living in the Old Bailey, where Camden himself was born in 1551. He received his education at Christ's Hospital and at St. Paul's School, whence he finally removed to Oxford, where he appears to have studied in more than one college. On leaving the University he was for some time second, and then chief, master of Westminster School, and in 1597 was created Clarencieux King-at-Arms. Camden wrote his "Britannia" while holding the post of under-master at Westminster, and from that time, write his biographers, "he began to be looked upon as one of the most distinguished scholars of his age." He carried on an extensive correspondence with the learned both at home and abroad, much of which has been preserved and published. He was nominated to the post of Clarencieux King-at-Arms without having passed through the inferior offices of herald and pursuivant. His "Annals of the reign of Queen Elizabeth" rank next in celebrity to his "Britannia," and Hume, in his "History of England," gives his opinion of it thus:—"Camden's 'History of Queen Elizabeth' may be esteemed good composition, both for style and matter. It is written with simplicity of expression, very rare in that age, and with a regard to truth. It would not perhaps be too much to affirm that it is among the best historical productions which have yet been composed by any Englishman. It is well known that the English have not much excelled in that kind of literature."

Camden is said to have composed his "Annals of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth" during his latter years, while resident on this estate. The work was undertaken at the urgent request of his attached friend and patron, Lord Burleigh.

Camden's "Britannia" was translated and enlarged by Gough and Nichols, and the last edition of it, illustrated with about 3,000 additional portraits, engravings, maps, &c., in fifteen volumes, realises high prices. Among his other writings may be mentioned his "Description of the Monuments in Westminster Abbey" and "Collection of Historians—Asser, Walsingham, De la More, Cambriensis, &c." In 1605 he published "Remains of a Great Work concerning Britain," being a collection of fragments illustrative of the ancient Britons and Saxons.

"After being known and admired by the greatest ornaments of the literary world," writes Hasted, "for those works which so justly entitled him to the great character he obtained, and still preserves, he retired to this seat in the month of August, in the year 1609, and finding himself gradually declining with infirmities and old age, he no longer delayed his intention of founding the History Lecture at Oxford, but sent the gift of it to that University* in the month of May, 1622. Camden did not live long after this, but died, after a severe fit of illness, at his house here on November 9th, 1623, in the seventy-third year of his age." He had had a premonitory warning of his approaching end in the August of the previous year, suddenly losing the use of his hands and feet whilst seated in his study, as he has himself recorded. He was buried with great solemnity in Westminster Abbey, opposite the tomb of Chaucer.

"It is extremely remarkable," observes Canon Robertson, "that Camden's name, which even now still clings to his house at Chislehurst, has from that circumstance found a place upon the roll of the peers of England. Considerably more than a century after Camden's death, the form of a great lawyer, Sir Charles Pratt, became familiar to worshippers in Chislehurst church, as he came thither from Camden's house on the Common. His father, who resided at Wilderness, in Seale, near Sevenoaks, was Sir John Pratt, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, 1718-23. Sir Charles, the son, having been Attorney-General 1757-62, was himself Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, 1761-6. While filling that high position he was created a peer, in 1765, and he chose for his title the honoured name of the Prince of Antiquaries.

The roll of peers thus became inscribed with the words—"Charles Pratt, Baron Camden, of Camden Place, in Chislehurst." When advanced to an earldom, in 1786, this nobleman, who had been Lord Chancellor in 1766-70, adhered to the antiquarian's name, and became Earl Camden, of Camden Place. Early in the present century the peaceful sojourn of William Camden at Chislehurst during his last years of life was further commemorated when the second earl, being created a marquis, adhered to the old title. Very fitly indeed did it happen afterwards that the second Marquis Camden, bearing a title which perpetuates the connection with Kent of the Prince of English Antiquarians, became the first president of the Kent Archæological Society."

A very painful event, long remembered in the neighbourhood, is associated with Camden Place. In the "Personal Recollections of Mary Somerville," by her daughter Martha, we read as follows:—"We became acquainted with the family of Mr. Thomson Bonar, a rich Russian merchant, who lived in great luxury at a beautiful villa at Chislehurst, in the neighbourhood of London, which has since become the refuge of the ex-Emperor Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugenie. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Bonar—kind, excellent people—with two sons and a daughter, all grown up. We were invited from time to time to spend ten days or a fortnight with them, which I enjoyed exceedingly. I had been at a riding-school in Edinburgh, and rode tolerably, but had little practice, as we could not afford to keep horses. On our first visit Mrs. Bonar asked me if I would ride with her, as there was a good lady's horse to spare; but I declined. Next day I said 'I should like to ride with you.' 'Why did you not go out with me yesterday?' she asked. 'Because I had heard so much of English ladies' riding, that I thought you would clear all the hedges and ditches, and that I should be left behind lying on the ground.' I spent many pleasant days with these dear, good people, and no words can express the horror I felt when we heard that they had been barbarously murdered in their bed-room. The eldest son and daughter had been at a ball somewhere near, and, on coming home, they found that one of the men-servants had dashed out the brains of both their parents with a poker. The motive remains a mystery to this day, for it was not robbery."

The following account of the particulars of the murder is condensed from the *Gentleman's Magazine*:—"On Sunday evening, May 30, 1813, Mr. Thomson Bonar, an old man of seventy,

went to bed at his usual hour; but Mrs. Bonar did not follow him till two in the morning, when she ordered her maid to call her at seven. At the time appointed the servant, on entering the bed-room, found the mangled corpse of Mr. Bonar on the floor, while his wife was lying, dying and insensible, on the bed, in which state she continued till ten o'clock, when she expired. No noise had been heard during the night, but the window of the drawing-room was found open, though showing no signs of having been forced. Suspicion soon fastened on the footman, Philip Nicholson, who was said to have been drinking for some days, and appeared moody and sullen. He was a man of twenty-nine, of Irish birth, who had served in the 12th Light Dragoons, but was discharged on account of having broken his wrist, and had only been in Mr. Bonar's service three weeks. When arrested, he obtained leave to go to his room, and there cut his throat, but not so as to cause death, and the wound was quickly attended to; a few days later he made a full confession. He was lying half asleep on a settle in the kitchen, till his mistress and fellow-servants went to bed. He woke at three o'clock, 'and was instantly seized with an idea, which he could not resist, that he would murder his master and mistress.' Arming himself with a poker, he went up to the bed-room, and struck his mistress twice across the head, and left her insensible. He then struck his master, who was still asleep, but the blow fell on his face, and the old man sprung up; but before he could get out of bed the assassin repeated the blow. The old man, however, succeeded in grappling with him, but was soon overpowered, and the deed was finished. The murderer then went down-stairs, stripped, and thoroughly washed himself, ate his supper, opened the drawing-room window—that it might be supposed the murderer came in that way—and went out to hide his clothes, which had become soaked with blood during the death-struggle, under a furze-bush on the Common; then returned to his room and went to bed, but 'could not sleep.' He said that he had no enmity towards either Mr. or Mrs. Bonar. He committed the murder neither from a motive of revenge nor hope of plunder, but simply and solely from an irresistible impulse. He was tried and condemned, and hanged on Penenden Heath on August 23rd, 1813, just three months after the murder."

On the release of the Emperor Napoleon III. from his German captivity, after his defeat and dethronement in 1870, the ex-Imperial family of France took up their abode here. Some anxiety

was felt with regard to the selection of a suitable residence, where they might sojourn during their exile; and, after search, Camden Place was fixed upon, and here the closing years of an imperial author of the "*Vie de César*" were peacefully passed in the spot where the great English antiquarian had died.

Prince Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, born at the Tuileries April 20th, 1808, was the second son of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland from 1806 to 1810, by his queen Hortense, daughter of the Empress Josephine, the first wife of Napoleon I., whose first husband was the Viscomte de Beauharnais. After the overthrow of Napoleon I. in 1815, Hortense, then called the Duchess de St. Leu, resided with her two sons in Switzerland and Germany. In 1831, Prince Louis Napoleon and his elder brother, having joined the Italian conspiracy of the Carbonari against the Papal Government, took part in the insurrection of Romagna, when the elder prince died of a fever. By this event and the death of his cousin, the Duke of Reichstadt, Prince Louis Napoleon became heir to the Bonapartist Imperial pretensions. Shortly afterwards he attempted, first at Strasbourg, in 1836, and secondly at Boulogne, in 1840 (living, meanwhile, chiefly in London), to excite a mutiny of French soldiers in his favour, and was punished upon the former occasion by exile to America, and upon the latter by six years' imprisonment in the fortress of Ham. In December, 1848, he was elected by universal suffrage President of the French Republic, which he converted, after three years, into an absolute personal dictatorship by his *coup d'état* and fresh appeal to the popular vote. His consort, the now widowed Empress, was a gentlewoman of mixed Spanish and Scottish descent, Mlle. Eugénie de Montijo, created in Spain Countess de Teba, daughter of the Count de Montijo, a grandee of that kingdom, by a lady of the Kirkpatrick family. The marriage of the Emperor and Empress, in Notre Dame Cathedral, took place January 30th, 1853, and their only child, the Prince Imperial, was born March 16th, 1856. After this came the romantic and glorious enterprise of Napoleon III. in the War of Italian Liberation, his landing at Genoa in 1859, and the enthusiastic welcome that greeted the victor of Magenta and Solferino, in Piedmont and in Lombardy, when the might of French arms had helped King Victor Emmanuel to deliver Italy from Austrian domination. Finally came the disastrous war against Prussia and Germany in 1870, resulting in the surrender of Sedan and the downfall of the Second Empire.

The *Gaulois* thus describes the mode of life pur-

sued by the Imperial exiles at Camden Place, about a twelvemonth previous to the Emperor's death:—"A few faithful friends, among whom are the Duc de Bassano, Grand Chamberlain, the Comte and Comtesse Clary, Mlle. de Lerminet, the Comte Davilliers, M. Pietri, the Emperor's secretary, Baron Corvisart, Dr. Conneau and his son, M. Filon, the Prince Imperial's tutor, and Madame Bebreton-Bourbaki, live either at Camden Place or in the village. The Emperor, always an early riser, makes his appearance about half-past nine in the gallery, where the guests invited are presented to him. After breakfast, an hour is spent in general conversation. Then, if the weather permits, the Emperor and Empress, accompanied by their friends, stroll about the grounds or the neighbourhood; then the Emperor devotes himself to work till seven o'clock. The evening is spent in reading or conversation, which is never prolonged after eleven o'clock. All frivolous amusements are strictly prohibited, while there is an utter absence of every pomp or luxury. The food and the service are all of a simple character, befitting the position of a private gentleman of moderate fortune." The Emperor died here on the 9th of January, 1873. The death was occasioned by failure of the heart's action after an operation had been successfully performed. The Empress and Monsignor Goddard were present.

The part of the house devoted to the lying-in-state was the picture-gallery in the hall, just opposite the principal entrance, facing the Common, and during the four hours that the public were admitted to view it, it is estimated that the number of people who went to see it was nearly thirty thousand. All down the corridor, which runs the whole length of the house, the walls were hung with black, and when the curtains, which at first concealed the mortuary chapel, were drawn back or festooned, there was seen the Emperor lying in his coffin, still in the half-dress of a French general of division. There was a sad picturesqueness about the spectacle. The three sides of the apartment were hung with black cloth, the gloom of which was relieved by the lighted tapers in the silver candlesticks, by a large centre cross worked in white, and by an "N" and an Imperial crown on each side, also in white, while two wreaths of purple violets, with white ones interspersed, which hung on the wall facing the visitors as they passed the coffin, still further relieved the heaviness of the view. Overhead, but outside the chamber, there was more drapery of the same sombre hue as that inside, with an Imperial eagle in a large frame in the centre, and "N" and a crown on each side.

The coffin was laid on a low dais in almost the middle of the room, and had a yellow-and-white fringe round it. At its head was a small brass crucifix, alongside which two tapers burnt, the other candelabra, which alone gave light to the room, standing on each side of the coffin. Underneath the coffin was the pall, of rich violet velvet, its surface powdered with Imperial bees, and the corners gleaming with the Imperial crown and the dead monarch's initial. The ceiling was draped with the French tricolour. At the foot of the

edifice was only a few hundred yards, the procession following the hearse was entirely on foot. The service was performed by the Bishop of Southwark (Dr. Danell), and the *cortège* was headed by twenty-five French workmen in their rough daily dress and blouses, one of whom carried the tricolour. About eleven o'clock the hearse, drawn by eight horses, caparisoned in velvet and escutcheoned trappings, left the house. The body of the Emperor was enclosed in three coffins, of which the outermost was covered with purple vel-



CAMDEN HOUSE.

coffin was a cross, in the centre an "N," formed of white flowers, near it a wreath of box, and at intervals round the coffin were bouquets and wreaths. The body was watched by priests and gentlemen of the household.

The Prince of Wales was the first to enter and to view the body. He was followed by the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Christian, after whom came the princes of the house of Bonaparte, the Prince Imperial, the Princesses Mathilde and Clotilde, and many other ladies and adherents of the exiled family.

On the Wednesday following the death of the Emperor the funeral took place in the little church of St. Mary, on the opposite side of the Common. As the distance from Camden Place to the sacred

vet, studded with nails, and ornamented with a Latin cross and with the Imperial crown and initials, all in silver. A silver plate upon the coffin bore the following inscription :—

"Napoléon III.,
Empereur des Français,
Né à Paris
le 20 Avril, 1808.
Mort à Camden Place,
Chislehurst,
le 9 Janvier, 1873.
R.I.P."

Immediately following the hearse, as chief mourner, walked the Prince Imperial, in plain mourning clothes, and wearing the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour. Next came the representatives of the house of Bonaparte, in the order

of their precedence, namely, Prince Napoleon, Prince Lucien Bonaparte, Prince Charles Bonaparte, and the Princes Charles and Joachim Murat. The rest of the procession was formed of the many distinguished and devoted Bonapartists who had come to this country for the purpose of paying their last tribute of respect to their late master; together with the representatives of foreign sovereigns, general officers of the French army, the Lord Mayor of London, &c.

which have come out since his death, it is stated that when he went out to walk at Chislehurst he was in the habit of filling his pockets with pennies to give to the children.

On the day after the Emperor's funeral the Empress undertook to receive individually his friends of every rank, and to take leave of those about to return to France. Besides the intimate friends of the family, many of the noblest names in France were represented, together with the deputa-



SCADBY.

The death of the Emperor called forth many tributes of grief and sympathy, but none more truly touching than the following Latin verses, which were attributed to a learned professor of Oxford:—

"Ad Cæsaris nos flebile adsumus funus,
Non laudis ergo, at Principem sepulturi.
Hæc Imperator Gallie potestatem
Sceptrum coronam purpuramque gestabat,
Nunc regebat res tremantis Europæ.
Hodie Britanno mortuus jacet busto,
Desertus, exul, gentis hospes externæ.
Quid potuit ultra vis maligna Fortunæ?
Quæ Cæsaris sunt Cæsari tamen danda,
Cineri cinis reddenda pulveri pulvis."

The Emperor was a very kind man; and his was a most familiar presence on the common. Among the numerous anecdotes respecting him

tion of working-men from Paris mentioned above. The picture-gallery was crowded with visitors in double and triple ranks. The scene is described as having been painfully impressive. Most of the persons present showed uncontrollable emotion, and many were in tears. The Empress, accompanied by her son, passed through the silent ranks, extending her hand to each of the kneeling persons, and received their sad salutations in voiceless emotion. She could not long support the agonising ceremony, but retired, leaving the Prince Imperial to thank the workmen.

The letters of administration, with the will of the Emperor, were dated and sealed at the principal registry of the Court of Probate in London. They were granted to the Empress as the residuary

legatee named in the will, no executor being appointed. With reference to the fact that, out of the total property left by the deceased, a considerable portion would have to be deducted for liabilities, the actual oath taken by the Empress, on proving the will, was that "the whole of the personal estate and effects in England, without deducting anything on account of the debts due and owing by the said deceased, are under the value of £120,000;" so that the probate duty (in this case £200), as in all other cases, had to be paid on the gross value of the property to be administered. In accordance with the usual practice where no executor is appointed, the Empress had to give a bond, with two sureties, in double the amount under which the personal estate was sworn—viz., £240,000—first to pay the debts of the deceased, so far as his property extended, and then to pay the remainder according to the provisions of the will.

The residence and the funeral at Chislehurst in 1873 of Napoleon III. were followed after an interval of only six years by the obsequies of his lamented son and heir, the Prince Imperial, as previously recorded.

Views of the house and of the room in which the Emperor breathed his last, and of the church where his body now lies, were given in the illustrated papers in 1873. Few or no souvenirs of the story of the Imperial family remain at Camden Place, the furniture, library, pictures, &c., of the Emperor having been removed by the Empress when she went to Farnborough.

The widowed Empress removed from Camden Place shortly after the death of the Prince Imperial, and the house became once more the residence of its owner, Mr. Nathaniel W. J. Strode, who purchased the property about twenty years ago.

Among the noted residents at Chislehurst in recent times was Sir Herbert Jenner Fust, Dean of the Arches, who delivered the first judgment in the celebrated Gorham case.

Another resident of Chislehurst was Lord Wyndford, better known by his former name of Lord Chief Justice Best, and who lived and died here in 1845.

Scadbury—anciently called Scathebery—is a subordinate manor lying on the eastern side of the parish, on the road towards the Crays. It was a place of some note in former times, and had owners of the same name residing there. Horace Walpole, in a letter to the Earl of Ossory, in June, 1771, compares it to Houghton in style and construction. It now belongs to Lord Sydney, one of whose titles is derived from this place.

From an article published in the "Archæologia Cantiana" by Canon Robertson, it may be well to extract the following passage relating to this place:—"Between the days of Gundulf (its first owner) and the present time, the sacred site of this church, its ancient font, and the old north aisle, with its Scadbury Chantry, have been associated with the history of many generations of men whose names were well known in the annals of their time. Hither came to worship successive generations of the De Scathebery family, lords of Scadbury Manor, who for a long series of years were the principal residents in Chislehurst. John de Scathebery was in 1301-2 (30th Edward I.) assessed, in the King's Subsidy Roll, upon the sum of £22 3s. od., an amount greater than the assessment of the neighbouring landowners, except those of Sir Peter de Huntingfield at West Wickham (£25 11s. 8d.), and Sir William de Hamilton at Codham (£22 8s. 8d.). Twenty-nine other persons in Chislehurst were assessed for the same subsidy, but upon very small amounts.

"Not long before the year 1347, male heirs failing, Anne de Scathebery became the heiress of her family. She married Osmund de Walsingham, and thenceforth, during three centuries, those descendants of De Scathebery who were presented at the old font in Chislehurst Church bore the surname of Walsingham. During the Middle Ages they seem to have had no equals resident in the parish. The owners of the Kemenhole, Tonge, and Frognal estates, were either non-resident or of little importance.

"The Manor—sometimes called the Castle—of Kemenhole, situated in the extreme north of this parish, was monastic property in 1301, and it afterwards passed to members of the Poynings family, who resided elsewhere. Tonge Manor, in the extreme south of this parish, formed part of the possessions of Lesnes Abbey, until Sir Thomas Walsingham obtained it, by exchange, in the reign of Henry VI. Frognal possessed very extended rights of free-warren, granted to Thomas C. Barbur in 38 Henry III. Hasted speaks of another owner, named John de Cressel, in the reign of Edward III., whose arms were said to be emblazoned in a window of the church. Neither of these surnames, however, appears upon the Chislehurst Subsidy Roll of A.D. 1301. In Codham parish, Hugh le Barbour was assessed to that subsidy upon 8s. 8½d.; probably, therefore, the owner of Frognal did not then reside in Chislehurst. Consequently, the owners of Scadbury were, until the sixteenth century, the chief parishioners of the rector of Chislehurst.

"For a few years, during the minority of James Walsingham (*circa* 1466-77), another name was powerful here. His mother, Constance, after the death of Sir Thomas Walsingham, married, as her second husband, John Green, who, in her right, occupied Scadbury, and kept his shrievalty of the county there in 1476. His tenure, however, was short. In the November of that year the family burial-place, in the north aisle of the church, was opened to receive the remains of his wife, who survived her first husband, Sir Thomas Walsingham, less than ten years. . . . James Walsingham died in 1540, and the sepulchral brass, which formerly commemorated him here, showed that by his wife, Eleanor, he had seven daughters and four sons. Through two of the sons whom James Walsingham presented at the font in Chislehurst Church, the name of Walsingham acquired a distinguished place in the annals of our country.

"His eldest son, Sir Edmund Walsingham, became Lieutenant of the Tower of London, and continued to hold that position of high trust during twenty-two years. Buried in the Scadbury Chantry here, in February, 1549, he is commemorated by a tomb of Bethersden marble, which was erected thirty-two years after his death by his son, Sir Thomas. William Walsingham, younger brother of Sir Edmund, acquires distinction from the lustre reflected upon him by the career of his son, Sir Francis. Queen Elizabeth's celebrated Secretary of State, being the son of this William Walsingham, a non-resident younger brother of Scadbury's lord, could have had very little association with Chislehurst Church in his youth. . . . The owner of Scadbury, during the whole manhood of Secretary Sir Francis Walsingham, was his first cousin, Sir Thomas, who married Sir John Guldeford's daughter Dorothy. In his person, during 1563-4, Chislehurst Church continually received the Sheriff of Kent, for the first time since 1497, when his grandfather James served that office."

Sir Thomas died before his cousin, the statesman, in 1583, and his two elder sons having died without leaving male issue, their younger brother, another Sir Thomas, thus inherited Scadbury. He sat in Parliament as member for Rochester between the years 1597 and 1604. This Sir Thomas and his wife, Dame Elizabeth, in January, 1600, presented Queen Elizabeth with a somewhat singular New Year's gift. Each of them, it is recorded, gave a moiety of a petticoat of clay-coloured satin, embroidered with silver. When Queen Elizabeth paid a visit to Scadbury, her Grace is said to have planted here some fig-trees which had come from Marseilles. These trees were pointed out to Queen

Victoria in April, 1872, when her Majesty honoured Lord Sydney with a visit.

After the Restoration of Charles II., the Bettensons occupied in Chislehurst that position which for many years had been held by the Walsinghams. Scadbury and Chislehurst Manors were both purchased by Sir Richard Bettenson, of Laver de la Haye, who was created a baronet in 1666, and whose wife, Anne, was a Kentish lady, daughter of Sir William Monyns, of Waldershare. Sir Richard and his wife resided here for nearly twenty years, and he kept his shrievalty at Scadbury in 1679, in which year he died. His widow survived until 1681. Their second son, Edward, ancestor of the baronets of Bradbourne-in-Malling, near Maidstone, was well known at Chislehurst. His elder brother, Richard Bettenson, being an invalid, retired to Montpellier, in France, where he died in 1677, leaving a son, Edward, and also three daughters: namely, Albinia, wife of General William Selwyn; Theodosia, married to General Thomas Farrington; and Frances, widow of Sir Thomas Hewett.

"As the young lad, Sir Edward Bettenson, grew in years," observes Canon Robertson, "he developed a passion for 'play.' He possessed estates at Wimbledon, in Surrey, and in Essex, as well as Scadbury, and lands at Greenwich and in London, but the exigencies of his losses at 'play' caused him to dispark Scadbury, and sell the timber. When he died, in 1733, at the age of fifty-eight, unmarried, he was buried in Chislehurst Church, and his estates became the property of his three sisters in equal shares. All of them were at that time widows: Mrs. Selwyn, Mrs. Farrington, and Lady Hewett."

On the death of Mrs. Selwyn, her share of the Scadbury property was inherited by her son, Colonel Selwyn, who subsequently acquired also the two shares of his aunts. He afterwards sold the estate, together with the Manor of Chislehurst, to his son-in-law, the Hon. Thomas Townshend, uncle of the first Marquis Townshend; and some years later Mr. Townshend purchased Frognal, and removing thither, he pulled down the old house at Scadbury, for the purpose of rebuilding it for his residence. This intention, however, was never fulfilled, and scarcely anything now remains of the ancient manor-house of Scadbury. The old manor house was a moated grange; part of the moat still remains, as also do some portions of the walls of the outbuildings, including an arch of brick, which is still called after the Virgin Queen. Near it is a fig-tree, sprung from a cutting of a former tree, which is said to have been planted by the queen's own hand. In the old house at Scadbury two

rooms retained to the last, in the eighteenth century, names commemorative of Queen Elizabeth's visit. One was called "the Queen's apartment," another that of the Maids of Honour.

Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, father of the illustrious Lord Bacon, is said to have been born here in the year 1510. It is probable that Scadbury was let to the parents of Sir Nicholas, perhaps during the time that Sir Edmund Walsingham was Lieutenant of the Tower of London.

The present manor-house is old-fashioned and picturesque, and stands on a neck of high ground, commanding extensive views on either side, down towards the Crays and towards Eltham and Blackheath. It stands quite remote from the high road, in the midst of a park, dotted over with noble trees, amongst which Spanish chestnuts, birches, oaks, and ashes predominate. One monarch of the forest, long since dead, still rears his arms on high; his head has long since gone; he is called the "Smuggler's Oak," his hollow interior having been made to serve the purpose of a stowage for contraband goods brought hither by smugglers in the good old days. Between the dells of the park ferns and bracken prevail, and Lord Sydney's pheasants strut about quite tame at their own "sweet will." The Prince of Wales and other members of the royal family occasionally shoot over these covers in the autumn.

Frogna!—the proper name of which is said to be Frogpool—is situated in a valley adjoining Scadbury, in a pleasant locality bordering on Foot's

Cray, about a mile and a half to the north-east of Chislehurst Common. The house, formerly the residence of Sir Philip Warwick, and now the seat of Earl Sydney, is a plain brick-built mansion, in a well-timbered park. The house itself is by no means large or imposing, and indeed it is of modest dimensions for a nobleman's residence. But it has an air of comfort about it which is wanting in Chatsworth and Wentworth. It reminds the visitor externally of the more ornamental parts of Kensington Palace or the more modern portions of Hampton Court. The rooms on the ground-floor are small and numerous, and, like the hall and chief staircase, lined with family and historical portraits, ranging over the last three centuries and a half of English history, and commencing with Holbein. As may be supposed, the Walsinghams, Sydneys, and Townshends are well represented in oil paintings, and the miniatures are equally fine. The corridor on the first-floor serves also as a picture-gallery. The gardens are laid out in the Italian style, and the trees on the lawn facing the south-east feather exquisitely down to the ground. The stables and farm buildings adjoin the house on the west, and being all of old-fashioned red brick, they form an attractive group, looking warm and comfortable when the leaves are off the trees.

Some distance westward from Frogna! is an old seat, for some generations past in the possession of the family of the Farringtons. About the middle of the last century it was inherited by Lord Robert Bertie, on whose death, in 1782, it passed to the Townshends of Scadbury and Frogna!.

CHAPTER X.

BICKLEY, BROMLEY, AND PLAISTOW.

Bickley Church—The Hall—Bromley—Origin of Name—Dr. Hawke worth—Parish Church—Antiquities—The Grave of Dr. Johnson's Wife—Old Church Door—Elizabeth Monk—Bromley Palace—"The Bishop's Well"—Bishop Atterbury—The College—Simpson's Moat—Bromley Hill—Plaistow—Grove Park—Catford.

No greater delusion can exist than that it is necessary to go far afield from London to enjoy real nature and beautiful scenery. The truth is that within a distance of eight, ten, or twelve miles from the centre of our metropolis scenes may be found as rural, as secluded, and as invigorating to the mind and body as anybody can desire, and as the tourist will find if he travels a hundred miles from the borders of Middlesex. The district which we are about to explore is full of picturesque beauty, being pleasantly undulating and richly wooded, but its sylvan character is being rapidly

changed by building operations which have been for some years going on in the neighbourhood, in consequence of the facilities afforded by the railway transit with London, both the London, Chatham, and Dover, and the Mid Kent branch of the South Eastern Railway, having stations here.

The transition from Chislehurst to Bickley and thence to Bromley is easy. A dip under the latter line, close by Chislehurst Station, brings us at once up into Bickley, which belongs to the parish of Bromley.

The whole, or nearly the whole, of Bickley was

in former times an extensive park, belonging to a family named Welles, but a few years ago it was parcelled out into large plots for building purposes. In 1864 it was made into a separate ecclesiastical district, carved out of the mother parish of Bromley, from which it is about a mile and a half to the east. In the centre of the parish stands the church, dedicated to St. George, of which Dr. E. H. Plumptre, now Dean of Wells, was for some time incumbent. The church is a spacious modern building, in the Decorated style, consisting of a nave, aisles, transept, and a deep apsidal chancel, and at the western end a lofty tower and spire, which is a conspicuous landmark for miles around.

Bickley Hall is the seat of a grandson of the late Mr. George Wythes, by whom the property was purchased a few years ago, and to whom most of the recent improvements of this parish are due. The hall stands in the midst of a well-wooded park, whence are obtained some good views of the surrounding country. In former times it was much more extensive, and was plentifully stocked with deer. On the outskirts of the park, on the hill near the edge of Chislehurst Common, Mr. Wythes built a curious red brick and half timber-framed gate-house, carried across the main road. Mr. Thorne, in his "Environs of London," says, "it was constructed by Mr. Wythes as the eastern entrance to his property, but also as a water tower—the central portion over the road arch containing a great tank, into which water was intended to be pumped from the springs at the foot of the hill, for the supply of the Bickley estate. The building and works have, however," he adds, "been purchased by the Kent Water Company, and the Bickley tank is empty."

Bickley consists of modern villas, each standing in its own grounds, and has no literary or other interest.

The town of Bromley stands on high ground, and is surrounded on all sides by charming walks and beautiful landscapes. It is situated on the right bank of the Ravensbourne, and on the main road from London to Sevenoaks, and about ten miles from Cornhill.

Bromley is a market-town of some 10,000 inhabitants, the entire parish, including the outlying districts of Bromley Common, Bickley, and Plaistow, containing altogether about 15,000 souls. A short line of railway connects the town with the Grove Park Station on the London and Tonbridge branch of the South Eastern Railway. It is not a little singular that there should be two places almost as close together on the opposite side of

the Thames bearing the names of Bromley* and Plaistow,† but there does not appear to be any connection between those places and the Bromley and Plaistow of which we are now writing.

Bromley is said to derive its name from the Anglo-Saxon *Brom-leag*, which signifies a field, or pasture of broom, and this etymology is corroborated by the great abundance of this plant which formerly grew in the neighbourhood. Lysons, writing in 1796, observes, with reference to the name of this place, that "the Anglo-Saxon *Brom-leag* signifies a field, or heath, where broom grows, and the great quantity of that plant on all the waste places near the town sufficiently justifies this etymology." Not only is there now scarcely any broom growing in this neighbourhood, but the "waste places near the town" are fast disappearing under the hands of the builder.

These "waste places" in former times seem to have been as dangerous for wayfarers as Shooter's Hill, of which we have already spoken. At all events, John Evelyn relates very minutely and circumstantially in his Diary under date of May, 1652, how he was robbed on the highway at a place called Procession Oak, within three miles of Bromley, by footpads, who stole from him two diamond rings, buckles, &c., and tied him up afterwards to a tree.

The town consists mainly of one long street crowning a hill, so that whichever way it is approached by road a steep incline must be ascended. Near the middle of the "High Street"—as that portion of the London and Hastings road which traverses it is called—is the Market Square, which is surrounded by some of the principal shops. The steps of the "Bell" Hotel, in this square, are said to be on a level with the dome of St. Paul's—a circumstance which will give a good idea of the elevated position of the town. Both the "Bell" and the "White Hart," lower down the street, were noted hostleries in the "good old days" of stage-coach travelling.

Bromley is a quaint, dull, and respectable-looking town, with shops mixed up among private dwellings, many of which bear evident marks of antiquity. It looks as if the shadow of episcopal and other dignitaries still haunted it, though nearly half a century has passed since a Bishop of Rochester resided here; "given to hospitality," as we all know a prelate should be. Many of the houses, too, are older within than they appear to be externally, and some have their walls covered with old oaken

* See "Old and New London," Vol. V., p. 324.

† See Vol. I., p. 306.

panels—notably one opposite to the “Bell” Inn, now occupied by Dr. Beeby, whose name is not unknown as an antiquarian, since he wrote an account of the parish church.

In the High Street was formerly the house occupied by Dr. Hawkesworth. It stood in its own grounds inside heavy gates, the side posts of which were surmounted by globes of stone—possibly in allusion to his world-wide travels. They now adorn the first-floor windows of a corn-chandler's shop. At this house Dr. Johnson must have been a

studied, was yet concisely and appropriately eloquent.” He died in 1773, and was buried at Bromley, a monument being erected to him in the church where he had ministered so often.

The old market-place was a quaint and simple structure, open below, and surmounted by a square roof which rose to a high pitch. To this market-place nearly all the streets of the town, including the two halves of the High Street, converge as a centre, showing that the grant of a market already mentioned is of ancient date.



frequent visitor; and it was probably his personal attachment to the traveller that led Dr. Johnson to bury his wife at Bromley—unless, perhaps, it was that he did not wish to have her too near Mrs. Thrale, at Streatham.

Dr. Hawkesworth was born about 1715. He is best known as the editor of the *Advertiser*, but he also contributed largely to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, published some tales, edited the works of Swift, translated “*Telemachus*,” and wrote an account of Captain Cook's voyages. In his boyhood he was one of the few pupils who attended Johnson's school. Dr. Drake, in his “*Essays*,” delivers the following judgment upon his literary merits:—“His imagination was fertile and brilliant, his diction pure, elegant, and unaffected . . . his manners were polished and affable, and his conversation has been described as uncommonly fascinating—as combining instruction and entertainment with a flow of words, which, though un-

BICKLEY, FROM THE DISTANCE.

The present Town Hall was erected at the expense of Mr. Coles Child, the lord of the manor, in 1865, upon the site of the old market-house. It is a somewhat showy red brick building, of modern Gothic or Elizabethan design: it stands in the centre of the Market Square, and contains—besides a large room for public meetings, concerts, &c.—offices occupied by the London and County Bank, the Literary Institution, and the police-station.

A charter was granted by John Lowe, Bishop of Rochester, in 1447, for the holding of a market here once a week, and although several attempts have been made to do away with it, the rights and privileges of the charter have been stoutly and suc-

cessfully maintained. The market is for the sale of provisions, fruit, and articles of a general description, and these several commodities are brought into the town by "outsiders," much to the chagrin of the local tradesmen. The market is held on Thursdays.

From the eastern side of the market-place runs Widmore Road, or, as it is generally called, New Bromley, which is now becoming a thickly-populated district. Leading out of the square, near the Widmore Road, is East Street, a new

Conquest and Protectorate, it remained in their possession down to the middle of the present century, though it is now in the diocese of Canterbury.

"The records of ecclesiastical jurisdiction," writes the author of a recent "Guide" to this neighbourhood, "date back to the times of the Normans, when Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, claimed possession of the church and its appendages. These



CORNER OF HIGH STREET, AND MARKET PLACE, BROMLEY.



PORTRAIT OF DR. HAWKESWORTH.

thoroughfare, forming an approach to the South Eastern railway station. In this street is the drill-hall and gymnasium

of a company of the 3rd Kent Rifle Volunteers. Of late years the town, which is under the government of a Local Board Committee of practical men, has undergone considerable improvement in the matter of drainage, as, by its connection with the West Kent Sewerage Works, a complete system is adopted. A cottage hospital was established in Hayes Lane in 1869, and is supported by voluntary contributions.

Ethelbert, King of Kent in the eighth century, granted Bromley Manor to the Bishops of Rochester, and, except for the brief interruptions of the

were, however, restored by Lanfranc, the primate, who apportioned them to the diocese of Rochester. In 1534 the church was declared a rectory, at a valuation of £39 12s., and was held by John Hilsey, the bishop at that time, who placed the parish under the charge of a curate. The rectory of Bromley consisted, in 1650, of a manor, with mansion-house, gate-house, 'and a large barn of eleven bays,' with two smaller barns and other buildings; also glebe-land to the value of £50, and the tithes, worth £130, with other appurtenances, making the whole worth nearly £200 per annum. Since the year 1700 the rectory has been let on lease to different persons, and it is now held by trustees, the yearly value being over £1,200; but eventually the whole of the property reverts to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners."

The parish church—terribly disguised by modern restorations, is dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul,

and stands on an eminence to the west of the town. It is a large building, consisting of a nave and aisles, with an embattled tower surmounted by a cupola at the west end. In the north wall of the chancel is an ancient tomb under a recessed Pointed arch, with various mouldings springing from two pillars on each side, and having capitals surmounted with foliage. The name of the person it is intended to commemorate is unknown, but it is supposed to be Richard de Wendover, Bishop of Rochester, who died in 1350. Against the same wall is a tablet inscribed to Bishop Zachary Pearce, D.D., who died in 1774. John Yonge, Bishop of Rochester, who died in 1605, is commemorated by a slab in the floor of the chancel. There are two or three old brasses, but the principal monument is that to Dr. John Hawkesworth, already mentioned.

"Concerning the first church at Bromley," writes Mr. W. T. Beeby in the "*Archæologia Cantiana*," "evidence is conflicting. Although mention is made in the *Registrum Roffense* of a church being reclaimed, with the manor, from Odo in 1076, it must be remembered that this account of the transaction at Penenden Heath was written many years subsequently; the fact that no church is recorded in the Domesday Survey *quantum valet*, weighs against the correctness of the assertion, as the words 'Ibi ecclesia' are often found in Domesday Book where a church existed; and, moreover, it mentions churches in other manors belonging to the Bishop of Rochester. Possibly public services were held in a chapel within the episcopal residence. It is on record, however, that the sum of ninepence, the amount due from a parish church, was paid by Bromley for chrism rent, about forty years after the Domesday account was compiled, and there is now to be seen a font of undoubted Norman origin.

"Whatever kind of edifice existed so far back as the twelfth century would appear to have been of insignificant character, for, excepting the font, nothing remains distinctive of the Norman period. It is scarcely possible to fix a date for the church now standing, and no wonder, for Sir Stephen Glynne tells us that in 1829 the arches and piers had been removed to make way for galleries; and a little later, a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* remarks that during the extensive alterations then carried out, and which eventually cost £4,367, hardly anything remained of the old church but its walls. At this period, the north aisle, a modern structure, was elongated, while the chancel and a side chapel on the south were thrown into the main building, thus entirely changing its character. . . .

A small recess now on the north side of the altar, and originally situated beneath a small window in the north wall of the chancel, carries us back some five or six hundred years. Its foliated capitals and elegant mouldings have justly caused it to be described as a 'graceful relic of the Edwardian period.' There was formerly a hollow stone in its centre, the cavity being rectangular, and the entrance surrounded by a circular moulding. This cavity has been conjectured to have been the shrine of a heart, but its small size, only four inches by five, and the absence of any sufficient protection anteriorly, causes me to look upon this suggestion as doubtful, and to favour the supposition that the original use of the recess was that of a credence table.

"In the south wall of the chancel were sedilia, the arches above which were open, leading to a small chantry, which I suspect was dedicated to the Virgin, for one of the early bishops is spoken of as officiating before the altar of the Virgin at Bromley. . . . The embattled tower still retains some of its grotesque corbels and gargoyles, with very good specimens of square-headed belfry windows. That in the lowest stage was restored in 1872 with Perpendicular tracery, and at the same time the mouldings of the west door were released from their coating of plaster, and proved to be of a similar character to those of the small sacristy, or priest's doorway, removed from its proper position and let into the tower wall in 1829.

"A few years ago a window was discovered over the west door having a very depressed arch, but mouldings deeply cut, and apparently also like those of the east window, of which Sir Stephen Glynne remarks:—'The arch is large, and supported within by shafts apparently curly curvilinear; the mouldings are bold and good, but the tracery is gone and the greater part walled up.' He also says the south aisle is carried to the west wall of the tower, and the west portion of it has a wood coved roof. The arch, with piers supporting it, which connects the south aisle with the tower is the only original one left within the church.

"Briefly, the present church when built seems to have consisted of a nave, with small chancel, a chantry-chapel, and south aisle, the latter communicating by a large archway with the interior of an embattled tower, which had square-headed belfry windows, and was supported by diagonal buttresses."

Of the church as it now stands there is nothing that can be called good, except the tower at the west end, which is of Early Perpendicular work,

and a portion of the wall of the north aisle, which alone was not pulled down when the church was rebuilt.

Wilson, in his description of Bromley, published in 1797, gives the following paragraph:—"I have met with a very old account which says this church was originally dedicated to St. Blaise, but for the last 700 years it has been considered, and certainly is, that of St. Peter and St. Paul." "It is much to be regretted," observes Mr. Dankin, "that Mr. Wilson has not given his authority, as no such account is to be found in any author I have had an opportunity of consulting. Nor have I been able to meet with any information to countenance this opinion. I have been informed that the late Bishop Dampier always maintained that the church was dedicated to St. James from the circumstance of one of the fairs being held on that day: an opinion evidently grounded on the idea of this fair originating in a meeting of the people to celebrate the dedication of the church, according to an old custom, and that the charter was only a confirmation of a more ancient fair, as appeared in many other instances. I understand the bishop's opinion was adopted by several persons, and the bills of mortality made out accordingly. But I consider the mode of arguing very inconclusive, for the same reasoning equally applies to St. Blaise; and if any 'very old account' is in favour of the latter saint, the bishop's argument is completely overturned; at any rate, the opinion of the 'last 700 years' is entitled to the most serious consideration."

Mr. Beeby, in his "History of Bromley Church," says:—"The statement that the church was dedicated to St. Blaise lacks verification, but is not improbable. The names of other churches have been changed in deference to the feeling of the times; that of St. Saviour's, Southwark, was originally called St. Mary Overies. The orientation of Bromley Church is not opposed to this supposition, and we know that the name of St. Blaise has been in several ways associated with the neighbourhood. Thus for many years a fair was held in the town on his day, as was often the custom in places where the church was dedicated to one of the minor saints of the calendar." St. Blaise was the patron saint of the wool-combers.

Here lies the wife of Dr. Samuel Johnson; she was buried here in 1753. On her gravestone is the well-known Latin inscription printed by Boswell. The following account of Dr. Johnson's marriage is taken from Macaulay's essay on him in the "Encyclopædia Britannica":—"Whilst leading this vagrant and miserable life, Johnson fell in love. The object of his passion was a Mrs. Elizabeth Porter,

a widow, who had children as old as himself. To ordinary spectators the lady appeared to be a short, fat, coarse woman, painted half an inch thick, dressed in gaudy colours, and fond of exhibiting provincial airs and graces which were not exactly those of the Queenberries and Lepels. To Johnson, however, whose passions were strong, and whose eyesight was too weak to distinguish cerise from natural bloom, and who had seldom been in the same room with a woman of real fashion, his Titty, as he called her, was the most beautiful, graceful, and accomplished of her sex. That his admiration for her was unfeigned cannot be doubted, for she was as poor as himself. She accepted, with a readiness which did her but little honour, the addresses of a suitor who might have been her son. The marriage, however, in spite of occasional wranglings, proved happier than might have been expected. The lover continued under the illusions of the wedding-day until the lady died, in her sixty-fourth year. On her monument he placed an inscription extolling the charms of her person and manners; and when, long after her decease, he had occasion to mention her, he exclaimed, with a tenderness half ludicrous, half pathetic, 'Pretty creature!' She does not seem to have done much to add to his domestic comforts, or to those of the pupils whom he took and taught in order to maintain her; and Garrick, one of those pupils, used to mimic her manners, and especially her endearments." Mrs. Johnson's monument is on a slab in the floor of the centre aisle of the church.

Thus it will be seen that the town of Bromley is intimately connected with the great name of Samuel Johnson. The eccentricities and boorishness of this queer great man are forgotten when we reflect upon his extraordinary affection for his no less queer wife, which shows us that "the great lexicographer" had a warm heart as well as a wise head. "Her wedding ring," says Boswell, in his "Life of Johnson" "when she became his wife, was, after her death, preserved by him as long as he lived with an affectionate care in a little round wooden box, in the inside of which he pasted a slip of paper, thus inscribed by him in fair characters as follows:—

"Eheu!
Eliz. Johnson,
Nupta July 9th, 1736.
Mortua eheu
Mart. 17^o, 1752."

In the epitaph which he caused to be placed on her tombstone here, Johnson breaks out into warm praise of her virtue and beauty (if we may trust his

biographer; this latter quality in Mrs. Johnson was only visible to her spouse's partial eyes) in the following words:—

"Ille conduntur reliquæ
Elizabethæ,
Antiqua Jarvisiorum gente,
Peatlingæ apud Leicestriences
Formosæ, cultæ, ingeniosæ, piæ;
Uxoris primis nuptiis, Henrici Porter,
Secundis Samuelis Johnson;
Qui multum amatam, diuque defletam
Hoc lapide contextit.
Obiit Londini, Mense Mart.
A.D., MDCCLII."

Notice with what an odd kind of mournful pride the doctor speaks of the "antiqua Jarvisiorum gente," the old Jarvis family, of which he loved to reflect that his wife was a member, high Tory as he was to the very core of his honest, rugged nature.

Boswell remarks, *apropos* of his loss:—"The state of mind in which a man must be upon the death of a woman whom he sincerely loves had been in his contemplation many years before. In his *Irene* we find the following fervent and tender speech of Demetrius, addressed to his Aspasia:—

"From those bright regions of eternal day,
Where now thou shin'st amongst thy fellow saints,
Arrayed in purer light, look down on me!
In pleasing visions and assuasive dreams,
Oh, soothe my soul, and teach me how to lose thee!"

The north aisle of the church was rebuilt towards the end of the last century, and the whole fabric underwent extensive repairs and alterations in 1830, at which time galleries were added. In 1873 further renovations were made, a new reredos and pulpit introduced, the old-fashioned "pews" being superseded by more modern low-backed benches. The east window, of painted glass, was the gift of Lord Farnborough. The font is Norman, with rude arcading, but has been restored. The south door is a remnant of antiquity, and is thus described in Hone's "Table Book":—"This door formerly hung on the western stone jamb; but for warmth and greater convenience, the churchwardens under whose management the edifice was last repaired put up a pair of folding-doors covered with crimson cloth; yet, with a respectful regard, worthy of imitation in other places, they preserved this vestige of antiquity, and were even careful to display its time-worn front. . . . Bromley church door is a vestige, for on examination it will be found not perfect. It is 7 feet 4 inches in height, and its width 4 feet 8 inches; the width of the door itself, therefore, has been reduced these two inches, and hence the centre of the ornaments in relief is not in the centre of the door in its pre-

sent state. It is a good specimen of the fast-decaying and often prematurely removed fine doors of our old churches. The lock, probably of like age with the door, and also of wood, is a massive, effectual contrivance, 2 feet 6 inches long, 7½ inches deep, and 5 inches thick, with a bolt an inch in height and an inch and a half in thickness, that shoots out two inches on the application of the huge, heavy key." Hone gives a drawing of the old key, which shows a large, simple, almost wardless, contrivance, which would be derided by a modern locksmith, but doubtless served its purpose in old and unscientific days.

The register of the church dates from 1682, when an assessment of the parish at the rate of a shilling in the pound brought in the sum of £661. We find many curious and interesting entries in the register—such, for instance, as this order, made in 1703, that "John Doodny, the beadle, have a newe blewe coat bought him, and a pair of stockins, betweene this and Christmas;" or this, in 1769, "An apartment ordered to be built at the farther end of the workhouse, for receiving distressed families, which had hitherto been put in the watch-house."

The entrance to the churchyard is through a picturesque lych-gate, whence an avenue of yews lead to the north door. Near the vestry door is a gravestone, on which the inscription states that "here lyeth . . . Martine French, of this parish, with four of his wives;" and close by is the grave of Elizabeth Monk, a veritable "centenarian." The inscription on her monument, from the pen of Dr. Hawkesworth, runs as follows:—"Near this place lies the body of Elizabeth Monk, who departed this life on the 27th day of August, 1753, aged 101. She was the widow of John Monk, late of this parish, blacksmith, her second husband, to whom she had been a wife near fifty years, by whom she had no children, and of the issue of the first marriage none lived to the second. But virtue would not suffer her to be childless: an infant, to whom and to whose father she had been nurse (such is the uncertainty of temporal prosperity), became dependent upon strangers for the necessities of life; to him she afforded the protection of a mother. This parental charity was returned with filial affection, and she was supported in the feebleness of age by him whom she had cherished in the helplessness of infancy. Let it be remembered that there is no station in which industry will not obtain power to be liberal, nor any character on which liberality will not confer honour. She had been long prepared by a simple and unaffected piety for that awful moment which, however de-

laid, is universally sure. How few are allowed an equal time to probation! How many by their lives appear to presume upon more! To preserve the memory of this person, and yet more to perpetuate the lesson of her life, this stone was erected by voluntary contributions."

The present vicarage stands nearly opposite the church, and overlooking Martin's Hill, an open space to the west of the churchyard, which has been lately secured to the town by the exertions of the residents as a public recreation-ground. Owing to probable encroachments, and the possibility of its being split up into building plots, the Local Board, with a little outside assistance, purchased the freehold from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and the hill is now held in perpetuity for the benefit of the town. From this spot a fine view is obtained over Beckenham, Hayes, Sydenham, and the valley of the Ravensbourne.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1747 is the following account of a curious archæological discovery in the churchyard here:—"In the year 1733 the present clerk of the parish church of Bromley, in Kent, by his digging a grave in that churchyard, close to the east end of the chancel wall, dug up a funeral crown, or garland, which is most artificially wrought in filagree work with gold and silver wire, in resemblance of myrtle (with which plant the funebrial garlands of the ancients were composed), whose leaves are fastened to hoops of larger wire of iron, now something corroded with rust, but both the gold and silver remain to this time, very little different from their original splendour. It was also lined with cloth of silver, a piece of which, together with part of this curious garland, I keep as a choice relic of antiquity."

St. John's Church, in Park Road, was consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1880.

The growth of the parish necessitated in 1841 the building of a new church at Bromley Common, about a mile out of the town, on the Tonbridge road. It is an ugly Gothic edifice, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, built of flint, with stone dressings, and consisting of a nave, transepts, and dwarf towers. In the fields behind the church the Bromley races and steeplechases have been held for many years.

Bromley Palace, formerly the residence of the Bishops of Rochester, lies just outside the town, between Widmore Road and the railway. The approach to it is by a lodge opposite the School of Science and Art, and the carriage-drive passes through a fine avenue of lime-trees. As stated above, the Manor of Bromley was given to the Bishops of Rochester as far back as the eighth

century. Few estates in England can boast of having the same owners in A.D. 840 and 1840. In the turbulent reigns of the early Plantagenet kings it frequently changed hands; and about the middle of the seventeenth century it passed out of the possessions pertaining to that diocese. However, in 1660 Charles II. restored it again to its lawful owner, the Bishop of Rochester; and thus it remained as Church property till 1845, when it was purchased by Mr. Coles Child, who, in right of it, is lord of the manor.

The old palace, or manor-house, was probably erected about the year 1100, after the decision of Archbishop Lanfranc as to the area of the manor. It underwent many alterations at the hands of its successive occupants. Bishop Sprat, in 1669, restored a considerable portion of the original building, as did also Bishop Atterbury.

The palace was rebuilt by Bishop Thomas in 1775, as we are told by an inscription under the arms of the see of Rochester, which are carved in stone above the entrance-door. The house is a thoroughly substantial structure of that date, the red bricks of which its two storeys consist being relieved by stone dressings. It is built on a slope in a small park near the road, and closely adjoining the town. The park has fine elms and a pleasant avenue of limes leading to the house. The most noticeable feature in the house is a fine square central hall and staircase of dark oak. On the left of the entrance-door is the old chapel, consecrated in 1701; it is a dull, heavy room, and might almost be called gloomy, the ceiling being low and the windows small. In the porch is a scene, painted in glass—John Frindsbury, Rector of Bromley in 1328, excommunicating the Bishop of Rochester with bell, book, and candle, much as in our own days Bishop Phillpotts of Exeter "excommunicated" Archbishop Sumner.

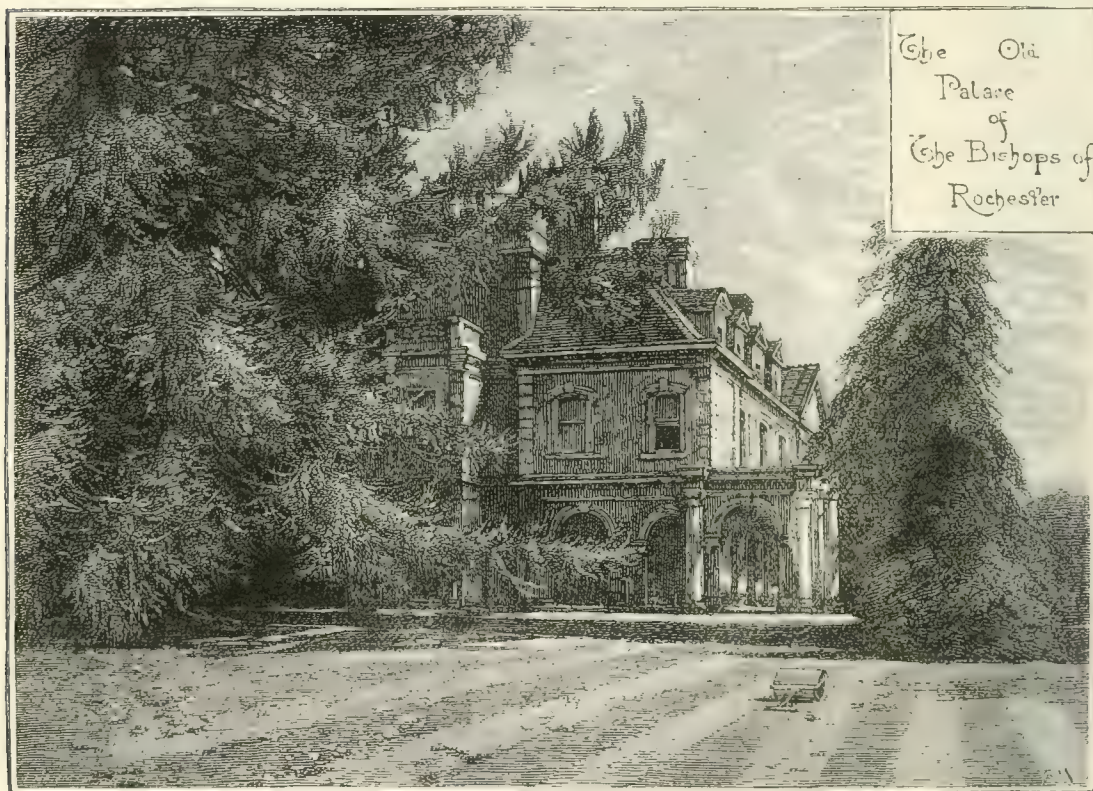
On the re-arrangement of the see of Rochester the manor passed into the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and the episcopal residence was transferred to Danbury, near Chelmsford, in Essex, and Bromley Palace became the seat of Mr. Coles Child, as mentioned above. This gentleman enlarged it, and otherwise improved it. The park front wears a greater air of antiquity than it really possesses, in consequence of the profusion of ivy with which it is covered.

The grounds in the rear of the palace are tastefully laid out, and the lawn is adorned by one of the finest and largest Portugal laurels in the kingdom. Its circular branches spread to the ground on all sides, and form within a leafy bower quite impervious to the rays of the summer sun.

In a shady dell in the grounds, about a hundred yards eastward of the house, is the chalybeate well long celebrated in connection with Bromley. It is dedicated to St. Blaise, the patron saint of wool-combers, and was for many centuries the object of pious pilgrimages. There was here a little oratory, or chapel, and the circular stone covering of the sacred well is reputed to be the original one. The water still oozes up steadily, and all belief in its supernatural qualities has not yet fled from the

1754, it was, by the bishop's orders, immediately secured from the admixture of other waters; since which time numbers of people, especially of the middle and poorer sort, have been remarkably relieved by it from various infirmities and diseases.

"The water of the 'Bishop's Well,'" writes Hone, in his "Table Book," "is a chalybeate, honoured by local reputation with surprising properties; but in reality it is of the same nature as the mineral water of Tunbridge Wells. It rises so



BROMLEY PALACE.

inhabitants of the town; indeed, the addition of a tiled roof—like a lych-gate, only circular—when it was first set up over the well, caused considerable agitation in Bromley, the parishioners doubtless considering that it was only the prelude to walling it in, and an invasion of their rights.

The little oratory, we are told, was in former times much frequented at Whitsuntide, "because Lucas, who was Legate for Sextus IV. here in England, granted an indulgence and remission of forty days of enjoined penance to all those who should visit this chapel, and offer up their devotions there, on the three holy days of Pentecost." After the Reformation the oratory fell to ruins, and the well was stopped up; but being re-opened in

slowly as to yield scarcely a gallon in a quarter of an hour, and is retained in a small well about sixteen inches in diameter. To the stone-work of this little well a wooden cover is attached by a chain. When the fluid attains a certain height, its surplus trickles through an orifice at the side, to increase the water of a moat, or small lake, which borders the grounds of the palace, and is overhung on each side with the branches of luxuriant shrubs and trees. Above the well there is a roof of thatch, supported by six pillars, in the manner of a rustic temple, heightening the picturesque appearance of the scene." The 'Bishop's Well' is said," he adds, "to have been confounded with a spring of more ancient note, called St. Blaise's Well."

Dr. Macpherson, in his work on "Our Baths and Wells," states that the chalybeate spring sacred to St. Blaise was re-discovered in 1756, and recommended to the public.

"It was probably to perpetuate the memory of Ethelbert's conformity to Christianity," observes Mr. Beeby, "that an indulgence was granted to such as should perform their devotions in the oratory adjoining the well. For this reason, and also on account of the medicinal qualities of the

And many a gay and gallant knight,
And many a gentle lady bright,
Implored thy aid divine.

"Where are they now? The warrior's tread,
The orison the sick man said,
The lover's vow to lady fair,
The palmer's reverential prayer,
The poet's lay, the minstrel's shell,
Are silent—all are gone!
Hangs o'er thy desecrated wall
One rugged thorn alone."



THE GREEN, CATFORD BRIDGE.

water, St. Blaise's well continued so long in repute."

In a small volume of poems by the Rev. J. E. Newell, many years incumbent of Bromley, occur the following lines on St. Blaise's Well:—

"The morning dew hangs on the flower
Around thy blessed spring,
St. Blaise! untrodden now. The hour
Of thy renown
Is past away and gone.

"First to thy fount the baron went;
The sandal'd pilgrim lowly bent
Before thy sacred shrine.
The warrior bowed his plumed head,
His hasty prayer the friar said,

The "historical incidents" connected with Bromley Palace are few and far between; one tragical event, however, is recorded. In 1266 Roger Forde, Abbot of Glastonbury, who is described as "a man of great learning and eloquence," was killed here in the time of Bishop Laurence de St. Martin, whilst on a journey which he had undertaken in order to defend the rights of the Church. Archbishop Laud notes in his "Diary" having been here on September 8th, 1623, and "heard of the unfortunate passage between my friends there;" but what this "passage" may have been is by no means clear. On another occasion he records staying here along with good Bishop Lancelot Andrewes.

Macaulay writes, in his "Essay on Atterbury," that Pope "was a frequent guest at the Episcopal Palace, among the elms of Bromley, without suspecting that his host was carrying on a treasonable correspondence with the exiled house of Stuart." Bishop Atterbury, as readers of English history are aware, was one of the leading plotters for a revolution in favour of the Pretender, the other "heads" being the Earls of Arran and Orrery, and Lords Lansdowne, North, and Gower. "These men of mark," writes Macfarlane, "were in communication with Queen Anne's Tory prime minister, Lord Oxford, and numerous others who were too timid to take decisive steps at first, but ready to join might and main when the opportunity should seem free from danger. But of the bold—though there were veteran soldiers like Lord North—not one was so bold as Bishop Atterbury, who, in addition to hardihood and daring, had ability and genius of a rare order, and a truly classical mind. Atterbury's great object was to obtain a foreign force under the exiled Duke of Ormond, and he fondly fancied that if that nobleman could land with only 5,000 men, the enthusiasm of the Jacobites and the dissatisfaction of the people would do the rest. As long as England was engaged in war the bishop and his brother councillors hoped that Spain or some other country might fit out such an expedition, and, favoured by circumstances, effect an invasion; but now that the kingdom was at peace with all the world, such an armament was scarcely to be expected. But, instead of being deterred, these resolute men resolved to proceed with that less kind of assistance that might be procured clandestinely from abroad, and they trusted sufficiently in the insincerity of treaties to believe that not only Spain, but also France, would gladly contribute to light a fire in Britain by sending, or *permitting* to be sent, over some of their disbanded troops, money, and arms. While the Duke of Ormond intrigued to this end at Madrid, General Dillon, an Irish Catholic, and an exile from his country ever since the victories of William III., laboured in the same vocation at Paris. Atterbury and his friends in England engaged on their side to get possession of the Tower, the Bank, the Exchequer, and other places where public money was deposited, and to proclaim King James III. simultaneously in different parts of the country. But in the month of May (1722) the English Government was informed by the Regent of France, upon condition that no one should die for it, that there was a formidable design against the person and government of King George. This opened wide the eyes of Walpole,

which probably had not been altogether closed before; and the minister ascertained that the Pretender had actually left Rome, and that the Duke of Ormond was on his way from Madrid to the Biscayan coast. . . . As Walpole had now the names of the chief conspirators and proofs of their guilt, warrants were issued for the apprehension of some of them. . . . There seems to have been an intention or a desire to overlook the plotting bishop altogether, but proofs accumulated upon proofs, and it was adjudged indispensable to commit him. The warrant, however, was not executed until the 24th of August, when Atterbury was arrested at his deanery [palace] at Bromley, in Kent, and sent a prisoner to the Tower."

Mr. Thorne, in his "Environs of London," writes:—"Here it was that the forged Deed of Association for the restoration of James II., which, it was pretended, was drawn up by Bishop Sprat, and signed by Marlborough, Sancroft, and other prominent malcontents, was deposited in a flower-pot, in order to be found by the Government officers. Sprat was certainly innocent of Jacobite conspiracies, if he was not free from Jacobite tendencies; but his successor, Atterbury, undoubtedly did make Bromley Palace the theatre of plots for the restoration of the exiled family. Pope and Swift often visited Atterbury here. Horace Walpole made a journey to the palace in 1795, 'for the sake of the chimney in which stood the flower-pot in which was put the counterfeit plot against Bishop Sprat,' the flower-pot itself having been secured as a precious relic by George Selwyn for his house at Matson, in Gloucestershire. Walpole admired the bishop's grounds and fishponds, but pronounced the palace 'a paltry parsonage.'"

The following is the true version of the story. An attempt had been made to implicate Bishop Sprat and others in a conspiracy against the Prince of Orange. For this purpose his name was forged and appended to a document purporting to describe the plot, which document, it appears, was secreted in Bromley Palace. This, being found, led to the arrest of the bishop, who thus describes the circumstance:—"As I was walking in the orchard at Bromley, meditating on something I intended to preach the next day, I saw a coach and four horses stop at the outer gate, out of which two persons alighted; I immediately went towards them, believing they were some of my friends. By the time I had got to the gate they were entered into the hall; but seeing me hastening towards them, they turned and met me, about the middle of the court. The chief of them perceiving me look wistly

on them, as being altogether strangers to me, said, 'My lord, perhaps you do not know me; I am Clerk to the Council, and here is one of the messengers. I am sorry I am sent upon this message, but I am come to arrest you on suspicion of high treason.' The bishop was kept in arrest for a short time before the plot was discovered, and those wrongly suspected were released.

Bishop Atterbury appears to have spent much of his time at Bromley. In a letter to Matthew Prior, dated August 26th, 1718, he writes:—"My peaches and nectarines hung on the trees for you till they rotted." In another letter, addressed to Alexander Pope, occurs the following lines:—"I never part from this place (Bromley) but with regret, though I generally keep here what Mr. Cowley calls *the worst* of company in the world—my own."

Bromley College, founded in 1666 by John Warner, Bishop of Rochester, for "twenty poore widowes of orthodoxe and loyall clergymen, and a chaplain," is situated at the opposite, or north, end of the town. The buildings are constructed chiefly of red brick, in the comfortable style of the seventeenth century, surrounded by a well-stocked flower-garden. The chapel, however, was rebuilt in 1865; it is of Gothic design, and contrasts strikingly with the rest of the buildings. Various bequests have been made to the fund from time to time, notably of £10,000 by Mrs. Helen Betenson, of Bradbourne, and of £12,000 by Mr. William Pearce. The institution is managed by fourteen trustees; seven of them are the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Bishop, Archdeacon, and Chancellor of Rochester, the Dean of St. Paul's, and the Dean of Arches, all for the time being; the others are elective. The chaplain is always selected from the members of Magdalen College, Oxford, and his salary is about £100, with a residence, having been increased at different times. The number of inmates also has been doubled since the foundation of the College, of which, strangely enough, the widow of Bishop Atterbury's son lived and died an inmate.

Returning to the southern extremity of Bromley, we follow the lane which leads down directly to the Ravensbourne, where down to a very recent date stood the remains of an old moated manor-house, called Simpson's Place. The site belonged to John de Banquel in 1302. It passed from his descendants to a family named Clarke, whose head, William Clarke, obtained a licence from Henry V. to construct "a strong little pile of lime and stone," with an embattled wall and deep encircling moat. In the next reign John Simpson bought it, and gave his name to it. The moat (with water) on two

sides was visible until quite recently; a part of the buttress at the south-east corner was also standing. Between the interstices of the ancient walls trees had struck root in various parts, and grown to a considerable size, so that the ruin had a very picturesque appearance. In the *Archæological Institute Journal* for 1868 (vol. xxv., p. 175) is the following description of Simpson's Moat:—"The original structure appears to have been a quadrangular fortified building, surrounded by a moat, twenty-five or thirty feet wide, on all sides; the walls strong and lofty, supported by very substantial buttresses at the sides and angles, and built of flints and rubble masonry; the facings, &c., of dressed stone. A huge and very handsome red brick chimney, probably built *temp.* Henry VIII., and of which a considerable portion was standing fifty or sixty years ago, adorned the centre of the north-east side of the building. It is on this side only that any traces of an original door or window are now to be seen. It is also of this side of the building only that the centre length is now to be traced; part of the south-east side remains, but the form and dimensions of the whole must remain a matter of conjecture, unless excavations be undertaken. . . . About the year 1450, the property came by purchase to John Simpson, from whose family it derived its present name. Nicholas Simpson, who was barber to Henry VIII., and who probably built the great chimney already referred to, alienated the moat to Alexander Basset, by whom it was subsequently conveyed to Sir Humphry Styles, of Langley Park, near Beckenham. It afterwards passed through the same hands as Langley Park, and when Lysons wrote was the property of Lord Gwydir, though tenanted by a farmer." The site is now covered by a railway-station. Such is the "march of improvement!"

Bromley Hill, the name given to a mansion formerly belonging to the late Lord Farnborough, and latterly the seat of Colonel Long, is situated at a short distance from the town, on the London road. The park, about 100 acres in extent, is finely wooded, and the ornamental grounds surrounding the house, which is partly secluded by trees, are tastefully arranged. A broad terrace extends along the front of the mansion, and is connected by a long walk through the shrubbery with the gardens in the valley. In the grounds are springs and rivulets, bridged by rustic stone-work and stepping-stones, artistic summer-houses and pagodas, and velvety lawns adorned with the rarest of shrubs, and with miniature lakes. Bromley Hill has lately been sold, and the grounds are about to be cut up, and utilised for building purposes.

Lord Farnborough—better known, perhaps, by his former name of Sir Charles Long—was well known in the world of art, and one of the most accomplished and popular noblemen of his time. A native of Carshalton, he was born in 1761, and he was for many years in Parliament, as member successively for Rye, Midhurst, Wendover, and Haslemere. Under Mr. Pitt he held office as one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and he was later on appointed Secretary of State for Ireland, and subsequently nominated Paymaster-General, a post which he held for some years. He was raised to the peerage in 1826, and he was for many years chairman of the committee for the inspection of national monuments, and also a trustee of the British and Hunterian Museums and of the National Gallery. Lord Farnborough's gallery of pictures was one of the most celebrated in the country. Along with Sir Robert Peel, he was one of the founders of the National Gallery, to which institution he bequeathed fifteen of his paintings, comprising specimens of the Dutch, Flemish, and Italian schools. "Lord Farnborough," writes his biographer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "was a person of considerable taste and accomplishment, particularly in painting. Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, in some debate, called him the 'Vitruvius of the present age.' He printed a pamphlet, we believe for private circulation, on the projected improvements and alterations then proposed to be carried into effect in the metropolis. The title is 'Remarks on the Improvements in London, 1826.' He was also the author of a sketch of the character of Pitt, which he wrote for Gifford's Life of that great statesman. . . . In the drawing-room at Bromley Hill is one of the last marble busts that Canova ever executed, and a beautiful statue of Flora, by Westmacott, is in the entrance-hall. He was held in much esteem by George III., and with his successor he was in habits of more familiar intercourse, and was consulted by him on all subjects connected with the improvement of the royal palaces and their internal decorations, and the purchase of pictures, &c."

His beautiful domain at Bromley Hill, the creation of himself and his accomplished lady, was purchased by him towards the end of the last century, at which time it possessed nothing to distinguish it from the ordinary class of suburban villas, beyond the advantage of being in the close vicinity to the favourite retreat of Mr. Pitt, Holwood Hill, in the parish of Keston. For nearly forty years Lord Farnborough found a delightful recreation in adorning and heightening

its natural beauties. The little lodge on the Beckenham road is from a joint design of himself and Lady Farnborough. Lord Farnborough died in 1838, when his title became extinct. He lies buried at Wormley, Herts, by the side of his wife, who pre-deceased him about a twelvemonth. His property was divided among his nephews, the Bromley Hill estate falling to the lot of Colonel Long, of the Guards, who resided here till his death, in 1881. A portrait of Lord Farnborough, engraved by Picart from a drawing by H. Edridge, was published in 1810 in "Cadell's Contemporary Portraits."

Opposite Bromley Hill is a road leading to the suburb of Plaistow, which is pleasantly situated in the midst of green lanes and meadows. The church, dedicated to St. Mary, is built of flint, with Bath stone dressings.

Plaistow Lodge and Park, the residence of Lord Kinnaird, lie close by the village. For several years the property was owned by the Boyd family, who did much towards its improvement by restoring the mansion and laying out the grounds. "During the latter part of the last century," writes the author of Unwin's "Guide to Bromley and its Neighbourhood," "this property belonged to a gentleman named Thellusson, who by his will ordered his trustees to purchase land with his fortune; and in the event of there being no male heir from his immediate descendants, after three generations the whole of the property was to be sold, and the proceeds devoted towards the liquidation of the National Debt. This, however, has not been acted upon yet, as the male representatives have always made good their claim." This extraordinary will was mooted before the House of Lords, and finally confirmed by that branch of the legislature in June, 1805; an Act of Parliament was, however, subsequently passed to interdict in future any accumulation of property so devised beyond the term of twenty-one years after the death of the testator.

On the east side of the hamlet of Plaistow, and to the north-east of Bromley, is Sundridge Park, the seat of Sir Edward Henry Scott. Sundridge is a manor, and was formerly the residence of a noted family named Blund, or Blount, anciently lords of Guisnes, in France. They came to England with the Conqueror, and from them the several families of Blount in this kingdom are descended. Of a younger branch was Peter le Blund, owner of this place in the reign of Henry III., in the thirty-ninth year of whose reign he was made Constable of the Tower of London. His descendant, Edward le Blund, was possessed of Sundridge in the twentieth

of Edward III. From this family the estate passed by marriage to the Willoughbys, and it has since undergone several changes of ownership. In 1796 it was purchased by Sir Claude Scott, ancestor of the present owner. That gentleman pulled down the old house, and erected near its site a handsome modern mansion for his own residence, and laid out the grounds immediately surrounding it with admirable taste.

In the park, which is extensive and well wooded, geologists will find much to interest them. "One of the most interesting localities I am acquainted with," writes Mantell, in his "Medals of Creation," "is Sundridge Park, where a hard conglomerate, entirely made up of oyster-shells and the shingle that formed their native bed, is quarried."

A local topographer, writing in 1858, gives the following particulars of these geological formations:—"In the rising ground near the lodge is an excavation called a rock pit. The rock here is composed of oyster-shells in a perfect state, intermixed with pebbles, small irregular stones, sand, &c. Underneath this rock, which forms the upper strata at this point, and which is being used for building purposes, are several layers of various kinds of pebbles, gravel, &c. Then follows a layer of rock about a foot thick, formed entirely of oyster-shells, which projects in some places several feet, and would appear to be strong enough to bear a great weight at its extremity; underneath that is a bed of smaller shells of a different kind, which crumble to dust as soon as touched. The whole rests on a bed of fine white sand. The surprise created at first sight by such masses of shells may lead the visitor to suppose he is near the residence of some bygone oyster-loving ogre of fabulous gastronomic propensities, or that the clearing of Billingsgate had formerly been carted here; but before he has settled the point in his own mind, he will probably be told that it is a common thing to find the same kind of rock at various depths below the surface, in digging wells in many parts of Kent. The same kind may be seen in the cuttings made for the railroad between Bromley and Beckenham. Similar fossils are also common in some of the cuttings on the Dover Railway."

To the north-west of Plaistow lies the new district of Grove Park, which, with its rows of houses, and its villa residences, and railway-station, is rapidly assuming the proportions of a good-sized town. The hamlet of Mottingham, a little farther to the north, on the road towards Eltham, lies partly in that parish and partly in the parish of Chislehurst. It is a retired rural spot, but possesses no literary interest, nor even a church of

sufficient attraction to require special mention. The place in ancient times was called Modingham, from the Saxon words *modig*, proud or lofty, and *ham*, a dwelling. The manor-house, called Mottingham Place, was rebuilt towards the end of the last century. In the old house, according to Ireland's "Kent," were the following dates: "On the inside of a turret, 1560; on a chimney, 1561; and on an outward gate, 1635." Some of the windows contained coats-of-arms in stained glass. Fairy Hill, at a short distance to the east of Mottingham Place, was the temporary residence of Henry, Earl Bathurst, when Lord High Chancellor of England. He was the eldest surviving son of Allen, Earl Bathurst, the friend and correspondent of Pope, and being bred to the profession of the law, became a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in 1771, and was shortly after promoted to the woolsack, and created Baron Apsley, of Apsley, in Sussex. He succeeded to the earldom in 1775, and having resigned the seals, retired to the family seat at Cirencester, where he died in 1794.

Lysons quotes from Phillpott's "Survey" the following passage relating to a strange incident at Mottingham:—"On the 4th of August, 1585, betimes in the morning, in the hamlet of Mottingham, in the parish of Eltham, the ground began to sink in a field belonging to Sir Percival Hart, so much so that three great elm-trees were swallowed up into the pit, and before ten of the clock no part of them could be seen. The compass of the hole was about eighty yards, and it was suddenly filled with water." This is Fuller's narrative; Phillpott adds that "a sounding-line of fifty fathoms could hardly find or feel any bottom; and at ten yards distance another piece of ground sunk in like manner near the highway, and so nigh a dwelling-house that the inhabitants were greatly terrified therewith." The spot where this accident is said to have happened is near the road leading to Fairy Hill; it presents now only a slight inequality of surface, and is supposed to have been occasioned by the falling in of what had at some remote period been a chalk pit, or Dene hole.

Catford is the name of a manor belonging to the parish of Lewisham. The district stretches away westward towards Sydenham and Forest Hill; and, like its neighbour, Grove Park, is rapidly losing its sylvan character under the hands of the jerry builder. Here and there, however, along the banks of the Ravensbourne, which meanders through the level meadows, with slopes on either side, some traces of rural life are still visible. Rushey Green and Hither Green, hamlets in this locality, attest the once rural character of the neighbourhood.

At Catford Bridge is a mill and a small public, "The Ravensbourne"; above the name is the sign of a magpie. The bar and adjoining parlour are worth inspection on account of some curious prints and rude paintings on the wall panels, apparently descriptive of the events in the campaign against Napoleon in Egypt under Sir Ralph Abercrombie.

In Catford was a manor belonging to the Abels of Erith. The Abels were succeeded by the Lords Montacute, from whom it passed by marriage to the Nevills, whose arms, we are told in the Villare Cantianun, were to be seen painted in glass on the houses hereabouts. The manor appears in later times to have been vested in the Palsteds, Annesleys, Harveys, and Wildgooses.



OLD TIMBER HOUSE AT BECKENHAM.

CHAPTER XI.

BECKENHAM AND THE RIVER RAVENSBOURNE.

Beckenham—The Ravensbourne—Old Houses—Early History—The Church and its Monuments—Shortlands—Langley Park—Lord Auckland—Eden Farm.

LEAVING behind us the pleasant green meadows of Catford, and following the windings of the Ravensbourne in a southerly direction for a mile or two, as it flows almost side by side with the high road, we now make our way towards Beckenham, passing *en route* through the hamlet of South End, whence a roadway branching off to the right leads direct to Beckenham. At South End, the above-mentioned stream forms a pretty little lake, flowing round an

island popularly called Jack Cade's Island, "from a tradition that the celebrated rebel of that name used to find shelter in its cover." This, by the way, is the origin of the sign of the "Jack" Inn and tea gardens at Brockley—still a quaint river-side tavern.

Between South End and Bromley is a small almshouse with chapel attached.

The property about here belongs to Major

Forster, whose house stands in its own grounds up Hither Green Lane.

A writer in a monthly magazine (1880) gives the following graphic sketch of the Ravensbourne from its source to its confluence with the Thames :—

“Amongst the various rivers and streams that flow through the picturesque county of Kent, there is a stream so small that an average pedestrian, proceeding at his usual pace of walking, can start from the source after breakfast, and reach its estuary

flight of a pair of ravens, may be received as true or not, as the reader thinks fit. From this well the water flows into two small lakes, one beneath the other, and finally into a third lake, which is now enclosed in private grounds. From this spot, for some miles, the stream, having a serpentine course, flows through private estates, only in one place disclosing itself in a pretty waterfall, and then flowing round a small island, radiant in spring with blossoms of the rhododendron. Hence, through Hayes, near



OLD SYDENHAM BRIDGE, 1831.
(From a Sketch from Nature.)

comfortably before dinner. And this is no mere dribbling brook, or ditch dry for half the summer, but a steady perennial stream, rising in a beautifully romantic country, and capable, when it is in flood, of letting the inhabitants of the adjacent valleys feel its power by wild irruptions into kitchens and cellars, flower and kitchen gardens, disturbing the porcine inmates of the styes in their slumbers, and scaring the poultry in their sheds. . . . At Keston Common we come at once upon the source of the Ravensbourne, known as Cæsar's Well, whence rises a copious stream of crystal water. The traditions that Cæsar watered his troops here, and also that their steps were directed to it by the

Bromley, and past Beckenham, the tiny river steals along, and at a place called South End again comes forward into public view. . . . From this point it winds through South End and Catford to Lewisham, where it formerly bifurcated, the larger branch flowing behind the village, the smaller through the centre of the public street. From Lewisham the stream soon begins to lose its romance, and is here joined by a not inconsiderable tributary, the Quaggy, which in rainy weather brings down torrents of water, and manages, with the waters of the Ravensbourne, to do considerable damage to the house property which, in defiance of the laws of prudence, has been built on the lower

levels. At two miles below Lewisham, the Ravensbourne becomes a tidal river, from its connection with the Thames. Instead of green fields and rich pastures and leafy glens, its waters, polluted by all kinds of filth, now flow past mills and sheds and dingy factories, till presently the waters lose themselves in those of the Thames. Rising on a healthy, breezy moorland, in the depths of the country, the Ravensbourne terminates its career in mud and filth, and amidst grimy wharfs and dingy factories. Yet the whole distance from its source to its termination is not more than about ten miles as the crow flies, and possibly not more than fifteen in all its meanderings. And yet few streams, considering their length, present greater attractions to the wandering artist."

To the right of the road through South End, and connected with it by South End Lane, lies Lower Sydenham, a district which may be said to have sprung into existence since the building of the Crystal Palace at Upper Sydenham.* The place possesses the advantage of a railway-station on the Mid Kent line, but it is of too modern a growth to have a history. The parish of St. Michael and All Angels, in this district, was formed in 1879, out of the parishes of St. Bartholomew, Christ Church, Forest Hill, and Lewisham. The church, built of stone in the Perpendicular style, and consisting of a nave and chancel, was erected a few years previously. Mr. J. B. Buckstone, the comedian, lived for some time at Lower Sydenham, and died there in 1879. Mr. Buckstone was for many years lessee and manager of the Haymarket Theatre, where he was the life and soul of his company. He will not easily be forgotten for his performance of "Tony Lumpkin," "Bob Acres," &c.

In Cooke's "Topography of Kent" the following description of the Sydenham waters is given:—"The hamlet of Sydenham, about one mile north from Beckenham, has considerably increased in its population and prosperity, through the discovery of some medicinal purging waters in it, which, from their proximity to Dulwich, bear the name of Dulwich Wells, though there are some of the same kind in that parish of an inferior quality, and not so plentiful in quantity. These springs are at the foot of a hill, about twelve in number. The hole dug is about nine feet deep, and the water about half-a-yard deep when emptied every day. The bottom is a loam, as is the hill, and when the water issues in, is found the *lapis lutoso vitriolicus*, which glitters with vitriolic sparks, and is divided into parcels by the *trichitis*. This water purges

very quick; it is bitter, like the Epsom waters, and curdles with soap or milk."

Mr. John Scott Russell, the eminent civil engineer, of whom we have already spoken as the builder of the *Great Eastern* steamship,* was for some time a resident here. He was one of the founders of the Institution of Naval Architects, and the author of a large and costly treatise on "The Modern System of Naval Architecture for Commerce and War;" and he was also one of the three original promoters of the Great Exhibition of 1851, who, under the direction of the late Prince Consort, planned and organised its preliminary arrangements. As a ship-builder, Mr. Scott Russell was led to investigate the laws by which water opposes resistance to the motion of floating bodies, and he established the existence of the "wave of translation," on which he founded his "wave system" of construction of ships, introduced into practice in 1835. It may be of interest to add that Mr. Scott Russell's daughters sat for the picture of the Departure of the Roman Legionaries from Britain, by J. E. Millais, R.A., which was exhibited in the Royal Academy about ten years ago.

Here, too, for many years lived Sir George Grove, the first Secretary of the Crystal Palace Company. Like Mr. Scott Russell, Sir George Grove commenced life as a civil engineer, and in that capacity superintended the carrying out of some works in Jamaica and Bermuda, and also in connection with the Chester and Holyhead Railway and the Britannia Bridge. In 1850 he succeeded Mr. Scott Russell as secretary of the Society of Arts. He received the honour of knighthood in 1883. Sir George Grove is a man of great and varied accomplishments, and the editor of a "Dictionary of Music and Musicians." He is also Director of the Royal College of Music.

Penge, which adjoins Lower Sydenham, and lies just over the boundary-line which separates Kent from Surrey, to the north-west of Beckenham, is, in reality, a detached hamlet of Battersea, but from which it has been separated into a distinct parish for ecclesiastical and poor-law purposes. Half a century ago there was scarcely a house in the locality; but such has been its growth since that time, and particularly during the last quarter of a century, that it can now boast of a population of more than 18,000 souls. The Crystal Palace at Sydenham lies really within this hamlet; but the history and associations of that place belong so essentially to London proper, that they will be

* See "Old and New London," Vol VI., p. 305.

* See Vol. I., p. 544.

found fully dealt with in the pages of OLD AND NEW LONDON.*

Only a few years ago Penge was an unimportant country village, with a single inn, "The Crooked Billet." Now long streets have sprung up as if by magic; several hotels are in existence; the town possesses more than one church; schools abound; and last, not least, the press has found its way hither, and a weekly paper, *The Penge and Sydenham Gazette*, chronicles the events of interest both in the great world without and the little world within. The arms of that great octopus, Modern Babylon, reach far and clasp tightly, and no doubt this suburb too will soon be swallowed up.

Penge has the advantages of three railway-stations: one at Penge Bridge, on the London and Brighton line; another, the Crystal Palace station, on the London Bridge and Victoria line; and a third in Penge Lane, on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway.

In 1801 the Croydon Canal was cut through Penge Common, and soon after houses began to spring up in its neighbourhood. About forty years later the canal, being superseded by steam-power, was converted into a railway, and the Common was fixed upon as a convenient site for a railway-station. A further advance was then made in house building; but the greatest strides in this direction were after Penge Place had been appropriated by the Crystal Palace Company, and the wild and romantic glades of Penge Wood had become absorbed in the Crystal Palace grounds.

The Church of St. John the Evangelist, built in 1850, is a stone building in the modern Gothic style. It was enlarged by the addition of aisles in 1861, and of transepts in 1866. Holy Trinity Church, in the Croydon Road, is built of red brick, with stone dressings; it was erected in 1878, and is in the Decorated style.

Penge laid claim to the dignity of a town when its vestry-hall, in the Anerley Road, was erected in 1879. This is a large building of white brick, and, besides the usual offices, contains a spacious room, occasionally used for public meetings and entertainments. A Lecture Hall, built in 1856, is now used as a Sunday-school.

Among the charitable institutions of Penge may be mentioned the Watermen's and Lightermen's Asylum, opposite St. John's Church, in the Beckenham Road. It was built in 1839, to furnish homes for poor and aged members of the Watermen's and Lightermen's Company or their widows. This institution is partly supported by subscriptions and

voluntary contributions. It is an establishment where Thames watermen and others are received on paying a small weekly sum. The residences are forty-one in number, two of them being free—one in the gift of the Crown, another in that of the Corporation of the City of London. The lodge-keeper, himself an inmate, receives £4 a year for performing the various duties of the institution, winding the clock, &c.

Visitors are shown round the establishment, on applying at the lodge, by a hale old man of eighty-five. He will show them with conscious pride the inmate who is ninety-four years of age, the old sycamores which grow in the beautiful grounds, the gate communicating with the Church of St. John, through which every Sunday and Wednesday the inmates attend Divine service. Last of all, a treasured collection of curiosities, consisting of a model man-of-war, constructed by the deft hands of an old sailor—the frame containing it is made of wood from the old "*Fighting Téméraire*," famous in song and story—a walking-stick of wood from the ill-fated *Royal George*, an ancient suit of armour, and part of the vertebræ of a whale. These are all kept on the first-floor in the centre of the building, and should the visitor have the curiosity to do so, he can mount by a ladder, at the top of which a trap-door admits to the clock-room. The establishment is an excellent one—no mere charity, for the members feel that they are independent, and can be self-respecting—but an excellent harbour of refuge for our "jolly old watermen" when the trim-built wherries have to be parted from because the arms are too feeble to use the sculls.

Opposite the institution is the inn mentioned above, with the curious sign of "The Crooked Billet," which is really the oldest house in Penge. It has, however, been altered and "restored," and now presents a very modern appearance. "The 'Crooked Billet' is a sign for which it is not possible to discover any certain origin. It may have been at first a ragged staff, or a pastoral staff, or a *baton cornu*, as a battle-axe is called in the *Siege of Carleverock*. It is also the name for a part of the tankard." Larwood writes, in his "History of Signboards":—"The sign is frequently represented by an untrimmed stick suspended above the door, as at Wold Newton, near Bridlington, where it is accompanied by the following poetical effusion on one side of the signboard:—

'When this comical stick grew in the wood,
Our ale was fresh and very good;
Step in and taste; oh! do make haste,
For if you don't, 'twill surely waste.'

* See Vol. VI., p. 308.

On the reverse,

• When you have viewed the other side,
Come, read this, too, before you ride ;
And now, to end, we'll let it pass :
Step in, kind friends, and take a glass.'

"Though a very rustic sign," continues Mr. Larwood, "it was also used in towns ; thus it occurs among the trades' tokens of Montague Close, and was the sign of Andrew Sowle, a bookseller in Holloway Lane, Shoreditch, in 1638." The sign, however, at Penge, being of ancient date, is probably a survival of the time when this district was, if not forest land, at all events abounding in timber and underwood.

King William IV.'s Naval Asylum stands in the St. John's Road, nearly opposite St. John's Church, and consists of ten houses for the reception of widows of officers, selected for the distinguished services of their husbands in the Royal Navy. They were founded by Queen Adelaide, in memory of her husband, William IV. Each widow has a residence, a share in the garden, and £30 a year. Latterly, however, most of the members have sold their shares in the grounds to a firm of land-agents, who are about to use it for building purposes. The appearance of the asylum from the road is exceedingly picturesque, as it is built of red brick, topped with ornamentations in Bath stone, the latter being much decayed in places. There is a front range of cottages and two wings, forming three sides of a quadrangle, with the open side adjoining the road. In the enclosed space are flower-beds and lawns carefully arranged. On the east side is the royal coat-of-arms in stone over a window. As an instance of the value of the foundation, and the competition among candidates for admission, we may mention that for the single vacancy which is open at the time of writing there have been no fewer than 160 applications to the secretary, Mr. Long. At the back of the establishment the grounds abut on the back garden of the ill-famed house where the well-known Staunton murder occurred in 1877, and for which the culprits were condemned to death, but ultimately reprieved.

Beckenham is situated on a small brook, a tributary of the Ravensbourne, and was formerly a secluded country village. Since the opening of the railways, however, it has become a lively modern town, conscious of the neighbourhood of the great metropolis. Its population in 1871 was about 6,000, which has increased during the last decade to more than double that number. It possesses the advantages of two lines of railway—the Mid Kent and the London, Chatham, and Dover—and there are now four railway-stations in Beckenham :

one in the town, called Beckenham Junction ; another at New Beckenham, nearer to Lower Sydenham ; a third at Elmer's End ; and a fourth at Eden Park.

The parish lies wholly within the county of Kent, though its bounds extend westward to that of Surrey. It is called in the Domesday Survey *Bacheham*, and in the "Textus Roffensis" *Becceham*, from its situation on the river above described : *bec*, in Saxon, signifying a river, and *ham* a village or dwelling.

The village is situated on the northern side of the parish, having the church and Fox Grove near the east end, whilst at a short distance northward is Beckenham Place and Park. Southward of the village stand the seat of Kelseys and the Temple, both of which formerly belonged to Lord Gwydir. Near the north-west part of the parish is the hamlet of Elmer's End, and close by is Eden Farm, which at the commencement of this century was the property of Lord Auckland.

The chief street of Beckenham is long and winding, and the houses are largely intermixed with fields and gardens, looking as if they were built at a time when space was plentiful. One or two old houses with timbered faces remain, especially one near the bridge, in the centre of the village, which bears on its face six panels carved with flowers—possibly the white and red roses. But modern "Tudor," "Jacobean," and "Queen Anne" houses are rapidly superseding the ruder, and perhaps not less picturesque, erections of bygone times : one old inn is blossoming into a railway "hotel" ; a new row of shops, with a bank at the corner, styles itself the "Parade" ; and modern grandeur is gradually driving away the air of quiet and homely respectability which has up to this time given a character to Beckenham. All sorts of modern parochial institutions, too, are raising their heads. New schools, coffee taverns, workmen's clubs, and the like, show the activity that is at work here for the benefit of the lower orders ; and it is to be hoped that so much philanthropic zeal is appreciated by the parishioners. A new Town Hall, at the cost of £7,000, is also in the course of erection. The foundation stone was laid in October, 1883.

Ireland, in his "History of Kent," says that "several writers have conjectured that the *great council*, composed of the clergy and nobility, said to have been convened at *Becanceld* in 694, by Withred, King of Kent, was held at this place ; but," he adds, "Camden, Dr. Plott, Mr. Johnson of Cranbrook, and others, have with much more probability supposed it to have taken place at *Bap-*

child, about a mile and a half eastward from Sittingbourne, on the high road from London to Canterbury, midway between the coast of Kent and London, and a much more convenient place for a *Kentish council*." In the time of the Conqueror Beckenham formed part of the possessions of Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, and was entered in "Domesday" under that title, having been held of that prelate by Ansgotus de Rochester. In the reign of Edward I. the manor was held by the family of the Rokells, or De la Rochells, who came originally from Rochelle, in France. It next passed by marriage to the knightly family of the Bruyns, and afterwards to the Brandons and Dalstons. In the reign of Henry VII. the manor passed, by the marriage of the younger daughter and co-heiress of Sir Henry Bruyn, to William Brandon, who was standard-bearer to that prince at the battle of Bosworth Field, where he was slain. The issue of this marriage was Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who is stated sometimes to have resided at this place, not as a proprietor, but as a lessee, and to have "here entertained Henry VIII. with great pomp upon his journey to Hever, to visit his repudiated wife, Anne of Cleves." The moiety of the manor and advowson, which was possessed by the above-mentioned lady, afterwards passed to Sir George Dalston, of Cumberland, who, in the reign of Charles I., alienated it to Sir Patrick Curwen. He, in the same reign, conveyed his interest in it to Sir Oliver St. John, of Battersea, from whom it passed to Mr. Walter St. John, who, having previously purchased the other moiety of this manor and advowson, became possessed of the entire fee of both. The property remained in the hands of the St. Johns, afterwards Viscounts Bolingbroke, down to near the end of the last century, when it passed by sale to Mr. Cator, ancestor of the present owner.

The parish church, dedicated to St. George, stands on high ground at the eastern end of the village, its tall shingled spire, as it rises from the surrounding trees, serving as a landmark far and wide. In December, 1790, the spire and some portion of the church were destroyed by fire during a storm; but the nave and chancel are old, probably dating from the time of Edward III. The edifice formerly consisted simply of a nave and chancel only, but aisles were added in the seventeenth century. The exterior walls of the church have been covered with rough-cast; but much of the modern disfigurements which were introduced after the fire above-mentioned have been removed during recent restorations. The interior is a strange admixture of what is incorrect in Gothic architec-

ture. Lofty galleries rise one above another at the west end, and the seats, walls, windows, &c., were reduced to a regular type of neatness, which shows that their repair was anterior to the revival of church architecture.

This church contains some very fine monuments of the Styles, Raymonds, Burrells, and other families. On a slab in the chancel is a remarkable brass of "Dame Margaret, the wyf of Sir William Damsell, Knyght, 1563." The lady is represented in a flowered petticoat and close-bodied gown, the sleeves slashed at the shoulders, and hanging down to the feet. Another prominent monument is that to Mrs. Jane Clarke, the wife of Dr. Clarke, the Epsom physician, bearing a poetic inscription by Gray. On the north side of the chancel is an altartomb of Sir Humphrey Style, with a mural brass, on which is represented the knight, wearing a tabard. The south aisle, or chapel, belongs to the Burrell family, and contains the tomb of the late Lord Gwydir.

In the chancel are mural tablets recording the deaths of Captain Hedley Vicars, a gallant and pious young officer of great promise, who fell at Sebastopol, and of the Rev. Dr. William Marsh, Vicar of Beddington. He was a clergyman of the early Evangelical school, who lived in the rectory here for many years with his daughter and son-in-law. His other daughter, Miss Catharine Marsh, is known for her exertions on behalf of the poor—and especially the railway navvies—and of seaside convalescent homes. Miss Marsh's gatherings of the working-classes beneath the boughs of a fine chestnut-tree in the vicarage garden, for the purposes of instruction, were productive of good results among the navvies. For many years she has taken the greatest interest in the improvement of the working-classes, for whom she has written many narratives of a religious character, which circulate by thousands. She is best known, perhaps, as the authoress of "English Hearts and English Hands," and "Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars." Her "Light for the Line, or the Story of Thomas Ward, a Railway Workman," has passed through several editions.

In the north aisle lie buried Lord Bexley and his wife, already mentioned in our account of Foot's Cray.* A mural monument here records the fact that he was President of the Bible Society. Near them lie the first Lord Auckland and his wife. A tablet on the wall above his grave gives a list of his public services and appointments at home, and abroad, and commemorates his private virtues.

* See *ante*, p. 63.

He was for many years employed in diplomatic services, and also in the Cabinet at home, and died in 1814. We shall have occasion to speak of his lordship again presently, when dealing with his residence, Eden Farm.

Edward King, the author of "*Monumenta Antiqua*," who died in 1807, lies buried under a sarcophagus in the churchyard.

The parish register, under the date of October 24th, 1740, records the burial of Margaret

entertainment in Norwood, called the Gipsy House.*

The entrance to the churchyard is by a picturesque lych-gate, whence an avenue of clipped yews leads up to the south porch of the church.

Lysons, in his "*Environs of London*," gives the following account of a curious Beckenham bequest:—"Mrs. Mary Wragg, who died in 1737, about ten years before her death purchased an annuity of £15 per annum, which she directed to



INTERIOR OF BECKENHAM CHURCH.

Finch, who lived to the age of 109 years. She was one of the people called gipsies, and had the title of their queen. After travelling over various parts of the kingdom during the greater part of a century, she settled at Norwood, whither her great age and the fame of her fortune-telling attracted numerous visitors. From a habit of sitting on the ground, with her chin resting on her knees, the sinews at length became so contracted that she could not rise from that posture; after her death they were obliged to inclose her body in a deep square box. Her funeral was attended by two mourning coaches; a sermon was preached upon the occasion; and a great concourse of people attended the ceremony. Her picture adorns the sign-post of a place of public

be thus appropriated: To the curate, on condition that he sees her tomb kept clean, £1 1s.; the same sum for an annual dinner for the curate, clerk, and parish officers; the sum of £12 10s., when not wanted for the repair of her vault, to be divided between twenty poor persons, and thus distributed in equal portions to each:—Eighteen pennyworth of good bread, five shillingworth of coals, and 4s. 6d. in money. If a part of the said sum should be wanted for repairs, the remainder to be distributed among poor persons, as far as it will go, in like manner. The residue of the £15 above mentioned, being 8s., to the clerk, to keep the vault clean, and to repair the rails and the door."

St. James's Church, erected in 1879 as a chapel

* See "*Old and New London*," Vol. VI., p. 314.

of ease to the parish church, is a large red brick | Catons, Beckenham Place; the estate, however,



SHORTLANDS. (See page 104.)

building, consisting of nave and chancel. St. Paul's, near the new Beckenham railway station, was erected some years ago, but having proved too small for the rapidly-increasing population, has been altered and enlarged. It is a stone building, and consists of chancel, nave, aisles, and tower surmounted by a spire. Several of the windows are filled with painted glass, and the flooring of the chancel is laid with mosaic tiles.

Holy Trinity Church, consecrated in 1878, is built of Kentish rag, with white stone dressings, and is in the Early English style of architecture. Christ Church, built in 1876, is a Gothic edifice of white brick, with Bath stone dressings, and was erected partly at the cost of, and on a site given by, Mr. C. Lea Wilson, of The Cedars, in this parish. Besides the above, there are two or three temporary iron churches, and several places of worship for Nonconformists.

There are three almshouses in the town, founded in 1694 by Anthony Rawlins, of this parish, for three poor widows, each of whom receives a small sum of money weekly. The Charity Commissioners having lately revised all the charities, gifts of coals and bread are now no longer bestowed as of old.

The principal seat in the parish is that of the | in 1773, under the authority of an Act of Parlia-

lies partly in Bromley parish. This mansion, as we learn from the "Beauties of England and Wales," "was formerly the residence of Rear-Admiral Sir Percy Brett, who died in 1781, and together with his lady, lies buried in the church; but the estate, which for upwards of a century had been owned by the St. Johns, was alienated to the Catons



KENT HOUSE FARM. (See page 104.)

ment. The house is a handsome building, in the midst of beautiful grounds."

Kent House, the ancient seat of the Lethieullers in this parish, has long been occupied as a farm. It is an old brick mansion, about a mile to the north-west of the parish church, near the field-path leading to Sydenham. The estate was long owned by the Angersteins.

Clay Hill, or the Oakery, lies midway between Beckenham and Shortlands. Here was at one time the residence of Mr. Edward King, F.R.A.S. This gentleman, who was a native of Norfolk, was elected President of the Society of Antiquaries on the decease of Dr. Miller in 1784; but on the succeeding election, in the year following, he was obliged to relinquish the chair to the Earl of Leicester, after an unprecedented contest. He was the author of various works, the principal of which are, "Observations on Ancient Castles," "Morsels of Criticism," tending to illustrate the Scriptures, and the "Monumenta Antiqua." He died in 1806, at the age of seventy-two.

Shortlands lies about a mile and a half eastward from old Beckenham Church. A portion of the estate has been cut and utilised for building purposes; a railway-station, with its attendant hotel, erected; and in 1870 the place was formed into an ecclesiastical district out of the mother parish. The church, dedicated to St. Mary, is built of Kentish rag, in the Decorated style. It consists of a chancel, nave, north aisle, south transept, and a tower with spire. This church was erected at the cost of Mr. G. Wilkinson, of Shortlands. The entrance to the churchyard is by a lych-gate similar to that of Beckenham parish church.

Shortlands was the birthplace of Mr. George Grote, the historian of Greece. He was a banker in London, and for some years sat in Parliament as one of its representatives. He was the constant and unflinching advocate of the ballot. In 1846 he published the first volume of his "History of Greece," and having for some time retired from active participation in politics, he was thus enabled to devote his entire attention to the production of that admirable work, which was completed in 1856. Mr. Grote married Miss Harriet Lewin, the daughter of Mr. Thomas Lewin, a member of an old Kentish family, who was known as the authoress of "The Life of Ary Scheffer," &c.

"A few years ago," writes the author of Unwin's "Guide to Bromley and its Neighbourhood," "a large wood, known as the King's Wood, covered the whole of these parts; but with the growth of the town this has diminished until very few traces

of it exist. Great improvements are going on at the present time in connection with the drainage, and rows of newly-erected cottages have sprung up like mushrooms, threatening to destroy entirely the rural aspect of the place. The district of Shortlands is situated midway between Bromley and Beckenham, and within easy distance of either town. It abounds in beautiful rambles, one in particular being near the church, down a lane bordered with hedgerows in summer teeming with wild flowers, while above are overhanging trees. The land on the right forms a part of the extensive estate of C. Goodhart, Esq., of Langley Park."

Langley Park, about two miles to the south-east, on the road towards Hayes, was formerly the seat of the Style family, and afterwards of the Burrells. That old gossip Sir Nathaniel William Wraxall, in his "Posthumous Memoirs of My Own Time,"* mentions the rise of the Burrells of Beckenham from a respectable middle-class position into the ranks of the British peerage as one of the most remarkable freaks of fortune. Lord Algernon Percy, the second son of the Duke of Northumberland, a little more than a century ago, whilst spending a winter in the south of France, met at Marseilles in society the second daughter of Mr. Burrell, a Commissioner of Excise. He married her, and she brought her sisters forward in society; one of them became in succession Duchess of Hamilton and Marchioness of Exeter; another became the second wife of her sister's elder brother, the Duke of Northumberland. Nor was this all. The only brother of these young ladies, a man of a most graceful person and agreeable manners, through their introduction, married a sister of the Duke of Ancaster, on whose death she came in for a peerage in her own right and the great part of the Ancaster estates, and also for the high feudal office of Great Chamberlain of England. He obtained a seat in Parliament, and eventually was raised to the peerage as Lord Gwydir, and lived to see his son inherit the ancient barony of Willoughby d'Eresby. And all these honours and this wealth came to the family without any public services, and not gained on the battle-field or in the Senate. The only qualification on which the father and son started in this upward race was what Wraxall calls "the patrimonial inheritance of a very small estate at Beckenham." The estate, however, can hardly be called "very small." The house in which the Burrells lived a century ago is still standing; it is now owned by Mr. G. Goodhart, as stated above. Langley Park is still

very much the same house which it was in the early days of the reign of George III.

Beckenham, however, has had other aristocratic inmates besides the Burrells. Mr. William Eden, one of Pitt's friends, and afterwards Lord Auckland, lived for many years at a country seat in this parish, known as Eden Farm, and here he used to entertain Mr. Pitt, Dundas, the elder Wilberforce, Vansittart, Lord Teignmouth, and the other leaders of the Evangelical laity, and also such men as Lord Loughborough, Lord Henry Spencer, Lord Sheffield, and the Archbishop (Moore) of Canterbury, who had married his sister. Of his sons, one became Governor-General of India, and another wore the mitre of the see of Bath and Wells.

Notwithstanding the high position held by Lord Auckland, his lordship was very domesticated and homely in his manners, as may be seen from a perusal of his "Journal and Correspondence," edited by his son, the bishop. Under date of April, 1792, Lord Auckland writes to Lord H. Spencer:—"If ever you become a country gentleman, let me recommend you, if you like to have a full house, to live within twelve miles of London. We are to have six or eight different people every day this week, and on Saturday next twelve or fourteen; and most of them sleep here, and go away next morning. Our shrubberies and gardens are growing very beautiful."

Sir N. W. Wraxall gives Lord Auckland a high character in his domestic life. "When surrounded as I have seen him at Eden Farm by his six daughters, he excited great interest. Pitt, who in his continual visits to his country seat at Holwood, used to stop and sometimes to pass the night at Eden's Place at Beckenham. . . . distinguished one of the young ladies by particular attentions. But either he never meditated marriage, or he finally relinquished his intention."

Amongst Lord Auckland's frequent visitors was Edmund Gibbon, who found it an agreeable resting-place on his journeys to and from Lord Sheffield's seat, near Uckfield. He stayed here once in December, 1793, a few months before his death, as he tells us in his "Letters." Here he met the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mr. Pitt on his last visit to Sheffield Place, from which he returned to London, only to die. Lord Auckland was, perhaps, the most intimate friend that Pitt ever had, except Grenville. His lordship was sent as Minister to the Court of Versailles in 1786, to arrange a treaty of commerce between the two countries; and in the following year, in conjunction with the Duke of Dorset, he negotiated and signed the declarations exchanged between the

English and French Courts relative to the revolution in the United Provinces. He was also sent as ambassador to Madrid and Vienna, and to the Netherlands. Lord Auckland died here suddenly, being seized with spasm whilst seated at his breakfast table in 1814.

Another of his friends and visitors at Eden Farm was his brother-in-law, the Right Hon. Hugh Elliot, the diplomatist, and brother of the first Lord Minto. Lady Minto writes of Lord Auckland in 1784:—"Mr. Eden, busily occupied both at home and abroad in important political transactions, had now no time for the cheerful pleasant letters which in idle days at Beckenham he used to write for himself and his wife." In another letter, of a little earlier date, Lord Auckland gives, in a letter to Sir Hugh, a pleasant picture of his happy home:—"Whatever may be the ups and downs of my political career, my cheerfulness will never suffer?" "His orchard at Eden Farm was a Garden of the Hesperides," writes Lady Minto, "where a band of handsome children plucked fruit all day long; his farm, strange to say, was profitable; and all the time which he and Mrs. Eden could spare from home and the children was spent in trying to make others as happy as themselves." Lady Minto adds:—"Whatever might be the political fortunes of the Edens, the sunshine of their private life was never for a moment dimmed. Thus, while in Horace Walpole's letters we read of an infuriated and disappointed politician, we find Mr. Eden himself writing with all the fortitude of a Cincinnatus from his farm at Beckenham, and with an unaffected enjoyment of simple pleasures and rural life, which I believe to have been quite unknown to any attitudinising old Roman."

Mr. Eden himself writes in 1782: "Our farm is beautifully situated and well circumstanced in every respect;" and he then goes on to describe the house, gardens, and shrubberies, and the possible profits to be derived from his farm, like a thorough country squire."

Eden Farm, as it was called half a century ago, is now known as Eden Lodge. It stands in a small and pretty park, through which flows the Ravensbourne, which is here dammed up so as to form a long lake and cascade. The house, with its lofty roof and modern antique gables, is very different in appearance from what it was when occupied by Lord Auckland, though substantially its walls are the same. In the grounds are three or four oaks and cedars, under which Pitt and his friends may often have sat. The outlying portions of the estate are being cut up and laid out for building as "Eden Park," which is also the name

of a station on the Addiscombe branch of the South-Eastern Railway.

Kelsey Park, the seat of the Hoares, is in the same direction. A private chapel, dedicated to St. Agatha, is attached to the mansion. Near the park are almshouses and a cottage hospital, built by the late Mr. P. Hoare. Kelsey Park is extensive and well wooded, and watered by the Ravensbourne. The house is of the last century, but scarcely needs any minute description. It has long been a seat of note in this parish, and had owners bearing the name of Kelsey as early as the reign of Henry III., as appears by deeds of that period. In the reign of Richard II. it was possessed by the family of the Brograves, who resided there, one of whose descendants, towards the end of the seventeenth century, sold the estate to Mr. Peter Burrell, in the possession of whose family it continued for about a hundred years.

Foxgrove is the name of a manor, or reputed manor, in this parish, having anciently had owners of that name, to which family, according to Hasted, succeeded that of Bartholomew de Burghersh, who

in the reign of Edward III. passed it away to Sir Walter de Pavely, with whose family it remained till the reign of Richard II., when it was conveyed to the ancient family of Vaux, of the county of Northampton. After many subsequent changes of ownership, it was purchased towards the end of the last century by Sir Peter Burrell, Bart., afterwards Lord Gwydir, who in 1792 exchanged it for other lands in this parish with Mr. John Cator, of Beckenham Place, with whose descendants it has since continued.

Another person of some note connected with this parish was the Rev. William Assheton, D.D., who was instituted to the rectory in 1676; he was a Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. He published some practical and devotional tracts, several pamphlets against the Papists and Dissenters, and some sermons. He was the first projector of a scheme for providing a maintenance for widows by the benefit of survivorship. Dr. Assheton died at Beckenham in September, 1711, and was there buried. A life of him was published by Mr. Watts, Vicar of Orpington.

CHAPTER XII.

HAYES AND KESTON.

"Oh! dread was the time, and more dreadful the omen,
When the brave of Marengo lay slaughter'd in vain,
And beholding broad Europe bow'd down by her foemen,
Pitt closed in his anguish the map of her reign.
Not the fate of broad Europe could bend his brave spirit
To take for his country the safety of shame;
Oh! then in her triumph remember his merit,
And hallow the goblet that flows to his name."

Situation and Rural Appearance of Hayes—Etymology—The Parish Church—Discovery of Roman Remains—Charitable Bequests—The "George" Inn—Hayes Place—Lord Chatham—Hayes Common—Sir Vicary Gibbs, and Hallam, the Historian—Baston, or Boston, House—Keston Common—The Source of the Ravensbourne—A Curious Legend—A Roman Encampment—The Keston Mark—Holwood—The "Wilberforce Oak"—Holwood House—Keston Church—The Archdeacons' Well—Warbank—Etymology of Keston—Descent of the Manor.

"WHOEVER is unfamiliar with the country around Hayes and Keston, in Kent," observes a writer in *Chambers's Journal*, "has a treat yet in store for him." Although not more than twelve miles from the centre of London, for peaceful beauty and wildness of scenery the district we are about to traverse might as well be "a hundred miles away." Hayes is a small, straggling village, situated on the slope of a hill, and is as quiet and romantic as if it stood in one of the coombes of Devonshire. The village, which consists merely of a few ordinary cottages and shops, lies southward from Chislehurst and eastward from Beckenham, and also about two miles south east from the Bromley stations of the South Eastern and the London, Chatham, and

Dover Railways. The route thither from Bromley is exceedingly rural and pretty, being through just such scenery as Constable would have loved to paint—lanes overhung with elms, and with hop-gardens and corn-fields on either hand.

The name of this parish was formerly written *Hese* and *Hesa*; and, as was the case with the parish in Middlesex bearing the same name,* was, no doubt, in ancient times pronounced *Haisa*. Lysons remarks that the name is probably derived from the Saxon word "Haeg," a hedge (in French "Haye"), which comes very near to its present appellation. The name of Hayes has been at

* See Vol I., p. 208.

different times variously spelt—as Hesa, Hease, Heyse, Hays, Heasse, Hesse, and Hese.

The church, dedicated to St. Mary, is a small building, constructed of hammered flint and stone, and consisting of a chancel and nave, with an embattled tower, surmounted by an octagonal shingled spire at the west end. The architecture is of the late Early English period, but some of the windows are new, and filled with painted glass. The floor of the church is laid throughout with encaustic tiles, and the roof is of plain timber. It was restored and entirely renovated by the late Sir Gilbert Scott in 1861-2. Here were long preserved the banners and hatchments borne at the public funeral of the Earl of Chatham, till they fell to pieces half a century ago. William Pitt the younger, the “heaven-born” minister of George III., was baptised in Hayes Church, and Bruce, the African traveller, was married there. Among the memorials here are half-length brasses of three former rectors: John Osteler, Sir John Andrew, and Sir John Heygee (1523). There are also several monuments to members of the family of Scotts, baronets, afterwards of Cheshunt. There is also a monument to Sir Stephen Scott, Gentleman Pensioner to Charles I., and a mural tablet to Sir Vicary Gibbs, Chief Baron of the Exchequer and Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who died in 1820.

On a brass plate fixed in a stone was the following whimsical inscription, which is preserved in Thorpe’s “Registrum Roffense” :—

“Who faine would lyve, he must not feare to dye; death is
the waie
That leads to lief, and glorious joyes that tryumphes over
claie;
Come, poore, bewaile this want; come, friende, lament and
saie with me
This man did dye to lyve, and lyves, though dead his body
be.

Full xviii years a rector heere he was, and then John Hoare,
Unwedd, deceast one thousand yeeres fyve hundred eightie
fower,

The xi daie of Februarie
When he had lyy’d iv score and three.”

Hayes is a rectory in the diocese of Canterbury, and in the rural deanery of West Dartford. The patronage formerly vested in the rectors of Orpington, but is now in the gift of the Archbishop. The register dates from 1539.

On the site now covered by the church was formerly a Roman structure, possibly a temple in the wood—a mute memorial of the occupation of the victorious eagles of one of the Cæsars. When the church was restored, in 1861-2, several stones, undoubtedly of Roman make, were discovered.

Hayes has always possessed many excellent

charities, various bequests having been made from time to time by well-to-do residents to the poor of the parish. We may instance the following, recorded by Lysons, in his “Environs of London,” as an example—quaint record as it is of a Protestant’s practical gratitude for deliverance from “Papisty” :—“Sir Samuel Lennard, Knt., in 1617, gave forty shillings per annum to be distributed on the anniversary of the Popish plot, among such forty poor persons as should be present at a sermon to be preached on that occasion at West Wickham Church, ten of the said poor persons to be of the parish of Hayes.”

At the “George” Inn, near the church, is a signboard, said to have been executed by Millais in his early days, and to have represented St. George and the Dragon. However that may have been once, the sign can no longer be deciphered. It may have been painted for a freak, or possibly in payment for a score.

Hayes Place, close by the church, was the favourite residence and “retreat” of the great Lord Chatham, and although much altered and disguised by modern improvements, which have made it one of the most comfortable and pleasant of Italian mansions, it still retains much identity with the Hayes of a century ago. It stands near the middle of the village, in large grounds sloping towards Bromley, and is screened from the road by a long brick wall. The trees in the grounds are very fine, especially the ilex. It is said that one of these trees was planted by Nelson; but this tradition is transparently abroad, as Lord Chatham died when Nelson was a boy. Many of the trees were planted by the elder Pitt’s own hand, and all of them under his eye; for it is on record that whenever he could steal away from London and the Court or Council Board, he would betake himself to Hayes, and begin planting at almost any season of the year. Lord Stanhope tells us that he would carry on his labour after sundown by torch-light, as his impatient temper could brook no delay, even in the lesser matters of every-day life. In his “Anecdote Biography,” John Timbs, the patient and plodding antiquarian, writes :—“His favourite residence was Hayes Place, a small villa and park in a picturesque district of Kent, where a succession of woodland scenery and rural landscape never fails to remind the tourist that he is in one of the most beautiful portions of England.”

Hasted, the Kentish historian, tells us but little of the early history of the place. He merely says that it was “formerly a seat of the Scotts, and that it was purchased from the Harrisons by Mr. Pitt.” He gives the date of the purchase as 1757; but

this is probably incorrect, as his son John, afterwards second Lord Chatham, was born here in the previous year, though possibly his father may only have been renting the house. Mr. Timbs is in doubt as to the exact date of the purchase, but thinks that in all probability the great orator bought it about the time of his marriage, in 1754. Be this as it may, he gives a view of Hayes Place as a frontispiece to his volume. It appears to be a plain, heavy, solid, and substantial structure, of a

is varied by a little brook, which trickles through it on its way to join the Ravensbourne. On this spot the "great commoner" centred all his affections. His original purchase consisted of the old mansion, which he soon pulled down, and a few acres of ground, to which he soon made fresh additions, for he possessed good taste in landscape gardening. Two smaller country houses he bought from his neighbours in the first few years of his ownership, absorbing their grounds into his



HAYES PLACE IN 1760, FROM A CONTEMPORARY PRINT.



LORD CHATHAM.

large rural rectory. It is square, and has a high roof. The windows are small, and in the centre is a portico, with its top railed round, so as to form a sort of balcony. In other respects there is no feature to describe. It commands no distant view, being hemmed in by trees on every side. The park surrounding the house

type very common in the suburbs of London, apparently of the early Georgian era, and not unlike a very

own. One of these houses he soon pulled down; the other he kept as a sort of nursery, joining it to his own dwelling by a covered way; and it was in this house, and not in Hayes Place itself, that his favourite son William, afterwards the "heaven-born" prime minister of George III., first saw the light of day, in May, 1759. "His children," writes Walpole, "he could not bear under the same roof, nor communication from room to room, nor whatever he thought promoted noise. A winding passage between his house and the children was built with this same view." All traces of the second house and of the connecting passage have long ago passed away.

Yet such was the caprice of Pitt that in 1766 he sold Hayes to the Hon. Thomas Walpole, who

had the house encased in white brick. In the following year, however, Pitt set his heart on returning to Hayes, and, thanks to the kind offices of Lady Chatham, the new squire consented to reconvey the estate; and it continued to be his favourite residence for the rest of his life. Here it was that General Wolfe dined with Lord Chatham on the evening before he left England for Quebec, his only fellow guest being Lord Temple. Here, during his attacks of the gout, Lord Chatham was visited by George II. and his successor, as well as by such plain, untitled celebrities as Benjamin

speaking in the House of Lords upon American rights; and here he lingered till the 11th of May, when he breathed his last. "His bed at Hayes," writes Macaulay, "was watched to the last with anxious tenderness by his wife and children, and he well deserved their care. Too often haughty and wayward to others, to these he had been almost effeminately kind. He had through life been dreaded by political opponents, and regarded even with more awe than love by his political associates. But no fear seems to have mingled with the affection which his fondness, constantly overflowing in



HOLWOOD, ABOUT 1800. (From a Print in the British Museum. See page 110.)

Franklin; and here, while keeping aloof from London, he pulled the secret wires of the political machine, so as to be known to Walpole and his contemporaries as "the oracle at Hayes." Many details of Lord Chatham's connection with Hayes may be gathered from Lord Stanhope's "Life of Pitt." But though a near relative of the family, his lordship is incorrect in stating that he died in the "best" bed-room of the house. The room traditionally pointed out—at all events from a date before his illustrious son's death—as that in which he died is a small bed-chamber on the first floor, at the south-west angle of the mansion, with two windows, the one of a southerly and the other of a westerly aspect. To this room he was carried on the 10th of April, 1778, having been stricken down by the hand of death on the previous evening while

a thousand endearing forms, had inspired in the little circle at Hayes."

The remains of Lord Chatham were brought from Hayes, and lay in state on the 7th and 8th of June in the Painted Chamber at Westminster, in the neighbourhood of the Abbey, beneath whose roof he was laid to his last rest.

Having been sold after Lord Chatham's death, and having passed through several intermediate hands, Hayes Place was purchased three or four years ago from the Traills by Mr. E. A. Hambro, a son of Baron Hambro, of Milton Abbey, Dorsetshire, who now occupies it, and has much improved it, at the same time changing it as little as possible. The apartment which now serves as an ante-room to the library has oak carvings over the doors, which were doubtless placed there by Lord Chat-

ham ; but a new entrance-hall on the west side of the house has been added in substitution for the old front entrance, which now leads from the house into the garden grounds. The bed-room already mentioned—still called Lord Chatham's room—has been covered with a pale light pink paper, so that it looks painfully bright and modern ; but the library, on the ground-floor, remains very much in its former condition—some old-fashioned oak book-cases on its walls look as if they might have held the Parliamentary Reports and proceedings of the great commoner. Over the mantelpiece a wooden panel has a copy in oils of the engraving of the younger Pitt, after the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, standing as if to guard the precious memories that hang about his father's beloved home.

More ought to be known than is known about Hayes when it was occupied by Lord Chatham, considering that his son and successors lived on till nearly the end of the reign of William IV. But he, too, like his father, was silent and reserved, and not easy to be approached by strangers. The last personal traits of the great statesman at Hayes would appear to have been those thus recorded by Timbs, in his "Anecdote Biography":—In 1833 there was living on Hayes Common, in his ninety-second year, in a cottage which he had occupied for fifty-seven years, one John Mumford, who in manhood had lived as coachman with Lord Chatham. He remembered his lordship riding about Hayes on a small pony ; and the old man characterised Chatham's favourite pursuit as "taking up and re-planting trees." He was a tall, gouty man, and generally wore a great coat. He had a particular dislike to be stared at, and when he saw any strangers approach, he would often turn down the first lane or by-way. The old man also remembered Lord Chatham's three sons when lads, and that they were fond of frequenting the stables at Hayes Place, and of conversing about horses.

An amusing story is told with reference to Lord Chatham's affliction with the gout. A fellow on one occasion stole his lordship's large gouty shoes. His servant, not finding them in their proper place, began to curse the thief. "Never mind," replied the great orator ; "all I wish the rogue is that the shoes may fit *him*."

There is a somewhat scarce print of Hayes Place as it was in the days of Lord Chatham. The chief entrance then was in the centre of what is now the garden front, inside which is the old hall, much modernised, but showing some carving of a century and a half old over the doorways. The library also, and the circular staircase, are substantially the same, though modernised.

The stabling is away from the house, and is old—possibly as old as Lord Chatham's days—and presents much the same appearance as it did when the earl and his sons, who were all fond of horses, used to visit it daily. In the corner of the stable-yard is a sort of wooden *pulpitum*, or stage, on which it is said that Lord Chatham would make his younger son stand and rehearse speeches on all sorts of political questions ; and there seems to be no reason for doubting the tradition, which is firmly believed at Hayes.

The rectory is on the same side of the road as the inn and the church, which indeed it almost joins. It is a snug red-brick house of the early Georgian era, and may have welcomed the great Lord Chatham, as well as his sons, within its doors.

Neither at Hayes nor at Holwood, which we shall visit presently, are there any old family portraits of the Pitts ; but the library at Hayes is adorned with a copy in oils of the well-known portrait of the younger Pitt by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which is so well known to the public by the engraver's art.

Immediately south of the village is Hayes Common, some 220 acres in extent, which, in 1869, was secured to public use, and placed under the charge of a board of conservators. Opening on to Keston Common, it forms a broad expanse of breezy down, covered with bright-coloured heaths, gorse, and fern ; on all sides are wide views over Bromley, Chislehurst, the Crystal Palace, and Bickley. The common is one of the wildest specimens of heath scenery imaginable. At the north-western end are some fine snatches of scenery, a small forest of gigantic oak-trees, and on the opposite side of the road copses of rare beauty.

Sir Vicary Gibbs, some time Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, had a villa on Hayes Common. At Pickhurst, close by, died, in 1859, Henry Hallam, the historian. Mr. Hallam was the author of three great works, either of which is of sufficient merit to confer upon the writer literary fame—namely, "View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages," "The Constitutional History of England," and the "Introduction to the Literature of Europe."

Another old mansion here is Baston, or Boston, House, in which some curious fresco paintings were discovered some years ago, and of which particulars are given by a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for December, 1830. They were found on the walls of a small closet in one of the domestic offices of the building. "The intention in placing them against the walls of this apartment was, I suppose," the writer observes, "ornamental,

if not complimentary or respectful to their antiquity and the style of their execution." The writer then continues:—"Little attention had, however, been paid whether some of the personages whom they represent were placed on their heads or their heels, or whether they were made to recline on their faces or on their backs, while others were unceremoniously sawn in pieces to fill up vacant spaces on the surface of the wall." The writer then goes into minute details respecting the paintings, of which the principal is a seated figure of the Saxon king, Athelstan, "his rich crimson robe powdered with golden A's." Underneath the king's portrait is a mutilated Latin inscription, which the writer we have quoted believes to have borne the following significance when perfect: "Athelstan, the son of Edward the Elder, reigned fifteen years; holy Wulfstan consecrated him. He conquered the kings of Wales and Scotland, received them to his peace, and suffered them to govern under him." Another figure is that of a monarch, name unknown, supposed to be Constantine, King of Scots, who was tributary to Athelstan. He is distinguished by having a plain sceptre, while Athelstan himself has a triple sceptre of golden rods, united by bands. These paintings, however, have long since disappeared.

On Keston Common, as stated above, the river Ravensbourne takes its rise. A writer in Hone's "Table Book" gives the following version of the legend attached to the source of this river:—"I had formerly heard and read of a tradition respecting this spring, and now that I unexpectedly found myself upon its margin, recollection of the story heightened the interest of the scene. The legend runs that when Cæsar was encamped here his troops were in great need of water, and none could be found in the vicinity. Observing, however, that a raven frequently alighted near his camp, and conjecturing that it was for the purpose of quenching its thirst, he ordered the coming of the bird to be watched for, and the spot to be particularly noted; this was done, and the result was as he anticipated. The object of the raven's resort was this little spring; from thence Cæsar derived a supply of water for the Roman legions, and from the circumstance of its discovery the spring was called the Raven's bourne, or the Raven's brook. . . . Hasted, in 1778, gives a view of the Roman entrenchments on Holwood Hill, and figures the ancient road to the spring of the Ravensbourne as running down to it from where Holwood gates now stand. He also figures the spring with twelve trees planted round it; now, however, there is not a vestige of tree or building."

We extract the following account of the above-mentioned entrenchment from Cooke's "Topography of Kent":—"In the parish of Keston, about two miles west from Farnborough, is Holwood Hill, surrounded by much rough ground, on the west side of which is the ancient Roman camp, near which the river Ravensbourne takes its rise, on Keston Common. The remains of the camp, which is certainly the finest piece of antiquity in all these parts, consists of a large and strong fortification of an oblong form, commanding an extensive view on every side, the area whereof is partly inclosed with rampiers and double ditches of a vast height and depth, especially on the south and west sides. It is so large as to be near two miles in compass, containing near 100 acres of ground, one side of the innermost *vallum* being, by measurement, above 700 yards in length from the brow of the hill towards Holwood House, and must have been the work of much time and many hands; it is most probably Roman, not only from its form, but from the quantity of Roman bricks, tiles, ancient foundations, and other remains which have continually been discovered and turned up by the plough hereabouts. Coins of the middle and lower empire have likewise been picked up frequently by those whose curiosity has led them to examine this place. From this place are the remains of a plain way down towards the spring-head of the river Ravensbourne, which lies at a very small distance north-west from it, by which the soldiers were, no doubt, well supplied with water."

Hasted imagines the place to have been the scene of the camp where Aulus Plautius awaited the coming of the Emperor Claudius, who visited this country to receive the submission of the conquered tribes. This opinion is verified when the position, size, and strength are considered, as well as its short distance from the Thames. Contrary opinions, on the other hand, state that the camp was not so extensive as asserted, and was not of Roman origin at all, but a rampart thrown up by the Britons as a defence against their enemies. Allowing such to be the fact, there is nothing to show that it was not afterwards occupied by the Romans, who considerably strengthened the position.

Keston Common, as above stated, adjoins Hayes Common, from which it is scarcely more distinguished than are the East and West Heaths of Hampstead respectively. They are both high, open, breezy spaces, covered with gorse and broom, and abounding in wild flowers, ferns, and bracken. Keston Common, too, is rendered all the more picturesque by an old windmill, which

stands boldly up against the sky, and is constantly made the subject of artists' pencils. There are also on the Common two or three large ponds, on which stately swans are constantly taking their pleasure; and the whole neighbourhood is deservedly a favourite with pic-nic parties.

On the Common is a well-known hostelry, bearing the sign of the "Red Cross," but commonly called the "Keston Mark," and supposed to have been erected on the site of an ancient "mark." "What," it may be asked, "is the meaning of this sign?" The "Mark," then, we are told, was "one of the boundaries that enclosed an ancient community of 'mark men.' The name is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *Mearce*, signifying 'a boundary.'"

Mr. Grant Allen, in his "Anglo-Saxon Britain," writes as follows with reference to this subject:—"The early English society was founded entirely on the tie of blood. Every clan or family lived by itself, and formed a guild for mutual protection, each kinsman being his brother's keeper, and bound to avenge his death by feud with the tribe or clan which had killed him. . . . Each little village of the old English community possessed a general independence of its own, and lay apart from all the others, often surrounded by a broad belt, or *mark*, of virgin forest. It consisted of a clearing like those of the American backwoods, where a single family or kindred had made its home, and preserved its separate independence intact. Each of these families was known by the name of its real or supposed ancestor, the patronymic being formed by the addition of the syllable *ing*. Thus the descendants of *Ælla* would be called *Ællings*, and their *ham*, or stockade, would be known as *Ællingaham*, or in modern form, *Allingham*. So the *tun*, or enclosure, of the *Culmings* would be *Culmingatun*, similarly modernised into *Culmington*. Names of this type abound in the newer England at the present day, as in the case of *Birmingham*, *Buckingham*, *Wellington*, *Kensington*, *Basingstoke*, and *Paddington*. But while in America the clearing is merely a temporary phase, and the border of forest is soon cut down, so as to connect the village with its neighbours, in the old Anglo-Saxon fatherland the border of woodland, heath, or fen was jealously

guarded as a frontier and natural defence for the little predatory and agricultural community. Whoever crossed it was bound to give notice of his coming by blowing a horn, else he was cut down at once as a stealthy enemy. The 'marksmen' wished to remain separate from all others, and only to mix with those of their own kin. In this primitive love of separation we have the germ of that local independence and that isolated private home life which is one of the most marked characteristics of modern Englishmen."

These "marks" were considered to be under the special charge of a deity, and as such, were chosen for the interment of the bravest warriors. Stone coffins have been found in their neighbourhood, and the place was looked upon as very sacred. Opposed to this, they often were the scenes of hideous rites, and everything was done to invest the spot with horror.

On the east side of the Common is *Holwood*, once the favourite residence of the younger Pitt, and afterwards of Lord Cranworth, some time Lord Chancellor, and better known by his former name of Sir Robert M. Rolfe. The present house, however, is far more modern than Pitt's time; the mansion which that statesman occupied was pulled down in 1823 by Mr. John Ward, who had then lately bought the house from Sir George Pocock, Pitt's successor in the estate. The present mansion is a modern Italian structure, light and pleasant, both internally and externally, and commanding extensive views towards *Sevenoaks* and the *Weald* of Kent. There is a public footpath through the park. In former times visitors were allowed to ramble at their leisure in any part of the estate, except in the immediate vicinity of the house; but this privilege was a few years ago cancelled, in consequence of the depredations committed to the trees and shrubs by those whose pleasure it is only to destroy. At a short distance from this entrance to the park stands a venerable oak-tree, beneath whose spreading boughs is a massive stone seat, on the back of which is the following inscription, from the "Letters" of that great philanthropist, William Wilberforce:—"I well remember after a conversation with Mr. Pitt in the open air at the root of an old tree at *Holwood*, just above the steep descent



WILLIAM PITT.

(From the Painting by Hoffner.)

into the vale of Keston, I resolved to give notice, on a fit occasion, in the House of Commons of my intention to bring forward the abolition of the slave-trade." The seat, with the inscription, was erected by Lord Stanhope in 1862. What advances has the great cause of humanity made in the matter of foreign slavery since Wilberforce gave notice of his memorable motion!

This famous tree, which has long been known as "Pitt's Oak" and the "Wilberforce Oak," and has latterly acquired the name of the "Emancipation Oak," was visited by Bishop Wilberforce in 1862. The following extract from his "Diary" records the fact:—"Examined the Wilberforce Oak. Saw Mr. Pitt's old carter-boy, now eighty-two, and clear in his remembrance. 'Mr. Pitt,' he said, 'took in from the farm the ground sloping below the oak; he planted all except the old oaks. He used to get the trees from Brompton; I used to go in the cart for them. He was very particular about the planting. He was a very nice sort of man, and would do what any one asked him in one way or another.'"

Holwood House stands high, and is approached by a long straight drive between ferns and bracken, whilst on either side—

"The beeches cast
A deeper, browner shade."

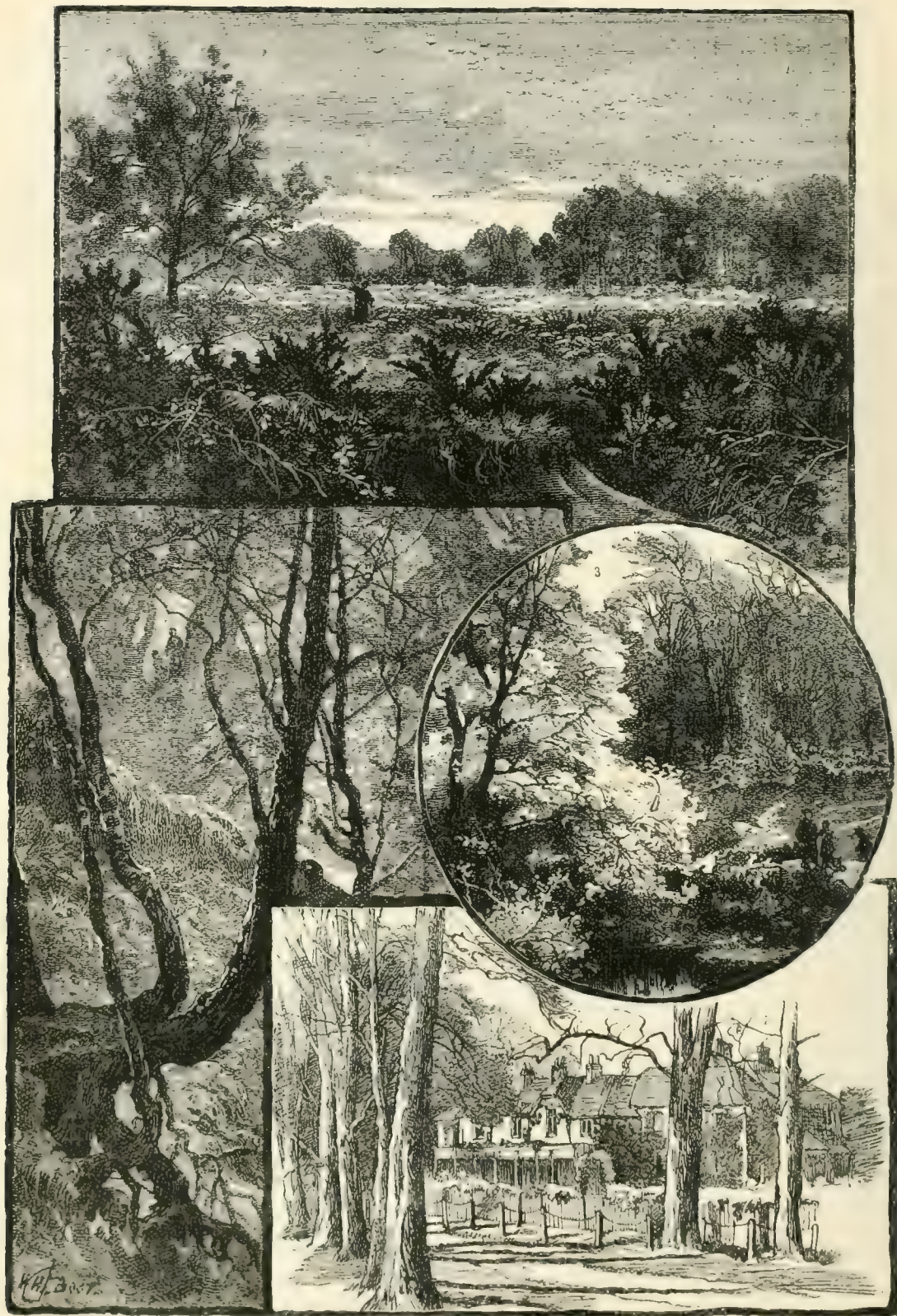
The hall and the sitting-rooms are lofty and spacious, and thoroughly comfortable; and Lord Derby, who has purchased the place recently, doubtless finds it less oppressively grand and far more home-like than his northern palace at Knowsley. All that remains indoors to tell the visitor that Pitt lived here is an old-fashioned writing-table of mahogany, with a black leather top, which was formerly used by the "heaven-born" minister, and at which probably many State papers were written by him. It is by no means an article of taste, but decidedly meant for use; and it is allowed to remain as Pitt left it. Two mahogany doors, in different rooms of the house, are said to be survivors from Pitt's old house here. The view from the windows is delightful, reaching to Cudham and Downe, where we shall presently find the houses of Sir John Lubbock and Charles Darwin. There is a view of Holwood as it was in Pitt's time in the *European Magazine* for the year 1800.

Mr. T. Raikes, in his amusing "Diary," mentions having often been a visitor, as a boy, along with his father, at Holwood, and describes Pitt's library with the low deep arm-chair in which the great statesman used to sit, when he came back from London harassed and weary, and the shelf

of well-thumbed classics—Pitt's favourite companions—that hung over it.

In Hone's "Table Book" we find the following notes respecting Pitt's residence at Holwood:—"While Holwood was in the possession of Mr. Pitt, he there seemed to enjoy the short cessations he could obtain from official duty. His chief delight in these spare hours was planting, which, as he pursued it only as opportunity enabled him, was without system of purchase or order of arrangement, and consequently very expensive."

The following account of Holwood is extracted from the "Patrician":—"The present mansion occupies the place of the old house, which was pulled down in 1823. The latter was a small, old, plastered brick building, but had long been tenanted by various gentlemen who delighted in fox-hunting, at a time when the Duke of Grafton kept a pack of hounds in this neighbourhood. It afterwards came into the hands of the late Mr. Calcraft, and served as a house of rendezvous for the heads of one of the parties which at that time divided the House of Commons. From Mr. Calcraft it passed into the possession of the Burrell family; by them it was sold to Captain Ross, and purchased of him by Mr. Burrow, nephew of the late Sir James Burrow, who stuccoed the house, added greatly to the grounds by various purchases, grubbed and converted considerable woods into beautiful pasture and pieces of water, and planted those ornamental shrubberies which rendered it so justly admired. An eminent shipbuilder, named Randall, purchased it of Mr. Burrow, and he afterwards disposed of it to the Right Hon. William Pitt, who was a native of the adjoining parish, and under whose own personal superintendence most of the ornamental plantations were made which rendered the park so justly admired. As to the interior, the house underwent no other alteration than the addition of a small drawing-room covered with pantiles, and facing the whole with a curious new invented stucco. Mr. 'Decimus' Burton has preserved a sketch of this old house, such as it was when taken down to make room for the new mansion, and which, as connected with the history of this great statesman, may hereafter be an object of interest. The history and structure of the modern building may be thus described:—It was erected in the year 1825, from the designs and under the personal superintendence of Decimus Burton, Esq., architect. The exterior presents a uniform architectural elevation in the Grecian style; the walls faced with the light-coloured bricks from Southampton; the columns, pilasters, entablatures, window-dressings, and the plinth of solid Portland stone.

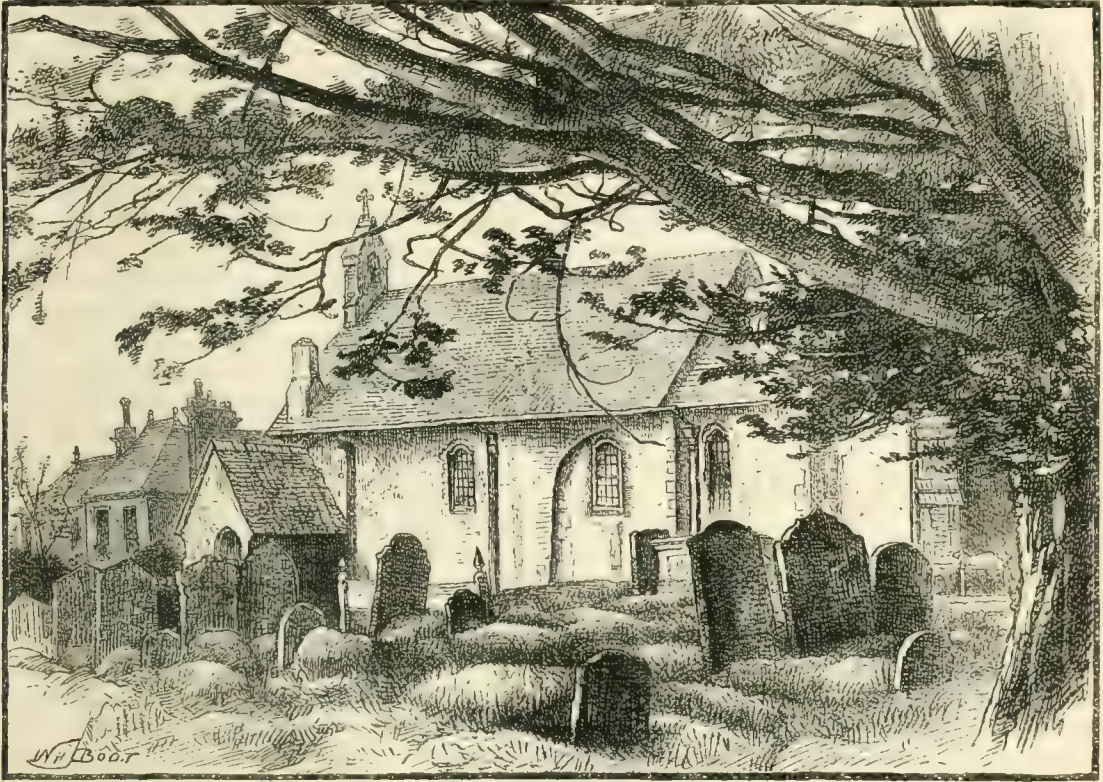


HAYES COMMON. (See page 110.)

1. The Common. 2. Cotey Hill. 3. Old Sand-pit on the Common. 4. House on the Common.

The south front extends 180 feet in length, and has a circular portico of four columns of the Grecian Ionic order the height of the building; in the wings are Doric columns in recesses. The principal apartments are in this front, and consist of the dining-room, saloon, library, drawing-room, billiard-room, and conservatory *en suite*. The kitchen offices also occupy part of the south front, but so concealed under the same elevation as to avoid the incongruity sometimes observed, where, either from injudicious-

Keston Church stands on the south side of Holwood Hill, nearly in the centre of the parish. It consists of a nave and chancel, with a little stone bell-cote rising from the western end of the nave. The edifice is built of flint, but in parts repaired with brick, and has a vestry, also of brick, extending across the western end of the nave. Most of the windows have been modernised, and the walls also in some places have been patched with plaster. Some of the older windows are of late Early



KESTON CHURCH.

ness or with the idea of economy, the domestic offices are seen attached to the mansion in a character of architecture totally different; a handsome conservatory, principally constructed of Portland stone and iron, and forty feet by seventeen feet wide, forms the termination of the eastern wing. The north, or entrance front, is of the same extent, but of a plainer character than the south front, with a recessed portico of two Doric columns. The interior presents several well-contrived vistas through the suites of apartments. The saloon, which has an extremely pleasing appearance, occupies the centre of the house, and extends two storeys in height, surmounted by a large lantern light and supported by columns.

English workmanship, and one or two of lancet shape on the south side, as well as a doorway, have been stopped up. In 1877 the interior was restored, and the square old-fashioned pews of our grandfathers superseded by more modern seats. More recently the church has undergone extensive alterations and enlargement, and a new west window inserted, and the little wooden cupola was at the same time superseded by the present handsome stone bell-cote. The communion table dates from the seventeenth century, and has a curious cross, inlaid with different woods. The chancel-arch is Late Norman, and is perhaps the oldest part of the existing fabric.

The churchyard, surrounded by a belt of noble

elms, is neatly kept. In it is the monument of Robert Monsey Rolfe, Baron Cranworth, Lord Chancellor of England, who died in 1868. It consists of a flat grey granite tomb, with a large cross of red granite. Among other memorials in the churchyard is a marble slab, on which are recorded the deaths of Francis Hastings Toone, Esq., of Keston Lodge, and of his sister, the Countess of Dysart, and of her son, William Felix Tollemache, Lord Huntingtower.

Near the lodge of Holwood, not far from the church, is a spring of water, called by the traditional name of the Archdeacon's Well. Often during dry seasons this forms the only supply of water for the houses round about, and even the inhabitants of the next village, Downe, are partially dependent on it. Close by the Archdeacon's Well is a spot called Warbank, which bears more than ordinary interest. "The prevalent idea," writes the author of Unwin's "Half-Holiday Handbook," "is that this was the site of an ancient town, and this probability is strengthened by the fact that remains of houses, of bricks, and old pottery, and even human skeletons, have been unearthed. The name Warbank is possibly a corruption of Weard-bank, meaning originally a kind of watch, or look-out station for the use of the Roman army. Mr. Kempe, the antiquarian, made some excavations here a few years since, and he positively asserts that he came upon the foundation of a circular building of flint, having a radius of fifteen feet, and walls of great thickness. Near to this were also discovered the remains of a square structure, which he supposed to be a tomb, as other graves and human bones were found in its immediate vicinity. The fields round Keston Court Farm contain evidences of the existence of a burial-ground, as urns holding the ashes of former inhabitants have been brought to light, showing that the Roman custom of cremation was known and put into practice by the settlers. According to the rude idea of the time, when a person of distinction died his body was cremated, and the ashes buried with such pos-

sessions as the deceased was particularly fond of. Coins of various descriptions, that have not seen the light for ages, and bearing the names and effigies of Claudius and Carausius, were also found at this spot. By some antiquarians this was supposed to be the veritable 'Noviomagus' of the Romans, and an archæological society was formed, under the title of the 'Order of Noviomagians,' for the purpose of elucidating its history."

With regard to the etymology of Keston, Ireland, in his "History of Kent," says it was "anciently written *Cheston*, the sound of the Saxon *c* being often expressed by the letters *ch*, having been probably so called *quasi Chesterton*, that is, the place of the camp, or fortification; but the Britons, pronouncing the *c* as we do *k* at this time, it thence assumed its present name of Keston. Some ingenious etymologists have fancied that they have discovered therein something of Cæsar's name, whence they would have it termed *quasi Keesar's Town*, as the Britons pronounced that name."

The Manor of Keston was originally given by William the Conqueror to his half-brother, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. This prelate, according to Hasted, let it to Gilbert de Maminot, one of William's favourite captains, who provided a thousand men as payment to guard the person of the king. In the reign of Edward III. the manor was held by Sir John de Huntingfield, who paid half a knight's fee for it. Afterwards it passed into the hands of Thomas Squerie, of West Wickham, on whose death without issue his two sisters became his co-heirs, of whom Dorothy, the youngest, married Richard Mervin, and the manor became her husband's. In the reign of Elizabeth, Mr. John Lennard, of Chevening, was its owner, and he settled it on his second son, Samuel, who came to reside at West Wickham. The eldest son of this gentleman was made a baronet in 1642, and dying in 1709, was succeeded by his son. Thus the descent is traced to its present owner, Sir John Farnaby Lennard, who, taking the name of Lennard, has had the title renewed in his favour.

CHAPTER XIII.

FARNBOROUGH AND DOWNE.

Productions of Farnborough—Early History—Tublandens Church of St. Giles—Greenstreet Green and Knockholt Beeches—Downe—St. Mary's Church—Charles Robert Darwin—Downe Hall—High Elms—Sir John Lubbock—Cudham and its Church.

THE village of Farnborough, whither we are now directing our steps, lies to the east of Keston, on the high road from London to Sevenoaks and Ton-

bridge. It is between three and four miles from the Bromley stations of the South Eastern and the London, Chatham, and Dover Railways, and about

two miles from that of Orpington, on the Sevenoaks and Tunbridge line of the South Eastern Railway. The village is called in the *Textus Roffensis* "Fearnberga." Ireland, in his "History of Kent," says "it most probably took its name from the natural disposition of the soil to bear *fearn*, or fern, the latter syllable, *berge*, signifying in old English a little hill—an etymology well suiting the place." It may be observed that the name of Farnborough is not uncommon in other parts of England. There is one near Blackwater, in Hampshire, another in Warwickshire, another in Berkshire, and yet another in Somerset, not far from Bristol.

The parish lies on high ground, and in the north-west parts, towards Hayes and Bromley, is much overgrown with coppice woods. A walk round the village, however, will reveal the fact that we are in the midst of the fruit district. "Out of 1,411 acres, which is the estimated area of the parish," remarks the author of "Unwin's Guide" to the district, "about a quarter is devoted to the cultivation of fruit and vegetables to supply the London markets. Even the hedgerows abound in fruit-trees, particularly the damson, which here grows to perfection; and no prettier sight can be imagined than when these trees are laden with blossoms, and later on with fruit hanging temptingly overhead. A large portion of land is taken up with the culture of potatoes, most of them going to the Borough Market." Some hundreds of acres of strawberries also are grown here for the London markets.

The village of Farnborough in itself possesses little or nothing to interest or attract the tourist; but it is of interest as having given the title of Lord Farnborough to Sir Charles Long, of the neighbouring parish of Bromley, and of whom we have already spoken at some length in our account of that place.* It is a quaint, straggling, irregular village, mostly on the high road. The sign of the "Woodman" marks an old roadside tavern, which may have been a public-house in the days of the Tudors, or earlier. Its red brick chimneys are far out of the perpendicular.

The liberty of the Duchy of Lancaster claims sundry rights over this parish, the manor of Farnborough having belonged to that duchy from its first erection.

In the reign of Henry III. Farnborough appears to have been one of the fees belonging to Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, who fell at the battle of Evesham, fighting on the side of the barons. His

estates and honours were seized by the Crown, and were given by the king to his second son, Edmund Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster, of whom they were held, under Edward I., by the eminent family of the Grandisons, one of whom, in the reign of Edward III., was Bishop of Exeter. In the eighteenth year of that king, Henry, Earl of Lancaster, possessed this manor after the death of his brother Thomas, who had been beheaded at Pomfret. He had been restored to all his titles, and died in 1345. His son Henry, who succeeded to this manor, had been created Earl of Derby, and the property continued in the hands of that royal line till Henry VII., in his first year, broke the entail. The property was in the possession of Charles I. at his death, in 1648. The royal estates being then seized by the Parliament, the Manor of Farnborough, commonly called the Duchy Court of Farnborough, belonging to the Duchy of Lancaster, was, in 1652, surveyed. At the restoration of Charles II., in 1660, this manor again returned to the Crown, and it continued among its revenues, under the jurisdiction of the Duchy Court of Lancaster, without any grant being made of the same, till about the middle of the last century, when the Hon. Thomas Walpole obtained a grant of the property under the seal of the duchy court. The manor has since been held by the Bonds, Copes, and others.

Farnborough Hall, at a short distance to the north-east of the village, is built upon an estate which appears to have been held by Simon de Chelsfield of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, in the reign of Henry III. About the middle of the fourteenth century the property was purchased by the Petleys, from whom it passed by sale to the Peches, and from that family it passed, by the marriage of an heiress, to John Hart. With the descendants of this gentleman the property remained till it was conveyed by marriage to the Dykes of Lullingstone.

Tubbendens is another ancient seat in this district, the demesnes of which lie partly in this parish and partly in that of Orpington. In the twenty-first year of Edward I. it was possessed by owners of the same name, as it appears that "Gilbert Saundre, of Orpington, demised several parcels of land to John de Tubbendens, of Ferneborough, and his sons." According to Hasted, "in 1660 W. Gee conveyed it to Thomas Brome, serjeant-at-law. His arms are in one of the windows of Gray's Inn Hall. He resided at Tubbendens, and died in 1673, and was buried in Farnborough Church. He was succeeded by his son, William Brome, barrister-at-law, whose son, Colonel John Brome,

* See ante, p. 4.

succeeded him. Both were buried at Farnborough Church." Colonel John Brome married Elizabeth, only child of the Rev. George Berkeley, Prebendary of Westminster, second son of George, first Earl of Berkeley. Their daughter Maria married a Mr. John Hammond, of Chatham, who, in right of his wife, became the owner of Tubbendens, of which he died possessed in 1774, leaving two daughters, one of whom, Anna Maria, married James Primrose Maxwell, whose grandson, Colonel George Shirley Maxwell, now owns the estate. It will thus be seen that Tubbendens has passed from one generation to another, either in male or female descent, for upwards of 200 years. From an old book, entitled "*Stemmata Chicheleyana*," it appears that through the Bromes and Berkeleys the present owner of Tubbendens is descended from the father of Archbishop Chicheley, who died in the year 1400.

The present house dates from the seventeenth century, but has of late years been partially rebuilt and modernised. The estate, comprising about 170 acres, has this much of interest attached to it: that it has remained the same in extent for centuries past, except when a small portion was taken by the South Eastern Railway to construct the chalk embankment on which stands the Orpington Station. At the entrance gate of Tubbendens is a milestone over a century old, marking fifteen miles from London Bridge.

Farnborough was till lately a chapelry annexed to Chelsfield, the united living being in the gift of All Souls' College, Oxford, but was constituted a separate parish in 1876. It is in the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the diocese of Canterbury and the deanery of West Dartford. The church, dedicated to St. Giles the Abbot, stands prettily on a steep slope overhanging the road at the south-east end of the village, a little out of the high way, on the road to Downe. It consists of a simple nave and chancel, neatly and plainly "restored." The edifice dates from the early part of the seventeenth century, when, its predecessor having been considerably damaged by a violent storm of wind in December, 1639, it was found necessary to take it down and re-build it. One or two lancet windows in the chancel are all that remains of the original fabric. The windows of the nave and the east window are poor and square-headed. The font is of Perpendicular date, and handsomely carved in diaper work. The low square tower, of brick and flint, was erected in 1838. The church contains several monuments to the Bromes and other families.

On the chancel floor are some finely-carved

monumental slabs of the last century, one of them to a Mr. Meetkerke, Rector of Chelsfield, who died in 1775. On the north wall is a mural tablet bearing the following quaint inscription:—

"Beloved; lamented; Rebecca Floyd, wife of Lieut-General Floyd; victim of maternal affection: she nursed her fever'd infant in her bosom. One fate attended both.

"One grave contains the mother and the child. Almighty God receive their souls.

"Flavia Floyd died Feb. 1, 1802, aged 4½ years. Rebecca Floyd died Feb. 3, 1802, aged 30 years."

By a Commission of Inquiry, in 1650, it was returned that Farnborough had been a "chapel of ease to Chelsfield, and was already fitly divided: it had only one acre of land, and an old house belonging thereto; the parsonage being, at most, worth only £30 per annum." In 1821 there were only 91 dwellings in the parish of Farnborough, the total number of the inhabitants at that time being 553. According to the last census returns, the population now numbers some 1,200 souls.

About a mile eastward from the village, and at the junction of the high road with that leading northward to Orpington, is the little hamlet of Greenstreet Green, a locality frequented by pleasure parties because of its proximity to the Knockholt Beeches, a favourite resort of holiday-makers during the summer months. This famous clump of trees, standing on a knoll, forms a prominent landmark, and is conspicuous for many miles. Chevening Park, the seat of Lord Stanhope, lies in its immediate vicinity, and will be found full of interest to botanists. Both Knockholt and Chevening, however, lie beyond the limits of our jurisdiction.

The little village of Downe is situated on a very elevated and salubrious spot, about two miles south by east from Farnborough. The road thither is all "ups and downs," and winds prettily through Sir John Lubbock's park of High Elms. There is also a way to it along pleasant country lanes and field-paths.

The village, for the most part consisting of the cottages of agricultural labourers, is built at the intersection of four cross-roads. It is very pretty and rural, most of its houses clustering round the church, the shingled spire of which peeps out charmingly from the surrounding trees. There are a few houses here and there of a better class, among them being one called the Great House. Trodmore Lodge, formerly called Trowmers, near the church, is a good restored specimen of a Jacobean mansion. It is built of red brick, and has a lofty "prospect tower," which rises as high

above the trees as the neighbouring church spire.

The church, dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin, is a small building, encircled by a belt of elm-trees. It consists of a nave and chancel, and a tower at the west end. The interior and exterior have both been restored on the old lines; but the Early English lancets have been mostly superseded by square-headed Tudor windows, as at Farnborough and Cudham.

In the churchyard, opposite the south porch, is one of those magnificent yew-trees which are so common throughout this district; the trunk is of enormous growth.

From time to time stained-glass windows have been given by the wealthier members of the congregation, and in 1878 a handsome clock was erected in the tower by public subscription. There are some fine brasses, and around the walls are tablets to various persons connected with the place, and under the nave are deposited the remains of members of the Petley family, who were lords of the manor from the time of Edward III. till Henry VIII. Their mansion has long since disappeared, and the site is now occupied by Petley's Farm. In the chancel is a mural tablet to the late Sir John W. Lubbock. In the south wall of the chancel is a piscina and a double stone seat, beneath a Pointed arch.

Downe is chiefly notable as having been the residence of one of the most distinguished men of the century, Charles Robert Darwin—remarkable not more for the startling novelty and daring of the theories which he advanced than for the patient industry and scholarly investigation which made his words a power in the land, differ as people may as to the question of their truth or falsity. This is not the place for a discussion respecting the so-called "Darwinian Theory," but a few particulars respecting its originator may not be without interest.

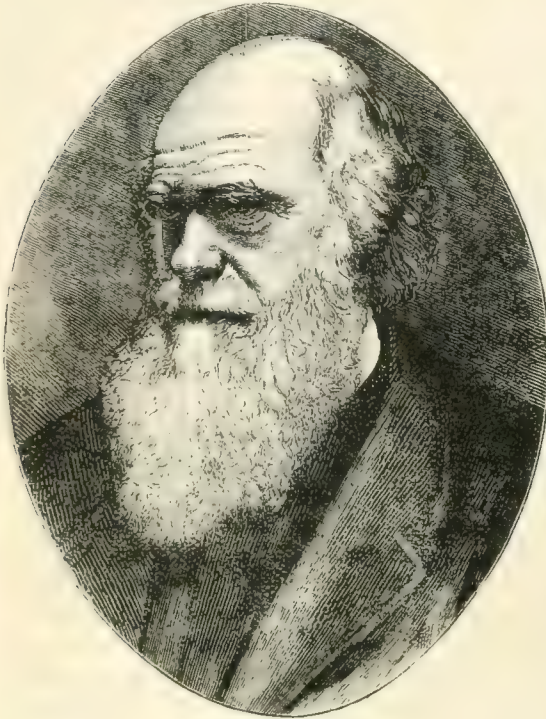
Charles Darwin was born at Shrewsbury on the 12th February, 1809. He came of a distinguished family. His father was the son of Erasmus Darwin, the author of the poem called "The Botanic Garden." His maternal grandfather was the greatest of potters, Josiah Wedgwood. Charles Darwin himself was educated at Shrewsbury School and Christ's College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in 1831. From the first the young man had shown a strong bent towards the study of natural history, and when Captain Fitzroy offered a berth on board the *Beagle* on her surveying voyage, to any naturalist who would accept it, Darwin caught eagerly at the offer, unsalaried as the post

was. On his return from this voyage of scientific discovery, during which South America and the Pacific Islands were visited, Mr. Darwin published a book containing his observations, which showed so much research and ability that it at once brought him into general notice. In 1839 he married his cousin, Emma Wedgwood, and then for the first time took up his residence at Downe; there he devoted himself to experiment and observation, while books such as "The Structure of Coral Reefs" and "Observations on Volcanic Islands" showed the world that he was not idle with his pen. At last, in 1859, the "Origin of Species" burst upon the world, with its bold theories concerning evolution, natural selection, and the like. Instantly a storm of prejudice broke on the author's head. He was derided as a lunatic and denounced as an infidel.

Undisturbed, he worked on, silently but unwearingly, and soon after published "The Descent of Man," reducing to a settled and systematised theory the principles put forward in the previous work. In 1853 the Royal Society recognised the worth of its greatest member by awarding to him the Royal Medal, while he received the Wollaston Medal from the Geological Society. The rest of his principal works are "The Fertilisation of Orchids," 1862; "Volcanic Phenomena," and his latest "The Formation of Mould by Earth-worms."

Darwin died here on the 19th of April, 1882, at the age of seventy-three. History will doubtless assign to him a foremost place among the scientific writers not only of this country, but of Europe; and though his body lies in Westminster Abbey, his best monument will be that "Origin of Species" which, it has been declared, marks a new epoch in the history of scientific thought. The *Daily Telegraph*, in recording the death of Darwin, says:—"One scarcely knows which to praise most in this great biologist, his methods or his results. Down to his time naturalists had been chiefly observers and describers. Mr. Darwin was all this, but he was also an experimenter. Let us illustrate his character in these two respects. The philosopher is walking over the pretty downs near Farnham. He sees a few Scotch firs on the hill-tops: they have been there for years; but now some enclosures are made, and very shortly there spring up self-sown firs, in hosts too many to live. 'On looking closely between the stems of the heath,' he says, 'I found a multitude of seedlings and little trees, which had been perpetually bowed down by the cattle. In one square yard I counted thirty-two little trees, and one of them, with twenty-six rings of growth, had, during many years, tried to raise

its head, and failed. No wonder that as soon as the land was enclosed it became thickly clothed with young firs. Yet the heath was extremely



CHARLES DARWIN.

barren. . . . Here we see cattle absolutely determine the existence of Scotch firs.' Then, again, there was the curious bit of connected natural history showing how the number of old maids in a village might determine the growth of the heartsease or red clover. If there were many ladies with pet cats there would be few field-mice, with few field-mice there would be more red clover, which requires the bees to fertilise it; 'hence we may infer as highly probable that if the whole genus of humble bees became extinct or very rare in England, the heartsease or red clover would become very rare, or wholly disappear.' Facts like these Mr. Darwin has marshalled by the score, and Sir John Lubbock and others, following his example, are daily extending the record. They seem simple, but they are of the utmost importance, as showing the dependence of one part of the economy of nature on another. In this way a school of biologists has been formed who have explained how animals have acquired their forms and characters; how plants have gained the beauty of their forms, the gorgeousness of their colours, and the sweetness of their perfumes; and how by continued sexual selection the male in many

species, as the lion or the common fowl, have become strikingly handsome. Whole classes of facts have received explanation which hitherto were enigmas. Mr. Darwin had to meet the objection that the struggle for existence in the animal world seemed insufficient to account for the facts. The following extract shows how he met the argument in the case of the slowest breeding animal:— 'There is no exception to the rule that every organic being naturally increases at so high a rate that, if not destroyed, the earth would soon be covered by the progeny of a single pair. Even slow-breeding man has doubled in twenty-five years, and, at this rate, in a few thousand years there would literally not be standing-room for his progeny. Linnæus has calculated that if an animal plant produced two, and so on, then in twenty years there would be 1,000,000 plants. The elephant is reckoned to be the slowest breeder of all known animals, and I have taken some pains to estimate its probable minimum rate of natural increase. It will be under the mark to assume that it breeds under thirty years old, and goes on breeding till ninety years old, bringing forth three pairs of young in this interval; if this be so, at the end of



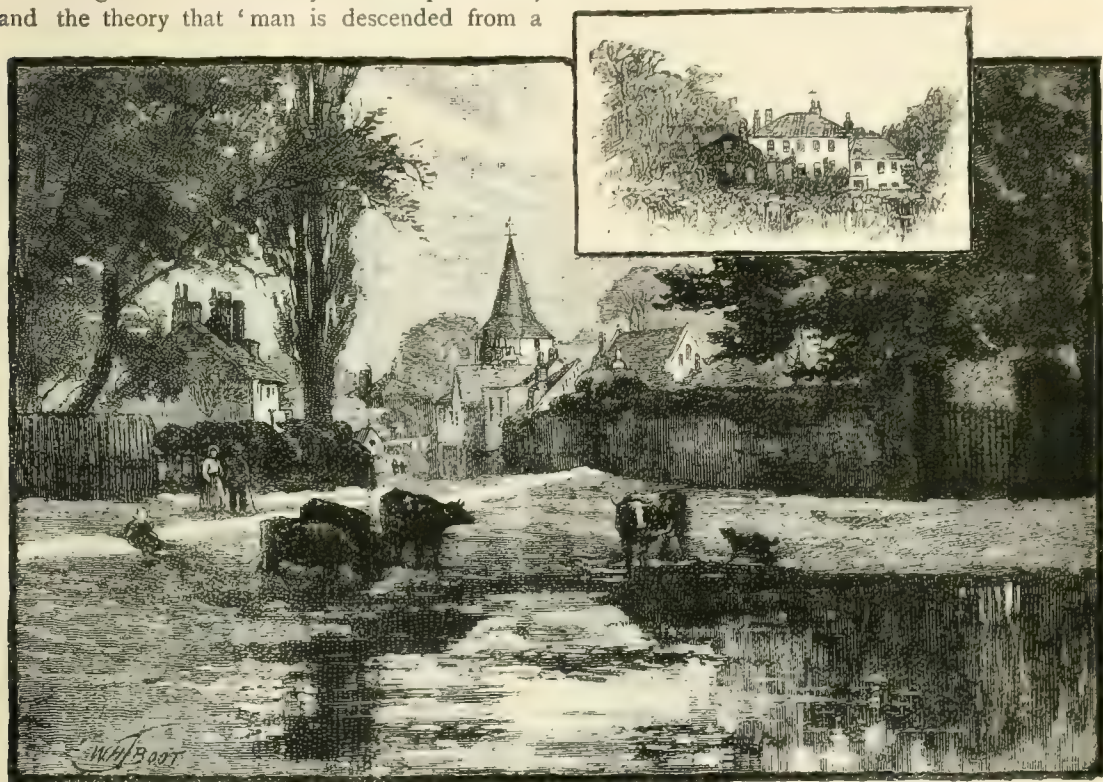
SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

(From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.)

the fifth century there would be alive 15,000,000 elephants, descended from the first pair.' Darwin's last communications to the Linnæan Society were

of an experimental character. They were two papers, read only about a month before his death, 'On the Action of Carbonate of Ammonia on the Roots of Plants,' and of the same substance on the chlorophyll of plants. After the publication of his 'Origin of Species,' the author developed his theories in the 'Descent of Man,' 'The Fertilisation of Orchids,' 'The Expression of Emotion in Man and Animals,' and 'Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants.' In some of these works there was thought to be a tendency to over-speculation, and the theory that 'man is descended from a

great size; it may be known by its white front, covered with clusters of ivy. On the right hand of the entrance-hall is the new library, which he built for his books, and where, of late years, he read and wrote; on the other side is a smaller apartment, which was used previously as a study, and in which most of his more important works were written. The drawing-room at the back looks out upon a lawn such as many a country rectory possesses, with its mulberry-tree, and its verandah covered



THE VILLAGE OF DOWNE, AND DARWIN'S HOUSE.

hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits,' provoked a good deal of easy ridicule. Some of the views of Darwinians, especially the pedigrees of animals, must appear strange till the world becomes familiar with them; but the great merit of the new doctrine is that it has re-created zoology, botany, embryology, and geology, and their kindred sciences. Everything connected with the past and with the future of man and of society is seen to be more or less bound up in the questions of evolution, development, and descent."

Downe Hall, which was for so many years the residence of Darwin, is situated on the south side of the village, about a quarter of a mile from the church. It is an old-fashioned mansion, of no

with creepers of all sorts and hues. In the further part of the lawn a little grassy mound, carefully railed in, marks the grave of the great naturalist's favourite dog.

The manor of Downe Court, with its site, in the reigns of Edward I. and II., was the property and residence of Richard de Downe. That family became extinct before the middle of the reign of Edward III., when the Petleys of Trowmer, in this parish, became lords of the same. From the Petleys the estate was carried in marriage to the Mannings. It was later on sold to Sir Francis Carew, of Beddington, since which time it had undergone several changes of ownership before coming into Dr. Darwin's hands.

In this neighbourhood has long lived another

distinguished man of science, Sir John Lubbock, whose name has been incidentally mentioned above. His residence, called High Elms, lies to the north of the church, on the road towards Farnborough. It stands in a small park, sweetly undulating and surrounded with trees, among which the beech, the chestnut, and the fir dispute the supremacy with those "elms" which have given to it a name. It crowns a slope overlooking gardens and lawns which gradually die away into the park, the turf being artificially raised so as to conceal the thoroughfare which intersects it; but it offers little scope for special description, differing in few respects from other small country seats.

The name of Sir John Lubbock has been for many years well known in the scientific world. He has been for some time a member of the Royal Commission for the Advancement of Science, President of the Anthropological Institute, and a Vice-President of the Royal Society. He is the author of several learned works, such as "The Origin of Civilisation," "The Origin and Metamorphoses of Insects," and "Pre-historic Times." Max Müller on one occasion wrote of Sir John Lubbock:—"His articles stand almost alone, distinguished alike by sound reasoning and a careful collection of authentic facts. Sir John Lubbock is as honest as a scientific man as he is as a politician. He is not afraid of truth, in whatever shape it comes before him."

It is, however, in the field of pre-historic archaeology that Sir John Lubbock has achieved his greatest popular triumphs, having done more, perhaps, than any other archaeologist, dead or living, to enlighten the British public on the subject. In the preface to his valuable work, "Pre-historic Times," Sir John quotes, with approval, the noble words of the late Archbishop of Canterbury to the effect that religion and science are really not at variance, and that it is treason to the majesty of both to seek to help either "by swerving ever so little from the straight line of truth." It is elsewhere remarked by Sir John that the "separation of the two mighty agents of improvement (religion and science) is the greatest misfortune of humanity, and has done more than anything else to retard the progress of civilisation."

In 1870 Sir John Lubbock entered Parliament as member for Maidstone, and on the elevation of Mr. Lowe to the peerage in 1880, he was elected for London University. Among the Acts of Parliament with which his name will always be closely associated, are the Bank Holiday Act, the Shop Hours Regulation Act, and the Act for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments.

Amongst its list of "Celebrities at Home," the *World* of January 1st, 1879, devotes an article to describing Sir John Lubbock at his Kentish residence. "Inheriting mathematical power from his father, he appears to have taken up zoological studies entirely on his own account. His education can hardly be said to have given his taste any bent in that direction. His preliminary instruction over, he was sent to Eton, where his academical career was suddenly cut short by the illness of his father's two partners, which made it necessary that the form at Eton should be exchanged for a desk in Lombard Street. At the age of fourteen he forsook Latin verse-making for accounts, and acquired a sound knowledge of banking. His subsequent education was therefore completed in his leisure hours at High Elms, his recreation being the pursuit of natural history. Early in life he learned to divide his attention, and while given it thoroughly to banking during business hours, to turn it with good effect on literature and science while at home. His natural history work received a great impetus from Mr. Darwin, who came to reside at Downe, and at once took a keen interest in the young investigator. Thus commenced a friendship between two of the most thoughtful and agreeable of men, which has only increased in cordiality with time. In zoology Sir John Lubbock has confined his researches mainly to the lower animals, insects, and crustacea, and made many discoveries concerning their habits and development, embodied in communications to various learned societies. These abstruse studies, however, are of course less known and appreciated by the public than his remarkable observations on the relations of insects and plants. His studies of bee life, habits, and development have contributed greatly to the more perfect understanding of that insect. More recently he has devoted his powers of observation to ants, and has tested their intelligence by a variety of interesting experiments. Mindful that the proper study of mankind is man, Sir John Lubbock has not devoted more than a fair share of his energy and acuteness to the study of the lower animals. Always fond of archaeology, he gave that interesting pursuit a wide range by applying the evidence of existing monuments to the elucidation of the habits of primitive mankind. The sum of his work in this direction has been given to the public in "Pre-historic Times" and the "Origin of Civilisation," both of which have passed through several editions, and appear on the shelves of his work-room in French, German, Italian, Danish, Russian, Dutch, and Swedish. His "Origin of Civilisation" has also, it is almost

needless to add, gone through two American editions. The short career of Sir John Lubbock as a politician has been marked by substantial success. Although neither a showy orator nor a brilliant debater, he has succeeded in passing six useful Bills beside that Bank Holiday Bill. How does he contrive to get through this quantity of work? Mainly, he will answer, by beginning early in the morning. At six o'clock he will be found in his work-room preparing for the day by a plunge into the world of science, by writing a paper to be read at some learned gathering, or by making anatomical drawings, an art in which he has acquired considerable skill. Then come breakfast, a drive to the Orpington station, and thence, as swiftly as may be, to Lombard Street. Afterwards follows, according to the season, the House of Commons or home, for the member for Maidstone is a genuine family man."

A mile or more from Downe, through a well-wooded valley, we are met by the arms of the City of London, showing the limits of the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction, and reminding us that we have reached the limits of our letter. Just out of our limits is Cudham, or—as it is called locally—Coodham, with its church prettily perched on the top of an eminence. Its shingled spire is to be seen on every side. A nearer view shows an edifice of the Early English style, with a handsome north aisle to the nave and a south aisle to the chancel. The latter is made to do duty as a vestry, and one of the most beautiful of Decorated windows is blocked up. The nave has been "restored" with painful propriety. At the east end, and in other parts of the church, the Early English lancet windows have been superseded by square-headed insertions of the later Tudor style. The church contains some fine brasses, a piscina, and other objects of interest to antiquarians. In the churchyard are two magnificent yew-trees, which doubtless flourished there at the Conquest.

A little east of the church stands a modern parsonage, most pretentious in its semi-castellated magnificence, and looking as if it had dropped from heaven. The whole place looks as if it were a hundred miles from London.

Downe and Cudham both lie in the midst of picturesque scenery, but much of the woodlands, which in former times stretched over the greater part of the parish, have within the last few years been converted to agricultural purposes. The route thither from Keston is thus described in Unwin's "Half-Holiday Handbook":—"As we traverse the road, and glance into the valley beneath, a strangely diversified mixture of colours presents

itself. The beauty of the various tints contrasts with the arable land, and even in winter time the gradation of colour of the chalk soil from white to a deep brown is very striking. In spring it is even more so, as the young corn and clover, with patches of the farmer's enemy, the yellow charlock, and here and there a newly-ploughed field, form a fine study for the artist; while in autumn the ripe corn gives the appearance of a valley of gold. About a mile along the road from Leaves Green is a cottage known by the appropriate name of the Salt Box, from its being shaped like that article; and opposite this are two lanes—one leading down a steep hill into the valley, the other called Jewer's Hill, offering a shady retreat, where beech-trees grow on either side, their branches meeting overhead, and forming a leafy tunnel. This road leads to Croydon and Chelsham; and should the tourist feel inclined to penetrate its recesses, he will be amply repaid by the rich harvest of wild flowers awaiting him. A pleasant ramble on the chalk hills and slopes in search of these will enable him to pluck specimens of the hoary mullein, that grows here to the height of four or five feet, its yellow flowers clustered round the stem making it a very conspicuous object. The sulphur-coloured blossom of the toad flax, the purple of the foxglove, the sweet aromatic-scented wild thyme, the bladder campion, the pretty yellow *cistus*, or rock rose, and milkwort, all lend by their gay hues a charm to these chalky slopes. Continuing along the main road beyond the Salt Box Cottage is a small hamlet called Biggin Hill, consisting of a few cottages tenanted by farm-labourers; and on the left the road leads to Cudham village, which is about three miles distant. The route thither lies through fruit plantations, which are in the summer months scenes of great activity, for shoals of the London poor migrate to the locality for the purpose of earning a few shillings by fruit-picking. One is struck with the wild and romantic picturesqueness of the place, and many would scarcely believe such a spot existed so few miles from the metropolis. A few years ago this region was covered with trees, and formed an immense wood; but the suitability of the soil for the growth of fruit was perceived, and a few growers turned their attention to the cultivation of strawberries, many acres of which are now raised. The roots of the trees were grubbed up, and year after year several acres are added by the same process. Most of the crops find their way into the London markets; and when the season is on, long strings of vans, heavily laden, pass through Bromley during the evening, ready for the next morning's market."

CHAPTER XIV.

WEST WICKHAM AND ADDINGTON.

West Wickham—Annals of the Parish—Wickham Court—Gallery of Portraits—Keston Church—"The Archdeacon's Well"—Etymology and Early History—Wickham Church—Mr. West, the Friend of Lyttelton and Pitt—The Poet Glover's Absence of Mind—Discovery of Palæolithic Weapons and Instruments—A Group of Remarkable Trees—Addington, its Boundaries and Etymology—Castle Hill—Singular Tenure of the Manor—Descent of the Manor—The Parish Church—The Burial-Place of Archbishop Tait—A Cluster of Tumuli—Addington Park—Its Purchase as a Seat for the Archbishops of Canterbury—The successive Archbishops who have lived here.

Few parts of even the distant suburbs of London—not excepting the districts which we have just described—are prettier or more "sylvan" than the country between Hayes and Croydon; and probably few rural villages, even in Yorkshire or Devonshire, are more sequestered than West Wickham, which almost adjoins Hayes and Keston Commons, and which, up to the present time, has not suffered to any great extent from the incursions of the "demon of bricks and mortar."

The parish adjoins Surrey both to the south and the west, and is the next parish westward from Hayes. It derived its appellation of Wickham from the Saxon words *wic*, a street or way, and *ham*, a dwelling, and received the prefix of West to distinguish it from two other parishes of the same name in Kent: namely, East Wickham,* near Plumstead, and Wickham Breaux, near Canterbury. The parish lies high; and although of considerable extent, is not very thickly populated. Half a century ago there were not more than ninety dwellings in the whole parish, the number of the inhabitants at that time scarcely amounting to 600, whilst at the present time, such has been the slow rate of increase that the population now does not reach a thousand. The district is delightfully undulating, consisting of hills and dales, or "bottoms," as they are locally called, which are plentifully overgrown with ferns. The author of Unwin's "Half-holiday Handbook" tells us that Wickham is one of the most celebrated of the London entomologist's "happy hunting-grounds." The district seems one vast repository of insect life, and many "good things" in entomology are still found there, including West Wickham Wood, Shirley Common, and the outlying portions of the Archbishop's Park at Addington. An extension of the South Eastern Railway has recently been made from Beckenham, with stations at Eden Park, West Wickham, and Hayes. "It is to be hoped, writes the author of the above-mentioned work, "that this new branch, whilst supplying the means of access to the City, will not be instrumental in introducing hordes of the London 'rough.' In some beautiful

localities it has been found that bringing the railway right up to it, and planting a commodious 'Railway Inn' in close proximity, has been the means of closing the locality to the lover of nature and rural scenery by the wholesale introduction of the rough aforesaid, who does not care to visit a district if it entails a walk of four or five miles."

The soil of the parish is varied, being in some parts chalk, and in others gravel, sand, and clay. In the centre stand the court lodge and church, and about midway between the church and Beckenham, to the north-west, is the village, mostly consisting of cottages, but having in it, or close by, one or two good residences.

Mr. Britton, in his "Beauties of England and Wales," thus describes West Wickham:—This village was, in the reign of Edward II., the property of the Huntingfields, of whom Sir Walter de Huntingfield procured the grant of a weekly market for this manor in 1318, but the market has been long discontinued. It afterwards passed through several families to Sir Henry Heydon, who rebuilt the manor-house and church in the reign of Henry VII. His descendants sold it to the Lennards; and it was late the property of Sir John Farnaby, Bart., in right of his wife Mary, daughter to the late Mr. Samuel Lennard, the illegitimate son of Sir Samuel Lennard, Bart. Many of the Lennards were men of note in their day, representing the county of Kent in several Parliaments. Sir Samuel Lennard was knighted early in the seventeenth century, and his son, Sir Stephen, was created a baronet in 1642. The last of the family, Miss Mary Lennard, married Sir John Farnaby, of Kippington, near Sevenoaks, whom she outlived. Lady Farnaby resided here till her death in 1833. She was succeeded in the property by her only surviving son, Sir Charles Francis Farnaby, on whose death, in 1861, the estate passed to his nephew, Colonel John Farnaby Lennard, eldest son of Sir John's only daughter, by her marriage with General Sir William Cator, K.C.B. Colonel Farnaby-Lennard, who still owns the estate, had a baronetcy conferred upon him in 1880.

Wickham Court, the residence for some three

centuries of the Lennard family, is one of those mansions of which it is difficult to say whether they partake more of the Tudor or the Elizabethan character. In its general outlines it bears a very marked resemblance to Holland House, though somewhat smaller and less highly ornamented. It is particularly rich in colour, its south front and corner turrets being built of the finest red brick, with dressings of Kentish rag stone. It stands high, overlooking a long sweep of park; and by it there nestles in a grove of elms the old parish church, of which the Lennards, as lords of the manor, have been patrons from time immemorial.

The mansion has undergone considerable alterations and repairs at different times, to suit the taste of the age; but it still retains its original form and much of its ancient character. It is a square building, with a small octagonal tower at each corner. At one time these towers were surmounted by dwarf spires, or "extinguisher" roofs, much resembling those to be seen to this day on the old *châteaux* in the north of France and on the border fortresses of Scotland; they have, however, been removed, and the parapets embattled, after their original fashion. In Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary" the mansion is described as "a curious square structure, with angular towers, of the time of Henry VIII." Lysons adds that it was "built by Sir Henry Heydon" in the above-mentioned reign; and Leyland, in his "Itinerary," says that "Henry Heydon purchased 300 marks of land yn yerely rent at Wikham, by Lewisham, in Surry, towards Croydon, where he buildid a right fair manor place and a fair chirche." The house, however, was really built in the reign of Edward IV. As rebuilt by Sir Henry Heydon—for there appears to have been a residence here before his time—it had an interior open court, now covered in, and used as a staircase. "To do honour to his king," as we learn from an article on "West Wickham Court" in the "Archæologia Cantiana," "he put up in painted glass the Royal Arms of Edward IV. and those of his queen, Elizabeth Woodville, of the Duchess of York, and of his sister, who married Lord Cobham." These coats-of-arms are now in the hall.

The principal entrance to the house is through an open paved court on the west side. In the late Sir Charles Farnaby's time a new entrance was made in the front facing the park, but the general arrangement is a return to the original plan. We pass under a portico of about the time of Charles I., and find before us a massive door, constructed of oak, studded with huge nails, and fastened by a

ponderous bolt stock, which are evidently as old as the days of "Bluff King Hal." This door bears traces of rough usage at some time or other, showing on its face the marks of bolts from the cross-bows and shots from small cannon, and in one place it has sustained severe battering. Inside the door we find a very small hall, from which a few steps on the right-hand lead up to an ante-room, whence access is gained to the library and the drawing-room, both wainscoted with dark oak and hung with family portraits. The hall retains most of its original features. In one of the windows may be noticed the initials of Anne Boleyn and her royal lover, Henry VIII., intertwined with a "true lover's knot." In another window of the hall are the arms of Sir Henry Heydon, with those of Anne, his wife, daughter to Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, and other families; and over the chimney are the arms of Lennard, quartering those of Byrde, Bickworth, and Hussey.

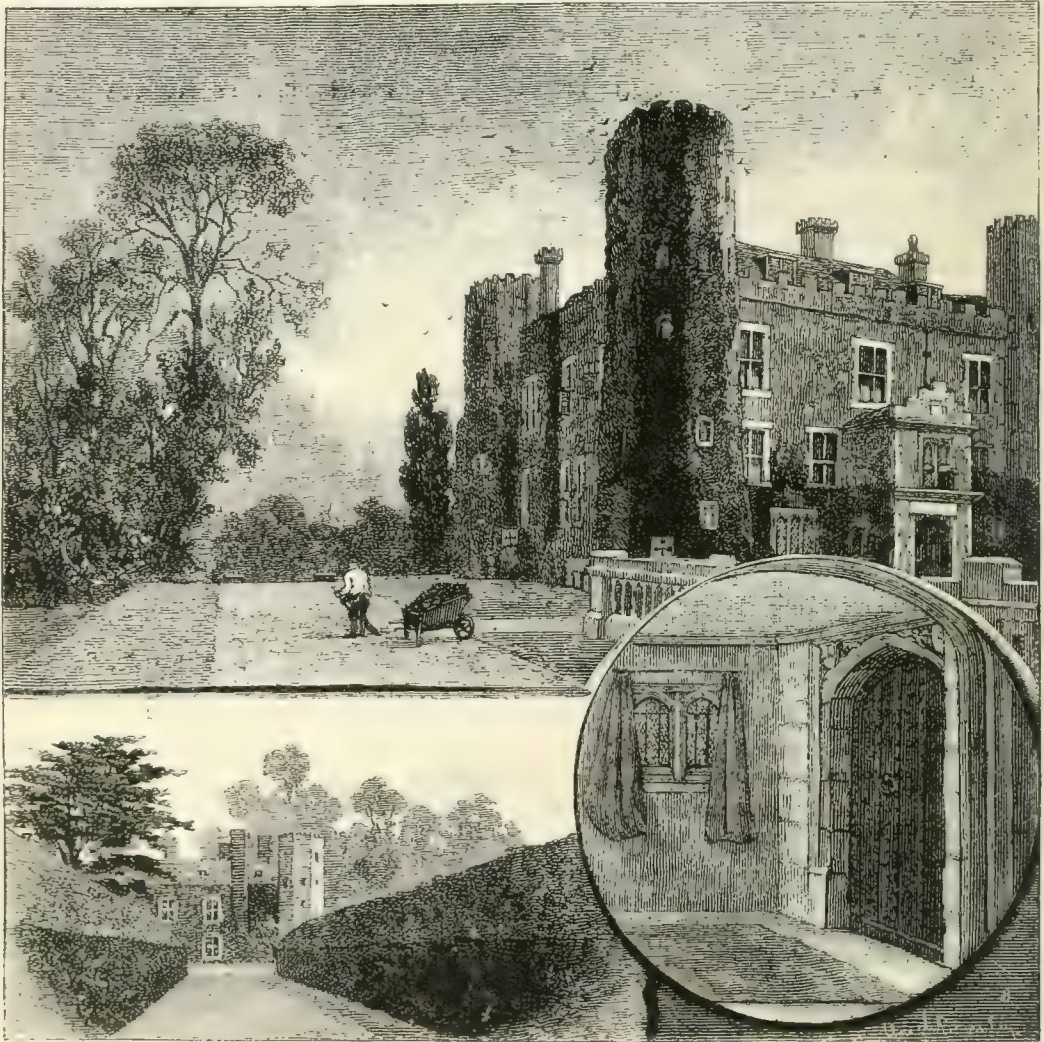
Anne Boleyn, it is said, was a frequent visitor here at the time when the property was in the hands of her uncle, Sir Thomas Heydon, and at the period, too, when her captivating charms had proved too much for the fickle-hearted monarch. The poets tell us there are "tongues in trees." If such be really the case, and those which surround the well-kept ancient bowling-green of Wickham Court could only speak, it is just possible that they might enlighten us on many a little amatory scene enacted there between the king and fair Mistress Boleyn.

The gallery of family portraits at Wickham Court is particularly large and varied, containing those of most of the distinguished persons who have been connected with the place, or allied by ties of blood or marriage with the Lennard family. Among the portraits here are those of Sir John Lennard, the founder of the Lennard family; Dr. Farnaby, the scholar and grammarian, who founded the Farnabies; Sir Sydney Strafford Smythe, a Baron of the Exchequer, of the Strangford family, who married a Miss Farnaby; Prince George of Denmark, to whom Colonel Sir Samuel Lennard was Equerry; Sir Samuel himself, the Earl of Sussex; his wife, Lady Anne Palmer, daughter of Charles II.; and Charles II., on the staircase; with others unknown. It is supposed, from the stags' heads in the dining-hall being all American, and from the original full-length portraits of Sir Walter Raleigh and his son being hung on the walls, that some of the Lennard family accompanied Sir Walter in one or more of his expeditions to America.

When the house itself was rebuilt, in the

"troubulous times" of Edward IV.'s reign, it was fortified, and had no outside windows but those in the four turrets, which were so placed as to enable the inmates to keep watch on the outside, and at the same time to light the spiral staircase in each. The rooms themselves were lighted from the

inmates could discharge their cross-bolts, and thus protect each front of the house. There were also loopholes in various places in the turrets for discharging arrows. After the Wars of the Roses the house was remodelled. The battlements were replaced by a stone cornice, and the "extin-



WICKHAM COURT. (See page 125.)

1. Garden Front.

2. Anne Boleyn's Walk.

3. The Entrance Porch.

inner court, which, as stated above, is now covered in, and serves as a staircase. An example of these inner windows may still be seen over the door of the drawing-room. The turret roofs are now flat, and in that at the south-east corner are the remains of a trap-door, leading from the stairs to the outside roof. The walls were originally all embattled, with machicolations over the doorway; and the house was further defended by three openings, near the ground, in each turret, through which the

guishers" were placed on the four turrets. It was most likely at this time that the mullioned windows were inserted in the outside walls, when the inner court was enclosed and the roof was altered. The ceilings throughout the house were originally like that in the old dining-hall, which, with its heavy rough beams, has probably undergone no alteration.

Under the north-west turret is a dungeon, ventilated by two air-shafts in the outer wall.

Behind the present panelling in the drawing-room are the remains of still older panels. The chimney-piece in this room was originally flush with the wall, as in the dining-hall; and it still exists, behind the present stone chimney-piece. The projection was the result of the house having settled towards the north side, causing the timbers to leave the south wall, and thus arose the necessity for disguising it. The fire-dogs in this

turret. Remains of old buildings are to be met with in all directions, and there are legends respecting two subterranean passages. These are said to have led, the one to Coney Hall Hill, adjoining Hayes Common, where there are remains of earth-works, and the other towards Addington, probably to Castle Hill, which may have been a Roman military station. They have not, however, been explored within living memory. The gardens and



WICKHAM CHURCH. (See page 123.)

room have on them the royal arms of England, enamelled, in blue and white, on copper, and are splendid examples of that particular kind of work.

In the article in the "*Archæologia Cantiana*," above referred to, the *entresol* is mentioned as a curious feature in the house, advantage having been taken of the lower ground on the west and north sides to gain an extra floor, still retaining the ground floor rooms. The kitchen was under the *entresol*; the underground offices are now used as cellars. The additions to the house are in the style of a period about 120 years later than the date of the original structure; the junction between the old and the new parts is noticeable at one face of the south-east

pleasure-grounds cover about seven acres, and are remarkable for a happy admixture of modern taste with the trim *parterres* of the Dutch and Italian style.

In no other place is there to be seen a lawn with a deeper or more velvety turf; and shapely trees feather down upon it most gracefully at the entrance of a broad straight grass walk between closely-cropped yews, which is still popularly known as "Anne Boleyn's Walk," from a tradition that it used to be the favourite promenade of herself and Henry VIII. There is also a little Gothic tower, with a trap-door covering a subterranean passage through which the royal lover is said to have passed. The hedges of yew, cut square, are so thick and

flat that they look as if a carriage and horses might be driven over them without danger of falling through.

The variegated flowers of the nineteenth century, however, contrast pleasantly with the straight turf avenue, with its wall of closely-cut yew-trees. The sloping uplands of the park, crowned by the old house, with its red-tiled roofs and tall chimneys, form quite a picture at the end of the summer, when the beeches and limes are beginning to put on their autumn dress.

In earlier days the Court House, with its dependent farms and the church, formed the demesne; but owing, in progress of time, to increasing traffic between Croydon and Bromley, and the growth of population, a wayside inn sprang up, and became a centre to the present village; hence the distance of its smaller houses from the church, which, nevertheless, is central for the parish, as several large farms and a hamlet lie beyond the Court, to the south. The chancel and Lady Chapel of Wickham Church are coeval with the old Court House, and were built about the year 1467. The north transept and tower were re-built in 1844 by the Rev. Sir Charles Farnaby, then rector of the parish, at which time church architecture was still at a rather low ebb.

The edifice, which is dedicated to St. John the Baptist, occupies an elevated site near the mansion above described. The churchyard is surrounded by stately elms, beneath whose shade

“The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.”

At the entrance is an old and picturesque lych-gate, with red-tiled roof. By the old lych-gate is a pond skirted with trees, their reflected shadows on the still, placid waters seeming to point to those lying peacefully beneath the sod. There is a very interesting collection of old tombstones in the churchyard, dating from the year 1600. The church comprises a chancel, nave, and north aisle, with a low square tower at the north-western angle. The building is principally in the Perpendicular style, but in parts traces of older work are visible. It was altered in ground plan in 1844, by the addition of a north aisle to the nave and chancel, which makes the whole structure square and unsightly. The “restoration” took place before the principles of Gothic art were understood. The reredos is of old oak, worked out with the “linen pattern.” The screen, which is much admired, is also of oak. The old painted windows of the Lady Chapel are very fine. This chapel belongs to the possessors of Wickham Court, and is still used by the family. The vault beneath it is now closed,

the last interment in it being that of General Sir William Cator, whose wife was sister to the late baronet. The monuments to the Lennard family are in good preservation. Among the figures represented in the painted windows are several saints, and a skeleton, intended for the founder, in a kneeling posture, with a label inscribed thus “*Ne reminiscaris Domine delicta mea*,” issuing from its mouth. The windows on the north side of the chancel are considered choice specimens of ancient art, especially that of St. Catherine, who is represented with her foot resting on the head of the Emperor. It is said that a similar window exists in the North of England. The representations of St. Christopher and St. Ann are worthy of notice, and so also is the old altar-tomb. The windows were all repaired by Willement. The east window is modern, the work of the same artist. That on the west side was erected by the West family. Here was interred, in April, 1756, Gilbert West, the learned author of “Thoughts on the Resurrection,” “Translations of Pindar,” the “Institution of the Garter,” &c., and the friend of Gray the poet.

At the east end of the church is a marble tomb to John Lennard, Esq., dated 1618. Another member of the same family has a tablet recording his decease in 1608; while near the same spot is an alabaster slab on the wall, architectural in form, having in its centre a niche, wherein is seated a lady, with one hand resting on a Bible and the other pointing to a child in swaddling clothes lying at her feet. There are two brasses of the fifteenth century on the floor of the chancel, and among the remaining monuments is one commemorating a Countess of Devon, who died in the year 1839. In the churchyard is buried the Rev. J. T. Austen, late rector, who was in his day Senior Wrangler at Cambridge.

The register of West Wickham Church dates from the year 1558. Besides the celebrities already mentioned, it records the burial of Temple West, Esq., on the 15th August, 1757. He, as we learn from Lysons, was brother of Gilbert West. He distinguished himself as a naval officer, particularly on the 20th of May, 1756. He was made a flag-officer in 1755, and was one of the Lords of the Admiralty.

Mr. West resided in this village for a great many years, and was here, says his biographer, Dr. Johnson, “often visited by Lyttelton and Pitt, Lord Chatham, who, when they were weary of faction and debates, used to find at Wickham books and quiet, a decent table, and literary conversation.”

Mr. West placed the following inscription in the summer-house of his garden :—

“*Hic mihi nec procul urbe situs nec prorsus ad urbem,
Ne patiar turbis, utque bonis potiar ;
Et quoties mutare locum fastigia cogunt,
Transeo, et alternis rure vel urbe fruor.*”

AUSONIUS AD VILLAM.

“Not wrapt in smoky London’s sulphurous clouds,
And not far distant, stands my rural cot ;
Neither obnoxious to intruding crowds,
Nor for the good and friendly too remote.

“And when too much repose brings on the spleen,
Or the gay city’s idle pleasures cloy ;
Swift as my changing wish, I change the scene,
And now the country, now the town enjoy.”

The following poetic version, addressed by Lord Lyttelton in 1740 to Mr. West at Wickham, is taken from the “*Elegant Epistles*” :—

“Fair Nature’s sweet simplicity
With elegance refined,
Well in thy seat, my friend, I see,
But better in thy mind.
To both from courts and all their state
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a courtier’s fate,
Tranquillity and love.”

Among the visitors to Wickham during West’s residence here was Glover the poet, author of “*Leonidas*.” An amusing anecdote is related of the latter’s absence of mind. One morning Lord Lyttelton, happening to glance from his dressing-room window, saw Glover in the garden below, evidently in a fit of poetical frenzy, pacing to and fro with a whip in his hand, and slashing right and left with it. To the horror of his host, every flick of the whip decapitated some scores of beautiful and valuable tulips which Mrs. West prized above all things. Of course Lord Lyttelton hurried from his post of observation to stop the “*massacre of the innocents*” which the poet was perpetrating. Yet so occupied was Glover with his thoughts, that even when the scene of devastation was pointed out to him, he could scarcely be brought to believe that he was the ravager.

Before proceeding on our way to Addington, we may be pardoned for making mention of a recent discovery in Church Field of a large number of palæolithic flint weapons and implements by Mr. George Clinch, of Hayes, who has given in the “*Natural History Notes*” the following description of the locality where they were found :—

“The palæolithic weapons and instruments were all found near together, and occupying a space about 100 yards across. The soil in which they were imbedded is a stiff ferruginous clay, which has stained the flints described. The group of wrought

flints was situated upon the side of the western bank of a small valley which runs through the field north and south, and towards the south-west corner of the field. Exactly *in* the south-west corner there is a small patch of sand with Tertiary pebbles, in which I have found only a few neolithic flakes and cores. Although the whole surface of the field is more or less thickly covered with flints, yet I have only met with *wrought* flints in those parts of it above mentioned. This, in my humble opinion, seems to indicate that the area covered by wrought flint weapons and instruments may have been at some time the site of a dwelling or dwellings, or at least a shelter of some kind (perhaps among the shades of the forest trees which, doubtless, covered this spot in days of yore), where the wild men and their families sought protection from the weather or from enemies.

“After a consideration of these antique relics, one is naturally curious to know something of the occupation and mode of life of the men by whom they were made and used. Beyond the evidence of the wrought flints themselves, we have no data upon which to found an opinion, yet they seem to indicate that their former possessors were not unacquainted with warlike practices ; and if the workmanship of their implements of bone and wood bore any resemblance to that of some of the wrought flints, we may fairly assume that, taking into consideration the immense space of time which has elapsed, the condition of these people was not worse than what we might expect. The absence of pottery should remind us, however, that their condition must have been one of great wretchedness.

“It would be interesting if the former possessors of Church Field could be proved to have had any connection with the important tribe which formerly occupied the British camp in Holwood Park, Keston, but in order to do this a thorough examination of that camp would be necessary.” *

From the foot of the hill on which Wickham Church stands, a roadway branches off towards Coney Hall Hill, an eminence shut in on each side with woods. A group of oak-trees at the base of this hill, observes the author of Mr. Unwin’s “*Half-Holiday Guide*,” will attract attention by their remarkable size ; and it was at one of the hollow old oaks in this wood that Mr. Millais painted his celebrated picture of “*The Proscribed Royalist*.” “On the left side of the road running through the wood,” he continues, “stands the finest specimen of the oak tribe to be seen in the neighbourhood. It

measures round the bottom of the trunk nearly thirty-six feet. Unfortunately, this tree has been set on fire, and thus partially destroyed. It is to be deplored that its grand giant-looking form, which if left would undoubtedly have stood for centuries, should be doomed to such wanton destruction." We cordially endorse this opinion.

About half-way between Wickham Court and Addington we cross the boundary which for more than twelve centuries has severed the ancient kingdom of Kent from the domain of the folk of the "South-Rye;" and henceforth to the end of the volume our peregrinations will be confined to Surrey, the county which in other days was subject to the Earls of Surrey and Warren, and which for the last four hundred years, since the days of the gallant and accomplished Surrey, who commanded at Flodden, has given one of their illustrious second titles to the Howards, Dukes of Norfolk.

Addington, whither we now direct our steps, lies on the eastern confines of the county of Surrey, and the parish borders that of Croydon, from which town the village is about three miles distant. It is also in the "hundred" of Croydon, and is bounded on the north and east by Beckenham and West Wickham, whilst on the south it touches Sanderstead and Farley. Along from West Wickham to Addington extends a broad valley, with corn-fields and meadows on either side, but with no brook to water it.

The name of this parish is not uncommon. There is an Addington near Maidstone, in Kent, another in Buckinghamshire, and there are a Great and Little Addington in Northamptonshire. In Domesday Book the name of this parish is written "Edintone," which, as Mr. J. Thorne suggests, may possibly be the "town of the Edings."

It is a tradition of the inhabitants that this place was formerly of much greater extent than at present, and it is related that timbers and other materials of ruined buildings have sometimes been turned up here by the plough. Near the church is a hill on which a castle is said to have once stood; it still retains the name of Castle Hill. This circumstance, indeed, is not without authority, for Sir Robert de Aguilon, lord of this manor in the time of Henry III., had a licence to fortify and embattle his house here. "The mansion of Robert de Aguilon," observes Brayley, in his "History of Surrey," "is believed to have been the manorial residence until the close of the fourteenth century; and it appears from the following inscription over the principal entrance that a new house was erected on the same spot between 1400 and 1403;

but the latter structure, composed of flints and chalk, was pulled down about 1780:—

"In fourteen hundred and none there was neither stick nor stone;

In fourteen hundred and three the goodly building which you see."

"Part of the present manor," writes the author of the "Beauties of England and Wales," "is said in Domesday Book to have been then held of the king by Tezelin, the cook. Bartholomew de Chesney, in the reign of Henry II., held the same *per serjeantiam coquinae*. In 18 Henry III., 1234, we find that William de Aguilon, in right of his wife, a daughter of de Chesney, held this manor by the serjeanty of making *hastias* in the king's kitchen on the day of his coronation, or some one in his stead to make a dish which is called *giranit*, or *gyroun*; and if *seym* (a Saxon word for 'fat') be put in, then it is called *malpigernoun*. In another record he is said to have held by the serjeanty of finding a cook on the coronation day to prepare such food as the king's steward shall give order for in the king's kitchen. We are elsewhere told that this dish was to be prepared in *olla lutea*. This service is still (1813) kept up, and a dish of pottage was presented by Mr. Spencer, lord of the manor, to his present majesty at his coronation. Mr. Lysons observes that he cannot find that there exists any ancient receipt for making the mess, unless it be that called *bardolf*, in a collection of ancient cookery receipts in the fourteenth century, printed at the end of the Royal Household Establishment, published by the Society of Antiquaries in 1790. It was called a pottage, and consisted of almond milk, brawn of capons, sugar and spices, chickens parboiled and chopped, &c."

According to Lysons, at the coronation of James II. the lord of the Manor of Bardolf claimed to find a man to make a mess of grout in the king's kitchen, and prayed that the king's cook might perform that service. The claim, it appears, was allowed, and the lord of the manor, according to custom, was knighted. The last occasion on which this service was performed was at the coronation of George III., when Mr. Spencer, as lord of the Manor of Addington, presented a dish of pottage to the king.

The manor itself appears to have passed by marriage from the Aguilons to the Bardolfs, who held it in the reign of Henry IV. Early in the fifteenth century the manor became vested in William Uvedale, but whether as a purchaser, or as a trustee for the two daughters of William Bardolf, the last of that name who held it, does not transpire. It next passed by sale to John Leigh,

or "At Lee," who had other possessions in the parish. His great-grandson, John Leigh, built the original mansion, called Addington Place, in 1544. He married a daughter of James Olliph, of West Wickham, and on his death, in 1576, was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir Olliph Leigh, from whom the manor descended to Sir John Leigh, who died without surviving issue in 1737. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1733 appears the following singular entry respecting this gentleman:—"Sir John Leigh, B^t. of Addington, of £3,000 a year, aged near seventy, to Miss Wade, about eighteen, daughter to Mr. Wade, apothecary, of Bromley, who lately cured Sir John of a mortification in his toe." A will which Sir John Leigh had made in favour of the relations of his second wife having been set aside, his estates, by a decree of the House of Lords in 1744, were given to Mrs. Bennet and Mrs. Spencer, the daughters of his uncle, Mr. Wolley Leigh. On a subsequent division of the estate, made under the provisions of an Act of Parliament passed in 1767, Addington, with other property, was assigned to Mrs. Spencer. This lady, jointly with her eldest son, Mr. Wolley Leigh Spencer, almost immediately after sold the Manor of Addington, together with "the mansion, rectory, and advowson of the vicarage, with all the farms and lands," to Mr. Barlow Trecothick, Alderman of London, and Lord Mayor in 1770. He died in 1775, and leaving no issue, devised this property to his nephew, James Ivers, who took the name and arms of Trecothick. In 1803 this gentleman disposed of the estate in lots, the greater part, including the manor and mansion house, passing into the hands of Mr. Thomas Coles, whose son, William Coles, in 1808, transferred the same, by sale, to the trustees of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Addington Park thus became the property of the Primate for the time being, instead of the old palace at Croydon, which, as we shall presently see, was sold under an Act of Parliament.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1799 is the following reference to this parish:—"The church of Addington, as well as the village, is most delightfully and romantically situated in a deep valley, surrounded by hills of the liveliest verdure and most inviting appearance. The church is one of the oldest in the county, and, it is believed, in England (considering that it is not a cathedral), and bears certain evidence of being built before the time of Edward IV. On an eminence adjoining there are the remains of a monastery, between which and a retired spot at the distance of a mile a subterraneous passage communicates, which even now is penetrable for a considerable distance.

There is a yew-tree in the churchyard, which, from the great circumference of its trunk, must be of great antiquity. . . . The church must have sunk prodigiously, as at present it is of very inferior height to the generality of country churches, and, from the aspect of the stones and style of building, there is every reason to think it is much older than the date above mentioned." But it is only right to add that this statement as to the extreme age of the fabric will hardly be accepted as true by those who are acquainted with Norman and Saxon Church architecture.

Though not mentioned in the Domesday Survey, it is supposed that there was a church at Addington previously to the Conquest. The patronage of the rectory, with the church and the chapel of All Saints formerly annexed to it, belonged to Reginald de Edintone, or Edindone, and was given by Bartholomew de Chesney to the Priory of St. Mary Overy, in Southwark. In the sixteenth century it was granted to Nicholas Leigh, and has passed with the principal estate ever since.

The church, dedicated to St. Mary, was originally constructed of flint, "with the window-cases of friable stone." The walls of the body of the fabric were rebuilt with brick by Alderman Trecothick about the year 1773; but the whole exterior was re-faced with flint and stone by Archbishop Howley in 1843, at which time a new stone font was substituted for the old one, a new porch erected, and the interior restored. The north and south aisles are separated from the nave by plain Pointed arches, supported by heavy pillars. These, with the chancel, are thought to be coeval with the original building. A Norman arch separates the nave from the chancel; the windows in the north wall appear to be of the time of Edward III., when the church is understood to have been in a great measure rebuilt. In the chancel are several lancet windows, and there are two others in the south aisle. The western window has been filled with stained glass in memory of Archbishop Tait, of whom it contains an admirable portrait. This church was fully and tastefully restored in 1876, at a cost of £5,000, from the designs of Mr. Piers St. Aubyn, when the north aisle and vestry were rebuilt.

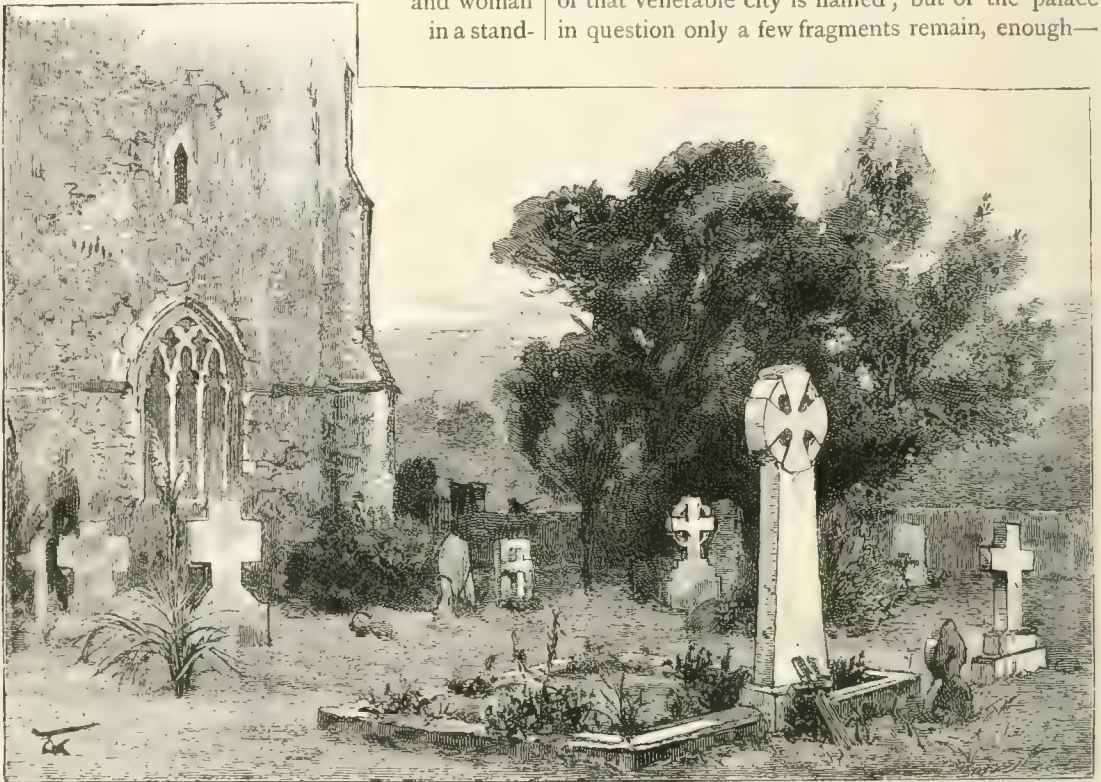
Many of the old monuments which this church formerly contained are now missing, but there are still a few left. On the north side of the chancel is a costly monument of alabaster and black marble, erected by Sir Olliph Leigh to his father and mother. The effigies, in the habits of their time, are coloured. Sir Olliph himself is represented in a recumbent position, reclining upon his

elbow. He died in 1612. Another mural tomb, to Archbishop Howley, is inside the altar rails, and on the south side is a large monument to Lord Mayor Trecothick. On a slab near the altar is a brass figure of a man in armour, inscribed with the name of Thomas Hatteclyff, "su'tyme one of y^e fowre masters of the howsholde to our sov'aigne Lord Kyng Henry y^e VIII." In the north-east corner of the chancel is an altar-tomb of Sussex marble, on which are engraved brasses of a man

and woman
in a stand-

They are of no great height, but one of them is about forty feet in diameter.

The *Saturday Magazine* for 1842 has the following notice of Addington Park:—"It is a somewhat singular fact that the Archbishop of Canterbury should be the only prelate of the Anglican Church who has no residence within the limits, properly so called, of his own diocese. In ancient times there used to be an archiepiscopal palace in Canterbury, after which, indeed, one of the streets of that venerable city is named; but of the palace in question only a few fragments remain, enough—



ADDINGTON CHURCHYARD, AND ARCHBISHOP TAIT'S GRAVE.

ing posture, with their hands closed as in prayer, and supplicatory labels issuing from their lips. This tomb is decorated with the armorial bearings of the Leighs and Harveys. Various hatchments, armour, &c., commemorative of persons interred here, appear in the chancel.

Archbishop Tait, his wife, and son, lie in one grave at the west end of the churchyard, close to Archbishop Longley and some of his family. Archbishop Sumner, his daughter, and one or two of his relatives, are buried in plain graves at the north-east corner of the churchyard.

The village of Addington is situated under the shadow of the church, and is rural and picturesque. On the common above the village is a cluster of tumuli, about twenty-five in number.

and not more than enough—to convince the antiquary that in the hour of its pride it must have been an exceedingly imposing building. It is scarcely less deserving of notice that not till the accession of Dr. Manners-Sutton to the see could the Primate of all England boast of having for many years possessed a country house in any part of the kingdom, for the palace of Croydon had long been dismantled, and Cardinal Wolsey's magnificent design of attaching Hampton Court for ever to the see did not, as is well known, receive its accomplishment. Accordingly, when neither detained by business at Lambeth nor prosecuting an official tour through his diocese, the Archbishop of Canterbury was accustomed to establish himself for a portion of every year, either by the seaside,

or it might be at some watering-place, where it was totally impossible that he could ever hope to be private."

The inconvenience of the system had often been felt and acknowledged, but it was not till Archbishop Sutton's incumbency that steps were taken to get rid of it. By him a portion of the Manor of Addington was purchased out of the sale of lands elsewhere belonging to the see, and as the mansion was included in the estate thus acquired, Addington Park became from thenceforth the summer residence of the Primate.

you have passed through a small thicket of firs, and arrived at a road of which the park paling forms one boundary. Here through a gate, beside which stands a lodge of the Elizabethan kind, you enter the domain, and a pleasant drive along a gravel road leads you through such a scene as you might expect to witness. Low down in the bottom, sheltered by the hill, stands the house—just such an unpretending mansion as any country gentleman with about £4,000 a year might occupy. The house is well sheltered with trees, and at



ADDINGTON.

Addington Park consists of some five hundred acres, and extends partly over the chalk hills which traverse, as is well known, the counties of Kent and Surrey, and partly amid the rich alluvial plain out of which the hills in question rise. As may be imagined, the park presents, in a limited extent, a great variety of scenery; woods of birch and fir, heaths covered with purple heath and golden gorse, form a peculiarly English landscape. There are fine views in every direction, whether we look to the south, over Norwood and Addiscombe, or to the north, over busy smoky London. The best post of observation is the pretty miniature mountain which overhangs the house.

The best approach to the house is from Croydon, on leaving which place, you gradually ascend, till

first appears low, but the proportions are excellently kept. Nor are the interior arrangements out of harmony with the exterior appearance.

The whole of the lower storey of this pleasant mansion is laid out in plain apartments, which, as in Lambeth Palace, are all *en suite*. First there is an outer hall, partially carpeted, and of a commodious size; then a series of four rooms opening into each other, each having a door opening on the hall; a morning-room for guests; a plain but handsome dining-room, hung with pictures; a large drawing-room; the Archbishop's private study, filled with books; and a small but elegant chapel, in which Divine service is performed every day. This chapel was added to the house by Dr. Howley. In the previous Primate's time there was neither

chapel nor library, nor indeed adequate space to afford enough sleeping accommodation for the various members of the family.

The Palace is a fine, and even handsome, structure of the time of George III.; it is built of stone, in the Palladian style, with a central body and wings. Its principal entrance is from the west; the terraces and gardens behind it look east, and command a view of the parish church, which lies in a valley by the roadside, just beyond the garden and the farm. There is little to describe about the interior. The visitor, on entering, finds himself in a small hall, with portraits of Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots (or more probably Queen Mary of England) on either side; fronting him are oil paintings of Sir Walter Raleigh and (probably) Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the Palace of St. Germain's apparently forming part of the background. In the next room, on the left, leading to the dining-room, is a portrait of Archbishop Warham, and duplicate of that at Lambeth and of that in the Louvre. The rest of the rooms are plainly, but comfortably, furnished, and no attempt has been made to ecclesiasticise the house in its structure or its furniture. To this, however, must be made one exception. The little private chapel in the north wing has lately been fitted up with oaken stalls, and its walls decorated with sacred subjects in stenciling in a manner quite befitting its sacred uses.

In the grounds at the back of the house is a very fine cedar of Lebanon, whose branches spring up and out straight from the ground; and also, leading down towards the church, a very fine avenue of elms. At the further end of this avenue was formerly a hunting-lodge, which is traditionally said to have been visited, if not tenanted, by King Henry.

The park comprises upwards of five hundred acres, and is beautifully wooded, birch-trees, firs, and pines, having a preponderance. The drives and the vistas are so contrived as to make the park appear larger than it really is. This was in a great degree the work of Mrs. Howley, the wife of Dr. Howley, Archbishop from 1828 to 1847, who spent large sums on Addington as well as on Lambeth. The drive from the Lodge on the Shirley Road to the house, owing to its windings, is nearly a mile in length. The tamest of pheasants walk and strut about the park, and scarcely condescend to step out of the path of visitors; their tameness is not "shocking," for it is the result of their knowing man so well, not of being "so unacquainted" with him. The remark which the stranger naturally makes on a first visit to Addington is to ask, "But where are the deer?"

A few scattered notes upon the several Archbishops of Canterbury who have occupied Addington Palace since it first became the archiepiscopal residence may not be out of place here.

Archbishop Manners-Sutton, the first of the Primates who lived at Addington, was courtly and grand, and lived in great state, as became a younger son of a ducal family, and first subject of the Crown next to the blood royal. He was an especial favourite of King George III., who more than once offered to create him a temporal peer, as Lord Canterbury.* He enjoyed the full income of his predecessors in the see, the days of ecclesiastical commissions being still unknown. He held the see from 1805 down to his death in 1828. The story of his appointment to the archbishopric shows how, in comparatively recent times, things were managed in the matter of ecclesiastical appointments. Upon the death of Archbishop Moore, in 1805, Dr. Manners-Sutton was Bishop of Norwich and Dean of Windsor. He was then at the deanery, and was entertaining a party of friends at dinner. In the middle the butler came up with an excited face, and told him that a gentleman wished to see him, but would not give his name. "Nonsense!" said the Bishop; "I can't come now." "The gentleman says it is very important indeed, my lord, or he would not disturb you." "Well," said the Bishop, somewhat crossly, "ask him to wait a few minutes until I have finished my dinner." "Beg pardon," said the butler, "but you had better see the gentleman at once." The Bishop made an apology to his guests, and went into the next room, where, to his surprise, he found King George III. "How d'ye do, my lord? how d'ye do? eh? eh? Just come to tell you Archbishop of Canterbury is dead—died this morning; want you to be new Archbishop. What d'ye say, eh? eh?" The Bishop remaining silent for a moment, the King broke in again, "Well, well, d'ye accept? eh, eh?" The Bishop had now recovered himself sufficiently to bow gracefully and signify his acceptance. "All right," said His Majesty, "go back; got a party, I know; am glad you accept; good night, good night." The fact was, the King knew that Mr. Pitt, the Prime Minister, would press upon him Tomline, Bishop of Lincoln, for the Primacy, and he was determined to be first in the field. The very event which he expected occurred; down came Mr. Pitt next morning to recommend his friend. The King was

* It is not a little singular that his son, Sir Charles Manners Sutton, having filled the Speaker's chair in the House of Commons for many years, on his elevation to the peerage by William IV., obtained the title of Viscount Canterbury.

able to tell him that he had already appointed the Bishop of Norwich ; but, as we learn from Lord Stanhope's "Life of Pitt," Lord Sidmouth told Dean Milman that on this subject language so strong was used as had hardly ever passed between a sovereign and his minister. This Primate is still remembered at Addington by the old people from his habit of throwing shillings to the boys who touched their hats to him as he rode along. He was the first of them who was buried at Addington.

Dr. Manners-Sutton was succeeded by Dr. William Howley, then Bishop of London. Archbishop Howley was a pattern of dignity, meekness, and benevolence ; and as, unlike his predecessor, he had a very small family, he was munificent in his expenditure on Lambeth Palace and on Addington. The former he so altered and improved that he may be said almost to have rebuilt it ; he was a High Churchman, but not of the Laudian type ; amiable and benevolent, he conciliated the affection and regard of all who were brought into contact with him ; and the poor people about Shirley and Addington liked nothing better than to receive a few kind words from the dignified and aged Churchman who had placed the crown upon the head of Queen Victoria. He firmly, but strongly, remonstrated against the appointment of Dr. Hampden to the Bishopric of Hereford, and indeed it is always thought that the discharge of this painful duty hastened his end ; at all events, he did not long survive it. He was succeeded in the Archiepiscopal dignity by Dr. John Bird Sumner, a patron of the moderate Evangelical party in the Church, and who had gained great popularity in the northern diocese of Chester by the erection of scores of district churches to meet the wants of an increasing population in the manufacturing districts. He was amiable and easy-going, and strongly opposed to the Oxford Tractarians, or Anglo-Catholic School, whose religious views, if followed to their utmost conclusions, he clearly saw led straight into the Roman camp.

He died in 1862, when Dr. C. T. Longley was translated to Canterbury from York, of which he had been for a short time Archbishop, having previously held the sees of Ripon and of Durham. He had before that been head-master of Harrow, and a not very successful one, as we have seen.* In 1867 he convened at Lambeth a Pan-Anglican Synod, including all Bishops of the Protestant and Reformed Churches in all the five quarters of the

globe, but without any results corresponding to the magnitude of the gathering. He died in 1868, after having held the see only six years, when his mantle fell on Dr. Archibald Campbell Tait, the first Scotchman who ever became Archbishop of Canterbury.

Dr. Tait had passed a brilliant career at Oxford, being successively scholar, fellow, and tutor of Balliol College. He had been Dr. Arnold's successor in the head mastership of Rugby, and had held the Deanery of Carlisle for some years before his elevation to the Bishopric of London. As Bishop of London, he was as indefatigable as his predecessor, Bishop Blomfield, but much more judicious and popular. He was a great favourite with the Queen, not so much on account of any courtier qualities as for the breadth and liberality of his religious opinions. He contrived to gain the regard and respect of all parties in Church and State, without being at all a time-server, and his death was regretted through the length and breadth of the island. Archbishop Tait was all the more popular owing to his readiness to welcome the co-operation of others who did not belong to his Church as workers in the cause of common Christianity.

He died in December, 1882, and was buried in this quiet country churchyard, by his own desire ; but his features and his presence will be lastingly recorded in stone in his own cathedral, and his memory in London, and especially in Lambeth, will be kept ever fresh by a Memorial Mission Fund, which is to be devoted to the support of a missionary for special work among the poor. As Bishop Fraser observed, in his sermon in Westminster Abbey, "If the Church of England is to survive the breaking up of almost every old institution, she must be animated by the same spirit—large, tolerant, reasonable, sympathetic—which guided for fifteen years her destiny with so firm and wise a hand as that of Archbishop Tait."

Dr. Tait's successor as occupant of Addington Palace, and as Primate of England, is Dr. Edward White Benson, who had in the early part of his public career held for some years the head-mastership of Wellington College. He was also for a few years Chancellor of Lincoln and Chaplain to the Queen, and in 1877, on the erection of Truro into a cathedral city, was nominated its first bishop. Dr. Benson showed great ability in organising his new see, and his elevation to the archiepiscopal chair was received with marked approval by the public at large.

* See Vol. I., p. 267.

CHAPTER XV.

SHIRLEY, WOODSIDE, AND ADDISCOMBE.

"Oh! knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life."—THOMSON.

General Characteristics of Shirley—Broom-Making Industry—The Parish Church—Shirley House—Woodside—Croydon Racecourse—Addiscombe—Its Early History—Addiscombe House re-built by Evelyn's Son-in-Law, Mr. Draper—The House the Residence successively of Lord Chancellor Talbot and Lord Liverpool—Narrow Escape of Pitt—Addiscombe House converted into a Military College for the East Indian Army.

IN the midst of wild and picturesque scenery, on the road between Addington and Croydon, lies the quiet and pretty little village of Shirley. It is one of those out-of-the-way places where the peaceful inhabitants, pursuing the "even tenor of their way," come and go without so much as leaving behind them any of those cherished traditions which help to make up history. So far as literary history is concerned, therefore, Shirley may be said to be almost a blank. The natives are mostly occupied in agriculture; broom-making, too, has been extensively carried on here for many years, the materials being procured from Shirley Common, which, though somewhat curtailed of late years, is still an extensive breezy tract. Mr. Hone, in his "Table Book," published in 1828, speaks of the broom-making which was carried on here at that time as the chief resource of the inhabitants.

Shirley is, in reality, a hamlet of Croydon, but in 1846 it was made into a separate parish for ecclesiastical purposes. The new church, which stands on the north side of the village, near the entrance-gate to Addington Palace, is dedicated to St. John the Evangelist. It was erected in 1856, in the Decorated style, and consists of a tower, nave, and chancel, and is built of black flint and stone. The east window is filled with stained glass. Shirley House, on an elevated site about half a mile westward of the village, was built by a Mr. John Claxton in 1720. It stands in a small park, and has a fine lawn and gardens, and a piece of water in front. Many years ago it came into the possession of the Maberlies, but was subsequently sold to Mr. S. Skinner. This gentleman disposed of the estate to the second Earl of Eldon, in whose family it is at present vested.

Proceeding about a mile further northward, and leaving on our right the estates of Spring Park and Monk's Orchard, we reach the hamlet of Woodside—a name which explains its own origin. Here is the racecourse, on which the Croydon races have been held since 1864. They have long been voted a nuisance by the more peaceable inhabitants, but there are, nevertheless, nine meet-

ings in the year. The village is situated on the Croydon and Wickham road, and it possesses the advantages of railway communication, having close by a station on the Addiscombe branch of the North Kent Railway. A large number of villas have been erected here within the last few years.

Addiscombe lies about midway between this spot and Croydon. This place was formerly called Adgcomb and Adscomb, and is about half a mile eastward of the East, or New Croydon, Station of the South Eastern Railway. We quote the following particulars of this place from Brayley's "Surrey":—"In the reign of Henry VIII. this estate belonged to Thomas Heron, who died in 1518, leaving two sons, who held it in succession. Sir Nicholas Heron the younger died in 1568, and was interred in Heron's Chapel, in the parish church of Croydon. Addiscombe afterwards became the residence of Sir John Tunstal, Gentleman Usher to Anne of Denmark, consort of James I.; his eldest son, Henry, who dwelt here, was in 1647 appointed one of the Committee of Inquiry concerning the conduct of the clergy in Surrey. Sir Purbeck Temple, Knt., a member of the Privy Council of Charles II., held this estate, and as he died without issue, in 1675, it came into the possession of his widow, who died in 1700, having left Addiscombe to her nephew, William Draper, son-in-law of the celebrated John Evelyn. Mr. Draper rebuilt the mansion in 1702, the masonry consisting of brickwork cased with Portland stone. Sir John Vanbrugh is said to have been the architect, and the walls and ceilings of the staircase and saloon were ornamented by the pencil of Sir James Thornhill.

"The Addiscombe estate had previously become the property of Charles Clarke, Esq., through an heiress of the Draper family; and his grandson, Charles John Clarke, lost his life in consequence of the fall of a scaffold at Paris, whither he had gone after the peace of Amiens. He was married, but as he left no issue, his estates devolved on his sister, Anne Millicent Clarke, wife of Emilius Henry Delmé, who assumed the name of Rad-

cliffe. This gentleman was Master of the Stud to George IV. and his successor. In 1809 Mr. Delmé-Radcliffe sold Addiscombe to the East India Company, who founded there a military college for the education of cadets for the Engineers and Artillery, and in 1825 the plan of the institution was extended, so as to furnish instruction for candidates for the infantry service in general. After the transfer of the government of India to the Crown by the old East India Company in 1858, Addiscombe College was broken up, and its site has been utilised for building purposes."

Addiscombe House, mentioned by John Evelyn in his "Diary," was left to Mr. Draper by his aunt, Lady Temple, the widow of Sir Purbeck Temple, who died childless. He speaks of her "mansion house of Adscomb" as being "very nobly and completely furnished, with the estate about it, with plate and jewels to the value, in all, of about £20,000."

Draper pulled down and rebuilt the house in 1702. In the following year, under date of July 11th, Evelyn writes in his "Diary":—"I went to Adscomb, sixteen miles from Wotton, to see my son-in-law's new house, the outside to the covering being such excellent brickwork, bas'd with Portland stone, with the pilasters, windows, and within, that I pronounc'd it, in all the points of good solid architecture, to be one of the very best gentlemen's houses in Surrey when finish'd."

Addiscombe House was for some time in the occupation of Lord Chancellor Talbot, who died here in 1736. It was next tenanted by Lord Grantham, and subsequently by Charles Jenkinson, first Earl of Liverpool, who had a lease of the house for life, and made it his ordinary residence. Here Lord Liverpool was living in 1784, as from it he dates his letters to his son—the future Prime Minister of the Regency, but then a boy at school, who spent his holidays here. His lordship, writes his biographer, after being raised to the peerage "rarely quitted the shade of a dignified retirement;" but he gathered round him here Mr. Pitt, and the Edens, Vansittarts, Wilberforces, Percevals, Dundases, and Addingtons, who basked in the sunshine of his favour and that of the king. That few letters of the earl are in existence is due to bodily infirmity, which prevented him from holding a pen. Lord Liverpool is immortalised by gossiping Sir N. W. Wraxall as "the most unpopular public character that he ever knew."

Apropos of Lord Liverpool's residence at Addiscombe, it may not be out of place to mention here an anecdote concerning one of Pitt's visits to his friend, then plain Mr. Jenkinson. The story, as told

in Sir Nathaniel W. Wraxall's "Memoirs of his Own Times," is as follows:—"In the autumn of 1784 he [Pitt] had indeed nearly fallen a victim to one of those festive meetings at which no severe renunciations were enjoined by the host or practised by the guests. Returning by way of frolic, very late at night, on horseback, to Wimbledon from Addiscombe, the seat of Mr. Jenkinson, near Croydon, where the party had dined, Lord Thurlow, then Chancellor, Pitt, and Dundas, found the turnpike-gate situate between Tooting and Streatham thrown open. Being elevated above their usual prudence, and having no servant near them, they passed through the gate at a brisk pace, without stopping to pay the toll, regardless of the remonstrances or threats of the turnpike man, who, running after them, and believing them to belong to some highwaymen who had recently committed depredations on that road, discharged the contents of his blunderbuss at their backs. Happily, he did no injury. To this curious and narrow escape of the First Minister, which furnished matter of pleasantries—though, perhaps, not of rejoicing—to the Opposition, allusion is made in the 'Rolliad':—

'How, as he wander'd darkling o'er the plain,
His reason lost in Jenkinson's champagne.
A peasant's hand, but that just Fate withstood,
Had shed a Premier's for a robber's blood.'

It was after the death of Lord Liverpool that the estate of Addiscombe was bought from Mr. Delmé-Radcliffe by the East India Company, and the house converted into a military college. It was a brick edifice, in a heavy and fanciful style, neither Italian nor Elizabethan, though said to have been designed by Vanburgh. It consisted of a basement, two state storeys, and an attic. The entrance was by the east, or public, front, by a flight of steps leading into the great hall; over the centre windows was the inscription, *Non faciam vitio culpæ minorem*. On the west, or garden, front, which was the more admired, there was a handsome brick portico and loggia. In the hall was a grand staircase, leading up into the saloon; the walls of both were decorated by Sir James Thornhill with subjects chosen from the heathen mythology, and the circular compartment of the ceiling representing the feast of Bacchus. Other mythological subjects adorned the corners, the doors, and the smaller compartments; the fireplace was chastely embellished with the arms of the East India Company, above which was Britannia leading by the hand the goddess of Justice towards our Eastern settlements. The walls were adorned with landscapes.

The cadets' dining-hall was a large square room in the Grecian style, designed by Wilkins. The

outbuildings consisted of a public lecture-hall, chapel, armoury, model-room, library, class-rooms, professors' rooms, infirmary, &c.

Previous to the establishment of the college the cadets were trained for the Indian army partly at Woolwich, and partly at Great Marlow. The cost of each cadet was about £150 a year, and the original design of the college was specially for the artillery and engineering corps. In 1828 cadets were admitted for general service exclusive of the

the engineers, artillery, and infantry, after which they were passed on to Chatham, for a year's training in field duties, ambulance, &c. The college, when first established here, was only for cadets of the Engineers and Artillery.

During the half century of its existence as a college, Addiscombe was quite a nursery of heroes : in the words of Virgil, *Magna parens virum*. Most of the officers who fought against the Sikhs under Gough and Keane, and most of those generals who



SANDERSTEAD COURT

cavalry. The age for admission was from fourteen to eighteen, and the cadets were nominated by the Court of Directors and the President of the Board of Control. The staff consisted of a governor, lieutenant-governor, fifteen professors and masters, one of whom was also chaplain, a public examiner, an Oriental examiner, a staff captain, two orderly officers, six non-commissioned officers, &c.; the course of studies included Hindustani, French, mathematics, fortification, military drawing and surveying, civil and lithographic drawing, chemistry, geology, and experimental chemistry. The cadets took rank in the Company's army above all other cadets who received direct appointments. There were half-yearly examinations, when prizes were delivered, and an election was made of cadets for

suppressed the Indian Mutiny of 1858, had spent a year or two within its walls, after obtaining their nominations to the Indian army. The names of such men as Sir Patrick Grant, Sir James Outram (the Bayard of India), Sir Charles and Sir Robert Napier, Havelock, Sir George Pollock (the hero of the Khyber Pass), are only a few on the long roll of military commanders whose talents were fostered at Addiscombe, to be displayed on the theatre of the Indian Presidencies, and destined to prove the saviours of our Eastern Empire. Indeed, if our Queen to-day is Empress of India, it is in no slight degree to those distinguished officers who passed through Addiscombe that her Imperial crown is due.

On the transfer of the government of India to the Crown the institution became the Royal

Military College for the East Indian Army ; but on the amalgamation of the Indian with the British service, in 1862, the college was finally closed, the cadets being transferred to Woolwich.* In the following year the estate was sold, and the grounds cut up for building. The great names that once belonged to the college are immortalised in Havelock, Elgin, Clyde, Outram, Grant, Canning, and Hastings Roads.

One bit of the old building still stands in Havelock road ; it was one of the out-quarters of

the college, and is now converted into a hall and lecture-room.

Addiscombe had its magazine, "composed by the gentlemen cadets of the Hon. East India Company's Military College." It was printed and published by John Gray at Croydon in 1846, but apparently lived only six months ; a poor lithographed view of the college is given as its frontispiece. There are also two views of Addiscombe College (1837-8) to be found in a small volume, entitled "Memoir of the East India Company's Military Seminary."



PURLEY HOUSE. (See page 141.)

CHAPTER XVI.

SANDERSTEAD, WARLINGHAM, FARLEY, AND CATERHAM.

The Manor of Sanderstead—All Saints' Church—Sanderstead Court and Queen Elizabeth—Purley and its History—John Horne Tooke—"The Diversions of Purley"—A Remarkable Libel Case—The "Eligibility of the Clergy"—Warlingham—Early History—"Whipping the Apple Trees"—Farleigh—St. Mary's Church—Caterham Valley—Asylum for Imbeciles.

AT Sanderstead we break fresh ground. The village is pleasantly situated on the road from Croydon to Warlingham, about three miles from the former town, and thirteen miles from London.

It lies on the edge of the chalk hills, nearly 600 feet above the level of the sea, surrounded by extensive woodlands and breezy downs, and is approached on all sides by shady lanes, such as Constable delighted to paint.

Sanderstead is mentioned in the will of Duke

* See *ante*, p. 33.

Alfred, 871 A.D., where it is written *Sonderstede*. The name is probably derived from *sandy*, and *stede*, "place," a name very appropriate, considering the character of the soil.

"It has been hastily assumed," observes Mr. Leveson-Gower, in a paper read before the Surrey Archæological Society, "from the fact that in the Middle Ages the family of Saunders (ancestors, according to Manning's 'History of Surrey,' of those of that name long settled at Charlwood, in this county) had property here, and were owners of one of the manors, that they gave the name to the place, *Saunderstead*, *quasi* the abode of Saunders. It is," he adds, "a plausible, but not the true, derivation; men in the Saxon times did not so often call the lands after their own names as from some local and distinguishing feature. This name is far older than the Saunders family, and while it has outlived them, is still as significant as on the day on which it was first given."

At the time of the Domesday Survey the manor was held by the Abbey of St. Peter, at Westminster. There is still in existence a deed, belonging to Mrs. Wigsell, with the seal of the abbey attached, exchanging half a hide of Sanderstead for some land called Papeholt. By letters patent of Henry VIII., the manor, together with Felcourt and Langhurst, was granted to Sir John Gresham, Knight, Lord Mayor of London in 1547, whose grandson, in 1594, sold it to John Ownstead. He died, leaving no issue, and the estate passed to his cousin, Harman Attwood, who died without succeeding. From him it passed to the family of the Wigsells, who still hold it.

The parish church, dedicated to All Saints, is a small building of flint and stone, partly in the Perpendicular style; but it appears to have been robbed of all antiquarian interest about half a century ago, when, having fallen into a very bad state of repair, it underwent certain "restorations," which had the effect of greatly modernising its appearance. The edifice consists of a chancel, nave, and aisles, and a tower at the west end. The register dates from the year 1565, and is well preserved. Among the monuments is one of white marble, with a kneeling effigy in armour under an arch, to the memory of John Ownstead, some time servant to Queen Elizabeth, and "Sergeant of her Majesty's Carriages by y^e space of forty years," and who died in 1600; also a mural monument, with effigy of Joanna Ownstead, who died in 1587. An altar-tomb, with recumbent effigy, in the south aisle commemorates Mary Bedell, who died in 1655, the wife successively of Ralph Hawtrey and Lewis Audeley. Sir Francis Bond Head, some

time Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, and author of "Rides across the Pampas," who died at Croydon in 1875, lies buried in the churchyard here.

Sanderstead Court is a fine mansion of red brick, close to the church. It belongs to the reign of Charles II., as appears from the date on the south front, 1676. The principal apartment is the hall, which occupies two storeys of the house, and is supported on fluted columns with Corinthian capitals. A few years ago a secret chamber was discovered behind the chimney in the great hall, but this has since been partially closed up.

There is a tradition that Queen Elizabeth once slept here, and one of the bed-rooms is called the Queen's room. There is nothing, however, about the room to give it an earlier date than the rest of the house, so that if Her Majesty ever stopped at Sanderstead Court, it must have been in another building.

The family of Attwood, by whom Sanderstead Court was built, had long been seated in this parish. Mr. Leveson-Gower, in his paper above referred to, says:—"In a fine of land relating to Sanderstead, 19 Edward III., I find the name of Peter Attwood; and in Coulsdon, the adjoining parish, the same name occurs in 6 Edward II., when Peter at Wode and John and Roger de Bosco (or of the Wood) are returned as owing lands in that parish; their name is still retained in Wood Place, in Coulsdon." Over the entrance to the house at Sanderstead Court is a shield with the arms of Attwood—a lion rampant between three acorns, surmounted by their crest, a woodman's axe.

It has been stated that there was an old monastery in this parish, founded in the reign of King John, and that an old well, some 350 feet deep, which still exists, was within the precincts, and that traces of the foundations can be seen in a dry summer. It is said to have stood in the corner of the park, to the south-west of Sanderstead Court; that at the Dissolution a manor-house was built out of the materials of it; and that the new building went by the name of Sanderstead Place, or the Place House. It is further recorded that it was a large old family residence, that its last occupant was a Captain Mercer, who had married into the Wigsell family, and that it was pulled down many years ago. Mr. Leveson-Gower says "it does not appear that there was ever a monastery here; but," he adds, "no doubt there was an old grange belonging to the Abbey of Hyde, which stood upon the site mentioned." It is quite clear that there were two principal houses, the one called Sanderstead Place and the other Sanderstead Court. As

far back as 1568 the Attwoods are described as of Sanderstead Court, at the time when the Place House was in the possession of the Greshams.

On the Wigsell estate, at the entrance to Sanderstead from Warlingham, is an excellent model farm. Beyond it we get a distant view of Selsdon Court (Miss Smith's), now tenanted by the Bishop of Rochester, of which we shall speak in a future chapter.

The road from Sanderstead to Warlingham is dull and uninteresting, and so thinly inhabited is the entire neighbourhood that it is difficult to believe, in traversing it, that we are within fifteen miles of the great metropolis. The woods on either side are inhabited mainly by pheasants.

Sloping away to the south-west, lies Purley, which till lately was also a hamlet of Sanderstead. It has lately, however, been cut off, and erected into a separate incumbency, and a new church has been built, about half a mile to the north of the Caterham Junction. It is a very pretty and correct ecclesiastical structure.

The sloping lands between Sanderstead and Purley are mostly open, and covered with a short turf. Purley Downs are used constantly for rifle practice. The valley is like the country round Jerusalem, as shown in photographs, being dotted with dwarf yew-trees and other dark evergreens.

At the foot of the slope, in grounds well screened from the north and east, embosomed in trees, and surrounded by pollard oaks, the giant survivors of a "forest primeval," stands Purley House, once the home of the regicide Bradshaw, and to which a considerable amount of interest attaches, as it was the home of John Horne Tooke, who wrote here that amusing work on the English language which is known by the fanciful title of the "Diversions of Purley." The house would pass anywhere for an old-fashioned country rectory. The three sitting-rooms, which face the south and west, and overlook the lawn and terraced garden, were those inhabited by their distinguished master for many years, towards the end of the last and beginning of the present century. The rooms remain very much in the same condition as when they were inhabited by Mr. Horne Tooke.

Purley, or Pirley, formerly belonged to a family to whom it gave name. "William de Pirelea, son of Robert de Pirelea," as we learn from Brayley's "Surrey," "had a grant from John, Abbot of Hyde, of the moiety of a wood called Nithea, in the Manor of Sanderstead, and he purchased here other lands held under the convent. In 1332 Reginald de Pirle obtained a licence from the Bishop of Winchester to have Divine service cele-

brated in his oratory at Sanderstead; and in 1346 a similar licence was granted to John de Purle. The estate remained with the Purleys until the reign of Edward IV., when it was divided into two parts, called respectively East and West Purley." The family of Purley probably became extinct before the middle of the fifteenth century. In the reign of Elizabeth, the estate of East Purley—now called Purley Bury—belonged to Sir Thomas Saunder, Remembrancer of the Exchequer, who married a daughter of Sir Edmund Walsingham. It was subsequently held by the Kings and Greshams, and in the seventeenth century belonged to the Attwoods. In the reign of Charles I. West Purley was conveyed by its then owners, the Hawtreys, to a Mr. Lewis Audeley. This gentleman, who had married the widow of Mr. Ralph Hawtreys, was a major in the Parliamentary army during the Civil War, and was appointed by Oliver Cromwell a commissioner for the regulation of Church benefices. It is said that through his interest the Rev. King Attwood, Rector of Sanderstead, was allowed to continue the service of the Established Church in his parish during the interregnum. In 1661 Major Audeley conveyed the estate to Mr. Harman Attwood the younger, who also obtained a further conveyance from the heirs of Mr. Ralph Hawtreys; thus he became the owner of both East and West Purley, as well as of Sanderstead. The whole property subsequently descended through the Wigsells to the late owner, Mr. Attwood Dalton Wigsell, but the divisional distinction of East and West Purley has long been forgotten.

Purley House was for a long time in the occupation of a Mr. Edward Kemble, by whom it was much improved. It was subsequently the residence of William Tooke, and whilst in his possession the Rev. John Horne (who afterwards assumed the name of Tooke) wrote here his celebrated philological work entitled "ΕΠΕΑ ΠΤΕΡΟΕΝΤΑ; or the Diversions of Purley," first published in octavo in 1786. The work was afterwards enlarged into two volumes quarto, but never completed. In the introduction, the author, with reference to his own political opinions, has humorously alluded to Purley having been once the seat of Bradshaw, President of the High Court of Justice at the trial of Charles I.

Respecting the contents of this work, the critical "doctors" of the time did decidedly differ, and a tractable but weak-minded reader must have found it difficult to know whether to blame or praise it. Let us imagine a person of this description consulting the reviews of the time. He would find Sir James Mackintosh—surely no mean authority—characterising it as a "wonderful

work of original thought;" while Archbishop Trench says that the first acquaintance with the book must "form an epoch in the life of many a student;" but then, on the other hand, *Blackwood's Magazine*—the "terrible Blackwood"—launches out straight from the shoulder thus:—"The 'Diversions of Purley is one of the most consummate compounds of ignorance and presumption that was ever practised with success on human credulity." And before our hypothetical personage has recovered the shock of this blow, he is completely finished by a sly side blow from the "slaughterly *Quarterly*":—"The distance between what he has proved and what he wishes us to believe that he has proved is enormous." When such authorities differ, who shall decide?

We have already had occasion to mention the name of Horne Tooke in these pages, as having been minister of New Brentford* before he threw up his orders, in 1773, with the view of studying for the bar. "That he might not want the means of doing so," writes his biographer, "four of his friends presented him with joint bonds to the amount of £400 a year, which were to continue in force till he was called to the bar. While prosecuting his legal studies he afforded great assistance to Mr. William Tooke, an old friend of his, in resisting an inclosure Bill, which would have greatly deteriorated the value of some property which Tooke had purchased at Purley, near Godstone, in Surrey. In return for his services Mr. William Tooke made him his heir, and it was upon this occasion, or shortly afterwards, that he assumed the name of Tooke, by which he is commonly known."

On the breaking out of the American war Horne Tooke vehemently attacked the conduct of the ministry, and opened a subscription for the widows and orphans of the Americans, "murdered," as he said, "by the king's troops at Lexington and Concord." The ministry prosecuted him for a libel in 1777; he was found guilty, condemned to pay a fine of £200, and to be imprisoned for twelve months. While in prison he published his letter to Mr. Dunning, which is occupied with a critical examination of the case of "The King versus Lawley," which had been quoted as a precedent against him in his trial; this examination leads him to explain the conjunctions and prepositions of the English language. This letter formed the basis of a considerable part of the "Diversions of Purley." "I stood," writes Cradock, in his "Literary Memoirs," "almost four hours very near to Mr. Horne Tooke . . . when, in 1777, he was tried

at Guildhall for a libel, and conducted his own defence; and surely no humble individual could stand on higher ground. Lord Mansfield, with commanding eloquence, presided on the Bench, the stern Thurlow was Attorney-General, and the subtle, insinuating Wedderburn the Solicitor-General. Yet, unnerved by such authorities, he proceeded with firmness, and remained undaunted against this constellation of talents, this phalanx of abilities, and from his own deep knowledge of the law, was able to combat with all its subtleties, and to convert every circumstance to his own advantage, to the admiration and astonishment of the most crowded court."

Mr. Horne Tooke entered Parliament in 1801, as member for Old Sarum, to which he had been nominated by his friend, Lord Camelford. This movement on his part gave rise to the principal Church question at the commencement of the present century—namely, the eligibility of a clergyman to a seat in the House of Commons. "Although there was no express law upon the subject," writes Mr. Macfarlane, in the "Comprehensive History of England," "there was an impression of force equal to law, and which is usually considered to make the enactment of a law superfluous: it was considered impossible that any one who was known to have been in holy orders should hold a seat in the House of Commons. Horne Tooke had been ordained so early as 1760, and had officiated for thirteen years as a clergyman at New Brentford; but he had been more distinguished in literature as a philologist, and in politics as a keen agitator and reformer, than in his clerical capacity. Now, however, he had abjured reform and the Whigs, passed over to the ministerial party, and, by submitting to become the nominee of a peer and the representative of a place without a constituency, had proclaimed his conversion to the Tory interests. On the other hand, Earl Temple, by whom Horne Tooke's right to a seat in the House was to be opposed, had deserted Pitt, and gone over to the Whigs. It was thus a party question at the outset—a political contest, in which religion was to be used as a convenient watchword. No sooner had the ex-clergyman taken his place in the House than Lord Temple rose and proclaimed the informality, and announced his purpose to wait the allotted term of fourteen days, when, if no petition was presented against Mr. Horne Tooke's return, he would himself move that the subject should be taken into consideration. At the end of that time, no petition having been presented, the earl commenced proceedings by moving that the

* See Vol. I., p. 10.

deputy-registrar of Sarum and the parish clerk of Brentford should be summoned to the bar of the House, to prove that Mr. Horne Tooke had received priests' orders; and this fact, being easily settled by the testimony of the witnesses, was alleged to be conclusive of the question. A committee of inquiry was appointed, who, after investigation, reported that since 1641 only one instance had occurred of an ordained clergyman having been elected as a Parliamentary representative. This was the case of Mr. Edward Rushworth, who had been returned in 1784 as one of the members for the borough of Newport, in the Isle of Wight, and who, though petitioned against, was allowed to retain his seat. Lord Temple then moved that 'a new writ should be issued for the election of a burgess to serve for the borough of Old Sarum, in the room of the Reverend John Horne Tooke, who, being at the time of his election in priests' order, was, and is, incapable of sitting in this House.' His lordship disposed of the solitary exception by stating that Rushworth was only a deacon, and that it was on the strength of this fact that his counsel had pleaded for his eligibility. 'I may be told,' his lordship added, 'that other clergy have actually sat in this House. The fact may be so, yet it does not alter my case. It is a very old and a very true law adage that no blot is a blot till it is hit. Peers, minors, aliens, clearly ineligible, may have sat, and may at this moment be sitting in this House. . . . All I contend for is that, in every instance, without one solitary exception, where the House has noticed a priest within its walls, the individual so noticed has been expelled, and the principle laid down of the ineligibility of the clergy.' Lord Temple then stated the danger that would result to the Constitution from the admission of a fourth estate into Parliament, and the immense acquisition of power which the minister of the day might gain by holding out the temptation of Church patronage to ecclesiastical members. His lordship next adverted to the defence which Mr. Horne Tooke had already set up—that he was no longer a clergyman, having divested himself of his orders—a proceeding which, both by canon and common law, was impossible. He finally administered a solemn rebuke to Mr. Horne Tooke for the use he had made of ludicrous and unseemly phrases in the former debates on the subject, adjuring him that, as he had administered the sacrament in times past, he should, therefore, recollect that solemn office, and tremble when he talked of getting rid by quarantine of the infection of duties which he assumed at the altar of his God.

"Lord Temple's motion was opposed by Mr.

Addington, the Prime Minister, who seemed resolved at all events to maintain the rights, in order that he might retain the services of the once formidable agitator and reformer. But his speech was a confused mixture of arguments, in which the defence of his new ally was mingled with the repudiation of any wish for the establishment of such a fourth estate as that which his lordship had dreaded. He deprecated the entrance of such an element at such a time, when one-third of the livings of the clergy were disposable at the will of the crown. But the law was still indistinct as to the right of the clergy to hold a seat in Parliament. As to the clerical character, there was no difference between a priest and a deacon, and therefore the case of Mr. Rushworth was not conclusive on the subject. In this case, if they rejected Mr. Horne Tooke, he might be re-elected by his constituents, and admitted to his seat by a committee, through the authority of the Grenville Act,* let the House decide to the contrary as it pleased, and thus the recurrence might be perpetual, unless the legislature applied a remedy by which the whole evil would be at once removed. To effect this, a Bill should be prepared for the purpose of excluding persons in holy orders from a seat in Parliament, and upon this principle there would be a general agreement, although there might be some difficulties in its details.

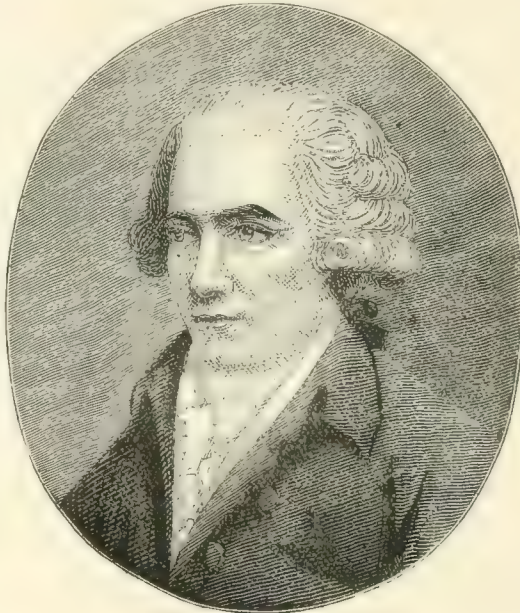
"Mr. Horne Tooke then rose to answer for himself, and his speech was a talented, but rambling, discourse, characteristic of the man and his case of appeal. He commenced with a statement of the circumstances of his earlier life, to prove that he was no lover of personal controversy, although in truth he had been one of the keenest of controversialists. He then proceeded, as a philologist, to the report that had been given in by the committee of inquiry, and stated that whoever drew it up was utterly ignorant of the Anglo-Saxon language, having mistaken the character no less than eleven times in transcribing a manuscript of the time of Henry VI., containing no more than twenty-one lines. It had also omitted to state that all the persons named in it who were declared ineligible actually continued to sit till they were disqualified by Act of Parliament, and no Act, as yet, had disqualified any one from sitting in the House who had been in holy orders. To elect representatives, and to represent electors are privileges inseparable; and as the right of electing knights of the shire had been conceded to

* By this Act every disputed election was to be left to the decision of a committee, and the House was not to interfere except where it was absolutely necessary.

clergymen, and afterwards fully confirmed to them by the 18th of George II., they had a right also to represent their fellow-citizens. It might be said that the nature of the clerical character is indelible, and its operation a disqualification for a seat in Parliament; but here Mr. Tooke put several cases to show the absurdity of the conclusion After adducing many instances of persons who had renounced orders altogether, and embraced a different line of life—of peers who had succeeded to their titles and seats in the Upper House, although they were in orders, and of clergymen who had, while exercising their clerical functions, been secretaries to, or otherwise employed by, ministers of state—Mr. Horne Tooke thus concluded: ‘Though I wish earnestly to be out of the House, I feel it to be my duty to strive to continue in it as long as I can, and am prepared to meet opposition in what ever way it may present itself. I wish the House to proceed legally. I wish that an Act should be passed founded on the broad basis of general justice. Let the House save its character as much as possible, and try to preserve the confidence of the public.’

“In the debate that followed, the eligibility of the clergy was maintained by Fox, Erskine, and Grey, and opposed by Mr. Simeon, Sir William Scott, the Attorney and Solicitor General, and several other members. It was contended by the latter that the canon law was conclusive against the eligibility of a clergyman, and abundantly supported by the precedents, the paucity of which arose from the general conviction that the point was fully established, just as it was clearly understood that women could not sit in Parliament, although the journals might be explored in vain for a single decision on the subject. Both parties, however, agreed in getting rid of Lord Temple’s motion, and accordingly, that of Addington was substituted, and carried by a majority of ninety-four against fifty-three. Having thus secured the services of Mr. Horne Tooke, at least during the present Parliament, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, ten days afterwards, moved for leave to bring in a Bill

‘to remove doubts respecting the eligibility of persons in holy orders to sit in Parliament.’ After long discussion and several modifications, the Bill as it now stands in the statute (41 George III., c. 63) was finally passed through both Houses, by which not only priests and deacons of the Church of England, but ministers and licensed preachers of the Church of Scotland, have been excluded ever since from sitting as members of the British House of Commons.* The clergy were thus deprived of a privilege which they could well forego; but in requital they were exempted from certain penalties of a more substantial character.”



JOHN HORNE TOOKE.
(From an old Print.)

In 1794 the Government resolved to proceed against certain conspicuous members of political societies; and on the 6th of October of that year the grand jury of Middlesex returned true bills against Thomas Hardy, John Horne Tooke, John Augustus Bonney, Stewart Kyd, Jeremiah Joyce, Thomas Wardle, Thomas Holcroft, John Richter, Matthew Moore, John Kelwall, Richard Hodgson, and John Baxter, for high treason. “Hardy was charged with nine overt acts of high treason; but it was made to appear that, however imprudent or illegal might have been some of the means they had proposed,

the sole object of Hardy and his associates was a sweeping parliamentary reform. This reform would have thrown the constitution under the feet of the democracy; but the thing had not happened, nor was it likely to happen; the demagogic strength was contemptible, and a humane jury shrank from the horrible penalty attendant on a conviction for high treason. The trial lasted eight days, ending in a verdict of acquittal. The trial of Horne Tooke, which next followed, and which commenced on the 17th of November, occupied six days, and was made remarkable by the perfect self-possession, the wit, the acuteness, and the dialectics of the accused,

* In 1870 an Act was passed, enabling English clergymen to divest themselves formally of their orders; and persons who have availed themselves of its provisions have since been elected to the House of Commons.





and by the quality of the persons he summoned as witnesses, among whom were the Duke of Richmond, and Pitt himself. The jury, on the 22nd of November, and at a late hour in the evening, brought in a verdict of not guilty." In the remaining cases, with the exception of that of Thelwall, no evidence was adduced by the prosecution, and a formal verdict of "not guilty" was returned in each case. The trial of Thelwall, however, after occupying four days, also terminated in a verdict of acquittal.

hill," the others being Woldingham, Chelsham, and Caterham—all *hams*, that is, "hames," or "homes." Kemble, in his "Saxons in England," says that Warlingham was the settlement, or "home," of the Saxon *Warlingas*.

Here, as at Sanderstead and Purley, the steep sides of the ridge of downs forming the Caterham Valley are covered with short grass and studded with dwarf yews and other evergreens, which in the old time doubtless were used as landmarks. Warlingham station, on the Caterham branch of the South-Eastern Railway, is in



FARLEY COURT. (See page 147.)

Most of the closing years of Mr. Horne Tooke's life were spent in retirement at Purley House. He had expressed a wish to be buried in a vault he had prepared in the garden here, but dying at Wimbledon, in 1812, he was interred at Ealing.* He had not only constructed his own vault, but had the tombstone prepared under his own direction; on the latter was engraven this epitaph:—

"JOHN HORNE TOOKE, late PROPRIETOR, and now OCCUPIER, of this spot, was born in June, 1736; died in — aged — years; CONTENTED and GRATEFUL."

Warlingham is one of "the four parishes on the

Caterham Valley, about a mile and a half from the village.

Like most parishes similarly placed, one part of Warlingham is on the top of a hill, and the other in the valley. This arrangement is very common on the sides of the Surrey and Sussex downs, and is extremely natural, for in assigning lands it was obviously proper to distribute "the fat with the lean," and not to give all of the former to one holder and all of the other to another. A farmer wanted open downs to feed his sheep, and also lowlands to which he could apply the plough; and down to a very recent date most of the "table land" in Warlingham was unenclosed.

When the enclosure was made, about five acres

* See Vol. I., p. 21.

were reserved as a recreation-ground, but from this remainder a couple more acres were subtracted to form a site for the village schools.

Not far off stands the modest vicarage, and a little beyond it a triangular village green, at two of whose corners are small rural hostleries, rejoicing respectively in the signs of the "White Lion" and the "Leather Bottle."

The parish, which contains some eleven hundred acres, is not very thickly populated. In 1871 the census returns give the number of inhabitants as 773, a number which increased during the next decade to 1147.

Brayley, in his "History of Surrey," gives the following account of the early annals of Warlingham:—"This manor was given by William de Watteville and Robert, his son, in 1144, to the monks of Bermondsey; and in 1158 Watteville, with the consent of his sons, gave the church of Warlingham and that of Chelsham to the same fraternity, which grants, in the next year, were confirmed by Henry II. It appears from certain legal proceedings in 1276 that the prior, as lord of the manor, had erected a gallows for the execution of criminals at this place. Warlingham falling into the hands of the king on the suppression of the monastery, he granted the manor, rectory, and advowson, in 1545, to Sir John Gresham, who died seized of the manor, valued at £20, and also of the rectory, in 1557. He bequeathed both to his wife, Catherine, for her life, with remainder to his youngest son, Edmund, who held his first court here in 1577. Richard Gresham, Esq., son and heir of Edmund, in 1591 sold Warlingham, together with Sanderstead, to John Ownsted, Esq.; but the transfer having been made without the queen's licence, the estates were seized, and retained by the officers of the Crown, and a fine was exacted, on the payment of which the conveyance was completed in 36 Elizabeth." It seems that the Greshams once were lords of half the broad acres between Croydon and the point where Surrey and Kent meet at Titsey and Westerham.

Bray speaks of a quaint custom which prevailed at Warlingham in the seventeenth century. Early in the spring it was the habit of the boys of the parish to visit the various orchards, and to "whip" the apple-trees. This was supposed to secure a plentiful crop of apples. After the ceremony the boys carried a small bag to the house, which the good woman filled with flour.

The church stands in a field some 500 yards or more from any road. It has been there since the Plantagenet days, for its prevailing style is Early English. It consists of a nave and chancel, with

no arch to separate them. The windows are Early English lancets, of elegant design, especially inside; in the place of one or two are larger square-headed windows of Tudor date. One of these on the south side has inserted in it some modern painted glass, commemorating the fact that the First Common Prayer Book of Edward VI. was first used within the walls of this church.

The south porch door is of elegant design, and would be really handsome if it were divested of its coats of whitewash. On the north wall of the church, facing the entrance, is a rudely-painted figure of St. Christopher, as large as life, carrying the infant Saviour across a river. This was a favourite subject in the churches of Norfolk and Suffolk, where it is almost always found opposite to the entrance door; it is by no means common in the metropolitan districts, but there was a very good specimen in old Croydon Church. At the west end is a small wooden bell-turret, with a short spire, made of rough-hewn boards painted red, which have a most quaint appearance. The building was repaired in 1842, and a further restoration was made in 1866. The churchyard is noted for its fine yew trees.

Since the opening of a branch of the South Eastern Railway from the neighbourhood of Purley along the valley up to Caterham, a population has sprung up in the lowland portion of Warlingham, for whose accommodation a very small, but very beautiful church, consisting of a nave and chancel, in the Gothic style, was built in 1860, a vicarage having been added since.

Remains of an ancient encampment, supposed to be Roman, may be seen on Battle Hill, in this parish; and not far distant, on War Coppice Hill, by Caterham, there is another rude encampment, attributed to the Danes.

The parish of Farley, or Farleigh, which adjoins Warlingham on the south-east, is the extreme point of our peregrinations in this direction. It is a picturesque district, rural in the extreme, with not so much as a village, the whole population scarcely exceeding one hundred. In Anglo-Saxon times the name of the parish was written *Fearlege*, and in "Domesday Book" it is spelt *Ferlega*. There is another Farleigh, in Kent, on the banks of the Medway, and the etymology of both seems somewhat obscure and doubtful. Ireland, in his "History of Kent," gives the probable derivation of the name of the Kentish Farleigh—written *Fearnlega* in the *Textus Roffensis*—as a passage over the river Medway, Fearn, or "*Farne*, in Saxon, signifying a journey or passage, and *lega*, a spot—that is, the place of the way or passage." The name may, however, be derived from "far" and

"lea," or from "fair lea"; but I prefer the derivation which refers the name to its distance from the haunts of men, for as far as houses are concerned, the parish is as desolate and deserted as if it were situated on the wolds of Lincolnshire or Gloucestershire.

The Manor of Farleigh appears to have been held by the family of Watteville until about the middle of the thirteenth century, when Peter de Codington, *alias* de Maldon, with the consent of William de Watteville, heir to the said Peter, conveyed it to Walter de Merton, the founder of Merton College, Oxford.

The church is an ancient building, dedicated to St. Mary, in the Early English style of architecture. In its general appearance it bears a strong likeness to Warlingham Church. It is built of flint, and plastered, and consists of a nave and chancel, divided by a Pointed arch, the chancel being lighted by two lancet windows at the east end. In the chancel is a brass to John Brock, who died in 1495, and to Anne, his wife.

"The rectory," observes Brayley, in his "History of Surrey," "was conveyed, with the manor, to Walter de Merton, and by him settled on Merton College. In 1264 a license was procured for an appropriation of the living, which was presented to as a vicarage, with some exceptions, until 1483, when Henry Newell was instituted as rector. In 1518 William Jervase received institution as vicar, but the next incumbent and all his successors have held the benefice as a rectory." The parish registers commence in 1678.

A farmhouse called Farley Court, near the church, is a survival of an old-fashioned moated manor-house, surrounded by a fine belt of trees. The manor still belongs to Merton College, Oxford, in whose gift is the patronage of the church; but the Court itself is in the hands of the trustees of Miss M. Smith, of Selsdon.

We must now retrace our steps westward, by way of Riddles Down, to Caterham Junction, close by which is the Asylum for Fatherless Children at Reedham—so called in honour of the founder, the Rev. Dr. Andrew Reed. The asylum—a large building of red brick, with dressings of black and white brick, high-pitched roofs, and picturesque gables—was built in 1858, from the designs of Mr. W. Moffat. It will accommodate about 300 children, who are received up to the age of eleven years, and are retained until fifteen, when they are either placed in service as shop assistants or as mechanics. As a proof of its widespread usefulness, it may be mentioned that nearly 500 boys, and more than half that

number of girls, have already passed through the Home, and are, almost without exception, now doing well at their various employments. There is an Infants' School in connection with the Orphanage, for children under eight years of age, who do work and lessons suited to their tender years, and abundance of play in the open air. In short, the institution is one which it is scarcely necessary to praise, and is part of that true charity which, in the words of the Reedham motto, "makes all one." Dr. Reed was born in Butcher Row, St. Clement Danes, where his father was a watchmaker.*

Caterham Valley, which abuts upon Warlingham, and runs east and west about four miles to the south of Croydon, is, so far as it has escaped building operations, very rural and pretty. It is, however, as stated above, traversed by a branch line of railway; and it may be safely inferred, therefore, that it is only a question of time before green and smiling meadows will give place to rows of streets or villas with trim gardens. It has been truly remarked that London is almost daily growing. "First come the long monotonous lines of streets and houses, extending on every side, and pushing out arms and feelers in the direction of the country. But far beyond these the builder is busy at his work. He has to meet the wants and wishes of men who seek to combine the advantages of London and of country life. There is a large and increasing class who are not content to be Londoners in the old sense of the word. They must have more space and elbow-room than the close neighbourhood of London can afford. They are impatient of life in a street, and they are driven every year farther and farther afield in search of open and unoccupied ground. In these days of rapid railway communication there is hardly any spot safe from them within reasonable distance of town. They will fix themselves anywhere, so only that there is a railway-station not too far off; and there are very few of the outlying suburbs of London which are not thus suitable for them. But where they settle the charms of the country disappear. What was lately a field is enclosed, and becomes a garden or a private park, from which the public are shut out. Forests are cut down to make room for the new occupants, or are left standing only as far as they are ornamental appendages to the property. This is the sort of process which has been going on for many years past on all sides of London. We may like or dislike it, but we can raise no objection to it. We

* See "Old and New London," Vol. II., p. 10.

must take it as a part of the general growth of London, and, so viewed, it rises almost to the dignity of a natural law. All that we can ask is that some limits may be assigned to it—that some spots of ground here and there may be kept sacred from intrusion, and may be protected from the flood which is overwhelming all around them.”

Caterham Valley is just within the range of the Metropolitan Police area, and, therefore, within the limits assigned to this work. Here is Marden Park, the seat of Sir William R. Clayton. John Evelyn stayed here in 1700, being “received by his host and hostess with great civility.” He gives the history of the first beginnings of this seat in his “Diary,” under date July 13th, 1700:—“I went to Marden, which was originally a barren warren, bought by Sir Richard Clayton, who built there a pretty house, and made such alteration by planting not only an infinite store of the best fruit, but so chang’d the natural situation of the hill, valleys, and solitary mountaines about it, that it rather represented some foreign country, which would produce spontaneously pines, firs, cypresses, yew, holly, and juniper. They were come to their perfect growth, with walks, mazes, &c., amongst them, and were preserv’d with the utmost care, so that I, who had seen it some years before in its naked and barren condition, was in admiration of it. The land was bought of Sir John Evelyn, of Godstone, and was thus improv’d for pleasure and retirement by the vast charge and industry of this opulent citizen.”

In Brayley’s “History of Surrey” is the following record of the early history of Caterham:—“In the reign of King John the Manor of Caterham, with the advowson of the church, was given by Everard de Gaist to the abbot and convent of Waltham, who, in 37 Henry III., obtained a grant of the right of free warren in Katerham, which was confirmed by charter of Richard II. in 1389. After the dissolution of the monastery,

this manor falling into the hands of the king, he conveyed it, by patent dated 1545, to William Savill, Esq., with the rectory, the advowson of the vicarage, and a farm at Chaldon which had belonged to the Abbot of Waltham. After numerous transfers, in 1780 the estate was purchased by a Mr. Hewetson. It appears from the *Inquisitiones post mortem* that in the reign of Edward I. Sir John Haunsard died seized of ‘a manor of Katerham, held of the honour of Banstead;’ and in the twenty-ninth of the same reign Hamo de Gatton and Margery, his wife, held a tenement and one carucate of land in Caterham. But whether either or both of these notices refer to this manor is uncertain.” The manor was afterwards held by the Bests, Richbells, and Jordans, and about the commencement of the last century it was purchased by Sir Isaac Shard, who held his first manorial court here in 1726. The monastery of Leeds, in Kent, had a grant of a fair in Caterham in the reign of Edward I.

There is not much of interest in the village of Caterham. The old parish church, dedicated to St. Lawrence, dates from the Early English period, but numerous repairs and alterations have so far altered its appearance that most of its architectural interest is lost. In the outskirts of the village are some fine quarries of stone for building purposes, and also many new mansions and villas, one of which has been for some time the residence of Lord Sherbrooke, better known by his former name as the Right Hon. Robert Lowe. Far away on the rising ground to the west of the village stands the Metropolitan District Imbecile Asylum, an extensive red brick structure, and erected on the pavilion system, half-a-dozen blocks being devoted to males on one side, and as many to females on the other, connected by covered corridors, the recreation hall and the various administrative offices occupying the central block.

CHAPTER XVII.

CROYDON—EARLY HISTORY, ETC.

“Indictum neque enim fas est taciturne relinqui
Hunc, qui tot populus pervolat ora, locum.” CLAUDIAN.

Situation and Early History—Etymology of Name—Discovery of Coins—Historical Associations—The Old and New Churches of St. John the Baptist—Destruction and Rebuilding—Monuments and Epitaphs—Mural Painting in the Church—Register—Dr. William Cleaver and the Highwayman.

HITHERTO, since we turned our backs on Waltham Abbey and Barking, and crossed the Thames, we have found no town or place of venerable antiquity to describe, but when we near Croydon, we feel

that, however modern its present appearance may be, we are approaching a place once famous as the dwelling of holy men of old, some of whom at all events have gained high places in the calendar of

the unreformed Church. Here the names of Lanfranc and Kilwardby and Winchelsea, Courtenay and Chicheley and Arundel, and Warham and Cranmer, sound almost as truly "household words" as at Oxford or Cambridge, at Westminster or Lambeth. The very air here is redolent of churchmanship of the past Saxon type, and our only regret is that we can learn so little about their Anglo-Saxon predecessors. But, alas! though Croyland and Malmesbury and Waltham figure there, we can find no reference at all to Croydon in Mr. E. A. Freeman's "Old English History," a book which treats fully of the Saxon times.

The town of Croydon is one of the largest in all Surrey, and occupies a pleasant position on the Brighton road, about ten miles from London. It consists chiefly of one well-built street, about a mile in length, called the High Street. This was in former times nothing more than a bridle-way over the fields; but leading over higher ground, and in a more direct course than the way through the old town, by usage it became the principal road, and was at length built upon, and superseded the former highway.

Croydon parish is bounded on the north by Lambeth and Streatham, on the east by Penge, the parishes of Beckenham and West Wickham, in Kent, and that of Addington, in Surrey; on the south by Addington, Sanderstead, and Coulsdon, and on the west by Beddington and Mitcham; it is no less than thirty-six miles in circumference, and the soil is, in different parts of the parish, chalk, gravel, sand, clay, and peat. Lysons mentions a large chalk-pit about a mile from the town, near the road to Addington, which afforded a large number of fossils; indeed, all the southern side is chalk.

Croydon lies in the opening of a rich and beautiful vale, as Camden observes, "lying under the hills." Speaking generally, those to the east are wooded, those to the west and south-west are mostly open downs.

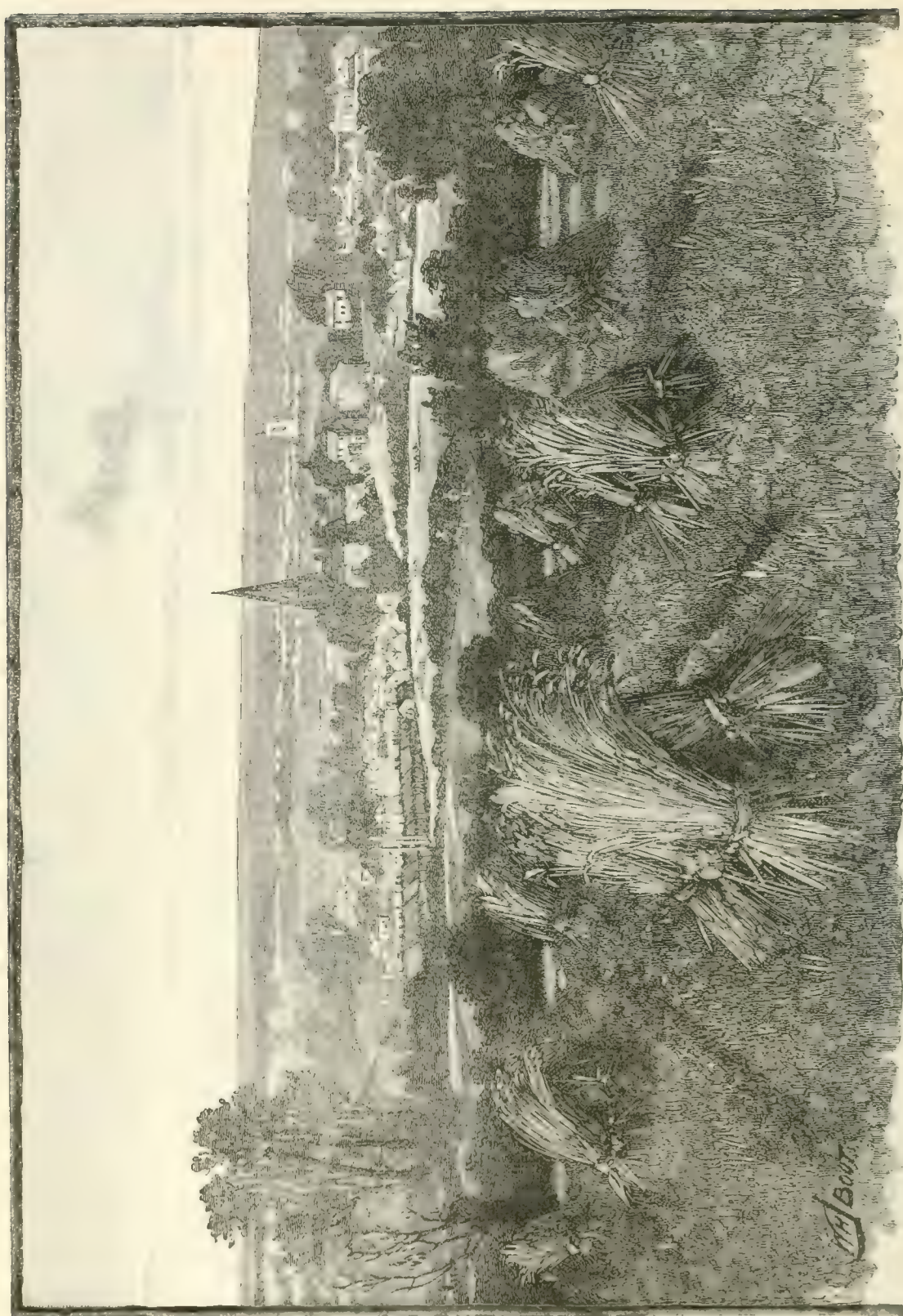
The manor of Croydon is thus described in the "Domesday Book" among the lands of the Archbishop of Canterbury:—"In the hundred of Waleton (Wallington) Archbishop Lanfranc holds Croindene in demesne. In the time of King Edward it was assessed at 80 hides, now at 16 hides and 1 visgate. The arable land amounts to 20 carucates. There are in the demesne 4 carucates, and forty-eight villains and twenty-five bordars, with 34 carucates. There is a church, and one mill at 5s., and 8 acres of meadow. The wood yields two hundred swine. Of the land belonging to this manor, Restolf holds of the archbishop

7 hides, and Ralph 1 hide; and thence they have £7 8s. rent. The whole manor, in the time of King Edward, was valued at £12; now at £27 to the archbishop, and £10 10s. to his men."

This manor is said to have been given by William I. to Archbishop Lanfranc, who is supposed to have founded the archiepiscopal palace, though Robert Kilwardby is the first prelate who is certainly known to have resided at Croydon. He resigned the metropolitan dignity on being made a cardinal, in 1278, and went to Rome, leaving the castles and mansions belonging to the see in such a dilapidated state, that Archbishop Peckham, his successor, found it necessary to expend 3,000 marks in repairs, though it is uncertain what part of this sum may have been laid out at Croydon. The manor continued to belong to the see of Canterbury until the troubles of the seventeenth century, when the revenues of the archbishopric were seized by the Parliament. The annual value of the manor, place, and land, was then estimated at £275, exclusive of the timber.

The manor-house, or palace, situated near the church, was for several hundred years the occasional residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury, who had attached to it a park and grounds containing 170 acres. These stretched away on to the high ground to the south-east. Of this park the famous Sir William Walworth was keeper in the reign of Richard II. In July, 1573, Archbishop Parker entertained Queen Elizabeth and her whole Court here seven days, and Whitgift received more than one visit from the same princess at this palace. When the possessions of the see of Canterbury were seized by the Parliament during the civil war with Charles I., Croydon Palace was first leased to the Earl of Nottingham, and afterwards to Sir William Brereton, the famous Parliamentary General, "a notable man, at a thanksgiving dinner," writes a pamphleteer of the time quoted by Lysons, "having terrible long teeth, and a prodigious stomach to turn the archbishop's chapel into a kitchen, and to swallow up that palace and lands at a morsel." After the Restoration this edifice was fitted up, and restored to its former state by archbishop Juxon." We shall treat more fully of the archiepiscopal palace in the next chapter.

Croydon is first mentioned in the joint will of Beorhtrie and Ælfswyth, dated about 962. It is there spelt *Crogdane*. "Crog," says Mr. J. Corbet Anderson, in his "Chronicle of Croydon Parish," "was, and still is, the Norse, or Danish, word for crooked, which is expressed in Anglo-Saxon by *crumb*, a totally different word. From the Danish



CROYDON, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

come our *crook* and *crooked*. This term accurately describes the locality. It is a *crooked*, or *winding valley*, a reference to the valley which runs in an oblique and serpentine course from Godstone to Croydon. The Anglo-Saxon *g* is equivalent to our *y*; and thus the name was pronounced in 962 exactly as it is now, with the substitution only in the final syllable of the letter *o* for the diphthong *æ*, a very common and venial corruption. In any question relating to the meaning of names, the most ancient form of spelling them ought to have great weight.

dunes, that surrounded it, the first syllable points to *croix*, a cross, as lying at its origin. It was the town of the cross—the town where the Christian faith was known, professed, and preached; it is to be hoped was practised also. It was not a military station; not a seat of trade or commerce; but a seat of religion. As such it could not fail to attract to it such converts as were made in the pagan districts that surrounded it; and so in very early days became populous. Mr. M. F. Tupper and Mr. Thorne suggest a more prosaic derivation



OLD CROYDON CHURCH, 1785. (See page 153.)

In the entry in "Domesday Book" relative to the manor, the Normans spelt its name *Croindene*; hence, Garrow supposed that the term originated in the union of two Saxon words—*crone*, "sheep," and *dene*, "a valley"—sheep-valley. Ducarel considered that the name Croydon was derived from the old Norman-French word *cray*, or *craire*, "chalk," and the Saxon *dun*, "a hill," meaning a town near the chalk-hill; but this surmise is open to the objection that long ere the Norman language could have so prevailed the place was known, as we have seen, almost by its present name."

Croydon is a religious town, for, whether the final syllable be only "town" in disguise, or whether it be derived from the *denes*, *dennes*, or

of the name, viz., *croie*, chalk. As was generally the case with old ecclesiastical towns, the parish is most extensive, being, as we have already seen, no less than thirty-six miles in circuit.

A curious discovery of remains of the old Saxon rule was made at Croydon in June, 1862. In the course of constructing the railway from West Croydon to Balham, the excavators found, at about two feet below the surface, what they called a stone coffin, without a lid. On attempting to unearth their "find" it crumbled to pieces, but among the *débris* was discovered a bag, full of something, which eventually turned out to be a mass of discoloured, but very perfectly preserved, silver coins of the Saxon period. Among them were coins of Ælthelred and

Alfred, 200 of Burgred of Mercia, and some coins of Louis le Debonnaire, and Charles le Chauve of France. Most of them found their way into the collection of Mr. John Evans, F.R.S. Roman coins also have been found here.

Coins of a more recent date, but of no less interest, have likewise been discovered here at different times. In the nineteenth volume of the *Archæological Journal* for 1862 is the record of a discovery here, by Mr. W. Parker Hamond, of a French jeton, which was exhibited by him at a meeting of the Society; "on one side is Henry IV. on horseback, on the other the arms of France and Navarre. The counters struck at Nuremberg by Hans Krauwinkel and Wolfgang Laufer, for use in France, are numerous, and some of the types have an historical interest. Examples of the time of Henry IV. are given by Snelling, J. de Fontenay, and other writers on jetons."

A Roman road, which followed the lines of the ancient British Ermine Street, ran through the parish of Croydon. Gale, in his "Commentary" on the "Itinerary" of Antonius, says that the Roman road passed through Old Croydon from Woodcote to Streatham. From this circumstance is derived the name *Streatham*, "the home on the street." Hither, also, came a branch of the old Watling Street. Naturally, we might expect to find a number of Roman remains in the parish, and we are not disappointed. Mr. Anderson says, "On the verge of the parish of Croydon, in 1871, the remains of a Roman villa were brought to light at Beddington. Other evidences of a former occupation of this neighbourhood by the Romans may be seen in the circumstance that, not long since, a small mutilated cup, or Roman vase, was dug up above the chalk-pit on Croham Farm. It was found at the back of the skull of a skeleton, duly laid on the chalk; there was no coin. A large, yellowish-red, coarse earthenware fragment of a neck and handles of an amphora was also recently dug up from a depth of about six feet—the last three being gravel—at the back of a cottage behind the waterworks, Surrey Street." Three coins—of Otho, Vespasian, and Hadrian—have also been picked up at different times in the parish.

The old town consists chiefly of one street, nearly a mile long, extending from the church to Haling. There appears to have been a town called Old Croydon, situated farther from London, towards Beddington, and some ruins of it were remaining in 1783. Both Camden and Gale notice a tradition that there was anciently a royal palace southward of the present town, next Haling. Through the spacious plain in which stand the

palace and church, run various clear springs of water, which join to form the river Wandle. This river is mentioned by Pope in a well-known passage, where, speaking of the "brothers" of the Thames, he mentions "the blue transparent Vandalis." Camden remarks, "The Vandal is augmented by a small river from the east, which arises at Croydon, formerly Craydiden, lying under the hills."

Croydon is singularly barren in historical reminiscences, apart from those associated with the palace, of which we shall speak presently, and the events relating to it are of little importance. In 1264 a body of troops who had fought under the Earl of Leicester, consisting of Londoners, on returning home after the battle of Lewes, having taken up their quarters in this town, were attacked by the disbanded Royalists, who had formed the garrison of Tonbridge Castle, when many of them were killed, and their assailants obtained a great booty. From "Stow's Chronicle" we learn that in 1286 "William Warren, son and heir of John Warren, Earle of Surrey, in a turnement at Croyden, was by the challenger intercepted, and cruelly slaine." From the same source, too, we learn that "in 1550, Grig, a poulterer, of Surrey, regarded among the people as a prophet, in curing divers diseases by words and prayers, and saying he would take no money, was, by commandment of the Earl of Warwick and others of the King's Council, set on a scaffold in the town of Croydon, with a paper on his breast, wherein were written his deceitful and hypocritical dealings. He was afterwards put in the pillory at Southwark during the Lady Day fair." Stow further tells us that in 1551 an earthquake was felt at Croydon, and several neighbouring places. Fuller, in his "Church History of Britain" (1656), after mentioning the Black Assizes at Oxford, in 1577, adds "The like chanced some four years since at Croydon, in Surrey, where a great depopulation happened at the assizes of persons of quality, and the two judges, Baron Yates and Baron Rigby, died a few days after." Lysons, in his "Environs," remarks that it does not appear by the register that there was any great mortality at Croydon about that time. The plague visited this town in 1603, and in that year and the next 158 persons died of it. The disease proved fatal to many people here also in 1625, 1626, 1631, 1665, and 1666. During the plague, in 1665, we are told several of the poorer classes buried their relations in the woods around the town.

In 1673 the parish was half ruined by a series of scandals, extending over thirteen years, alleged

against the then vicar, Dr. William Cleiver, and the matter became so serious that the parishioners found themselves obliged to petition the Crown and the Legislature for his removal. It appears that the Doctor turned upon his assailants, and declared his intention to hold on his benefice, if only to spite the townspeople. In the end he resigned on a pension.

From Steinman's "Croydon" we learn that "in 1728 so violent a storm of hail and rain, with thunder and lightning, fell at Croydon, as to strike the hailstones—which were from eight to ten inches round—some inches into the earth. The cattle were forced into the ditches and drowned, windows were shattered, and great damage done. Considerable damage in and near Croydon was also done by a storm of thunder and lightning in 1744."

The parish church is dedicated to St. John the Baptist—a dedication singularly appropriate, for it stood in a wilderness, part of the great Forest of Surrey, which still survives in memory in the name of Norwood.* Half a century ago the church stood on the bank of a rivulet, but this has been almost dried up by the subsequent drainage of the town. It is said that old people are still alive who remember minnows being caught quite close to the west end of the churchyard.

The surface of the ground all round the church and the palace has been gradually raised, the arches springing from a point only two or three feet from the present level.

The "Doomsday Book" informs us that there was a church in Croydon at the time of the Conquest; and looking still further back, we find that a church must have stood here in the Anglo-Saxon era, for to the will of Byrhtic and Ælfwy, made in the year 960, a copy of which is printed in Lambard's "Perambulations of Kent," is affixed the name of Ælffie, priest of Croydon, as a witness.

Dr. Garrow, writing in 1818, describes the old church then existing as "a very beautiful and stately Gothic structure, far surpassing every other church in the whole county of Surrey. It has a lofty square tower of flint and stone, supported by well-proportioned buttresses at each angle; upon the top are four beautiful pinnacles, with a vane upon each. . . . This church is also distinguished by one of the finest organs in the kingdom, the exterior of which also corresponds very happily with the style of the architecture of the church. . . . The length of the nave is seventy-six feet, and that of the middle chancel

fifty-four feet; the breadth of the church, with the aisles, is seventy-four feet. The nave is separated from the aisles by light clustered columns and Pointed arches, between which are several grotesque heads and ornaments. . . . The old font is at the west end of the south aisle, and appears, by its date and structure, to be coeval with the church. It is an octagon, with quarterfoils, in one of which is a lion's head in the centre; in two other adjoining ones are roses, the rest are concealed by pews." The tower was repaired, and the buttresses disfigured by being encased in Roman cement in 1807-8.

There were formerly two chantries in this church, one dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin, the other to St. Nicholas. The first was founded by Sir Reginald de Cobham, of Starborough Castle, Surrey, about 1402. The incumbent was to pray for the souls of the said Sir Reginald, his wife, Joan, his children, and of all Christian people. The founder vested the presentation to the preferment in the hands of twelve principal citizens of Croydon. The income of the chantry, derived from lands and tenements near Croydon, was £16 1s. 2d. The chantry was dissolved under Edward VI., in 1547, a life pension of £6 13s. 4d. in lieu thereof being granted to John Comporte, the last incumbent.

The other chantry, namely that dedicated to St. Nicholas, was founded "for the repose of the souls" of John Stafford, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and of William Oliver, vicar of Croydon. The Weldon family is said to have possessed the patronage of this chantry, of which the total income was £14 14s. 6d. The last holder was Nicholas Sommer, to whom a pension of £6 13s. 4d. was granted at the dissolution of monasteries.

"The mother-church of the parish," writes the author of the local handbook, "dates from the reign of Richard I., but not a stone of the original edifice now remains, except, perhaps, in the foundations, the building having twice been destroyed by fire. The venerable elm beside the gate, opposite the road leading to Waddon, is said to have been planted to mark the grave of a Knight Templar—slain probably in the skirmish of 1264.

The present church was reconstructed some few years ago on the site of the old structure, which was destroyed by fire in 1867. It is a large and beautiful building of stone and flint, consisting of nave, aisles, and chancel, and a goodly proportioned tower at the western end of four stories, surmounted by pinnacles at the angles. It is in the Perpendicular style, and some of the windows are

* See "Old and New London," Vol. VI., p. 314.

enriched with painted glass, that at the east end of the chancel being particularly fine. The nave is separated from the aisles by arcades of six arches, and has an oak roof of rich design; the chancel has a panelled roof with massive moulded ribs, at the springing of which are figures of angels holding musical instruments: the seats in the chancel are most elaborately and beautifully carved; there is an alabaster reredos and stone sedile on the south side.

The situation of the church, together with its surroundings, is very pleasing, the churchyard being well planted with evergreens, and containing some noble trees, the foliage of which contrasts strikingly with the red brick walls and other remains of the old palace adjacent.

The ancient walls of the Norman church—or, at all events, large portions of them—are still there, encased, within and without, by the new facings added by Sir Gilbert Scott. The restoration of the church brought to light several curious objects, among others a holy-water stoup, inside the south door, and the sills of several windows, the existence of which had been quite forgotten. Sir Gilbert Scott restored the church mainly on the old lines, though he lengthened the fabric by eighteen feet, and raised the clerestory windows and the roof. The work was carried out at a cost of £28,000. A new peal of eight bells, with a carillon machine playing fourteen tunes, by Messrs. Gillett, Bland, & Co., of this town, was hung in the western tower, and a new and magnificent organ, by Mr. A. G. Hill, was erected, in the place of the one that had been destroyed.

Amongst those buried in the old church are John Singleton Copley, R.A. (the father of Lord Lyndhurst), and Cottingham, the architect. The monument of the latter, by Flaxman, was destroyed in the fire.

Archbishops Wake, Herring, and Potter, all lie buried in the chapel adjoining the southern side of the chancel, but their monuments have perished, though tablets of brass have been newly inserted in the walls to record their names.

Here, too, are buried Archbishops Whitgift, Wake, Grindal, and Sheldon. Three out of the four were buried under handsome monuments.

The monuments of Grindal, Whitgift, and Sheldon, were destroyed by the fire of 1867, but the two latter are not past repair, and it would be a graceful act if the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, with which they were respectively connected as benefactors, would take the work in hand, and have them restored. The iron railings saved the marble from utter destruction, though the fire cracked and broke it, and destroyed the colours.

In the middle of the chancel, on a sarcophagus within an arched recess, the entablature of which was supported by Corinthian columns, lay the painted effigy of Archbishop Grindal in his scarlet robes. Surmounting the entablature were three armorial shields, bearing respectively the arms of the sees of York, Canterbury, and London. The Archbishop died in 1583.

The monument to the memory of Archbishop Sheldon was of very beautiful design and exquisite workmanship. It stood in St. Nicholas' Chantry, and bore upon it the recumbent effigy of the prelate in his archiepiscopal robes and mitre. The altar-tomb, in which the Archbishop appeared in repose, was of black marble. Its panels were enriched by some finely-carved osteology. The figure itself was of statuary marble, beautifully sculptured; the left hand sustained the head, in the right was a crozier. Above the figure was an inscription, surmounted by a cherubim supporting an armorial shield. This monument was designed by Joseph Latham, the City mason, and entirely executed by him and his English workmen. The Archbishop died at Croydon in 1677.

The tomb of Archbishop Whitgift greatly resembled that of Archbishop Grindal, it being a sarcophagus supported by Corinthian columns of black marble. It was surmounted by the recumbent effigy of the prelate in sable robes, with his hands joined as in prayer; and its three shields bore respectively the arms of the see of Canterbury and Worcester and the deanery of Lincoln. On the panels of the sarcophagus were the armorial bearings of the see of Lincoln, and of the colleges of Trinity, Pembroke, and Peterhouse, at Cambridge. Whitgift died in 1604; his funeral was solemnised in a manner suitable to the splendour in which he had lived.

"The tombs of Archbishops Grindal, Whitgift, and other Archbishops," writes Evelyn, in his "Diary," under date of August 13, 1700, "are fine and venerable, but none comparable to that of the late Archbishop Sheldon, which, being all of white marble and of a stately ordnance and carvings, far surpass'd the rest, and I judge could not cost less than 7 or 8 hundred pounds."

The old church contained many interesting monuments and epitaphs, of which we may mention one or two conspicuous for quaintness and unconscious humour. For instance, the following magnificent effort of some neglected son of Apollo:—

"Heere lies buried the corps
Of Maister Henry Mill,
Citezen and grocer of
London famous cittie.
Alderman, and somtyme shreve,

A man of prudent skill,
Charitable to the poore,
And alwaies full of pittie,
Whose soul we hope doth rest in
Blise, wheare joy doth still abonde,
Though bodie his full depe do lie
In earth here, under grounde."

Here, too, were several monuments to the Herons, Whitgifts, Greshams, Phippses, Scudamores, Mortons, Wyvills, Bainbridges, Pennymans, Champions, and Brigstocks. It would seem as if good husbands and wives were rare at Croydon; at all events, a marble monument on the north wall of the old church, to the memory of John and Elizabeth Parker, who died in 1706 and 1730 respectively, bore this laudatory inscription:—

"This pair, whilst they lived together, were a pattern for conjugal behaviour; he a careful, indulgent husband, she a tender, engaging wife; he active in business, punctual to his word, kind to his family, generous to his friends, but charitable to all; possessed of every social virtue. During her widowhood she carefully and virtuously educated five children, who survived her. She was an excellent œconomist, modest without affectation, religious without superstition, and in every action behaved with uncommon candour and steadiness."

The following curious epitaph was inscribed on a vault near the north entrance of the churchyard, but Steinman, in his "History of Croydon" (1833), states it to be "now lost":—

"Mr. William Burnet. Born January 29th, 1685.
Died October 29th, 1760.

"WHAT IS MAN?"

To-day he's drest in gold and silver bright,
Wrapt in a shroud before to-morrow night;
To-day he's feasting on delicious food,
To-morrow nothing eat can do him good;
To-day he's nice, and scorns to feed on crumbs,
In a few days himself a dish for worms;
To-day he's honoured, and in great esteem,
To-morrow not a beggar values him;
To-day he rises from a velvet bed,
To-morrow lies in one that's rapt in lead;
To-day his house, though large, he thinks too small,
To-morrow can command no house at all;
To-day has twenty servants at his gate,
To-morrow scarcely one will deign to wait;
To-day perfumed, and sweet as is the rose,
To-morrow, stinks in everybody's nose;
To-day he's grand, majestic, all delight,
Ghastly and pale before to-morrow night.

"Now, when you've wrote and said whate'er you can,
This is the best that you can say of MAN."

In 1845-6 some curious frescoes were accidentally discovered on the walls of the old church, of which the following particulars are recorded in the *Archæological Journal* for 1846:—

"The Rev. Henry Lindsay, Vicar of Croydon, expressed his wish that some member of the com-

mittee should examine the curious mural painting, which has been recently discovered in the church of Croydon, previously to its being concealed again from view, in consequence of the decision of the churchwardens that the whole shall shortly be coloured over. The subject is St. Christopher: a little apart from the principal figure are portraits of a king and queen, in fair preservation. Mr. Lindsay supposes that they represent Edward III. and Queen Philippa. There are also traces of an inscription.—April 23rd: 'Dr. Bromet exhibited drawings of the distemper painting lately discovered in Croydon Church, Surrey. It represents St. Christopher, and is painted on the south wall, opposite to the north door.'—June 23rd: 'Dr. Bromet exhibited a drawing by M. G. J. L. Noble, and tracings taken by himself from some portions of the distemper painting recently discovered in Croydon Church, accompanied by the following observations:—'On the south wall, and opposite to the north door of Croydon Church, is a colossal figure of St. Christopher, of which the general design is so grand and elegant, that I regret much to report that its ornamental details are not easily discernible, and also that nothing more of the Christ than the feet is now visible; the legs of St. Christopher also are hidden by some panelling. The drapery of this figure is a purplish coloured tunic and a green cloak, and the folds of both are artistically disposed. In his hands he bears a knotted staff, which, though green, is not in that sprouting state occasionally seen. . . .

On the left of the saint, though not relating to any legend concerning him that I can find, is a semi-circularly-arched and portcullised embattled gateway, over which, at a quadrangular window in a lofty tower, seemingly of brick with stone dressings, are the figures of a king and queen. The king has a flowing grey beard, and is habited in a purplish tunic, with an ermine collar and red cloak. The queen is much younger, with auburn hair, and is in a purplish robe, lined with red."

These frescoes were destroyed by the fire, as also were the bells in the western tower. The first of these bells was thus inscribed:—

"My voice I will raise,
And sound my subscribers praise
At proper times.—Thomas Lister made me, 1738."

Francis Tyrrell, citizen and grocer of London, who died in 1600, was commemorated on his brass, in the church, as having given to the parish £200 to build a new market-house, and £40 to beautify the church and to make a "Sainte's bell."

The registers of Croydon parish commenced in 1538, when Thomas Cromwell, Vicar-General,

issued an order that parish registers should be kept throughout the kingdom. Croydon seems to have been a healthy place, for we find recorded the deaths of five centenarians, of whom one, Margaret Ford, reached the age of 105 years. Among the entries of burials we find the names of Whitgift, "Gelbert Sheldon," Dr. Wake, Dr. Potter, and Dr. Herring, Archbishops of Canterbury, and "My Lady Scudamore," the aunt of the poet Edmund Waller.

1612 (September 20th).—By Archbishop Abbott, assisted by John (King), Bishop of London: Richard (Neile), Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, and John (Buckeridge), Bishop of Rochester, Miles Smith, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester.

This church appears to have been singularly unfortunate in its career. In the year 1417 the sacred edifice was polluted by bloodshed—possibly accidental, or in some popular affray, for the country at that date was at peace. At all



BITS OF CROYDON PALACE.

1. West End of the Palace Chapel.

2. Buttresses of the North Side of the Chapel.

3. Porch to the Great Hall of the

Palace, North Side.

4. From the South Side of Great Hall.

The following bishops were consecrated in Croydon Church :—

1534 (April 19th).—By Archbishop Cranmer, Thomas Goodrich, D.D., Bishop of Ely, and John Capon, *alias* Salcot, LL.D., late Abbot of Hide, Bishop of Bangor.

1541 (September 25th).—By the same archbishop: John Wakeman, last Abbot of Tewkesbury, and first Bishop of Gloucester.

1551 (August 30th).—By the same archbishop: John Scory, D.D., Bishop of Rochester, and Miles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter.

1591 (August 29th).—By Archbishop Whitgift: Gervase Babington, D.D., Bishop of Llandaff.

events, we find Archbishop Chicheley, in the February of that year, issuing a commission to another ecclesiastic to "reconcile" the church and churchyard.

During the fanatical outbreak of the Great Rebellion, the notorious "Will Dowsing," the iconoclast of the Eastern Counties, found his counterpart at Croydon; for Aubrey tells us in his "Antiquities of Surrey,"* that "one Bleese was hired, for half-a-crown a day, to break the painted windows, which were formerly fine."

On the 25th of December, 1639, a violent storm

* Vol. II., p. 305.

of wind blew down one of the pinnacles of the steeple, which fell upon the roof, and did great damage; and in 1744 the church was considerably damaged by lightning.

On the 11th of March, 1734-5, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, as the parish register informs us, "a fire was discovered in the roof of the middle chancel, which was supposed to have been caused by some embers carelessly left there by the plumbers. It was soon extinguished, and the damage done did not exceed £50." Finally, in the evening of the 5th of January, 1867, as stated

time, according to Walker, scarce eighteen, 'of a very ill life, and very troublesome to his neighbours.'"^{*} He died in 1702, and was buried at St. Bride's, Fleet Street, in the register of which church he is styled "Parson of Croydon." The following is the story above referred to:—"O'Bryan, meeting with Dr. Cleiver, the parson of Croydon (*try'd once and burnt in the hand at the Old Bailey for stealing a silver cup*), coming along the road from Acton, he demanded his money; but the reverend doctor having not a farthing about him, O'Bryan was for taking his gown. At this our



A CORNER OF CROYDON PALACE.

above, this fine old church was destroyed by fire, nothing but the bare walls being left standing.

A singular story is told in Captain Smith's "Lives of Highwaymen," respecting Dr. William Cleiver, or Clewer, who held the vicarage of Croydon in the seventeenth century. He appears to have been collated by Archbishop Juxon in 1660, at the recommendation of Charles II., who had been imposed upon with regard to his character. "Dr. Cleiver," remarks Steinman, "was notorious for his singular love of litigation, unparalleled extortions, and criminal and disgraceful conduct, which eventually caused his ejection from this benefice in 1684. He was a great persecutor of the Royalists during the Commonwealth; and enjoyed the sequestered living of Ashton, Northamptonshire, to which he was appointed in 1645, being at that

divine was much dissatisfied; but, perceiving the enemy would plunder him, quoth he, 'Pray, sir, let me have a chance for my gown;' so, pulling a pack of cards out of his pocket, he farther said, 'We'll have, if you please, one game of all fours for it, and if you win it take it and wear it.' This challenge was readily accepted by the foot-pad, but being more cunning than his antagonist at slipping and palming the cards, he won the game, and the doctor went contentedly home without his canonicals."

The parsonage formerly stood at the south-west corner of the churchyard, opposite to a spot now marked by a drinking fountain; beside it bubbled a small brook, here broadened into a pond, where boys caught gudgeon, and occasionally even trout.

^{*} Walker's "List of the Ejected Clergy," Part II., p. 402.

The vicarage garden was added to the churchyard, which the old garden shrubs still adorn.

The vicarage house was rebuilt by Archbishop Wake in 1730; but it appears that there was a vicarage house here as far back as the reign of Edward III.

Whilst the patronage of the vicarage remained with the archbishop, the rectory manor, after the

Reformation, passed into lay hands. It belonged in turn to the families of the Herons, the St. Johns, and the Walsinghams; and it appears to have been conveyed by the Hon. Robert Boyle Walsingham, in the year 1770, to Anthony Browne, Lord Montagu, of Cowdray Park, in Sussex, who came to his death by drowning at the Falls of Schaffhausen, on the Rhine.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CROYDON (*continued*).—THE ARCHBISHOPS' PALACE.

"I do love these ancient ruins;
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some reverent history."

Present Condition of the Palace—"Standing Houses" of the Archbishops of Canterbury in former times—Early History of Croydon Palace—Its Situation and Extent—Fish-ponds, &c.—The Great Hall—The Guard Chamber—The Chapel—Biographical Sketches of Successive Archbishops of Canterbury who resided at Croydon.

"HAPPILY, at the present time Croydon Palace is not a ruin; may it never become one! Yet its once palatial walls are alive with what the poet calls 'reverent history;' for in their very massiveness and range we may read the tale of the piety, the perils, and hospitality of the so-called Dark Ages in which they rose." So writes the Rev. J. Cave-Browne, in a paper on "The Architecture and Heraldry of Croydon Palace," lately read at a meeting of the Surrey Archæological Society. "Those, certainly," he continues, "were ages in which railroads and even stage coaches were unknown; where every journey must be taken on horseback or in a litter, and that through dense forests or scarcely less dangerous bye-ways; where simple hostleries or even ruder taverns afforded the only and often precarious resting-places to the wayfarer; when nobles could not move from one distant manor-house to another unarmed, or ungarded, or unprovisioned; when even Churchmen needed their array of men-at-arms as a protection, and a vast retinue of attendants to meet their personal and official requirements, and to proclaim their state. Thus it arose in those days every baron's castle or prelate's manor-house must have, for the use of its master and his guests, besides long ranges of almost countless sleeping apartments, out-offices and stables, its banquetting-hall, its guard-room, and its chapel.

"In a remarkable manner these three recognised appurtenances of a mediæval dwelling have been preserved here, despite the wear and tear of earlier ages and the rough usage of later times, though it is but justice to the Oswald family, the present occupants of the building, to notice how much has

been preserved, and how little injury really done to its woodwork or exquisite stone carvings. We have first, because the most ancient part of the present group, a hall, which probably owed its foundation to Stephen Langton in the early years, or to Peckham towards the close, of the thirteenth century, both being in their day great builders, or restorers of the old manor-houses. It was probably much enlarged by Courtenay or Arundel in the beginning of the fourteenth, and found its most munificent restorer in Stafford in the middle of the fifteenth century."

This venerable structure has long ceased to be the residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury; but although it has very much fallen into decay, and has been converted to secular purposes, a large portion of the old building still remains—enough to enable us easily to form some idea of its former magnificence and extent.

Before proceeding with a description of the building, it will be as well to consider how it was that the Archbishops of olden times had so many "standing houses," as they were called, for we shall find that their mandates were dated, at one time and another, from no less than fourteen or fifteen different places in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, some of them palaces, others manor-houses. No doubt Dr. Ducarel, in his "History of Croydon," is, to a great extent, right in his opinion—an opinion which Mr. Kershaw, the librarian of Lambeth Palace, endorses in a pamphlet on Croydon Palace—viz., that besides the business of ordinations, institutions to benefices, and the like, probate of wills, marriage licenses, and acts of that sort were, until the Reformation, the personal acts of the Archbishop,

and not performed, as now, by deputy. "This business," he says, "being inseparable from the person of the archbishops, followed them wherever they went." It would have been impossible for such hostleries as then existed to have received the enormous retinue with which these prelates used to travel, besides which, many of their houses were far distant from any town. We are told by Fitzstephen, the chronicler of Becket, that the pomp of his retinue and the luxury of his table exceeded anything that England had ever before seen. A great number of knights were retained in his service; in the wars in Normandy he maintained for forty days 1,200 knights and 4,000 of their train, and in an embassy to France he astonished that court by the number and magnificence of his retinue. Fitzstephen mentions that on this occasion he took two carriages containing iron-bound casks filled with a liquor which was much relished by the French: a wholesome drink, bright and clear, of a vinous colour and superior taste. It was a decoction of water made from the strength of corn. Its vulgar name was "beer." Of Wolsey, not indeed an Archbishop of Canterbury, but Archbishop of York, we are told that his train consisted of 800 servants, of whom many were knights and gentlemen.

Of the very early history of Croydon Palace comparatively little is known. Ducarel, in his account of it, says:—"It is certain from 'Domesday Book' that this manor had belonged to the see of Canterbury ever since the time of Archbishop Lanfranc; but when a manor-house was built here is nowhere at this time to be discovered: no records have as yet been found to give us any assistance or knowledge in this matter; and the register at Lambeth goes no higher than Archbishop Peckham, who came to the see of Canterbury A.D. 1278, which occasions an hiatus from Archbishop Lanfranc of above 200 years. However, that a manor-house was built here in that interval, and that Archbishop Kilwardby (Peckham's immediate predecessor) was once there, appears by a mandate dated from Croydon, 4th of September, A.D. 1273."

The palace—or, rather, what is left of it—stands on the south and east sides of the churchyard, and it was formerly surrounded by running streams, that abounded in trout. Added to these, there were in the grounds large fish-ponds, which, it may be presumed, did not add to the healthiness of the situation, which lay extremely low, as may be gathered from the fact that close by there is a spot called the Pit-Lake. Previously to its partial demolition, the buildings formed a large square

court or quadrangle, much after the fashion of the colleges in our universities, and comprised a banqueting-hall, guard-chamber, long gallery, chapel, and various ranges of apartments for the servants and retainers, &c. The hall and adjoining offices, as also the guard-chamber, which still remain, are of stone; the rest of the apartments are mostly of red brick.

The great hall, with its fine open timber roof, is still in good preservation, but the *daïs*, on which the lord of the mansion and his guests were wont to sit in days when the proudest noble deemed it no dishonour to eat his meals in the common hall with the humblest of his servants, has disappeared. From the circumstance that the arms of Archbishop Stafford appear conspicuously in this hall, it is inferred that he built it. The guard-chamber, with its fine oriel window, owes its construction to Archbishop Arundel, the friend of Bolingbroke, whom he crowned as Henry IV. On the 29th of April, 1587, Sir Christopher Hatton was appointed Lord Chancellor "at Croydon, in the Archbishop of Canterbury's house, where he received the Great Seale in the gallery there." The earliest mention of a chapel in the Manor of Croydon was in 1283, at which date Archbishop Peckham held an ordination in it. Both Cranmer and Ridley are known to have officiated in that chapel. On the knobs of the oak benches at the west end of the choir are carved the arms of Archbishop Laud, who was in that chapel when intelligence was brought him of the assassination of his friend, the Duke of Buckingham. The arms of Archbishop Juxon, who attended Charles I. on the scaffold, adorn the east-end benches of the chapel.

Though among the heraldic decorations of the great hall the arms of Archbishop Stafford are the most conspicuous, still, in this rich emblazonry we must not lose sight of the evidences of an earlier building. Two lancet windows, which formerly broke the blank gable at the east, but were lost in the fall of the entire eastern wall in 1830, the Early English porch on the north, the corresponding garden door on the south, and the Decorated doorway, with its delicately foliated spandrels in the west end leading to the private apartments—these clearly belong to a building of earlier date, which Stafford probably found in some decay, and restored with his wonted liberality. Though inferior in size and grandeur to those at Lambeth and Mayfield, the great hall of Croydon Palace is a building of goodly proportions, nearly sixty feet long by forty-eight feet wide, and is divided into four bays, each containing a three-

light window, except the western one on the north side, where the space is occupied by a small room over the entrance porch; this was either used as a minstrels' chamber or as a passage room to a minstrels' gallery, running along the eastern wall over a wooden screen, under which were, no doubt, the three usual doors, leading respectively to the butlery, kitchen, and cellar; but with the downfall of the eastern wall, gallery and screen and doorways have all disappeared. To the windows in their present mutilated form it is scarcely possible to assign even an approximate date; for crowbar or chisel and mallet have effectually removed all trace of cusp and curve, and left only the bare battered mullions; while the widening and less pointed arches and mouldings of the windows themselves may point to any part of that vague period of transition between the Decorated and Perpendicular which would comprehend the styles both of Courtenay's and Stafford's times. The roof, however, remains uninjured, with its wide-spanned tie-beams of Spanish chestnut, its arched principals, without king-post or brace, and its timbers open to the very roof, resting upon what constitute the great beauty of the hall, angel corbels supporting shields rich in heraldic blazonry. Conspicuous among these at the western end, as stated above, are the arms of its chief restorer, if not re-builder, Archbishop Stafford, which appear singly: a chevron, with and without the mitre of difference, and also per pale with those of Canterbury and of his former see of Bath and Wells; while on neighbouring shields are the arms of his noble kinsmen Henry, Earl of Stafford, and Humphrey, Duke of Buckingham. On the more eastern corbels are also the arms of Laud and Juxon and Herring, who were more recent restorers of the building.

At the upper end of the hall, in the centre of the *daïs*, or *oriele*, as Ducarel and others call it, once stood the stone chair or throne used by the archbishops on state occasions, over which projected a canopy of stonework of massive proportions and remarkable construction. In front, upon a square panel between angel supporters, is a shield bearing the arms of Edward the Confessor impaling the royal arms, England and France, quarterly: a device which would itself assign it to the reign of the devout Henry VI., who proclaimed the Confessor the patron saint of England; and to remove any doubt as to its date, the angel supporting the whole, and carrying a scroll, *DOMINE SALVUM FAC REGEM*, rests upon a shield bearing the arms of Archbishop Stafford, while in the north angle of the projection is a shield bearing the family chevron without the mitre, and in the south angle the salure

of the see of Bath and Wells. This massive block of stonework fell down in the middle of the last century, and apparently destroyed the seat for which it had served as the canopy. Archbishop Herring, anxious to preserve it as a strange, yet historic, device, placed it on its present plain base-ment of masonry, close against the west wall; and although layers of yellow wash have quite obliterated all the rich colour with which the angels and the shields were bedecked, the faces and figures, as well as the heraldic charges and the general character of the whole group, have been remarkably well preserved. This is the more remarkable, considering the adaptation of the building to its present use as a bleaching factory and laundry.

Such is the hall to-day. "Sweep away the three tiers of open flooring with which it is blocked up," observes Mr. Cave-Browne, "clear off the many layers of whitewash which now load its walls, that the eye may take in its spaciousness and realise its beauty, and it would involve no great effort of the imagination to re-enact the scenes of 'long, long ago'—John Frith standing before Cranmer to answer the charge of heresy which leads him to the stake; Queen Mary holding council here, with her kinsman, Cardinal Pole, at her side, while Philip is away in the Low Countries, carrying on his war with France; Elizabeth in all her state, more than once honouring with her presence Matthew Parker, the sage counsellor of the earlier years of her reign; and again, towards its close, visiting her 'little black husband,' Whitgift, in his own palace.* No great effort thus to re-people this hall with the royalty and nobility of the land as guests of her princely primates, to picture to one's self Burleigh, and Leicester, and Essex, and Raleigh, and Hatton, attendants upon the 'Virgin Queen.'"

The guard-chamber, which has been converted into a dwelling-house, claims priority over the hall in date as the work of Stafford; but it lacks those older traces which, as shown above, connect the hall with a still earlier period. "The guard-chamber, judging by its heraldry," remarks Mr. Cave-Browne, "was clearly the work of Arundel; yet possibly, if we read aright the arches of the stone roof, his was the honour of completing the work designed by his predecessor, Courtenay. There can be no doubt that an apartment of imposing dimensions stood here previously, though known by a different name; for it was in *principali camera sui manerii de Croydon* that Peckham received the pall 600

* Croydon Manor-house is first called *Palatium* in "Whitgift's Register."

years ago, and above a century before Arundel or even Courtenay succeeded to the primacy. It is probable that the need of a guard-chamber was more fully realised by the soldier-minded Courtenay when he was appointed custodian of no less distinguished a prisoner than the young Duke of Rothesay, afterwards James I., who had been captured at sea when flying to France, to seek asylum from his unscrupulous uncle, the Regent Duke of Albany. From the rigours of his first imprisonment in Pevensey Castle he was transferred to the milder guardianship of the chivalrous Primate at Croydon, where he lived for some years."

The guard-chamber is about fifty feet long by twenty-two feet wide, with a stone-ribbed roof springing from corbels on which the arms of Arundel are conspicuous, while in the south-east corner there projects a small oriel, the gem of the whole building, clearly belonging to Arundel's time, and in which formerly were the royal arms, in the form in which that half-royal primate delighted to blend them with those of his own family.

To the south of the guard-chamber, and running parallel to it, formerly lay the cloisters and the long gallery. Of the former some interesting traces may still be detected in the lower range of the buildings, but the gallery has wholly disappeared or lost its original character in its more recent adaptation to domestic apartments. The only historic interest of this gallery lay in the recorded fact that in it the handsome Sir Christopher Hatton received the seals as Lord Chancellor in 1587, at the hands of Elizabeth, when Archbishop Whitgift himself had declined the office.

From the brighter and more attractive stonework of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, as seen in the hall and guard-room, we pass to the sombre brick of the fifteenth century, as it appears in the chapel. This material and the debased Tudor arch of the west window at once mark the approximate date of the present building, though no record has been found to throw any light on the exact period of its erection. As a brick building it could hardly have been earlier than the year 1400; and as Wilkins, in his "*Concilia*," notes the absence of any Archiepiscopal Act dated from Croydon between 1454 and 1541, the natural inference is that the chapel was the work of Archbishop Bourchier, or at any rate was raised in its present form in the first half of the fifteenth century.

The existence of an earlier chapel is clear. "Peckham's Register" expressly states that his reception of the pall took place *in camera principali*, and its confirmation two days after *in capella*

sui manerii de Croydon in the year 1382; and the learned, but persecuted, Reginald Peacock was consecrated in the chapel at Croydon in 1414.

But it is with Laud that the present building is especially associated; for, according to his custom, and more fully than even in Lambeth itself, he has recorded here in heraldic characters the history of his rise. On the carved poppy-heads of the western block of stalls appear his arms in connection with those of every preferment he held, impaling the Principalship of St. John's, Oxford, the Deanery of Gloucester, and the sees of St. Asaph, Bath and Wells, London, and Canterbury; while on the eastern block are those of Juxon. During the sad interval between these two Primates piety had given place to puritanic fanaticism, and this chapel was turned into a kitchen, to gratify the tastes of its new owner, Sir William Brereton, of whom a pamphleteer of the day says, "he had terrible long teeth and a prodigious stomach." Archbishop Juxon rescued the chapel from its state of desecration; but since his time it has received scant care and attention, as its windows testify, where in too many places stucco has supplied the place of stonework. The altar itself was removed in 1810, when the building was utilised as an armoury for the militia. At a still more recent period the beautifully carved oak poppy-heads of the stalls, which had escaped the hatchets of the Parliamentarians, and had become enriched with the darkened hues of age, were doomed, in deplorable ignorance or utter lack of art appreciation, to be daubed over with dull brown paint! Happily its more recent use as a Sunday-school, and now as a day-school, has been for girls, for it is to be feared that its exquisite carving would have suffered cruel mutilation under the pen-knives of the same number of boys.

It has often been suggested that the old palace should be repaired and again turned to ecclesiastical, or, at least, educational purposes; and in 1883 an effort was made to effect its restoration as a monument to Archbishop Tait's memory. But the proposal was not taken up in the highest quarters, and there seems little hope of the place being rescued from further decay.

Of the Primates who are known to have lived at Croydon Palace a short sketch may be interesting, inasmuch as they form a majority of the men who have occupied the see of Canterbury since the time of the Conquest.

Lanfranc is interesting to us as being the first archbishop on record who owned the Manor of Croydon, as appears by "*Domesday Survey*." He was a Milanese by birth; it was he who asserted and



FAMOUS ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

1. Parker.

2. Laud.

3. Warham.

4. Herring.

5. Tillotson.

maintained the supremacy of the see of Canterbury over that of York. Like many of the Normans, he was a great builder; he rebuilt a great part of Canterbury Cathedral; and Ducarel says, "I shall not scruple to set down Archbishop Lanfranc as the founder of the Palace of Croydon." He died in 1089. The see was kept empty for four years, and Anselm, who succeeded, was engaged in a perpetual contest with William Rufus in support of the privileges of the Church. He was less successful in his attempts to suppress the fashionable extravagances of the day in dress, especially in the matter of long-pointed shoes. In his crusade against young men wearing the hair long he was more successful. We are told that King Henry I. cut his hair in the form required of him, and obliged all the courtiers to imitate his example. A curious duty devolved upon the archdeacon in those days, viz., that of barber. "In the case of clergy," we read, "who wear long hair, they are to be clipped, whether they like it or not, by the archdeacon." Ralph, elected in 1114, would never allow the king to put on his own crown; that ceremony, he said, was a peculiar right of the archbishop on all occasions, and at a public ceremony he removed it, and then replaced it with his own hands.

Passing over Thomas Becket (whose history is too well known to need repetition here), Stephen Langton, and Boniface, we come next to Kilwardby, who, says Ducarel, is the first instance that he can produce of an archbishop who ever really dwelt in Croydon. Peckham will be remembered by his persecution of the Jews, and by the splendour of his enthronisation feast, which is said to have cost 2,000 marks. Walter Reynolds, Archbishop under Edward II., is said to have owed his promotion to no less remarkable a reason than his skill in theatrical plays. Simon Langton had the distinction of being created a cardinal in 1368.

Simon de Sudbury was beheaded by the mob at Tower Hill, in Wat Tyler's rebellion. Stowe, who calls him an eloquent man, and wise beyond all men in the realm, in his "Chronicle" relates how the rebels entered the Tower, the gates being set open, and, being guided by a servant to the chapel, they found the Archbishop "busie in his praiers, for, not unknowing of their purpose, he had passed the last night in confessing of his sins and devout prayers." They laid hands on him, and drew him out of the chapel to the Tower Hill, where, after several strokes, they beheaded him; and having then nailed his hood upon the head, they fixed it on London Bridge.

Archbishop Courtenay was of the blood royal, his mother, Margaret, being granddaughter of

Edward I. Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, appointed him, by the name of William, Bishop of London, one of his executors, and bequeathed to him a cup or chalice of beryl, with a long foot of silver gilt enamelled, for the service of the altar.

Fitz Alan, or Arundel, the next in order, the first Archbishop of Canterbury ever attainted, was impeached for high treason, banished the kingdom by Richard II., and his temporalities sequestered. Of Arundel's education, Dean Hook says it differed little from that of other gentlemen, and quotes Harding's lines, which show the young gentlemen of that day to have been somewhat precocious, or, as we should say, "prigs":—

"And as lordes sonnes been sett at 4 yere age
To seole at lerne the doctrine of lettrure,
And after at sex to have thaim in language,
And sette at mete seemly in all nurture.
At 10 to 12 to revel is their cure,
To daunse, and singe, and speak of gentlenessse;
At 14 yere they shall to felde I sure,
At hunt the dere, and catch an hardynesse."

During the occupancy of Croydon Palace by Archbishop Arundel (1396-1414), King James of Scotland was detained a prisoner here. The fact is thus recorded by a writer in the *Penny Magazine* for 1841:—"In the palace the author of the 'King's Quhair,' James I., the royal poet of Scotland, spent most probably some part of the term of his early captivity, for there is a deed or charter in existence signed by him, and dated from Croydon, anno 1412."

Archbishop Henry Chicheley is well known to us as the munificent founder of All Souls' College, Oxford, and the builder of the Tower at Lambeth, popularly, but erroneously, called the "Lollards' Tower."

John Stafford, John Kemp, and Thomas Bourchier, were the Primates during the Wars of the Roses. Of Stafford we have already spoken; the latter, known by his device of a knot, had the honour of crowning three kings, Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII. He also was a cardinal.

Warham was the last of the pre-Reformation archbishops. His face is familiar to all who have visited at Addington, where his portrait, a replica of that at Lambeth, hangs over the chimney-piece in the hall.* There is much in the gravity and earnestness of the face which recalls Archbishop Tait, and there is much in the simplicity and dignity of his character, as it has been handed down to us, that invites comparison between the two.

* See *ante*, p. 134.

Dean Hook tells us that throughout his career the hospitality of Warham was conducted on a scale of almost royal magnificence ; 200 bishops, dukes, earls, and gentlemen of lower degree, occasionally feasted in his hall. He spent no less than £30,000 in repairing and beautifying the different episcopal homes of the see, and at the time of his death left but £30 in his coffers—“*satis viatici ad cælum*,” as he reverently remarked. He was a great friend of Erasmus, and a funny story is told about a horse which that prelate presented to him. “Erasmus,” says Hook, “forgetful of the proverb not to look a gift-horse in the mouth, thus writes to acknowledge the gift : ‘I have received a horse from you not so handsome as virtuous ; he is free from all the mortal sins save gluttony and incorrigible laziness ; he has all the virtues of a good confessor, pious, prudent, humbly modest, sober, and quiet ; he bites nobody, he never kicks. I expect there has been some roguery, and another horse sent to what you intended. I have given no directions to my groom, only if a handsomer and better one comes he may change the saddle and bridle.’” Warham’s career was for a time overshadowed by the ambitious insolence of Cardinal Wolsey, but he asserted successfully the pre-eminence of the see of Canterbury over York, which was at one time threatened.

To him succeeded Cranmer, the first Protestant archbishop, the last who was burnt heretics, and the first and last who was burnt alive, and the first married one since the Conquest. His wife was a German, smuggled into England, so says report, in a large box full of holes.

Queen Elizabeth, many years after, looked with little favour upon the marriage of an archbishop, and affronted Matthew Parker’s wife after dining at her table. Archbishop Parker entertained Queen Elizabeth at Croydon Palace for seven days in 1573, and it is probable that she visited him again in the following year. Miss Agnes Strickland writes, in her “Lives of the Queens of England” :—“The learned Primate, his comptroller, secretaries, and chamberers, were at their wits’ ends where and how to find sleeping accommodation for her Majesty, and her numerous train of ladies and officers of State on this occasion. There is a pitiful letter, signed J. Bowyer, appended to a list of these illustrious guests, for whom suitable dormitories could not be assigned, in which he says, ‘For the Queen’s waiters I cannot find any convenient rooms to place them in, but I will do the best I can to place them elsewhere, if it will please you, sir, that I do remove them ; the grooms of the privy chamber, nor Mr. Drury, have no other way

to their chambers but to pass through that where my Lady Oxford should come. I cannot then tell where to place Mr. Hatton ; and for my Lady Carewe there is no place with a chimney for her, but that she must lay abroad by Mrs. A. Parry and the rest of the privy chamber. For Mrs. Skelton there are no rooms with a chimney ; I shall stay one chamber without for her. Here is as much as I am able to do in this house. From Croydon.’”

Not long after the execution of Mary Queen of Scots Elizabeth sent for the French ambassador to dine with her at Croydon Palace, when she introduced him playfully to her ministers, saying, “Here is the man who wanted to get me murdered !” at the same time acquitting both him and the French king of any real complicity in the plot.

Parker’s successor in the Archbishopric was Whitgift, a name closely associated with Croydon, and the founder of its hospital, of which we shall come to speak presently. It is to be hoped that the tomb of this great benefactor to the town is not always to remain in its present neglected condition. After him came Bancroft, 1604—10, and then Abbot, a native of Guildford, and founder of the hospital there still known by his name. He was the last of the sportsmen among the primates ; his accidental killing of a keeper with his cross-bow while deer-stalking at Bramshill, in Hampshire, was atoned for by a monthly fast and a handsome provision for the man’s family. His successor was Laud, who was frequently here, both when Bishop of London and afterwards, when Archbishop of Canterbury. Croydon is often mentioned in his “Diary ;” and from his “house at Croydon,” the archbishop, as Chancellor, addresses many of his letters regulating the internal arrangements of the University of Oxford. Laud was beheaded in 1645, after which the see of Canterbury was vacant for fifteen years, and was conferred at the Restoration upon Juxon, who had attended Charles I. on the scaffold. Gilbert Sheldon is known by the noble theatre at Oxford which bears his name. He was Chancellor of the University from 1667 to 1669, an office which Laud had held before him, but no Churchman has held since. Sancroft, deprived in 1691, and Tillotson, who filled his place, were both promoted from the deanery of St. Paul’s. Archbishop Tenison, appointed in 1694, lived throughout Queen Anne’s reign. Herring and Hutton were both translated from York, as were Grindal in former and Longley in later times. In 1754 we find Archbishop Herring writing as follows with reference to Croydon Palace :—“I love this old house, and am desirous of amusing myself with the history of its

buildings ; for the house is not one, but an aggregate of buildings of different castes and ages." Dr. Cornwallis was the last archbishop who made Croydon his residence. He held the see from 1768 to 1783, and was sharply rebuked by George III. in a well-known letter for giving a rout at Lambeth Palace. To him succeeded Dr. John Moore [1783—1805], and then Dr. Manners-Sutton, of whom, and of his successors, we have already spoken in dealing with Addington Palace.* Dr. Moore was a self-made man, and of humble birth ; his fortune was made by becoming in early life tutor in the family of the Duke of Marlborough, and the Churchills never forgot their friend.

In Strype's "Life of Grindal" we find it recorded that, when Grindal was urged to resign the archbishopric, he petitioned to be allowed to retain Croydon Palace and its lands. "Croydon House," he said, "was no wholesome house, and that both his predecessor and he found by experience ; notwithstanding, because of the nearness to London, whither he must often repair, or send to have some help of physic, he knew no house so convenient for him, or that might better be spared of his successor, for the short time of his life." The palace certainly seems to have been highly valued as a residence by the prelates, for in Sir George Paul's "Life of Whitgift" is a passage to somewhat the same effect : "And albeit the archbishop had ever a great affection to lie at his mansion-house at Croydon, for the sweetness of the place, especially in summer-time, whereby also he might sometimes retire himself from the multiplicity of business, and suitors in the vacation, yet after he had builded his hospital and his school, he was farther in love with the place than before. The chief comfort of repose or solace, that he took, was in often dining at the hospital, among his poor brethren, as he called them."

Archbishop Abbot, when he succeeded to the

archiepiscopal residence, cut down a great part of the timber. The circumstance is thus recorded in the Harleian MSS. : "The Archbish. of Canterbury (Abbot) had a house, by Croydon, pleasantly sited, but that it was too much wood-bound, so that he cut down all upon the front to the highway. Not long after, the Lord Chancellor Bacon riding by that way, asked his man whose faire house that was ; he told him, my L. of Canterburie's. It is not possible, sayes he, for his building is inviron'd with wodde. 'Tis true S^r. sayes he, it was so, but he has lately cut most of it down. By my troth (answered Bacon) he has done very judiciously, for before methought it was a very obscure and darke place, but now he has expounded and cleared it wonderfully well."

Dr. Rawlinson, in his additions to Aubrey's "Topographical Account of Surrey," published in 1718, says, "This seat at present is in a very dilapidated state, insomuch that the present possessor of the see of Canterbury has demanded £1400 for dilapidations belonging to this house."

Archbishop Grindal was never a favourite with Elizabeth, who disliked him because he favoured the Puritans ; and because he would not silence or restrain the preachers in his diocese, she set the Star Chamber upon him, by which he was suspended from his functions and confined to his house for six months, and had a narrow escape from being deprived.

Archbishop Whitgift, who had been Bishop of Worcester, was strongly recommended to Queen Elizabeth by his zeal against the Puritan Cartwright, by his single life, and by his talents for business, both secular and ecclesiastical ; by his liberal and hospitable style of living, and the numerous attendants who swelled the pomp of his appearance on occasions of state and ceremony, when he even claimed to be served on bended knee.*

CHAPTER XIX.

CROYDON (*continued*).—WHITGIFT'S HOSPITAL AND OTHER CHARITIES.

General Description of Whitgift's Hospital—Its Foundation in the Reign of Elizabeth—Curious Discoveries on its Site—Sum expended in Building the Hospital—Whitgift's Instructions concerning the Charity—The Building described—Biographical Sketch of Whitgift—Present Administration of the Charity—Whitgift's Schools—The "Swan" and "Crown" Hotels—Davy's Almshouses—Smith's, or the Little Almshouses—Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution—Croydon General Hospital—Charitable Bequests to the Poor.

THOUGH perhaps not very numerous, there are in the town of Croydon some excellent charities, which have flourished more or less vigorously for

the last two or three centuries. Whitgift's Hospital is one of those noble institutions which, though so numerous in the days anterior to Henry VIII., and

* See *ante*, p. 134.

* Miss L. Adam's "Court of Queen Elizabeth," p. 341.

scattered through the length and breadth of England, were rarely to be met with after his forcible "suppression" of religious houses; and for the best of reasons possible, because the most generous and public-spirited individuals do not like to throw their money into the sea by building on a quicksand. Leicester's Hospital at Warwick and Abbot's Hospital at Guildford are institutions similar in spirit, and in themselves not unworthy successors to the colleges founded in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries.

This "memorable and charitable structure," incorporated in the name of "the warden and poor brethren of the Hospital of the Holy Trinity," stands in the High Street, near the centre of the town. It is of late—some would say debased—Perpendicular Gothic, and forms a quadrangle. It is constructed of red brick, with stone dressings, high tiled roofs, and quaint gables, and has the following inscription over the entrance:—"Qui dat pauperi non indigebit," surmounted by the arms of the see of Canterbury. It was founded in the reign of Elizabeth by Archbishop Whitgift, "for the maintenance of a warden, schoolmaster, and twenty-eight men and women, or as many more under forty as the revenues would admit." The hospital was enlarged in 1849, so as to include the full complement of thirty-nine inmates."

On the 17th of January, 1596, the archbishop, having obtained letters patent from Queen Elizabeth, began building the hospital, and he finished it on the 29th September, 1599.

"This yeere," says Stow, "the most reverend father, John Whitgift, Archbishop of Canterbury, did finish that notable and memorable monument of our time, to wit, his Hospital of the Holy Trinitie in Croydon, in the countie of Surrey, by him there founded, and builded of stone and bricke, for reliefe and sustentation of certaine poor people."

The Rev. Samuel Finch, who was vicar of Croydon at the time when the hospital was founded, mentions, in two letters to the archbishop, a curious discovery made by the workmen. In the first, dated February 7th, 1596, he writes:—"The labourers have dug up three skulls and the bones of dead persons in the trench that they are now in digging next the highway leading to the parke." In the second, dated a fortnight later, he writes:—"For the skulls, there were four digged up indeede, and I presently, upon the finding of the first, did confer with Oatred, and asked him if his conscience were cleare, and he said that it was cleare; I reasoned also with Morris, an old Welshman, that had dwelt there a long time, and he knew nothing.

Moreover, for a better satisfaction in this matter, I caused Hillarie to cast the measure of the grounde this day, and we find that the bodies could not lie within the compass of the house, for (to the end that the plotte might be cast square) there was five foot taken in of the way against the George, and four foot aft out of the grounde (wherein the house stood), against the Crowne (as Mr. Doctor Bancroft knoweth well), so that the skulls being in the trenche next to the George, Hillarie dare depose they were without the compass of the house; besides, there be many that can remember, when they digged in the midst of that street to set a may-pole there, they found the skull and bones of a dead person; so it is generally supposed that that hath been some waste place wherein (in the time of some mortalitie) they did bury in; and more I cannot learn."

Evidently this bony discovery awoke dire suspicions of foul play in Mr. Finch's breast. Imagine him solemnly adjuring his companion to tell him "if his conscience was clear," and perchance reading (as he thought) "guilt" in the man's surprised face. The situation becomes still more amusing when we remember that these relics of mortality had probably been dried and white some three hundred years before the reverend gentleman discovered them; for there is every reason to suppose that they were the remains of those who fell in a skirmish that occurred in 1264 between the forces of Henry III. and the Londoners after the latter had been defeated at Lewes, as mentioned in a previous chapter.* Stow's account of the circumstance is as follows:—"On the Saturdaie the king licenced them that were about him to depart to their houses, and writ unto them that were at Tonbridge Castle that they should not molest ye barons as they fled homewards; but they, notwithstanding beeing in armes, when they heard that the Londoners were fled from the battell were received into Croydon, they hasted thither, and sleying manie of them, got great spoyles. There was slain in the battell at Lewes (which was fought on the 12th of Maie) about 4,500 menne."

The sum expended by the founder in building the hospital, we are told by the Rev. Mr. Finch, who was appointed to superintend the works, amounted to £2,716 11s. 1d. The Archbishop appointed the warden a salary of £11 per annum; and to the schoolmaster, who is also chaplain, a salary of £20 per annum; and to each poor brother and sister, whose respective ages must not be under sixty, the sum of £5 per annum; besides

* See *ante*, p. 152.

wood, corn, and other provisions. "The members be required to be selected, first, from the household of the archbishop; secondly, from the parishes of Croydon and Lambeth; and, lastly, from such parishes of Kent whose benefices are annexed to the see. The number of the women not to exceed the half of the men, exclusive of the warden and schoolmaster."

"The schoolmaster be required to read public prayers, morning and evening, in the chapel of the hospital, on all working-days except Wednesday and Friday in the forenoon, and Saturday in the afternoon, and to be proficient in Greek and Latin, as also a good versifier of these languages. He ordained the Archbishop of Canterbury for the time being governor and visitor of the hospital." This trust was delegated by Archbishop Laud, in 1634, to Sir Edmund Scott, knight, and the Rev. S. Bernard, vicar of Croydon. He reserved to himself during life the two chambers over the inner gatehouse and the chamber over the hall, now occupied by the warden; and here he often entertained his noble friends the Earls of Shrewsbury, Worcester, and Cumberland, Lord Zouche, the Bishop of London, "and others of near place about her Majesty." Some of the regulations, expressed in the quaint, almost Scriptural, language of the time, are somewhat curious. Thus we read: "It shall be lawfull for any of the brothers and systers, havinge skill in any manual trade, to worke on the same, within the hospitall or withoute, thereby to get some parte of their lyvinge; or for any of the brothers and systers, beinge able in bodye, to exercise themselves in any honest handy labor. . . . Provided always, that none of them kepe any alehowses or vitalling howses, or such like. . . . Iff anie glasse windowe be broken, or other decaye, by ayllfulness or negligence be made in any private roome of the hospitall, the same, uppon wareninge given by the wardeine, shalbe amendid within one monethe by him or her, and at his or her charges whome the roome is, uppon payne to loose foure pence for every weeke after tell yt be mendid."

Whitgift's instructions for the erection of the hospital were very minute; and the records of each day's work during the three years spent in building it are most carefully and elaborately drawn up.

The centre of the quadrangle is laid down in turf, mixed with beds of flowers, and the rooms for the poor inmates surround it. Rooms for five new foundationers were added in the rear about the year 1830. In the front, opposite the entrance, is the house of the chaplain.

In the warden's apartment there are one or two good portraits, as also in the hall and chapel. These rooms were occupied occasionally by the founder during his lifetime.

In the hall, which is situated on the north side of the inner porch, are one or two medallions of stained glass; here, too, is preserved a folio Bible, in black letter, with wooden covers mounted in brass, bearing this inscription. "*Pauperibus Hospitalis in villa de Croydon Sacrosanctam Trinitatem colentibus Hoc Verbum Vitæ donavit Abrahamus Hartwell, Reverendissimi Fundatoris Humillimus Servulus, 1599.*" Mr. Hartwell was rector of Stanwick, Northamptonshire, and secretary to Archbishop Whitgift.

The chapel is at the north-eastern corner. It is small, and quite collegiate in its arrangements. On the outside, over the window bearing the founder's arms, is a stone tablet containing this inscription: "*EBORACENSIS* HANC FENESTRAM FIERI FECIT, 1597.*" In the chapel are preserved some interesting remains; amongst them is a portrait of the founder, painted on panel, and inscribed above—

"*Feci quod potui; potui quod, Christe, dedisti;
Improba, fac melius, si potes, Invidia.*"

Below—

"*Has Triadi Sanctæ primo qui struxerat ædes,
Illius en veram Præsulis effigiem.*"

The following translation has been given of each distich:—

"My all I did, the all allow'd by Heaven:
Envy, do more, if more to thee be given."

"The Primate's breathing image here you see,
Who built this structure to the *Holy Three.*"

There is also a portrait of a lady in a ruff, dated 1616, and supposed to be one of the Archbishop's daughters. In this chapel, too, is an outline delineation, framed, of Death as a skeleton and grave-digger, erroneously described as the "Dance of Death." There are likewise in frames two long elegiac inscriptions, one in Latin, the other in English, in commemoration of the character and virtues of Archbishop Whitgift.

Over the outer gate, in an upper room called the Treasury, are preserved, amongst other documents, the original letters-patent to the founder, written in Latin and English, embellished with a drawing of Queen Elizabeth on vellum, and the archbishop's deed of foundation, with a portrait of

* A man of York, or Yorkshire, supposed to be Michael Murgatroid, Whitgift's secretary.

himself, very beautifully executed. Whitgift was a favourite of Elizabeth, who called him her "*White-Gift*," just as she styled Parker her "*Black husband*!"

Fuller gives the following (imperfect) anagram on Whitgift's name :—

"JOANNES WHITEGIFTUS

Non vi egit, favet Jhesus.

Indeed, he was far from *violence*, and his *politick patience* was *blessed in a high proportion*."

"Whitgift," writes Fuller, "was a man of middle stature, black-haired, of a grave countenance, and a brown complexion; small timbered, but quiet and of indifferent good strength, and well shaped to the proportion of his bulk; of a moderate disposition, of a free mind, and a bountifull hand towards his household servants, his poore neighbours, but especially towards scholars and strangers; many whereof, resorted hither out of France and Germany (among who



WHITGIFT'S HOSPITAL.

His public character is thus briefly, but graphically, set forth by Strype:—"Invincible patience was conspicuous in this Archbishop, under those many oppositions, taunts, reproaches, calumnies, clamours, lies, and insufferable abuses he underwent in Parliament, in court, in city, in country; and for nothing else but for labouring to preserve and keep the Church of England as it was legally established in the first reformation of it. All which, notwithstanding, he went on steadily, and with meekness and forbearance persevered in his pious purposes, and succeeded at length, beyond expectation; making good his motto, 'That he that beareth patiently overcomes at last.'"

that famous man Drusius, Renicherus, and others), he most courteously entertained, and very liberally relieved; a diligent preacher, as well after his preferments as before, seldom failing any Lord's Day, while he was Bishop of Worcester, notwithstanding his important and incessant employments otherwise, but that he preached in some of the parish churches thereabouts, and no less frequently when he was archbishop, visiting the



ARCHBISHOP WHITGIFT.

th and pulpit at Croydon, during the time of residence there in the vacations from attendance court."

Occasionally," writes Mr. J. Corbet Anderson, in his "History of Croydon," "Archbishop Whitgift maintained an unusual degree of state, and was wont to be attended with bended knee. At Christmas he kept open house. Every third year he went into Kent, when he was usually followed by a retinue, amounting to two hundred persons; in addition to these, he was honourably escorted by the gentry of the county, so that he sometimes entered the city of Canterbury with a procession of

archbishop's military preparations were somewhat carped at by his enemies." Whitgift died in 1604, and was buried in Croydon Church, his banners being carried by two noblemen who had been his pupils—namely, the Earl of Worcester and Lord Zouche.

Between 1675 and 1681 Oldham, the poet, was usher here. He was a friend of Rochester, Sedley, and the other wits of the day. He died of the small-pox in 1683. His poetical works have been often published, but his name is almost forgotten, though Dryden wrote verses to his memory.

Mr. Mills, chaplain to the hospital in the reign



OLD CROYDON PALACE, 1769. (From an old Print.)

hundred or a thousand horse. For the purpose of encouraging military discipline, the archbishop had a good armoury and a competent number of horses; so that he was able from amongst his own servants to equip, at all points, a regularly trained force of one hundred foot and fifty horse. At the momentous period when the *Invincible* Spanish Armada, as it was vainly called, was almost upon the shores of Britain, this little force, with Whitgift at its head, was ready to take its share in defence of the sovereign and country; but happily, the dreaded invasion was frustrated: the event, as it is well known, being, that under the providence of the Almighty, the leviathan Armada was ignominiously vanquished and miserably scattered. In the revolt of the Earl of Essex, Whitgift's first force was the first to enter the gates of Ex House, and to secure the premises. The

of William and Mary, distinguished himself in the "Bangorian" controversy against Bishop Hoadly. He was afterwards presented by the Archbishop of Canterbury to the rectory of Merstham, Surrey.

We have, in the letters of the Rev. Samuel Finch, above referred to, a complete account of the progress of the work, giving the names of the bricklayers and carpenters, the squabbles that arose between masters and men, and the exact amount of wages received by each; how the sand was brought from Dubbers (Duppas) Hill, and the bricks at first from the neighbourhood of the Park at Haling Gate; and how and where carts were hired to fetch "great flinte and chalke" for the walls.

The lands and tenements that Whitgift gave to the warden and poor of the Hospital of the Holy Trinity have considerably increased in value within

the last century. By a decree of the Court of Chancery, the management of the estate has been transferred from the poor brethren to the governors; and the Whitgift foundation and its endowment is at present administered according to a scheme framed by the Charity Commissioners and approved by Her Majesty in Council in 1881.

Contiguous to the hospital are the school-house and the master's residence; "the howse which I have builded for the sayde schoole howse," said the founder, "and also the howse which I have buylded for the schoolemaster, shal be for ever imployde to that use onelye, and to no other." Notwithstanding this, the school-house was appropriated to the children of the National School. The master's house, however, is still used in conformity with the founder's intention. A fine red-brick building close by has been recently erected as an upper and middle class school, and also as an elementary school, both on the foundation of Archbishop Whitgift's Hospital. These schools have been built out of a surplus of the hospital funds.

They form altogether an ornament to the town. The great hall of the school was utilised in November, 1883, when the Duke of Edinburgh was entertained in it at a public luncheon, after opening the new wing of the Croydon General Hospital.

Close by the hospital are the "Swan" and the "Crown"—both ancient hosteleries. There was a "Swan" near the Archbishop's palace at Lambeth, and this may have been a reproduction of it. The "Crown," however, may be regarded as still older; for, as Mr. Larbord tells us in his "History of Signboards," "we read of it as early as 1467, when a certain Walter or Walters, who kept the 'Crown,' in Cheapside, made an innocent Cockney pun, saying that he would make his son heir to the 'Crown'—a jest which so displeased King Edward IV. that he ordered the man to be put to death for high treason."

Under letters patent from Henry VI., Archbishop Stratford, and the abbot and convent of St. Saviour, Bermondsey, Ellis Davy, citizen and mercer of London, in 1447 founded here almshouses for seven poor people, men and women, six of whom were to receive 10d. a week each, and the seventh, to be called the tutor, 1s. They were endowed with £18 per annum, with the rents of four neighbouring cottages for repairs. The vicar, churchwardens, and four of the principal inhabitants of Croydon were appointed governors, the master and wardens of the Mercers' Company being visitors. The founder required that the clothes of the tutor and poor of his almshouse should be "darke and

browne of colour, and not staring, neither blazing, and of easy price cloth, according to their degree;" that they should attend divine service daily in the church of Croydon, and there "pray upon their knees, for the King, in three paternosters, three aves, and a credo, with special and heartily recommendations" of the founder to God and the Virgin Mary; that they should also say, for "the estate of all the sowls abovesaid," daily at their convenience, one ave, fifteen paternosters, and three credos; and that after the death of the founder, provided he should be buried at Croydon, they and their successors should appear daily before his tomb and there say the psalm *De Profundis*, or three paternosters, three aves, and a credo. The present Davy's Almshouses, a row of plain and unpretending brick-built dwellings, situated in Church Street, were built about the middle of the last century, and enlarged in 1875. The number of inmates is now increased to twelve. The statutes of this charity, which exhibit a curious picture of the moral and religious feeling of the times, may be found printed at length in Steinman's "Croydon;" also in Ducarel's "History of Croydon," and in Archbishop Morton's Register.

Smith's, or "the little almshouses," situated in Pitlake, near the church, were founded previously to the year 1528, by one Henry Smith, of Wandsworth. In the year 1629 Arnold Goldwell gave £40 towards their re-erection. In 1722 they were described as "nine small low inconvenient houses;" and in 1775 they were enlarged by the addition of two new buildings for twelve poor inmates, with funds supplied by the then Earl of Bristol, and a subscription raised among the inhabitants. These almshouses now afford homes for twenty-four poor persons, and each inmate receives, like those in Davy's almshouses, a monthly pension, a yearly allowance of coal, and a dole of bread at Christmas.

The Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution, in St. James's Road, facing the London and Brighton Railway, was founded in 1850, for the relief of freemasons or their widows. The building is of brick and stone, in Elizabethan style. The inmates number between thirty and forty, the men receiving £40 and the women £32 per annum. Each pensioner has also a monthly supply of coals, and medical attendance.

The Croydon General Hospital, in London Road, was opened in 1873 by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and contains accommodation for thirty-five patients. The hospital was originally established in 1867, in the old workhouse infirmary. In November, 1883, the foundation-stone of a new

wing was laid by the Duke of Edinburgh, this being the first visit of royalty to Croydon since the reign of Elizabeth. From the date of its foundation, in 1867, to the present time, nearly 60,000 patients have been relieved in this institution. Though named the Croydon Hospital, its patients are not confined to that town and the surrounding

neighbourhood, but, being the only general hospital between London and Brighton, it opens its doors to large numbers inhabiting that extensive district.

Besides the above-mentioned charitable institutions, bequests have been left by various persons for the benefit of the poor of the parish, who receive the same in money or bread.

CHAPTER XX.

CROYDON (*continued*).—THE TOWN AND SUBURBS.

"Oh! the rustics of Roydon!

Oh! the jolly colliers of Croydon."—PATRICK HANNAV, 1622.

Colliers, or Charcoal-burners—The "Saucy Collier of Croydon and the Devil"—References to the Colliers of Croydon by early Play-wrights—Condition of Croydon in the Reign of Elizabeth—Its Appearance in the present day—An Ancient Mill—The Bourne Brook—Croydon receives a Charter of Incorporation—Markets and Fairs, &c.—Census Returns—Railway Communication—The First Iron Tramway—Sanitary Condition of Croydon—The Town Hall—The Market House—Public Hall, &c.—Breweries and Manufactories—Croydon Union—The Barracks—Churches and Chapels—The Cemetery—Schools—Coursing Meetings—Noted Residents—Subordinate Manors of Croydon—Bensham—Whitehorse—Haling—Croyham—Norbury—Ham—Colliers' Wood—The Freeing of Coulsdon Common—Discovery of Anglo-Saxon Remains—Duppas Hill—The North Downs.

"DURING that long period which preceded the landing of the Romans in Britain, the aspect of Croydon, doubtless, was very different from what it now is. Towards the south probably were, as there still are, tracts of heath and chalk lands, whose arid soil and iron-bound surface disqualified them for the production of other trees than those of a stunted growth; but mile upon mile, eastward and westward and northward, stretched the primeval forest, as yet uncleared by the axe. Through the lower parts of this leafy wilderness coursed unruly streams that, swollen in the rainy winter time, or flooded by the intermittent Bourne, . . . would overflow every impediment that arrested their progress. . . . Meres and reedy stagnant pools abounded in the undrained surface of ancient Croydon. . . . The wolf, the bear, the fox, the badger, and the wild cat, sought and obtained an asylum in the gloomy recesses of those woods; and the heron, bittern, snipe, and water-rail, were busy among the rushes and flags of the ponds which in our time have become clean meadows." *

Even so lately as two centuries ago Croydon was noted for its "colliers," as the charcoal-burners were called in the days before London was well provided with coal, or, as it was styled, sea-coal. From an old book, privately printed and without author's or printer's name, quoted *in extenso* in *Notes and Queries*, June 24th, 1882, we take the following extract:—

"We must all be aware of the comfort derived (from coal) and the indispensable necessity of coal

in producing our great manufacturing and engineering wealth, and also that coal has not been developed for our use more than two centuries, and that before that our ancestors used to burn wood in their fire-places. But in preparing the more luxurious dainties of the table they required a more intense heat to prepare their gourmand dishes. Now, the City of London and their guilds of trades were foremost in these grand banquets, and they needed charcoal, and consequently charcoal burners, to produce that important auxiliary to aid in the preparation of their feasts. The men so employed were called 'colliers'—the same name that has descended to their fellows and all employed in coal-mines in procuring our grand motive power—fuel.

"It is most probable that London required charcoal long before any of our provincial cities and towns, for we find from the early writers that after the guilds of trades which flourished in Venice, Holland, and Belgium, &c., London became the greatest city for the establishment of guilds or companies."

It appears from this book that in the reign of Edward VI. there lived at the farm-house, still called Collier's Water, a noted collier named Grimes, whose range of the Beulah Hills afforded ample timber for his trade of collier, and the water in his stream for damping out the charcoal kiln. At this time the palace was occupied by Archbishop Grindal, who, disliking the constant smoke, sent his servants to seek out the cause of it, and, if possible, to suppress it. But Master Grimes would not put out his kiln, even at the bidding of the Archbishop, who there-

* Anderson's "Chronicle of Croydon."

upon summoned him into a court of law. The collier says in defence that he has done no wrong, and that he believes that his friends will see him righted. "He was known to be rich, so the City companies befriended him; they thought the Archbishop's conduct arbitrary, and that it might interfere with their getting coal, so the jury acquitted the defendant of having caused any let or injury to any citizen in the carrying on of his trade."

This trial formed the hint and substance of a popular song, "The Collier of Croydon," and it was even dramatised, under the title of "The Saucy Collier of Croydon and the Devil."

It would seem, therefore, that the collier's trade flourished here until the "sea coal" rendered charcoal obsolete.

As late as the latter part of the eighteenth century, this grimy character continued to be associated with the name of Croydon, as we learn from Ducarel, who writes:—"The town is surrounded with hills well covered with wood, whereof great store of charcoal is made." The industry is also referred to in the "Ambulator" (1782), where it is said, "the adjacent hills being covered with wood, great quantities of charcoal are made and sent to that city (*i.e.*, London)."

The following lines occur in a volume of poems by Patrick Hannay, printed in 1622:—

"In midst of these stands Croydon cloathed in blacke,
In a low bottome sinke of all these hills,
And is receipt of all the durtie wracke,
Which from their tops still in abundance trils.
The unpav'd lanes with muddie mire it fills,
If one shower fall, or if that blessing stay,
You may well smell, but never see your way.

* * * * *

"And those who there inhabit, suting well,
With such a place, doe either nigro's seeme,
Or harbinger for Pluto, prince of hell;
Or his fire beaters one might rightly deeme,
There sight would make a soull of hell to dreame;
Besmeared with sut, and breathing pitchie smoake,
Which, save themselves, a living wight would choke."

It must be confessed that if the foregoing picture be a true one, Croydon has changed its appearance decidedly for the better.

The grimy and sooty colliers form a sort of standing jest for our earlier play-wrights; thus Crowley, in his "Satirical Epigrams" (1551), gives one on "The Collier of Croydon." "It is said that in Croydon there did sometime dwell a collyer that did all other collyers excel

The collier that at Croydon doth dwell,
Men think he is cosin to the collya of hell."

Greene, in his "Quip for an Upstart Courtier"

(1592), has this passage, "Marry, quoth he, that look like Lucifer, though I am black, I am not the Divell, but indeed, a collyer of Croydon." And in 1662 a comedy was produced, bearing the singular title of "Grim, the Collier of Croydon, or, the Devil and his Dance;" while in a previous comedy, performed before Queen Elizabeth in 1577, Tom Collier, Nicholnewfangle, and the Devil, dance to the tune of "Tom Collier of Croydon hath solde his cole."

An ancient description of Croydon in the time of Queen Elizabeth speaks of the streets as "deep hollow ways, and very dirty," the houses generally with wooden steps, and darkened by great trees growing in front of them, the inhabitants generally being smiths and colliers. These colliers, as shown above, seem to have given the town a somewhat evil reputation, as a kind of Pandemonium, tenanted by beings unmentionable to ears polite. In Hannay's poem, quoted above, "the motley meads" of Thames are contrasted with the "barren soile" of Croydon, marvellously to the disadvantage of the latter.

The general appearance of Croydon in the present day is of a residential character, with clean modern streets, churches, and chapels, and rows of prim villas in all directions. "A healthy feature of our town," writes Mr. Anderson, in his work already quoted, "is the abundant foliage which has been preserved in large trees studding it here and there, or in the shrubberies of gardens, pleasantly serving to break the monotony that otherwise might weary the eye by a constant contemplation merely of bricks and mortar. Through the middle of the town extends one long roadway, the central and narrower portion of which is called the High Street, and this is intersected at right angles by another principal thoroughfare, declining westward down Crown Hill towards the old church; whilst branching off on either side of these two more important thoroughfares are other streets. Croydon, however, still derives a certain old-fashioned air from its Hospital, and the relics of its old palace, its gables here and there, and the swinging inn sign of its principal hostelry, which, as in the days of the Stuarts, still suspended right across the High Street. But these vestiges of antiquity are year by year diminishing, and shops with showy plate-glass windows, and joint-stock banks in the latest architectural mode, are occupying all the available sites in the leading thoroughfares.

In the "Domesday" record of Croydon we find mentioned not only a church, but a mill. "The site of the ancient mill," writes Mr. James Thorne,

in his "Environs of London," "was probably at Waddon, but until lately there was another mill near the church, though now there is no indication of either mill or mill-stream. Some of the head-streams of the Wandle rose at Scarbrook, and in the grounds of the archiepiscopal palace, immediately north-east of the church, united in 'My Lord's Pond' (or, according to some, 'Laud's Pond'), then in divergent streams ran on either side of the churchyard to join another brook which came from the south, and was traceable for a longer or shorter distance according to the season, and which—a shallow stream some ten or twelve feet wide—crossed the road by the churchyard. Here, west of the church, the water was pent back to form a large mill-dam, at the west end of which was the mill—of late a calico-printing work. . . . We have seen the stream opposite the old church so swollen as to render the streets impassable on foot for some distance on either side. This state of things was brought to an end about 1850, when a complete system of drainage was adopted in Croydon. The stream in this lower part of the town was carried off by a great culvert, and the upper waters diverted by drain-pipes; and now not only is no surface water visible, but it requires some local experience and a trained eye to discover any traces of the old ponds and water-courses."

From the earliest times Croydon has always been a well-watered place, perhaps only too well-watered. It is in a garden at the southern end of Croydon, near Haling, that the Wandle rises, and hence it flows through the gardens of what is now the old town, to the garden of the Archbishop's Palace. We have seen that, owing to its low situation by the water-side, the palace was regarded for centuries as the reverse of healthy, and how streams ran on either side of the church. But besides these, there is a brook of eccentric character, named the Bourne, which flows at intervals, rising, it is supposed, out of subterranean cavities in the chalk downs to the south of the town, and therefore not depending on the rainfall. At times this river, suddenly bursting into flood, has done much damage, notably in the winter of 1872—3.

The word Bourne is a Saxon word for a brook. Camden writes of this Bourne as follows:—"For the torrent that the vulgar affirm to rise here sometimes, and to presage dearth and pestilence, it seems hardly worth so much as the mentioning, though it perhaps may have something of truth in it." The inundations here were usually connected with a phenomenon, easily explained now, but which in earlier times was regarded with superstitious awe,

known as the "Rising of the Bourne Water." Aubrey, in his account of Caterham, writes as follows:—"Between this place and Caulsdon, in the bottom commonly called Stoneham Lane, issues out sometimes (as against any change in our English Government) a bourne, which overflows, and runs down in Smitham Bottom to Croydon. This is held by the inhabitants and neighbourhood to be ominous, and prognosticating something remarkable approaching, as it did before the happy restoration of King Charles II., of ever glorious memory, in 1660; also before the plague of London, in 1665; and in 1688, the eve of another change in the Constitution."

In May, 1883, Croydon received a charter of incorporation, and the first mayor was Mr. J. S. Balfour, M.P., but it has not yet attained the dignity of Parliamentary representation, though it is the largest borough that does not return a member to St. Stephen's, the population numbering 80,000. Croydon formerly had a market on Wednesdays, obtained by Archbishop Kilwardby in the reign of Edward I., and a fair, which began on the eve of St. Botolph, and lasted nine days. Another market, on Thursdays (the only one now continued), was granted to Archbishop Reynolds by Edward II., and a fair on the eve and morrow of St. Matthew. A third market, on Saturdays, was granted by Edward III. to Archbishop Stratford, and a fair on the festival of St. John the Baptist. The fairs are now held on the 2nd of October for cattle, horses, and sheep, and in July for wool.

By the Reform Act (2 William IV., c. 45), Croydon was appointed one of the polling places for the eastern division of the county. In early times, strangely enough, it was not Croydon, but Wallington, or (as then written) Walleton, that gave its name to the Hundred. Croydon is an assize town, sharing with Guildford the honour of alternately having the assizes for the county of Surrey held in it.

Few English parishes have ever shown a more wonderfully sudden increase in population than that of Croydon. From 1801, when the numbers were about 6,000, we trace a steady, but rapid, growth to 12,500 in 1831, 20,355 in 1857, and 55,652 in 1871; while the last census, in 1881, shows a total resident population of 78,947. This vast increase in the population of late years is attributed by the Registrar-General to "the great facilities afforded by railway communication;" but to this may be added the general salubrity of the locality, and the natural beauties of the surrounding country. Croydon is now the largest suburban town in the neighbourhood of London, and its rail-

way communication with the metropolis is both rapid and complete, the trains between Croydon and London being upwards of four hundred, and there being no less than eleven stations in the town and parish. As a proof of the progress made by

scarcely amounted to 800, now there are about 15,000. In 1849 the rateable value of the parish was £80,000; it has now risen to £481,247.

Croydon is still connected with the southern portions of the metropolis by omnibuses, and the



THE TOWN HALL, CROYDON. (See page 176)

Croydon of late years, it is stated that the sleeping population of the new borough exceeds that of the ancient city of London!

It is stated in the *Penny Magazine* for 1833 that railways for the carriage of coal were adopted in the north in the reign of James I. or Charles I. They were then made of timber, and were very rude of construction, but they economised power by diminishing resistance.

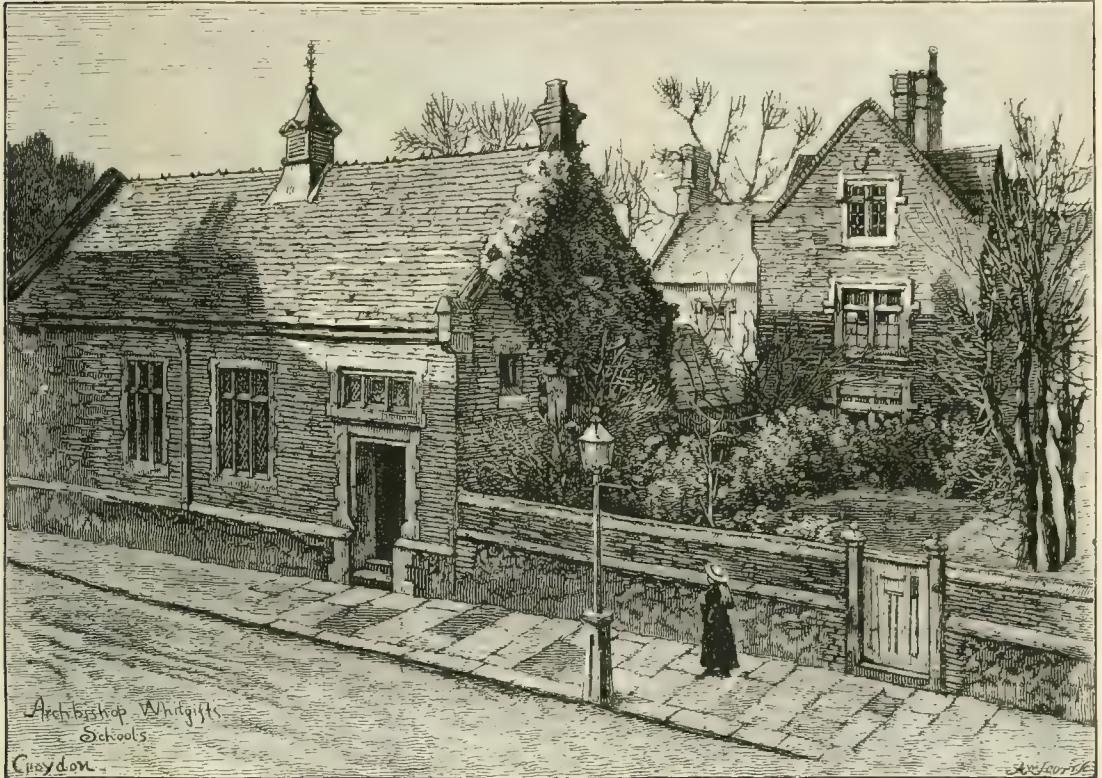
In 1801 the number of houses in Croydon

principal street of the town is traversed by tramways. It is not a little singular that this town and neighbourhood is associated with the very infancy of tramways, for the first iron railroad, or tramway, sanctioned by Parliament (with the exception of a few undertaken by canal companies as small branches to mines) was the Surrey Iron Railway (by horses) from the Thames at Wandsworth to Croydon, for which an Act of Parliament was obtained in 1801. On this railway being com-

pleted, and opened for the carriage of goods from Wandsworth to Merstham, a bet was made between two gentlemen, "that a common horse could draw thirty-six tons for six miles along the road, and that he should draw his weight from a dead pull, as well as turn it round the occasional windings of the road." The feat is thus narrated in "Sporting Anecdotes":—

"A number of gentlemen assembled near Merstham to see this extraordinary triumph of

directed four more loaded waggons to be added to the cavalcade, with which the same horse again set off with undiminished power. And still further to show the effect of the railway in facilitating motion, he directed the attending workmen, to the number of about fifty, to mount on the waggons, and the horse proceeded without the least distress; and in truth, there appeared to be scarcely any limitation to the power of his draught. After the trial, the waggons were taken to the weighing-



HEAD MASTER'S HOUSE, WHITGIFT'S SCHOOLS. (See page 170.)

art. Twelve waggons all loaded with stones, each wagon weighing above three tons, were chained together, and a horse taken promiscuously from the timber cart of Mr. Harwood was yoked into the team. He started from near the 'Fox' public-house, and drew the immense chain of waggons with apparent ease to near the turnpike at Croydon, a distance of six miles, in one hour and forty-one minutes, which is nearly at the rate of four miles an hour. In the course of this time he stopped four times, to show that it was not by the impetus of the descent that the power was acquired, and after each stoppage he drew off the chain of waggons from a dead rest. Having gained his wager, Mr. Banks, the gentleman who laid the bet,

machine, and it appeared that the whole weight was as follows:—

	Ton.	Cwt.	Q.
12 waggons first linked together, weighed -	38	4	2
4 ditto, afterwards attached -	13	2	0
Supposed weight of fifty labourers -	4	0	0
	<hr/>		
	Tons	55	6 2

Previously to 1849 the sanitary state of Croydon was as bad as bad could be; in spite of the fine supply of water available, the wells were befouled, and rendered unfit for domestic purposes; fevers were frequent, and the death rate in excess of any other town in Surrey. Taught by experience, the town was one of the first to accept the new legisla-

tion and to appoint a local Board of Health, by the agency of which a better supply of pure water was obtained by the sinking of artesian wells, whilst the foul water which had been allowed to accumulate in the lower part of the old town was carried off and deodorized before being emptied into the Wandle at Waddon, near which there is a sewage-farm. In consequence, a new state of sanitary matters has arisen, and the death rate of Croydon is now below that of any other town.

"The Board of Health," writes Mr. J. Thorne, in his "Environs of London," "have 400 acres of loamy land at Beddington, which they let on lease, the tenant being bound to distribute the whole of the sewage over the land. The sewage is received in furrows about sixteen yards apart, and thence gradually poured over the intervening land. Here it is said to part with its noxious as well as its fertilising qualities, and to pass away an inodorous and limpid stream, purer than the Wandle, into which it flows. About 250 acres are laid down in grass (the strong Italian rye-grass chiefly), and the yield has been four, and in some parts five, heavy crops in the year. But what is most important, whilst these arrangements, with the ample supply of spring-water obtained by the Board of Health from artesian wells sunk into the upper chalk, have added much to the comfort of the inhabitants, they have effected a marked improvement to the general health."

The Town Hall, situated in the High Street, was erected in 1809, from a design by Mr. Samuel Pepys Cockerell, and contains the courts for the Assizes and the offices for the Local Board of Health. The building is of stone, with columns of the Doric order in the lower part, and of the Ionic in the upper. It is surmounted by a cupola, with a turret and clock. The magistrates of the division here hold petty sessions, and the County Court is also held here.

The old market-house for butter, poultry, &c., built in 1566, at the cost of Francis Tirrell, "citizen and grocer," a native of this town, was pulled down in 1807, and the present structure (situated in the High Street) was erected in the following year, at an expense of £1,200, derived from certain waste lands which had been disposed of. The building is now used for other purposes, this market having been discontinued.

The public hall and rooms of the Croydon Literary and Scientific Institution, established in 1838, are located in the Wellesley Road. It includes a library of about 7,000 volumes.

The town possesses a theatre, which, with the market for meat and vegetables, occupies the site

of the old public lecture-hall. There are also some spacious baths and working men's clubs.

Croydon has several breweries, one of which dates back from the early part of the last century; and one of the largest employers of labour in the town is the firm of Messrs. Gillett, Bland, & Co., bell-founders and large clock-makers. Here were cast the two 2-ton bells for the new Eddystone Lighthouse, and also the great bell and chimes for the new Law Courts.

The Union of Croydon is somewhat extensive, embracing no less than eleven parishes, or places: Addington, Beddington, Coulsdon, Croydon, Merton, Mitcham, Morden, Penge, Sanderstead, Wallington, and Woodmansterne.

The barracks, built in 1794, at the entrance of the town from Mitcham, were originally intended only as a temporary station for cavalry. However, they were formerly used as a dépôt for recruits for the three regiments of foot guards. They contain a "hospital for 34 patients, stabling for 192 horses, a store-room for 1,000 sets of harness, with field equipments, riding-house, and the accustomed offices." The barracks are now used as the headquarters of the 2nd Surrey Rifle Volunteers.

Within the last half century the increased population of Croydon has rendered necessary additional places of worship. In 1827 the first stone of St. James's Church was laid on what was formerly known as Croydon Common, but now called St. James's Road, and the church was finished and consecrated in 1829. The building, of pale brick, is in the Pointed style of architecture, from a design by Mr. R. Wallace, architect. It consists of nave and aisles, with a chancel, and a campanile tower, with pinnacles at the angles, at the west end. In 1881 it was enlarged by the addition of a new chancel. This church contains monuments to some of the officers of the old East India College, Addiscombe. The font is a marble vase brought from the mother church. Since 1850 St. James's district has been sub-divided, and the following churches erected in the districts attached:—Holy Trinity, Selhurst, built in 1867; St. Saviour's, in 1867; St. Luke's, Woodside, in 1871; and St. Mary Magdalene, Addiscombe, in 1874.

In 1861 the parish of St. Andrew was formed. The church, built in 1857, consists of chancel, nave, and aisles, all of stone, with a bell-cote on the western gable. The building was enlarged in 1870, and again by the addition of a north aisle in 1877. The Church of St. Matthew, in George Street, was consecrated in 1866, and enlarged in 1877. St. Peter's Church, South Croydon, is a

flint and stone building, in the Decorated style; it was erected in 1851, and consists of chancel, nave, and aisles, and a tower surmounted by a wooden spire. St. Paul's Church, New Thornton Heath, built in 1871, is cruciform, and of Gothic design.

The most imposing of the modern churches here is that of St. Michael and All Angels, in Poplar Walk. The building, which is in the Early Pointed style of the thirteenth century, consists of an apsidal chancel, with ambulatory and south chapel, clerestoried nave, aisles, transepts, and a western porch. It is constructed of red brick with Bath stone dressings, and was built from the designs of Mr. J. L. Pearson, at a cost of about £15,000.

The several denominations of Dissenters have chapels and meeting-houses at Croydon. The Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary, in Wellesley Road, has a large school attached to it. In Park Lane the Society of Friends have an establishment, supported by subscriptions, and providing for the maintenance and education of 150 boys and girls. It was in 1825 that this excellent institution was removed hither from Islington, where it had existed for upwards of a century.

Croydon Cemetery, in Queen's Road, contains upwards of twenty acres of land, nearly half of which is reserved for members of Nonconformist bodies. The total cost of the land and the two mortuary chapels was about £16,000.

Archbishop Tenison* founded in 1714 a charity school here for ten poor boys and ten poor girls. These schools, originally at North End, were transferred to the south end of the town, close to St. Peter's Church, about 1850, and the number of scholars greatly augmented.

Whitgift's Grammar School was originally attached by the founder to the hospital which he established. In 1856 a separate building was erected at North End, out of the proceeds of the sale of lands belonging to the Whitgift charity. It is a large and handsome brick building, in the Elizabethan style, with a central entrance tower and a spacious hall. It was built from the designs of Mr. A. Blomfield, at a cost of about £15,000. In Wellesley Road is one of the High Schools of the "Girls' Public Day School Company," and there are large groups of Board Schools throughout the parish. Here are also two Government Schools of Art.

But Croydon is not only an ecclesiastical city, nor only a town of charcoal-burners and tram-

ways; it has been, or was for many a long year, one of the chief centres of the sporting world. This is a consequence of those fine open breezy downs by which it is bordered on the south and south-west, and stretching right away towards Epsom and beyond it. And one can scarcely take up an odd volume of a sporting magazine of the Georgian era without finding more frequent records of coursing meetings at Croydon than at any town in the kingdom. And these coursing matches are not wholly things of the past. The following story in connection with these coursing matches, respecting a "prodigious leap," is told in "Sporting Anecdotes":—"On the last day of December, 1801, as Mr. Robinson and two other gentlemen were coursing with a brace of greyhounds in Surry, between Croydon and Sutton, the dogs so pressed a hare they had put up that she was forced to leap a precipice of not less than sixty feet deep, into a chalk pit, and was followed by the dogs. Nothing short of death to both hare and greyhounds was expected; but, to the astonishment of all who witnessed it, none of them were hurt, nor was the course impeded, as the hare, after getting out of the pit by a cart road, was followed by the dogs, and though turned several times by them, at length made his escape."

Mr. Thrale, the brewer of Streatham, we are told by Mrs. Katherine Thomson (Grace Wharton), in "The Queens of Society," in the early days of his marriage with Hester, Johnson's friend, "kept a pack of foxhounds in a box at Croydon," but she was not allowed to share in its pleasures, for at that time it was decidedly masculine for ladies to "ride to hounds." All readers of Boswell are aware that Johnson was no rider; but as we know also that occasionally he was tempted by his friend Thrale to hunt, doubtless his gaunt form may have been occasionally seen on horseback crossing the open downs in this neighbourhood. On such occasions he would display no want of either courage or activity, though he would leap and even break through hedges to save the trouble of dismounting. Yet he was proud of being called a sportsman, and he would follow the hounds all day without owning that he was either uneased or fatigued.

On the high road between London and Brighton, the old town of Croydon must have presented a merry sight less than a century ago, when the stage coaches and four passed this way on the road to the south. The following advertisement of the London, Brighton, and Lewes coach in 1763—5, serves as a specimen; it may provoke a smile from those who travel to Brighton and back for two

* See "Old and New London," Vol. III., p. 155.

shillings and sixpence by third class :—"Lewes and Brighthelmstone new machine, to hold four persons, by Chawley, sets out by the 'George' Inn in the Haymarket, St. James's, at six o'clock in the morning, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, in one day, to the 'Star' at Lewes, and the old 'Ship' at Brighton, and returns thence every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Inside passengers to Lewes to pay thirteen shillings, to Brighton, sixteen shillings. To be allowed 14 lb. weight of baggage ; all above to pay one penny per pound. Coach drawn by six long-tailed black horses. N.B.—Batchelors, Old Godstone, East Grinstead, and Lewes stage continues to set out every Tuesday at nine o'clock, and Saturday at five o'clock, from the 'Talbot' Inn in the Borough."*

It is, no doubt, on account of the coursing meetings of which Croydon was the centre that its chief inn was, and still is, called the "Greyhound." "Over against the parson's brewhouse," writes Mr. J. Larwood, in his "History of Signboards," "was, in 1718, an inn bearing the title of the 'Wild Sea,' probably established by an old salt." The "Goat House" Inn, on the road to Norwood, was so named on account of standing close to the ancient goat-house, or deer house, belonging to the archiepiscopal lord of the manor, in the days when it was surrounded by forest.

Among persons of note who have resided at Croydon we may particularly mention the late Sir Francis Head, K.C.H. He was a veteran of the Napoleonic wars, having fought at Quatre Bras and Waterloo. In 1825 he went to South America, and on his return, published "Rough Notes taken during some Rapid Journeys across the Pampas." He subsequently wrote the "Life of Bruce, the Abyssinian Traveller," "Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau," "Stokers and Pokers," "A Fortnight in Ireland," besides pamphlets on "The Defenceless State of Great Britain," and other social subjects. As Lieutenant-Governor of Canada, he quelled a rebellion there in 1837. Being fond of riding and country pursuits as well as of literature, he settled at Croydon, in order to be within reach of his favourite open downs. He died at Duppas Hill in July, 1875, and was buried at Sanderstead.

Sir Arthur Helps, the author of "Friends in Council," and Clerk to the Privy Council, lived for some years at the corner of North Park, in a house called Argyll House. By his death, in 1875, not only did the Queen lose a trusted friend, but modern English literature a distinguished ornament.

Mr. Cuthbert W. Johnson, F.R.S., Barrister-at-Law, the strong advocate of the passing of the Public Health Act, was not only a resident of Croydon, but the first chairman of its Local Board of Health, on retiring from which he was presented with a handsome testimonial. He died in 1880, and is buried in St. Peter's churchyard. His chief works are, "The Advantages of Railways to Agriculture" (1837), "On Fertilisers" (1839), and the "Farmer's Almanack," begun by him in 1841, and continued yearly to the present time.

Mr. Joseph Nash, the author of "Mansions of England in the Olden Time," was a native of Croydon, and spent his youth in the town. He was born at the Rectory Manor House in North End. Besides the work before mentioned, he wrote a description of Windsor Castle.

The connection of the family of Cowper's hero, John Gilpin, with this place has been often asserted, and their house has been identified by a writer in *Notes and Queries* (June 24th, 1882) with a mansion called Collier's Water, close to the Thornton Heath railway-station, and with iron gates surmounted by "J. B.," the initials of its former owner, a Mr. Bennington.

In Fuller's "Worthies," five gentry of this county are mentioned as being of Croydon, their names being Elinbrig, Hering, Dogge, Janyn, and Longland.

Most of my readers know the favourite picture by Sir Edwin Landseer, entitled "A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society." They may, perhaps, be interested at learning that the original was "Leo," the favourite companion of Mr. Newman Smith, of Birdhurst, Croydon, and a frequent swimmer in the Wandle.

It may astonish the reader to learn not only that Croydon had been a borough long before its recent incorporation, but that it contained, according to Dr. Garrow's history, in 1818, no less than seven boroughs, which he enumerates :—Addiscombe, Bensham, Combe, Croham, Selsdon, Shirley, and Woodside. He also gives the following list of the subordinate manors, with their respective owners :—Croydon and Waddon (Archbishop of Canterbury), Rectory Manor (Mr. R. Harris), Norbury (Mr. R. Carew), Haling (Mr. W. P. Hamond), Croham (Whitgift's Hospital), Bensham, or White Horse (Mr. J. Cator).

Of the various manors which are included in Croydon parish, we glean the following particulars from Brayley's "History of Surrey" :—"Croydon Park was held by the Archbishops till the time of Henry VIII., when Cranmer surrendered it to that king in exchange for other lands, but

* Quoted by Lord W. Lennox, in his "Fifty Years' Biographical Reminiscences."

Edward VI. restored it to him. The office of keeper of Croydon Park was held, among others, by William Walworth, who so promptly and energetically suppressed Wat Tyler's rebellion in the reign of Richard II. Walworth was appointed keeper by Archbishop Courtenay in 1382."

The Manor of Bunchesham, or Bensham, lies north of Croydon, towards Norwood. Henry III. granted a right of free warren here to Peter Chaceport; in the reign of Edward I. it was granted to Richard de Gravesend, Bishop of London. After repeated transfers, it came, under Edward III., into the possession of Walter Whitehorse, from whom the manor took an alternative name of Whitehorse.

Doubtless, all to the north as far as Norwood (the North Wood) was a forest, the old oaks of which may, perhaps, have witnessed Druidical rites, and certainly were cut down to keep the charcoal-burners, or "colliers," employed. The beauty of the country and the charms of the walk from Norwood over the Beulah Hills have been dwelt on by more than one writer.

The Manor of Haling is doubtless so called from the Anglo-Saxon Hali, or Halig, meaning "holy." Probably the name was of wider application than now, and was applied to all that elevated tract of land from which the pedestrian descends on the one side at Waldon, and on the other at the old churchyard. "If this be a right conjecture," observes Mr. Anderson, in his "Chronicles of Croydon," "then we have in our midst a veritable 'high place,' as well as a declivity sloping downwards towards a valley where in former ages thick-set oak-trees, entwining their gigantic limbs, may have caused shadowy recesses, like those amid which, as we read, the Druids practised their gloomy rites. The vale and base of the hills alluded to were plentifully watered by streams. Now, running streams were also the objects of superstitious reverence with our heathen forefathers. Associations in connection with the various faiths of our forefathers seem to cluster round that neighbourhood. Close at hand lies Waddon, anciently spelt Woddens, a name clearly derived from Woden, the Saxon hero-god, whose idol may have been worshipped at one time on the spot. Underneath that hill stands the representative of that ancient Christian temple, the origin of which is lost in remote obscurity."

In the reign of Edward IV. this manor was granted to Thomas Warham, who rented it of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Queen Mary bestowed it upon Sir John Gaye, K.G., whose son was deprived of it by Queen Elizabeth for taking part in the Babington conspiracy. After various changes

of ownership, it finally came into the possession of the Hamonds, who still hold it.

Haling House, situated at the southern extremity of the town, is chiefly remarkable as having been the residence of William Whitehead, poet laureate in the reign of George II., whom Macaulay celebrates as "the most accomplished tuft-hunter of his time," and the author of poems now forgotten, though praised by Horace Walpole. Its plantations and woods formed the subject of one of his chief poetical effusions: "An Epistle from a Grove in Derbyshire to a Grove in Surrey," and the "Answer" to the epistle. The poem, though it passed muster very well at a period when poetry had sunk into doggerel commonplace, would hardly procure its writer the laureateship and a pension at the present time. The following extract may be taken as a sample of the whole:—

"I envy not, I swear and vow,
The temples and the shades of Stow;
Nor Java's groves, whose arms display
Their blossoms to the rising day;
Nor Chili's woods, whose fruitage gleams
Ruddy beneath his setting beams;
Nor Teneriffa's forests shaggy,
Nor China's varying Sharawaggi;
Nor all that has been sung or said
Of Pindus, or of Windsor's shade."

Haling House has had some distinguished residents in its time; amongst others, the Earl of Nottingham, the gallant admiral of Elizabeth's reign, who held it on a lease. An inscription on his leaden coffin under the chancel of Reigate Church, thus records him:—

"Here lyeth the Body of Charles Howard, Earle of Nottingham, Lord High Admirall of England, Generall of Queen Elizabeth's Navy Royall at Sea against the Spaniards Invincible Navye in the Year of our Lord 1588, Who departed this life at Haling House the 14 day of December, in the Year of our Lord 1624, Ætatis Suae 87."

Croham, likewise called Cronham and Cranham in old documents, is a small manor, comprising little more than a farm, and extending over Crowhurst for about a mile from the town towards the south-east. It forms part of the endowment of Whitgift's Hospital. In the middle of the fourteenth century it was alienated by a person named Chireton to Walter Whitehorse, but it appears to have reverted to the family of Chireton. The manor was subsequently held by the knightly families of Danet and Leigh, from whom it passed by sale to Archbishop Whitgift. Croham is situated on the road to Sanderstead, and wooded shrubberies hereabouts are made vocally pleasant during the long summer evenings. As Thomas

Moore writes of the leafy bowers along "Bendemur's stream":—

"And the nightingale sings in them all the night long."

The Manor of Norbury, also called North-

"honour" of Hampton Court; and Edward VI. granted it, together with Pyrlle Mead, in Croydon, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in exchange for other landed property; but Queen Mary restored to Sir Francis Carew the forfeited estates of



MAP OF CROYDON AND VICINITY.

Type Fiching Code

borough, lies on the western side of the London road, and extends over a part of Thornton Heath. Nicholas Carew, of Beddington, Keeper of the Privy Seal in the 43rd year of Edward III., obtained a "grant of free-warren for all his lands in Croydon," and died in 1391, "seized, *inter alia*, of the manor of Norbury." The estate remained in the possession of the Carews until the attainder and execution of Sir Nicholas Carew, in 1539. The manor was annexed by Henry VIII. to the

his father. From this gentleman, Norbury, with other estates, descended to Admiral Sir Benjamin Hallowell Carew, G.C.B., of whom we shall have more to say when we reach Beddington.

The manors, or reputed manors, of Ham, Palmers, and Selhurst, are now incorporated with the principal manor of Croydon, belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Ham, situated on the eastern side of the parish, towards Beckenham, was granted by Queen Mary to Anthony Browne,

Viscount Montague, and at the beginning of the present century it belonged to Lord Gwydyr, who inherited it from his grandfather, Mr. Peter Burrell, of Beckenham.

A topographical book, published in 1817, shows that Thornton Heath was the name of a tract of land on which there were sixty-eight copyhold tenements before it was enclosed by the Crown in 1797.

Between Merton and Croydon is a gentleman's seat called Colliers' Wood, and still bearing

acres. They are all in the parish of Coulsdon, and are wastes of the manor of that name. Short-sighted economists may exclaim against the action of the London Corporation in putting an almost inappreciable tax on foreign grain in order to obtain a very appreciable good in the shape of breathing spaces, untouched by the demon of bricks and mortar, for the benefit of overworked and unrefreshed London. But when Mr. Shaw Lefevre dedicated Coulsdon Commons to the use and enjoyment of his fellow-citizens, a great wave of



WADDON MILL. (See page 183.)

testimony by its name to the ancient employment of the neighbourhood in charcoal-burning.

The neighbourhood of Croydon is interesting to the geologist, as standing at the edge of the London clay basin at its junction with the chalk, the presence of which shows that what is now *terra firma* was once washed by an inland sea.

In May, 1883, between 300 and 400 acres of common lands on the outskirts of the parish, having been secured by the Corporation of London, were dedicated to the public use for ever. These lands, which are known as Coulsdon Commons, are four in number, namely: Fairdean, or Farthing-downs, containing 121 acres; Reddlesdown, 78 acres; Kenley, 70 acres; and Coulsdon, 77

approval and pleasure undulated through the assembly he addressed, and there were but few who did not echo Lord Sherbrooke's hope that "what had been done that day had been well and wisely done, and in the future it would bear the fruits which the most sanguine among them anticipated."

About the year 1870 proceedings were instituted in the Court of Chancery, by two gentlemen named Hall, to stop various enclosures which were gradually encroaching on the common. Judgment having been given in their favour, Messrs. Hall offered to allow the Corporation to become, by purchase, freeholders in the manor. The price asked was, however, considered so excessive for the

extent of land offered (merely a single acre), that the Corporation declined to pay it, but instructed the City Solicitor to treat for the purchase of the whole of the rights of common in the parish from the lord of the manor. The negotiations were soon concluded, and by the "City of London (Open Spaces) Act," passed in 1878, the ownership of the whole of the commons in question, or 347 acres, was transferred to the City authorities, and thus one more perpetual London playground was added to the others which have been acquired from time to time.

On Farthing Down, just within the neighbouring Manor of Coulsdon, some tumuli still exist, which probably formed part of an Anglo-Saxon cemetery. In 1871 sixteen of the graves were opened and examined, and skeletons were found at full length, with their feet towards the east. One of them was of especially gigantic stature, bearing a great two-edged sword of almost its own length; under the right foot was the ambo of a shield. In another grave a *situla*, or small bucket, was found. On the slope of this hill are the remains of an ancient earthwork.

Duppas Hill is the name of the high ground rising from the south-west corner of Croydon Churchyard; two centuries ago it was the common ascent of the downs, but it is now covered with villa residences. Here lived Sir Francis Head, the popular author, of whom we have spoken above.

On the top of this hill is a space of level ground, open till recent times, but now largely built over. It is supposed to have been used, in "the good old days" of chivalry, for tilting and tournaments.

Thus Watson tells us, in his "Lives of the Earls of Warrenne," that "on the 15th of December, 1186, in the time of Henry II., at a tournament appointed to be held at Croydon, John, the seventh Earl of Warrenne met with an affliction which nearly broke his heart. . . . For his only son, William, then in his twentieth year, the sole hope of that illustrious house, went to this tournament, and having there accepted the challenge of a knight who boldly traversed the lists in defiance, was intercepted in his career and slain."

The west part of the town of Croydon, adjoining Duppas Hill, gradually dies away into the suburbs of Waddon, which forms, so to speak, its Kensington. The Wandle flows through it to the first mill which it turns, hence the surmise that its name is a popular contraction from Wandle-town.

As we leave Croydon behind us to follow the course of the Wandle, we see on our left strips of low lands which still look as if they had formerly been open country. These are "survivals" of the downs for which Croydon was once so famous, and which extend to Banstead, Woodmansterne, and Epsom. All these "North Downs"—for so they are called relatively to the Downs of Sussex—were celebrated for the fine flavour which their short grass imparted to mutton, a flavour thought to proceed from the wild thyme and juniper berries that grow on them. These downs are celebrated by Dyer in his poem, "The Fleece," and in the last century, when facilities for travel were not so great as now, they were recommended by the faculty of London for their fine and pure air.

CHAPTER XXI.

WADDON AND BEDDINGTON.

"So I the fields and meadows green may view,
And duly by fresh rivers walk at will."

J. DAVORS, quoted by I. WALTON.

Etymology of Waddon—Waddon Lane—The Wandle—Waddon Mill—Queen Elizabeth's Walk—Beddington—Its Etymology—Early History of the Manor—Evidences of Roman Occupation—The Manor of Home-Beddington—The Village—Railway Stations—St. Mary's Hospital—Beddington House—The Carews—Beddington Gardens—Asylum for Female Orphans—The Parish Church—Beddington Cave.

WADDON has already been mentioned as the West End suburb of Croydon, and as having been gradually changed, during the past half century, from a rural suburb into part of the newly enfranchised borough. It is now pleasantly dotted with villas. Some persons consider that its name

is an abridgment of Wandle-town, on account of its situation on the banks of the Wandle. But this is not generally accepted. Another derivation has been suggested for the name, and that it is nothing but Wadentone, or Woden Town, implying that the village was the seat of

the worship of the god Woden in the ages of early heathenism. But this question must be left to be discussed by learned antiquarians.

Turning our backs on the tower and west front of Croydon Church, and the giant elm close by, which may, or may not, overshadow the tomb of one of the Knight's Templars, we take our pilgrim staff in hand, and walk down Waddon Lane. On our right hand are pasture-lands, through which still flows the Wandle, though its course is no longer marked here by beds of osiers. "Near Waddon Court," writes the author of "Unwin's Guide," "the marshy expanse of verdure is intersected by another lane, which crosses the stream on a low arch of brick-work. . . . Between this point and Waddon Mill the river flows through a broad marsh, and the walk from the cross lanes to the mill is continued upon a causeway, bordered by osiers, and at a broad sheet of water, into which the river spreads out immediately above the mill, by a wooden bridge." The little wooded island certainly, and possibly the mill, stand where they did in the days of the Confessor, and the moorhens, and the trout, and the pike, in the clear water below are certainly the successors of those that swam about this rivulet in the Anglo-Saxon days. The marsh on either side, called Waddon Marsh, is the home of innumerable birds.

"The Valley of the Wandle," writes Mr. Unwin, in his "Guide to Croydon and the North Downs," "presents us in the upper portion of that river's course with much of the quiet beauty that pervades English landscapes, and with which Surrey abounds."

As we have already seen,* the Thames and the Lea were old Isaac Walton's favourites, probably as being the nearest rivers to his home in London. But among other suburban streams, the Wandle probably stood next to them in his affections, on account of its clear "fishful" waters.

The disciples of Isaac Walton, indeed, here find plenty of sport, for there is an abundance of trout in the clear waters; in fact, what Walton wrote of another stream not far distant might, with equal truth, have been applied to this:—"I know a little brook in Kent," he writes, "that breeds trout to a number incredible, and you may take them twenty or forty in an hour, but none greater than the size of a gudgeon."

The Wandle is said, in the Notes on Isaac Walton's "Angler," to produce a variety of trout marked with marble spots like a tortoise. Walton notes also that the Wandle near about Carshalton

abounds in the straw-worm, or ruff-coat, an insect known to anglers as a first-rate bait for trout.

The river is dammed up in order to feed several mills, which are most picturesque in appearance, and are constantly sketched by the artist tribe. No river with so short a course—for from first to last it flows only eight miles—is made to pay more tribute to commerce and manufactures, for it turns no less than thirty mills. Between each mill and its neighbour the intervening space is carefully utilised for the growth of watercresses, the beds about here supplying a large part of the daily demands of Covent Garden Market, and realising large profits for their owners.

From Waddon Mill, a walk of half-a-mile alongside the clear stream of the Wandle, which soon gathers water enough to form quite a large river, though here and there interrupted by beds of watercresses and osiers, will bring us to Beddington, or, as it was originally called, Bedentone. We have, however, a choice of two routes in passing from Waddon to Beddington, for if we do not care for the river, we can follow the open road.

The narrow sandy lane that we have followed thus far has on either side of it a wealth of aquatic plants—enough to gratify the most enthusiastic among botanists. We pass a snuff mill, standing in rather a picturesque position. We then lose sight of the river, which bears away to the right, whilst we follow a pathway on the left of "the Park." The path winds amongst cottages placed in most irregular positions, and leads us through one grove of tall elms to an avenue on the fringe of the park which is still known as "Queen Elizabeth's Walk," and consists of tall trees, many of which may have beheld Gloriana herself parading beneath their shade, attended by her band of courtiers, Essex, Leicester, and Raleigh.

Beddington must have been in almost every respect a model village in the days of the Carews, and, indeed, is so still. It is dominated by the Park, and the "Great House," as it was called, must have brought down from London a plentiful supply of the "quality" as visitors, to say nothing of lords and ladies of the court. Nor is this all: for Queen Elizabeth, as we know, came more than once to Croydon to see her favourite prelate, Whitgift, and she was not likely to forget to pay a visit on such occasions to Sir Francis Carew, of whom we shall have more to say presently. Even now that the mansion has been transformed into an asylum, there is about it, especially when viewed from a distance, an air of ancient grandeur and dignity, which makes it not difficult to fancy that it was a "house with a history."

* See Vol. I., pp. 124 and 566.

At one time there was in front of the mansion a long and straight canal, after the formal fashion of the day, but this has long been filled up and levelled, and the Wandle flows through the park after its own sweet will, though, to say the truth, not quite so winding and doubling as formerly, for its bed was dammed up and altered by Mr. Bridges, and it now flows, like the river in Horace, *doctus iter melius*, or at least *rectius*.

But before proceeding with a detailed account of the house and its illustrious owners, it will be as well to say a few words concerning the early history of the place. Beddington, then, appears to have been a Roman station, and, according to Kemble, to have derived its name from being the "Town of the Beadingas." A writer in the *Penny Magazine*, however, remarks that if any reliance is to be placed on the etymology of the word, it signifies "the first lodging-place or stage out of London; Bedding, in Saxon, signifying a bed or lodging."

In Domesday Book the name of this parish is written *Bedentone*, and it is described as containing two manors, which appear to correspond with those afterwards called Home-Beddington, or West Court, and Huscarle's Manor. Within this parish, also, are the Manor of Wallington, which gave name to the hundred, and the reputed Manors of Bandon, or Foresters, Freres, and the Archbishop of Nazareth's. Brayley, in his "History of Surrey," says that in the reign of Edward III. the Archbishop of Nazareth demised his "Manor of Beddington" to John Burgeys, citizen of London, for thirteen years; but Manning, with much probability, considers that this was nothing more than a house belonging to the Archbishop, "the houses of the religious (ecclesiastics) being at that time frequently called manors."

Within this parish, and especially at Woodcote, numerous vestiges of Roman occupation, in the shape of urns and other relics, have been at different times discovered—the Roman Stane Street is thought to have passed through Beddington; but if so, no traces of it are now left. Some antiquaries believe that it passed from Ockley, through Woodcote, to Streatham.

Here, in 1871, the foundations of a Roman villa were laid bare by workmen who were forming an irrigation canal. Evidences of Celtic occupation, too, have presented themselves, in the shape of flint implements, which have been at different times turned up. Not only Celts and Romans have left their traces behind them, but Anglo-Saxon coins, urns, and implements, have also been dug up here.

Talbot, the commentator on the "Itinerary" of Antoninus, supposes Beddington to have been the

site of the station called *Noviomagus*, and Camden and other learned antiquarians have advanced the same opinion; but this, after all, is at best problematical, and, indeed, highly improbable.

The Manor of Home-Beddington, as we learn from Brayley's "Surrey," was held, prior to the Conquest, by the family of De Watevile, of Richard de Tonbridge. The manor is described in Domesday Book as containing "a church; five bondmen, and two mills at 40s., and 24 acres of meadow." Subsequently the De Wateviles, by purchase or otherwise, obtained full possession of the manor, and held it immediately of the Crown by the service of "rendering annually a wooden crossbow." Towards the end of the twelfth century the property had fallen into the hands of the king, but was afterwards held by the respective families of De Fontibus and De Ess. Henry III., in 1245, granted to Raimond de Laik, or Lucas, and his heirs, "all the lands in Beddington formerly held by the family of Eys, or Ess, to hold by the service of presenting a wooden bow at Pentecost." Later on some irregularities took place in the transfer of the manor—first to Thomas de Brayton, clerk, and secondly to Richard de Wyloghby, or Willoughby, senior; and in 1345 the king granted his pardon for an alienation without licence, on the payment of a fine of 100s. Sir Richard de Willoughby had an only daughter, Lucy, who was married first to Sir Thomas Huscarle, and secondly to Nicholas Carreu, to the latter of whom, and his heirs, the fee-simple of this manor was alienated by his wife's father about the year 1360, it being then of the annual value of 100 shillings. Shortly afterwards Carreu purchased the other manor, called Huscarles; thenceforth both manors became consolidated, and, with a short interval, they were held by the Carew family down to a very recent period.

The parish of Beddington is situated on the south bank of the Wandle, which here flows due west. It bears the reputation of being very healthy, and has produced more than one centenarian: the register records the death of one William Stuart, or "Old Scott," as he was called, who had seen his 110th birthday, when he was buried early in 1705, so that he had lived in three centuries. In the churchyard, too, is the tomb of an old huntsman of the Carews, who died in the service of that family—which he entered in his boyhood—at the age of 105. In spite of its healthiness, however, Beddington did not escape the plague of 1665, when eleven of its parishioners died.

The village, which contains but scattered houses, and can scarcely boast of a main street, lies about

half a mile from the Waddon Station, and three times that distance from Wallington Station, on the Epsom branch of the London, Brighton, and South-Coast Railway. There is also another station in Beddington Lane, about two miles further north, on the Wimbledon and Croydon line. Altogether, Beddington village seems to have been completely eclipsed by its "great house," called Beddington Park, and the parish church close by. In 1871 the population did not exceed 1,500, to which about a thousand has been added during the next decade. Besides the Female Orphan Asylum—whose sphere of usefulness was transferred hither in 1865 from the Westminster Bridge Road—there are in the parish some almshouses for the benefit of poor persons, called St. Mary's Hospital, which were built as a memorial to the Rev. James Hamilton, who was nearly twenty years rector of this parish, and who died in 1860. Additions have been made to these almshouses as a memorial of Sir Henry and Lady Bridges, of Beddington House; and another house was added in 1870 by Dr. Culhane, in memory of his deceased wife; and the quadrangle has been completed by the erection of a house by Mrs. Marianne Hamilton, in memory of her husband.

Beddington, as we shall presently see, is chiefly remarkable from its connection with the knightly family of the Carews. The park is still famous for the magnificence of its trees; and Mr. Smee, in his work entitled "My Garden," gives a drawing of "Queen Elizabeth's Oak," a leafless, and almost branchless, stump, which was ruthlessly removed to make some ugly new watercourses, and was carried to its last abode in a carpenter's yard at Croydon.

The windings of the Wandle in this park were much curtailed by Mr. Bridges, the present owner, though his alteration of its serpentine course can scarcely be said to have added fresh charms. The park is flat, but the trees at its south-west are fine. Under the Carews the park was filled with deer, but they were sold in 1852.

The great house faced the west, as does also its successor. With the exception of the great hall, no portion of the old mansion remains, and the original house, which was erected by Sir Francis Carew, and in which he twice had the honour of receiving the visits of Queen Elizabeth, was rebuilt—with the exception of the great hall—about 1709, at which time Beddington was in the possession of Sir Nicholas Carew, who was created a baronet by Queen Anne. This second house was a brick edifice with stone dressings, and consisted of a centre and two deep wings, forming three sides of a square, the intermediate area being enclosed from the grounds by iron railings. The

north wing was not habitable, the whole interior having, as stated above, been destroyed by fire soon after it was finished, and never restored. As it stood till 1865—when it was in the main pulled down in order to convert it to its present purposes as an asylum for female orphans—the house, though dismantled, was considered a good example of the domestic architecture of the Queen Anne period. "With the church, which adjoined it, backed by the majestic elms in the churchyard," writes Mr. James Thorne, in his "Environs of London," "it was one of the most picturesque, as well as one of the stateliest, mansions of the old English gentry in the home counties. Of the interior, the finest feature was the great hall, 61 feet long, 32 wide, and 46 to the crown of the rich original open timber roof. 'A brave old hall,' Horace Walpole * termed it. . . The lower part was re-panelled when the house was re-built, but the roof remains unaltered." It is impossible to enter this hall without being transported in memory to the dining halls of Christ Church and of Wadham College, Oxford, to both of which it bears a very near resemblance.

This hall, which still forms the central part of the building, is an elaborate example of Elizabethan workmanship, and is thus described in Brayley's "Surrey":—"The roof is constructed of oak, in the manner of our college halls; the principal ribs spring from large carved brackets, gilt, and form an equilateral pointed arch, which, being underset with smaller ribs, assumes a trefoil character; over each arch is a strong beam, forming a brace with the rafters. The flooring is composed of lozenge-shaped slabs of black and white marble, and the walls are wainscoted with oak in panels; those above the windows are decorated with paintings of military and naval trophies, executed in imitation of bronze. Over the door on the south side is a large boldly-carved and finely-emblazoned shield of the Carew arms (in twelve quarterings), supporters, and crest, together with an escutcheon of pretence on the nombril point, viz. :—*Arg.* three fleurs-de-lis, in bend, between two cotises, *gules*; and the motto, '*Nil conscire sibi.*' On the opposite wall, above the fireplace, is a carved trophy, in very bold relief, which exhibits almost every kind of military implement, whether of ancient or modern warfare, known in Elizabeth's reign. The old fireplace has been filled in with coving, &c., and and-irons (3 feet 6 inches in height) substituted; the ends are of brass, and each ornamented with a demi-savage, supporting an eagle. On the great

* See p. 190.

entrance door is a very curious lock, of the same age as the hall ; it is wrought of iron, and covered with elaborate Gothic tracery, richly gilt ; the key-hole is concealed by a shield of the royal arms, which moves in a groove, and slides down on touching a knob in the form of a monk's head."

The lower storey of the south wing contained the dining and drawing-rooms, and other large apartments, together with a long gallery that extended through its entire length. In the "Beauties of Eng-

the north are the old stables, farm buildings, and dovecot ; the last named building is now utilised as a depôt for the stores of the institution.

"As we look towards the noble façade of the old mansion," writes the author of Unwin's "Guide," above quoted, "our gaze wanders to the northern wing, and we recall the story once current that this portion of the hall was haunted by beings who were not of this world. It used to be said that the north wing had never been



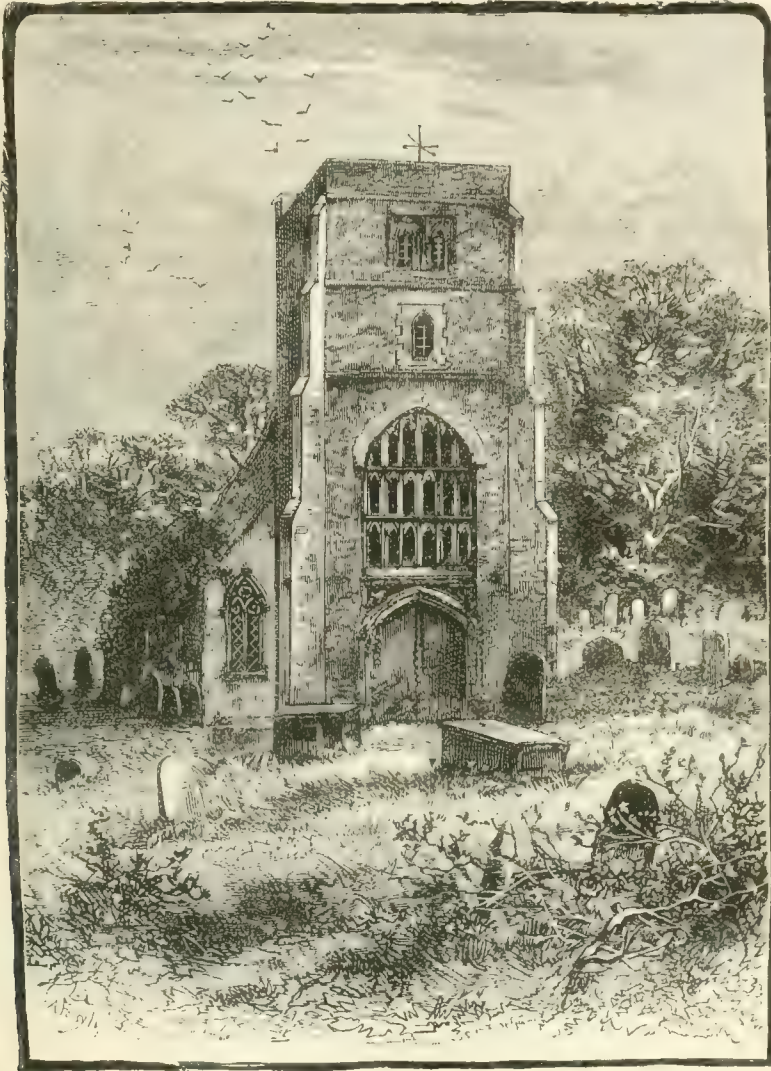
HALL OF THE FEMALE ORPHAN ASYLUM, BEDDINGTON. (See page 191.)

land and Wales" (1813) we read :—"In this hall is a portrait of a lady mistakenly shown as Queen Elizabeth ; her arms, in a corner of the picture, are those borne by the family of Townley. A small room adjoining to the hall retains the ancient panels with mantled carving ; over the chimney is a small portrait of one of the Carews, surrounded by a pedigree. Another room has several portraits of the Hacket family ; among these is a good portrait of Bishop Hacket, said to be by Sir Peter Lely. In a parlour at the north end of the hall are some other family portraits, the most remarkable of which is that of Sir Nicholas Carew, who was beheaded in the reign of Henry VIII., painted on board." Besides the old hall, much of the ancient garden wall has also been preserved. On

completed, owing to the pranks of some mischievous spirits or goblins, who pulled up the boards of the floor as often as they were nailed down. Often, in the long bygone time, have I, when crossing the park, turned my eyes with a curious interest towards the farther wing of the hall, where darkness and desolation seemed to confirm the ghostly tradition. The windows were bare of curtain and blind ; no human being was ever seen at them ; no light ever gleamed from them during the hours of darkness. The reputed condition of the deserted portion of the mansion was not attributed to any circumstance of crime and horror, memories of which cling to most of the old houses which the imaginations of the ignorant and superstitious people with the restless

spirits of the departed. The tradition must have been handed down from one generation to another through more than one century, however ; the fact being that the portion of the hall which was said to be haunted was internally wrecked by a conflagration soon after the mansion was erected, and

were discovered. The garden in the rear of the house has no longer its large orangery, but in other respects, with its square walks and trim borders, much of it is kept in the same state as when it was trodden by the feet of dainty ladies of the house of Carew.



BEDDINGTON CHURCH, 1840. (See page 191.)

that the apartments in that wing were never restored to their original condition, which accounts for their never having been occupied, or even furnished."

The grounds retained many characteristics of the old school of gardening, among which, towards the east, was a waterfall supplied by the river Wandle, which intersects the park in its course to the Thames. A portion of the park was purchased and converted into a sewage-ground for Croydon, and it was in carrying out the work that the remains of the Roman villa already mentioned

"The Carews, or Careys*—for the name is pronounced either way, and no doubt both forms are at root one and the same—spring from a Saxon stock, which was 'at home' in Somerset, Pembrokeshire, and several other English and Welsh counties 'when the Conqueror came.' So, at least, say Sir Bernard Burke and the heralds ; and the assertion is confirmed by the tradition of the family, which says that the Carews are one of the

* See "Tales of Great Families," by E. Walford, M.A. (second series) Vol. II., p. 154.

few families now remaining who can trace their descent without interruption from the Anglo-Saxon period of English history. In the ages of the Roses, the Tudors, and the Stuarts, the Carews figured amongst the most distinguished statesmen and warriors both in England and Ireland. One member of the family appears to have settled in the sister island as early as the reign of Henry II., and may therefore well have been one of those adventurers who went over to that country with Strongbow; and at the present hour they possess the honours of the peerage both in England and Ireland, and also of the baronetage, and also still figure among the untitled County Families.

"Leaving it, however, to the worthy rulers of the Herald's College—or, as I ought to say, the 'College of Arms'—to draw out the pedigree of all the Carews, and to join them on to one single stem, I may at once pass to a short notice of the early history of that particular branch of the house of Carew whose fortunes I have to record. And here, happily, I am not left without a guide; for Mr. Alfred Smee, of the Bank of England, has devoted a chapter of his work, 'My Garden, its Plan and Culture,' to an account of Beddington Park and its former noble owners; and with such resources lying at 'the pit's mouth' ready to be drawn upon, I am happily saved the trouble of diving very deeply into the mine of information to be found in the works of Dugdale, Speed, and other learned antiquarians.

"It is now rather more than five hundred years since the Carews first came to be connected with Beddington. At all events, as early as the year 1353 (the 27th of Edward III.) we find two members of that family, William and Nicholas de Carru—as the name was then spelt—engaging to rent the manor at twenty marks per annum of its then owners, Sir William Willoughby and his lady. Seven years later we find Sir William obtaining leave from the king to alienate the fee-simple of the estate to Nicholas De Carru and his heirs. Within a few years this same Nicholas contracted a marriage with the only daughter and heiress of Sir William Willoughby, and widow of Sir Thomas Huscarle, who owned the adjoining manor; thus it was that he became possessed of a considerable estate and lands, and founded the fortunes of the family who flourished for so many years alongside of the noble elms and venerable oaks in which their park abounded. This Sir Nicholas de Carru appears to have descended from one Otho, a Norman noble, who came over to England in the train of the Conqueror, and in the name of Carru was first taken in the reign of King John by his

descendants from the Castle of Carriew, or Carru, in Pembrokeshire, which they then held. He adds that the family arms are just as they are now given in Burke, 'Or, three lions passant in pale sable,' and that the present method of spelling the name was not adopted until the reign of Henry VII. Be this, however, as it may, one thing is certain, namely, that the Carews can boast of several very distinguished persons as members of their house, but of none more noteworthy in his way than one Gerald Carew, who is better known to the world at large by his literary appellation of Giraldus Cambrensis, the celebrated historian, whose works, entitled 'Itinerarium Cambriæ,' 'Topographia Hiberniæ,' and others of a similar character, as well as his very long connection with the county of Pembroke whilst holding the archdeaconry of St. David's, may well cause him to be regarded as one of their principal members.

"The family name of 'Giraldus Cambrensis,' as stated in the 'Biographical Dictionary,' is given as De Barri; but the fact of his being a member of the ancient family of the Carews is here given on the authority of Mr. Smee's work, already mentioned above. But to return to the Carews of Beddington. I find that the Sir Nicholas Carew whom I have already introduced to my readers was a person of considerable importance in the reign of King Edward II., under whom he was not only one of the 'Knights of the Shire' for Surrey, but also Keeper of the Privy Seal, and eventually one of the executors of the will of that warlike and illustrious sovereign. The Manor of Beddington continued to be vested in the Carew family from father to son down to the reign of Henry VIII., when another Sir Nicholas Carew, Master of the Horse to his Majesty, Lieutenant of Calais, and one of the Knights of the Garter, happening to incur the displeasure of that fierce and peppery tyrant, was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1539. He had no sooner been consigned to his grave in the Church of St. Botolph's, Aldgate, than his broad lands at Beddington were seized upon by the king, who appointed one Michael Stanhope to reside in the manor-house as its 'keeper.' During this time it is said that King Henry was a constant visitor at Beddington, that he frequently took up his residence there for a few days together, and held a council there on one occasion: I believe in 1541. Subsequently one of the King's courtiers, or rather, court vultures, obtained from the royal despot a grant of the Manor of Beddington for his life; and in the following reign the manor, mansion, church, and lands of fair Beddington were granted to Thomas, Lord D'Arcy, of Chiche—better known

as St. Osyth's, near Colchester, in Essex—in exchange for other lands which the latter had ceded to the king.

“From Queen Mary, in whose service he was employed, the next generation of the Carews, represented by Sir Francis, was too wary to rest content with a mere royal grant, which in those ticklish times he knew might be upset by the next occupant of the throne, but clenched the matter by a money payment in return for a legal and duly attested cession of the estate of Beddington.

“It was this Sir Francis Carew who built the old mansion of Beddington Park, as above described. By his clever legal arrangement, Sir Francis managed to keep on good terms with the ‘Maiden Queen,’ as well as with her sister, and ultimately it fell to his lot to entertain royalty at his house. At all events, it is on record that Elizabeth honoured Sir Francis Carew with her presence at Beddington in August, 1599, when she spent three days at the mansion. In the following August, as it appears, she paid her worthy host a second visit. On this occasion Sir Francis seems to have exerted his horticultural skill to the utmost in keeping back the cherries, the favourite fruit of Elizabeth, for the table of that queen. As the process was strictly in keeping with the subject treated of in Mr. Smee's book, our author quotes the following quaint account of it from Sir Hugh Platt's ‘Garden of Eden,’ in which the worthy knight says :—

“‘Here I will conclude with a conceit of that delicate knight, Sir Francis Carew, who, for the better accomplishment of his royal entertainments of our late queen, of happy memory, at his house at Beddington, led her Majesty to a cherry-tree, whose fruit he had of purpose kept back from ripening at the least one month after all other cherries had taken their farewell of England. This secret he performed by straining a tent, or cover, of canvas over the whole tree, and wetting the same now and then with a scoop, or horn, as the heat of the weather required; and so, by withholding the sunbeams from reflecting on the berries, they both grew great, and were very long before they had gotten their cherry colour; and when he was assured of her Majesty's coming, he removed the tent, when a few sunny days brought them to their maturity.’”

Of Sir Nicholas Carew, who, as above stated, was executed for alleged treason, along with the Marquis of Exeter and others, it may be added that in early life he had been a favourite of the king; and it is said that the real cause of his violent death was the king's spite against him for some hasty reply to opprobrious words addressed to him by Henry when they were playing

bowls together here. It is quite possible that there were no higher grounds of accusation against him, so revengeful was the wicked and lustful monarch.

It is interesting to be reminded that it is to Sir Francis Carew that we are indebted for the first introduction into this country and cultivation of orange-trees, which are supposed to have been brought into England, at his suggestion, by Sir Walter Raleigh, who was married to the niece of this “good old country squire.” In proof that his estimate of the horticultural skill of Sir Francis Carew is not overdrawn, I may place on record the following account of the orangery at Beddington, taken from the twelfth volume of the “Archæologia” :—

“Beddington Gardens, at present (1796) in the hands of the Duke of Norfolk, but belonging to the family of Carew, has in it the best orangery in England. The orange and lemon-trees there grow in the ground, and have done so for nearly a hundred years, as the gardener, an aged man, said that he believed. There are a great number of them, the house wherein they are being above 200 feet long; they are most of them 13 feet high, and very full of fruit, the gardener not having taken off them so many flowers this year (1796) as usually do others. He said that he gathered off them at least 10,000 oranges this last year. The heir of the family being now about fifty-five years of age, the trustees take care of the orangery, and this year they build a new house over them. There are some myrtles growing among them, but they look not well for want of trimming. The rest of the garden is all out of order, the orangery being the gardener's chief care; but it is capable of being made one of the best gardens in England, the soil being very agreeable, and a clear stream running through it.”

The rest of the story of the House of Carew may be speedily told. Sir Francis, the “grand old gardener” and courtier in one, died a bachelor in 1611, at the venerable age of eighty-one, leaving his estates to his nephew, Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, who took the name and arms of Carew on inheriting Beddington. It was in the time of Sir Nicholas that Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded; and it was to him that his sister, Sir Walter's widow, addressed a letter, requesting that he might be buried in Beddington Church. It does not appear from history whether this request was refused or subsequently withdrawn by the widow; but at all events, Sir Walter Raleigh was buried in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster,* while his head, after being

* See “Old and New London,” Vol. III., p. 569.

cut off by the axe of the executioner, was sent to his son at West Horsley, in Surrey, where it was interred. The letter itself is well worth preserving, and accordingly it is here reproduced :—

“To my best B[rother], Sirr Nicholes Carew, at Beddington.

“I desair, good brother, that you will be pleased to let me berri the worthi boddi of my nobell hosbar, Sir Walter Raleigh, in your chorche at Beddington—wher I desair to be berried. The lordes have given me his ded boddi, though they denyed me his life. This wil hee shall be brought you with two or three of my men. Let me her [hear] presently. E. R., God hold me in my wites.”

John Evelyn records the fact that he dined at Beddington in October, 1632, and was “much delighted with the gardens and curiosities.”

Again, more than a quarter of a century later, he writes in his “Diary,” under date September 27, 1658 :—“To Bedington, that ancient seate of the Carews, a fine old hall, but a scrambling house, famous for the first orange gardens in England, being now overgrowne trees planted in the ground, and secur’d in winter with a wooden tabernacle and stoves. The seate is rarely watred, lying low, and inviron’d with good pastures. The pomegranads beare here. To the house is also added a fine park.” Oranges, it appears, were first planted here by Sir Francis Carew, from pips brought over to England by his brother-in-law, Sir Walter Raleigh, who also lived in the neighbourhood.

Apropos of the gardens at Beddington, we may remark that after the Conquest the best gardeners in England were the monks, who made their monasteries famous for fruit-trees and herbs. The amateur gardeners of the seventeenth century, particularly Evelyn at Wootton, Sir William Temple at Sheen, and the Carews at Beddington, were equally attentive to the claims of the kitchen garden, and equally successful.

We pass on a century and more, and find Horace Walpole writing to the Countess of Ossory in July, 1779 :—“I had long wished to see Beddington, the seat of one of my ancestors, Sir Nicholas Carew, whose head, as he was Master of the Horse and Knight of the Garter, flew off (A.D. 1539) in one of the moods of Henry VIII. Madam Bess, I think, often visited his son there. It is an ugly place, with no prospect, a large, very bad house, but it was burnt, wretchedly rebuilt after the Restoration, and never finished. Nothing remains of the ancient fabric but a brave old hall with a pendent roof, copied by Wolsey at Hampton Court, a vast shield of arms and quarterings over the chimney, and two clumsy brazen and-irons, which they told

us had served Queen Elizabeth in the Tower, but look more as if they had served her as cannon to defend it. There is an almost effaced picture of Sir Nicholas, that seems to have been painted by Holbein, and for which, perished as it is, I longed.”

Again he writes to the same lady, a month later :—“I was lately at Beddington, and saw there a print I never met with before. It is a mezzo-tint of Sir Nicholas Carew, who lived *temp.* George I., and who never did anything but sit for that print; yet you know how inestimable an unique print—which, however, is not unique—is to a collector. There are at least five more in the house, and perhaps the plate, or I should not be so audacious as to beg one. In short, I should be much obliged to Mr. Fountaine (the Dean of York) if he would give me one.”

He adds that in case he can have a copy of the print he will deign to accept it, and gives instructions for it to be sent by hand to his cousin at Carshalton, there being no book post or parcel post in his time. It may be of interest to record the fact that the lord of Strawberry Hill afterwards obtained a copy of this picture—the same which is engraved in the account of Beddington given by Lysons, in his “Environs of London.”

The lands of Beddington remained in the hands of the (Throgmorton) Carews till the year 1791, when Sir Nicholas (whose father had been raised to the title in 1715), left them to his only daughter for life, and then, at her death, to the eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Fountaine, Dean of York; and if he had no son (which, in the event, proved to be the case), then he entailed them by his will on the eldest son of Richard Gee, Esq., of Orpington, in Kent, who took the name and arms of Carew by royal licence. Dying a bachelor, in 1816, he bequeathed Beddington to the widow of his brother William, Mrs. Ann Paston Gee, and she again, at her death in 1828, devised the estate to Admiral Sir Benjamin Hallowell, who thereon took the name of Carew. His son, Captain Carew, some thirty years ago sold the estate, with its mansion, orangeries, park, and deer.

“The remaining story is sad enough. The proud hall of Beddington, where Queen Elizabeth and her court were once entertained, is now a public institution; and the old stock of the Carews, in spite of having been bolstered up by entails and adoptions of the name by descendants in the female line, passed away a few years since in a London lodging, when the last bearer of the name died, homeless and landless. Such, indeed, are the ‘Vicissitudes of Families.’” The details are these :

In 1857 Mr. Carew, the then owner of Beddington Park, "having contracted debts to the extent apparently of £350,000," and executed disentailing deeds and mortgages and a settlement that was disputed, an Act of Parliament was obtained vesting the property in trustees, who, under its powers, sold the greater part of the estates and discharged the debts. Beddington House, with upwards of twenty acres of ground, was purchased by the Corporation of the Asylum for Female Orphans,* for the sum of £14,500. The mansion was, as stated above, mainly pulled down in 1865, and rebuilt, the great hall being happily preserved, and incorporated in the new building. The edifice, as it now stands, is a somewhat heavy-looking example of domestic Gothic architecture. It will accommodate about 200 children, and was formally opened by the Duke of Cambridge in June, 1866.

The asylum owes its origin to that vigilant and active officer, Sir John Fielding, who, as a sitting magistrate in London and Westminster, had noticed the almost entire absence of all provision for the education of orphan girls. It was established in Westminster Bridge Road, Lambeth, in 1758, whence it was removed, in July, 1866, to Beddington, after having existed and flourished for upwards of a century. The asylum was honoured in its early days by the patronage of Queen Charlotte, and it is now under the patronage of Queen Victoria, and the late and present Dukes of Cambridge have been its presidents. The children admitted must be between seven and ten years old, and have lost either both parents or at least their fathers. The charity is administered by a committee, and the children, as they grow up, are apprenticed as domestic servants. They are periodically examined, and their bright, intelligent faces, and the exquisite cleanness of every part of the asylum, speak more for the practical excellence of the instruction than any certificates of school inspectors. The election of orphans is mainly by voting; but a subscription of a hundred guineas in one sum entitles the donor to present one child for immediate admission, if found to be duly qualified. The education is conducted according to the teaching of the Established Church. Nearly 3,300 children have been rescued from poverty and vice, and reared under the auspices of this excellent institution.

The parish church of Beddington is large and handsome, and if it has lost some of its antiquity under the hands of the modern restorer, at all events it looks, both externally and internally, very

much as it must have done at the time when the first Tudor sovereign sat on the throne. It is wholly of the Perpendicular period, and therefore probably superseded an older and smaller structure. It consists of nave, chancel, and side aisles, all spacious and lofty, and an embattled tower at the western end.

According to Lysons, the church dates back to the fourteenth century, though it looks later; it is thus described by him in his "Environs of London":—"The present structure was probably erected in the reign of Richard II., being built in the style of architecture used at that time; and the clause in Sir Nicholas de Carru's will of that date, who leaves £20—then a very considerable sum—towards the building of the church, serves as an additional confirmation of this conjecture. At the west end of the north and south aisles are some ancient wooden stalls; the font, which is of an early date, is large and square, and supported by four pillars. The pulpit was probably given by Sir Francis Carew, being of mantled carving, of the same form with that of the old room in the manor-house. The pillars which separate the nave from the aisles are plain, and of rude workmanship. The altar-piece, the rails, and the pavement of the chancel were the benefaction of Sir John Leake, in the year 1710.

"In the chancel are several figures of the Carew family on flat stones; the inscriptions of most of them are gone. The tomb of Nicholas Carew and Isabella, his wife, is quite perfect. . . . At the south-east corner of the church is a small aisle, erected either by Sir Richard Carew or his son, Sir Nicholas, for the sepulture of the Carew family. Sir Richard was the first who was interred there (anno 1520), and the architecture is of that period. Sir Richard Carew's monument is in the south wall, near the door; under a flat Gothic arch is an altar-tomb, on the top of which are small brass plates, representing Sir Richard Carew and his lady; he is in armour, with a surcoat, on which are the arms of Carew; the inscription round the edge of the tomb is mutilated, but there is enough left to inform us that he died in 1520."

From Brayley's "History of Surrey" we extract the following:—"This church contains a pulpit of Elizabethan workmanship, a fine old oak chancel-screen, some curious old wooden stalls having turn-up seats, or misereres, ornamented with foliage, shields, a female head in a reticulated head-dress, and other carvings. The entrance doorway to the tower is formed by a high pointed arch, over which is a very large and handsome window, com-

* See "Old and New London," Vol. VI., p. 350.

prising three tiers of trefoil-headed lights progressively rising to the apex. There is an ancient font of a square form, but with a circular basin; it is supported by a central and four smaller columns, standing on a low plinth. In the north aisle is a painting in thirteen panels, representing the Day of Judgment. The gallant Admiral Sir John Leake, in 1710, whilst residing in this parish, gave to the church an altar-piece, with the Decalogue, the Creed, &c. . . . Against the south

Beddington, in 1815, also that of his relict, Ann Paston Gee, in 1828. The inscriptive tablets are surmounted by the arms and crest of the deceased, the whole being enclosed in a border of vine-branches rising from the plinth, which is supported by blank shields." Another memorial in the church bears the following punning epitaph:—

"THOMAS GREENHILL:

"Mors super *virides montes*.

"Thomas Greenhill born and bredd in the famou/



THE "PLOUGH" INN, BEDDINGTON.

wall of the chancel is affixed a large upright monument of an architectural kind, having Corinthian pilasters at the sides and a cornice above, upon which, between two flaming urns, are a shield of arms, crest, and mantling. The inscription is in Latin, and records the piety and virtues of Elizabeth, wife of William Chapman, gent.; she died in 1718. . . . Below the east window is a neat monumental sarcophagus, inscribed to the memory of Admiral Sir Benjamin Hallowell Carew, G.C.B., one of the officers under Nelson at the battle of the Nile, who died in 1834. It is decorated with a flag (the staff broken), a naval sword, a branch of laurel, and the word 'Nile.' Another memorial, on the north side of the window, records the decease of William Gee, Esq, of

university of Oxon, Bachelor of Arts, and sometime Student of Magd. Coll. Steward to the noble Knight Sir Nic^s Carew, of Beddington, who deceased Sept. 17, 1624.

"Under thy feet interr'd is here
A native born in Oxfordshire;
First life and learning Oxford gave;
Surry him his death and grave.
He once a *Hill* was fresh and *Greene*,
Now withered is not to be seene;
Earth in earth shovelled up is shut,
A *Hill* into a *Hole* is put;
But darksome earth by Power Divine,
Bright at last as the sun may shine."

In 1852 the building was extensively restored, and a north aisle added, at a cost of £3,000. In 1869 followed the restoration of the chancel, and numerous other improvements were made, includ-

ing the addition of an organ chamber and vestry, at a further cost of about £10,000. A new oak chancel-screen has been constructed, and the carving of the wooden roof much improved. The east window, of stained glass, represents the Twelve Apostles; the subjects of the other windows are the Annunciation, the Adoration, the Flight into Egypt, and Christ Disputing with the Doctors. In 1874 a stained glass window was inserted as a memorial of Bishop Wilberforce. The

much later. Remains of a former clerestory were also found, and above the level of the former rood loft was a niche, or arch, in the north wall, for the purpose of lighting the rood; evidences of its use remain. This was necessarily destroyed in rebuilding the arches, which were much decayed. I regret that the mural paintings must also be destroyed, as the chancel arch is about to be rebuilt. . . . The execution of these curious paintings is rude, but the designs possess consider-



WALLINGTON GREEN. (See page 197.)

organ is new, and has a curiously painted oak screen. Near the south door is an ancient stone square font. The walls and ceiling are elaborately decorated in colour.

In the "Archæological Journal" for 1850 is the record of a discovery of frescoes in Beddington Church. The correspondent wrote as follows:—"I found some early fresco paintings over the chancel arch, facing the nave, and thinking them of sufficient interest to be submitted to the institute, I have made copies of them as far as I was able. Vestiges of a much earlier church have been brought to light. I send a tracing of an Early English shaft and capital, which is remarkable as being octangular, a character generally of a period

able merit, and it has been supposed that they might have been taken from some Italian work of art. One subject exhibits the Flagellation; some vestiges also of a representation of the Saviour bearing the cross remained. The figures are rather smaller than the size of life. Another group represents the Crucifixion, with the two Marys; the expression of our Lord is remarkable: the head is bowed in the last agony, but a diminutive soldier at the foot of the cross is still occupied in driving one of the nails."

On the right-hand side of a lane leading from Beddington to Woodcote, in the rear of the little old-fashioned inn called the "Plough," and in the face of a high perpendicular bank, formed by cutting

through the sandy slope when the lane was made, is the entrance to Beddington Cave. This little-known subterranean cave has been for more than half a century in the occupation of the tenant for the time being of the neighbouring inn, who uses it as a cellar, and from whom permission to explore it must be obtained. Its extent is unknown, and there are no traditions to be gleaned of its former history beyond the vague, but not improbable, statement that it was once a secret resort of robbers and the repository of their plunder. There is a gradual

descent from the mouth, and water is said to exist in a remote part of the cave; but it is not on record that the subterranean pool has ever been seen, or that the extremity of the long passage has ever been reached.

Beddington has no literary history apart from the great house which we have described, and except its connection with the Carews it offers few subjects for remark; in other respects its history consists only of "the short and simple annals of the poor."

CHAPTER XXII.

WALLINGTON.

"The blue transparent Vandalis appears."—*POPE*.

Traces of Roman Occupation—Early History of Wallington—Descent of the Manor—Railway Communication—"Jerusalem," or Carshalton-on-the-Hill—The Murder of Mr. Gold—Mr. Alfred Smee's Experimental Garden—The Wandle—Wallington House—A Labourers' Friendly Society—Wallington Church—Beddington Corner—Wallington Green—The Geology of the District.

As Waddon is the Kensington of Croydon, so is Wallington that of Beddington. Originally it may have been a parish, a town, or a place of still greater importance; for though it is, or has been till lately, a hamlet of Beddington, it gives its name to the hundred of which we treat. This may be one consequence of its Roman occupation, if it be true that the two first syllables of its name are but a corruption, or "survival," of the Latin word "*Vallum*," in which case it would mean "the town of the Roman fortification."

It is not, however, exactly at Wallington, but at Woodcote, on the top of a hill about a mile to the south of Wallington, whose site has been so long and so fiercely disputed, that Camden places the old city of Noviomagus. He says that here are the plain remains of a small city and several wells, built of little pieces of flint, and it is certain that some fragments of Roman glass, pottery, &c., have been often found here; this, however, does not prove anything.

Although the early history of the hamlet is involved in obscurity, an account of the descent of the manor is given by Lysons and other topographers. Under Richard II. the Prior of Bermondsey obtained a grant, under letters patent, of the right of return and execution of the king's writs in this hundred, as well as in that of Brixton, which bounds it on the north, and the privilege was confirmed by Henry VI. When a Commission of Array was issued in the 36th year of Henry VIII. "for the preparacion and furnyshyng of 400 able men, with their Capitaynes," in the county of Surrey, the

quota required from the Hundred of Wallington consisted of four archers and twenty billmen.

The Manor of Wallington, called *Waleton* in the "Domesday Book," is thus described in that record:—"The king holds Waleton in demesne. It was assessed at 11 hides in the time of King Edward, as at present. The arable land consists of 11 carucates, one of which is in demesne, and there are fifteen villains and fourteen bordars, with 10 carucates. There are three bondmen, and two mills, at 30s., and 8 acres of meadow. The wood belonging to it is in Kent. Richard de Tonbridge holds of this manor 1 virgate, with the wood, whence he removed a countryman who dwelt there. Now it yields to the Sheriff 10s. a year. The whole manor, in the time of King Edward, was valued at £15; now at £10."

Henry II. granted to Maurice de Creon a portion of the lands of Wallington, which subsequently passed, by the marriage of his daughter, to Guy de la Val, who, having sided with the barons in their quarrel with King John, was eventually deprived by that monarch of his estates. His share of the Manor of Wallington was then granted to John Fitz-Lucy, who, however, forfeited it by remaining in Normandy. It was afterwards bestowed on Eustache de Courtenay, and was subsequently held by the Lyndes and Lodelawes. Towards the end of the fourteenth century the manor passed into the hands of the knightly family of the Dymocks; and in the reign of Henry VIII. we find it in the possession of Sir Nicholas Carew, of Beddington. On

that nobleman being attainted for high treason, the manor was conveyed to Sir James Harrington, who shortly after alienated it to Sir Francis Carew, son of the above-mentioned Sir Nicholas. It remained in the possession of this family until 1683, when a lease for a term of five hundred years was made by Sir Nicholas Carew, the then owner, for the purpose of raising a fortune for his younger sons. Early in the last century the lease was owned by Elizabeth Bridges, daughter of Mr. William Bridges, M.P. for Liskeard. Under her will it passed through successive ownerships to various members of her family, and ultimately it devolved upon Mr. William Bridges, Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, who, in 1781, became sole owner by a family arrangement. Under his will it passed eventually to Mr. John Bridges, on whose death, in 1865, it devolved upon his son, Mr. Nathaniel Bridges, the present owner.

Wallington has a station on the line between Croydon and Epsom; this station serves also for Carshalton, from which it is distant only half a mile. Indeed, it was known as Carshalton Station before the new line was made which runs nearer to that village.

Less than a mile from Wallington station, on a commanding eminence, stand several streets of unfinished houses, many of them of a superior kind (so far as size and modern style go), in a district known to all the inhabitants round about as "Jerusalem," the postal designation, however, being Carshalton-on-the-Hill. In this district are a large hotel and about a dozen occupied houses, while there are above a hundred unoccupied and incomplete. I have never been able to get at the truth about these houses, but the prevailing story is that they were built by a Jew, who had not money enough to complete them.

Wallington was comparatively unknown outside the district till 1881, when the exploits of a certain Mapleton, or Lefroy, who lived there, and who murdered Mr. Gold when a passenger on the railway between London and Brighton, brought the place into temporary notice. The publicity thus obtained was not only painful to Lefroy's relations, with whom he lived in Cathcart Road, but injurious to the surrounding property, for though the road has been re-named Clarendon, the house and its neighbours are so much at a discount that they have since been untenanted.

But Wallington was not destined to remain for ever in obscurity. Less than a quarter of a century ago, a low-lying, water-side meadow, which had previously lain almost waste by the

roadside between Carshalton and Beddington, was changed by the late Mr. Alfred Smee, F.R.S., into a flourishing garden, in which he cultivated not merely watercresses and ferns, but all kinds of vegetables and fruits. He published in 1872 a long and full account of his experiments in a large quarto volume, entitled, "My Garden, its Plan and Culture," which is a perfect mine of information on the geology, botany, and natural history of the district of which we are now treating.

Here Mr. Smee played to perfection the part of the Corycian sage whose life is the envy of all those who have read the fourth Georgic of Virgil. Ever busy in calling forth the bearing powers of his humble garden, he equalled kings in their happiness—perhaps surpassed them—and every night he was able to load his tables with the unbought dainties which he had reared with fostering care. Just so rich as the master of some eight low-lying and swampy acres, Mr. Smee "made the desert smile."

We have it on the authority of Shakespeare's Gravedigger, that "there are no ancient men but gardeners, ditchers, and gravediggers; they hold up Adam's profession." And truly there is something in the close communion with Mother Earth involved in the scientific cultivation of the soil which appears to civilise almost as much as the cultivation of letters.

Mr. Smee's son, who succeeded to his father's property, most fortunately inherited also his taste; he has carried on the gardening operations even to a higher pitch of perfection. As a proof of this fact, it may be stated here that his small garden supplied no less than 200 kinds of apples to the great Apple Show, or Congress, in 1883. Mr. Smee has built in the middle of the garden a mansion in the Queen Anne style, which must strike every visitor as the pattern of convenience and comfort.

Mr. Smee, in his work above referred to, thus describes this part of the river Wandle—"Through my garden a beautiful and celebrated trout stream runs, called the River Wandle. The branch which runs through the garden rises at Waddon, where it immediately turns a flour-mill; it is joined by a little stream which rises above Croydon, and comes out at a culvert to the west of Croydon Church; it then passes to Beddington, driving a snuff-mill; thence it runs through Beddington Park to my garden, where it drives a paper-mill; and after passing a short distance by the estate of Mr. Graham, joins another and larger stream at Shepley House, and becomes one river, which runs uninter-

ruptedly over the blue clay, and empties itself into the River Thames at Wandsworth. The second branch rises by many springs, almost within a radius of a mile south-west; one spring, indeed, rises on our eastern boundary, and traverses the garden to form the Central Brook. A second rises near the mill, and discharges itself into the back-water. One, yielding a very large supply of water, comes from the grounds of Wallington House, and makes the Crystal Waterfall. A large spring rises in Carshalton Park, and another from the ground in a pond at Carshalton House. All these latter springs discharge their water into two large ponds in front of Carshalton Church; thence they pass to a flour-mill, thence to a paper-mill, and then from a second flour and snuff mill to the grounds of Shepley House, to unite with the Croydon branch. The River Wandle depends upon springs for its water, and receives but very little from immediate rainfalls; the river may be discoloured for a short time by heavy rainfalls and with road washings, but the addition to the water is but small."

It must have been some branch of the Wandle that Mr. Edward Jesse had in his mind's eye when he wrote in his charming book on "Country Life"—

"I have occasionally found myself strolling on the banks of one of those little narrow streams which wriggle—if the expression may be used—through some verdant meadows. Here and there bull-rushes, water-docks, and other aquatic plants, nearly meet as they bend low to each other from either side. In some places there are deep holes, generally under the roots of some stunted alder or willow-pollard; and here and there, in places where cattle have made a passage, the water trickles over a gravelly bottom, sparkling as the sunbeams fall upon it. The banks are generally undermined by the winter floods, and are full of rat-holes, one of which is occasionally the resort of the kingfisher, which darts by now and then with silent rapidity. Water-hens are abundant in these localities, and may be seen of an evening peering over the meadows in search of food, and jerking their white tails as they wander about. Nothing can be more agreeable than a stroll on a fine day by one of these little modest streamlets. They have many inducements for the angler, but still more for the naturalist."

At Wallington House, a little to the south of Mr. Smee's garden and grounds, a few years since was discovered an underground room, commonly known in the neighbourhood as the Dungeon, but which, from its finished workmanship, evidently belonged to a superior class of building, of which, unfortunately, no account is extant. Old books of

topography and history mention also the remains of a Gothic chapel, of which some portions—the stonework of the windows and walls—were remaining when Manning wrote his "History of Surrey," about a century ago. They have since been destroyed; and it is thought that they form part of a heap of *débris* in some grounds near the Wallington Brewery.

Lysons' "Environs of London" gives the following account of this old chapel:—"In a field near the road is an ancient chapel, built of flint and stone. It has been new roofed, and is now used as a cart-house and stable; the stone-work of the windows is entire; the east window has been stopped up, on each side of which is a niche of rich Gothic architecture; and in the south-east corner is a third for the holy water. The present proprietor was about to pull down the chapel, but was opposed in his intention by the parishioners. From the total silence of the records (and perhaps there are more relating to this parish in the registry of Winchester than to any other in the diocese), I should presume that it was only a private chapel. From the appearance of the windows and of the niches above mentioned, it seems to be of considerable antiquity." All traces of this chapel have since disappeared.

Wallington and its neighbourhood is a great herb-growing district, the breezy downs hard by being rich with the perfume of lavender and fragrant herbs. "The working classes in this parish," observes Mr. Brayley, in his "History of Surrey," "have been greatly benefited by the establishment here, in 1835, of a 'Labourers' Friendly Society,' for the adoption of the allotment and cottage-garden system: that is, by letting small quantities of land to the day labourer at a fair rental, calculated upon the average value of the farming land in the neighbourhood. This most praiseworthy institution was suggested by Nicholas Carlisle, Esq., K.H. (Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries), when a resident here; and that gentleman, with John Bridges, Esq. (lord of the Manor of Wallington), the Rev. Thomas King, and William Scott Preston, Esq., formed the first committee of management; and a piece of land adjacent to the Hollow Road, connected with the open common fields, was appropriated by Mr. Bridges for commencing the experiment. The success attending it induced the Rev. James Hamilton, the then rector, to apportion some of the glebe land for the same purpose, thus extending the whole to thirty acres."

In 1867 the lord of the manor, Mr. Nathaniel Bridges, built a new church at Wallington, on a

site which was also his gift, aided to some extent by two anonymous donors. The church, which is dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and is built in the Early English style, was consecrated in 1867, and the new district chapelry of Wallington, embracing large part of the hamlet, being constituted a parish by an Order in Council, for all ecclesiastical purposes. Shortly afterwards Mr. Bridges built the parsonage-house, and endowed the living.

In 1882 some little dissatisfaction was caused to the inhabitants by an attempt of the lord of the manor to dispose of some eight acres of common land at Beddington Corner, which had hitherto been used from time immemorial as pasturage and recreation ground, for building purposes. This has been disputed ground for the last two centuries between the inhabitants and the lord of the manor.

"Wallington Green," as we learn from the "Handbook to the North Downs," still happily "remains unspoiled, with its old-fashioned hostelry and its venerable trees, and on the other side of the road, the ancient oaks of Queen Elizabeth's Walk, in the shade of which royal Bess had her favourite walk during her stay at Beddington House, and beneath which Sir Walter Raleigh may be supposed

to have meditated, and to have smoked his pipe with Sir Thomas Carew."

The geology of the Wallington district is very interesting, though we are here on a part of the chalk where fossiliferous discoveries are not very common. We are at the very edge of the London basin. Occasionally bivalve shells are found, and some time ago a fossil fish's head was discovered on Riddlesdown. Geologists are of opinion that these great beds of chalk were originally the bottom, not of a large river, but of an inland sea; and that they are built up of matter which is of animal origin—that is, of decomposed zoophytes and matter which the microscope resolves into fragments of corals, sponges, fishes, and other marine remains, thus verifying the words of Byron,

"The dust we tread upon was once alive."

Grand must have been the disturbances which raised these beds above the level of the sea, and those other subsequent disturbances which again depressed them so as to allow the accumulations of sand, clay, and gravel, in which have been found the remains of animals stranded or floating on the spot which now is terra firma.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CARSHALTON.

"Fert ager hic vobis, dulcia dona, nuces."

Situation and Boundaries of Carshalton—Derivation of the Name—History of the Manor—A Weekly Market once held here—Market Gardens and Fish Culture—Fuller's Remarks concerning the Natural Products of the Parish—A "Poetic" Description of the Village—The River Wandle—Anne Boleyn's Well—All Saints' Church—Extracts from the Parish Register—Recent Growth of the Village—Stone Court—Carshalton House—The Celebrated Dr. Radcliffe—Culvers—Carshalton Park—Leicester House—May-Day Customs at Carshalton.

THE village of Carshalton—one of the most pleasantly situated in Surrey—adjoins Wallington on the west, and is bounded on the north by Mitcham, on the south by Banstead and Woodmansterne, and on the west by Sutton. The road thither from Croydon passes by Beddington and Wallington; it is, though straight on the whole, sufficiently winding and wooded to be pretty; and to attract the attention of artists who are fond of quiet rural scenery.

Carshalton—a name which hitherto has been generally pronounced in the neighbourhood "Casehorton," and "Casehalton"—is said to mean only the "Old, or Auld, Town," the syllable prefixed to it, "Case," being a variety of Cross. Be this, however, as it may, no signs or traces of a village cross now remain, nor are any mentioned by early topographers. In "Domesday Book" the name of

the place is written Aultone. About the end of the twelfth it was called Crossalton, and since then the name has been variously written Kresalton, Kersalton, Cresalton, Case-Horton, and Carshalton. For the last two centuries it has been uniformly written Carshalton.

With reference to the derivation of the name, Mr. Brightling, in his history of the parish, says:—"Aulton, or Old Town, according to the probable conjectures of Manning, Salmon, and others, acquired the addition of cross (Cross-Aulton) from some cross in the neighbourhood, such being frequently to be met with at the intersection of the great roads; and the rather as there are lands in this parish, and partly in Beddington and Wallington, which were known by the name of Crosslands."

Mr. Martin Tupper solves the mystery of its

name by suggesting that it means "Carew's Auld town," but it may be doubted whether the derivation will approve itself to learned etymologists.

The notice of this parish in "Domesday Book" is as follows :—

"Groisfrid (or Geoffrey) de Mandeville holds Aultone. Five freemen held it of King Edward the Confessor (about 1050), and could go where they pleased. Of these, one held two hides, and each of the other four held six hides. There were

by marriage to one Ingelram de Fielnes, or Fiennes—a descendant of whose family mortgaged it to his attorney, William de Ambesas—though the superiority was vested in the Bohuns, Earls of Hereford, who held the honour of Magnaville. "The manorial estate, burdened with the rent of twenty marks, which William de Fielnes had reserved when he conveyed it to Ambesas, came into the possession of Nicholas de Carru, who had a grant of free-warren for his lands here in 48



CARSHALTON.

then five manors; now there is but one manor. It was then assessed for twenty-seven hides, now three and a half hides. The arable land consists of ten carucates; one of them is in demesne, and there are nine villains and nine cottars, with five carucates. There is a church and seven serfs, and twelve acres of meadow."

The Manor of Carshalton, or Kersalton, was held in the reign of Stephen by Geoffrey de Magnaville, or Mandeville, a grandson of the holder at the time of the Domesday survey. On the confiscation of his estates, however, for siding with the Empress Maud in opposition to the king, this manor was given to Pharamus de Bolonia, nephew of the queen-consort of Stephen. It was afterwards conveyed

Edward III., and in 14 Richard II. he died seized of the manor, which was returned as of no value, on account of the reserved rent charged on it." The manor probably passed from the Carews through the marriage of the daughter of Sir Richard Carew with John St. John. Later on it appears to have been divided, and sold in two moieties; but about the beginning of the last century the whole was purchased by Sir William Scawen. Sir William died in 1722, leaving the whole estate to his nephew, Mr. Thomas Scawen, whose son and heir, James, some time M.P. for Surrey, conveyed it to trustees for sale in 1781. It was bought by Mr. George Taylor, who died in 1834, and who was succeeded by his nephew, Mr.

John Taylor, whose family are the present lords of the manor.

Standing at the confluence of several roads, and occupying a central position between Croydon and Epsom, it was but natural that in its day of prosperity Carshalton should have a weekly market. It was held on Tuesdays under a grant from Henry III., but it has long fallen into desuetude. An annual fair also was held here down to about 1850.

"The lovers of nature who have made themselves

meadow, and the remainder arable, of which a considerable portion is used for the cultivation of peppermint, thyme, lavender, camomile, liquorice, rosemary, hyssop, and other seasoning and medical plants. The river also, where it is not accessible to poachers, produces small, but fine, trout; and in places which are fenced in there is good sport for the disciples of Isaac Walton. Honest Tom Fuller quaintly remarks, in his "Worthies," under the heading of "Natural Commodities" of Surrey :—



CARSHALTON HOUSE.

acquainted with Banstead Downs, Addington, Box, and Leith Hills," writes Mr. Brightling, in his "History of Carshalton," "will long retain pleasing remembrances of these delightful neighbourhoods, the summit of whose romantic heights, yielding so many fine and varied prospects, have been the theme of many an admiring tourist. Other districts form a complete contrast between beauty and homeliness, being diversified with picturesque uplands, woodland dells, verdant valleys, plains covered with waving corn, or rocky hills and naked heaths."

The open fields about here are largely under cultivation as market-gardens. It may be stated generally that about one-seventh of the land is

"As in this county, and in Cash-Haulton especially, there be excellent trouts, so are there plenty of the best wall-nuts in the same place, as if Nature had observed the rule of Physick, '*Post Pisces Nuces.*' Some difficulty there is in *cracking the name* thereof: why *wall-nuts*, having no affinity with a *wall*, whose substantial trees need to borrow nothing thence for their support. Nor are they so called because *walled* with shells, which is common to all other nuts. The truth is, *Gual* or *Wall* in the old Dutch signifieth *strange* or *exotick* (whence Welsh, that is, foreigners); these nuts being no natives of England or Europe, and probably first fetch'd from Persia, because called *Nux Persique* in the French tongue." The remark of

the worthy old writer about "wall" and "foreign," seem very far-fetched, like Jerry King and cucumber.

We find the following entry in Evelyn's "Diary," September 27, 1658 :—

"To Carshalton, excellently watered, and capable of being made a most delicious seate, being on the sweete downes, and a 'champion' (*champagne*, *campus planus*, a level plain) about it, full planted with walnut and cherry trees, which afford a considerable rent."

These remarks with reference to walnuts growing in this neighbourhood are still true to some extent after the lapse of two centuries.

Carshalton figures in the "Index Villaris," in 1700, as a parish containing the seats of at least four country squires.

In Roque's "Map of Surrey," published about 1765, the chief street or roadway here is designated "Pall Mall," but the name seems to have passed away.

As to its present condition, Carshalton seems to afford a happy mixture of the upper and the lower class, the latter exhibiting no signs of poverty. There is plenty of employment for all, either in the herb and market gardens, or in the corn, paper, and snuff mills, on the Wandle, or in the river-side watercress beds. There is a sufficient sprinkling of resident gentry to ensure the outlay of money enough to drive away all poverty, except that which follows on drunkenness and improvidence.

An inhabitant of Carshalton "dropping into poetry," like the renowned Silas Wegg, wrote the following lively, if somewhat doggrel, description of his native place :—

"In the county of Surrey Carshalton's located,
It's just about ten miles from town situated ;
It's a neat little village surrounded by hills,
And supports itself chiefly by snuff and corn mills.
It's well wooded and watered, for, go where you will,
You'll find plenty of trees and a rippling rill.
It's a good place for fishing—at least so I'm told—
But I fancy you won't catch much more than a cold.
The Wandle's the river that hereabouts rises ;
Its wonderful clearness a stranger surprises.
It runs through the village and down all the lanes,
It crosses the roads, and gets into the drains ;
It rumbles and tumbles, and splashes and splutters,
So I've christened Carshalton the village of gutters.
If you wanted to practise the cold-water cure,
There is no better place for it near, I am sure."

Lying, as Carshalton does, on the high road to Epsom, it would be strange indeed if there were any dearth of tavern accommodation in the village. Our poet enshrines in his verse the names of the inns :

"There's plenty of places to go to get beer,
As in every village, of that never fear.

There's 'The Fox and the Hounds,' whither hunters resort
When they've done a day's murder they call Christian sport.
There's a drab-coloured 'Greyhound,' the principal inn,
Where the swells take their wine and get rid of their tin.
There's 'The Rose and the Crown,' 'The Coach and the
Horses,'

Which the fav'rite retreat of the flymen of course is.

Then there's the 'Red Lion,' though with age he looks pale,
He's a famous dispenser of porter and ale.

They have got a 'Duke's Head' and a 'Royal King's
Arms,'

For those whom such curious anatomy charms.

From 'The Swan' there's a 'bus starts each day up to town ;
At the 'Bell' Inn in Holborn they stop and put down.

The fare's but a bob all the way to the City,

And if that isn't cheap, why, I think it's a pity."

Here, indeed, as all round the neighbourhood, the very wayside inns bear witness to the sporting tastes of the neighbourhood in former days, the "Greyhound" and the "Fox and Hounds" being at once suggestive of the coursing matches for which the place was at one time famous. The "Greyhound" Inn, has long enjoyed a large sporting connection, and its name is mentioned in many sporting advertisements of the last century in connection with hunting, coursing, and cock-fighting.

The main street of the village is a winding roadway, bordered on either side with the usual admixture of shops and private houses, some of the latter standing in their own tree-planted grounds, enclosed with red-brick walls. At the north end of the street the river Wandle forms the parish boundary, and is spanned by a very pretty, but substantial, iron bridge, which was erected towards the beginning of the present century. Before that time a narrow plank of wood served for foot passengers to pass over, horses and vehicles having to pass through the stream. The river broadens into a lake or pond opposite the church, just where one would have expected to find the village green. This pond, in the centre of which is a small island, is seldom or never frozen over. This is probably the effect of the numerous springs which feed it, some of which may be seen throwing up small particles of fine sand out of the chalky cavities from which they issue. The water that flows from deep springs does not easily congeal in winter, just as the feelings of real friendship that flow from the heart are not apt to be frozen by adversity.

The water, as it issues from its underground home, is so warm as to diffuse a genial heat around, and the atmosphere benefits by it. A writer in the *Times*, who signs himself "A Carshalton M.D." states that consumption and other lung diseases are unknown here, the village being "probably warmer

and healthier than any other place in England."

Mr. Ruskin mentions this clear pond in the preface to his "Crown of Wild Rivers," expressing his regret at the broken shreds of old metal and rags of putrid clothes which the children are apt to throw into it.

The source of the western branch of the Wandle is to be found in numerous fine springs inside Carshalton Park and in the grounds of Carshalton House. The river here is famous not only for its trout, but for the mills and manufacturing works upon its banks; for in its course of ten miles to Wandsworth, where it falls into the Thames, writes Mr. Brightling, in his work above quoted, "is carried on a more extensive commerce than perhaps is known in the same compass on any stream of the kingdom." Stevenson, in his "Agriculture of Surrey," says that in 1813 there were on it nearly forty mills of different kinds. It is said by Mr. E. Jesse and other naturalists that the may-fly is not found in the Wandle here or at Beddington; the presence of the caddis (*Phrygania*) appearing to drive it away.

This river is mentioned by Pope in his description of the "Sea-born Brothers of the Thames;" and it is related by Camden that the "Vandal is augmented by a small river from the east, which arises at Croydon, from Craydiden, lying under the hills." In a map of the county, published as late as the last century, the name of this river is given as the "Vandalis." It may be added that the valley of the Wandle has evidently been the bed of a much larger river in the prehistoric period.

Near the churchyard is a stone, carefully railed in, and traditionally said to cover a fountain associated with the name of Anne Boleyn. The local tradition is that as Henry VIII. and his wife (Anne Boleyn) were one day proceeding on horseback from Nonsuch Palace, in the neighbouring parish of Ewell, to pay a visit to Sir Nicholas Carew at Beddington Park, on reaching this spot the queen's horse "began prancing about, and struck its foot into the ground, causing a spring to burst forth." The inhabitants, it is said, in order to commemorate the event, erected a stone dome over it, and named it Anne Boleyn's Well, a name which remains to this day. It is, however, more probable that the well is really far more ancient than the Tudor times, and that, like many others, it was dedicated to St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin Mary.

A bowl is attached by a chain to railings which surround it, so that it is a boon to the thirsty

traveller. The well itself is celebrated in local song:—

"A well there is at Carshalton,
And a neater one never was seen;
There is not a maid of Carshalton
But has heard of the well of Boleyne.

"It stands near the rustic churchyard,
Not far from the village green;
And the villagers show with rustic pride
The quaint old well of Boleyne."

Some fifty years ago there stood at the corner near this well a small cottage, which in the old Roman Catholic times had served as a priest's house. It was tall and narrow, with carved wooden gables, and a little crooked flight of steps leading up to its door. It was occupied by a vendor of apples and fruit, who looked almost as old as her dwelling. It was a barbarous act to pull down this relic of old days.

Two fine rows of walnut-trees which adorned the churchyard were also cut down at the beginning of the present century.

The church, dedicated to All Saints, is situated on a rising ground near the centre of the village. It consists of a nave, chancel, and two aisles, the latter being separated from the nave by pillars of rude workmanship, and not uniform, which support pointed arches. Between the nave and chancel is a low embattled tower, the upper portion of which is of comparatively modern date, and supporting an "extinguisher" spire. Altogether, the church is a strange medley, with its tower in the centre blocking out the chancel. The latter is separated from the nave by a double pointed arch, which, like the tower and lower portion of the aisles, appears to have been built originally of flint and rubble stone. The oldest portion of the fabric, according to Lysons, is conjectured to have been built in the reign of Richard II. The columns in the nave are stated to have been not new when placed here, but to have originally belonged to Merton Abbey. Some of the windows are of the Tudor period, and others still later. In 1811 sundry repairs and alterations were effected in the church. A screen was erected in front of the communion-table, and a new vestry formed. Further alterations were made in 1862, when the old-fashioned pews were abolished, and open benches substituted; the "three-decker" clerk's desk, pulpit, and huge sounding board, being removed, and superseded by a new pulpit and reading-desk of more modern design. In the nave are suspended the hatchments of some of the knightly families buried here.

The monuments in this church are both nume-

rous and interesting. Sir William Scawen, with his long wig and flowing robes, his hand supported by a skull, is in himself a study. The monument, which was executed by Rysbrack, and is at the east end of the south aisle, commemorates also his wife, one of the noble Essex family of Maynard. He was a rich merchant in London, and descended from a Cornish family. He had risked nearly the whole of his fortune in the cause of William III. After he had retired from business, one day, to the astonishment of everybody, he appeared again "on 'Change," when a broker asked him if he could do any business for him. "You may," said Sir William, "get me some bills on Holland." Sir William did not despond. He went to the siege of Namur. The king, on hearing of it, sent for him and said, "Sir William, what do you here?" Sir William replied, "Sire, it matters not what becomes of me, if your majesty should return safe to England?" The king returned safe in due course of time, to Sir William's delight, and to his profit also.

Close by is a monument of black marble, supported by Ionic columns, to the memory of Sir Edmund Hoskins, Serjeant-at-law, who died in 1664. At the end of the north aisle is a massive monument of veined marble, commemorating Sir John Fellowes, Bart., and dated 1724.

In the chancel is an altar-tomb of Purbeck marble, over which, affixed against the wall, is a slab of the same material, inlaid with brass figures of Nicholas Gaynesford, his wife and children, originally eight in number. Gaynesford is represented in armour, kneeling on one knee, with his gauntlet and sword at his feet; behind him are his four sons, the eldest in armour as an esquire, the second habited as a priest, and the third and fourth as merchants. Before a desk with an open book upon it is the figure of the lady, whose head-gear was once what is known to writers on costume as a butterfly head-dress; but, alas! it has vanished. Four or more of the children likewise are gone. Nicholas Gaynesford was "sometime Esqyr for the most noble Princes Edward IV. and Henry VII.," and his wife was "one of the gentilwymmen of the most noble p'ncesses Elizabeth and Elizabeth, wyfes of the forsaid most noble p'nces kynges." Both Gaynesford and his wife died in the year 1400.

Here also is a pompous monument, celebrating a forgotten publisher, Henry Herringham, who died in 1703. Little is known about him, and his chief claim to remembrance seems to rest on the circumstance that he was the publisher of some of the poems of Dryden and Davenant.

On the chancel floor, hard by, was a brass intended to commemorate one Thomas Ellynbridge, a gentleman porter to Cardinal Morton, but, alas! the effigy is gone, though the elegant canopy still remains.

The following droll epitaph, on a tombstone near the west door, commemorates a village barber who, though very corpulent, was an active dancer:—

"Tom Humphreys lies here, by Death beguiled,
Who never did harm to man, woman, or child;
And, since without foe no man ever was known,
Poor Tom, he was nobody's foe but his own;
Lie light on him earth, for none would than he
(Though heavy his bulk) trip it lighter on thee.
Died Sept. 4, 1742, aged 44 years."

Another quaint epitaph records a former rector:—

"Under y^e middle stone that gwards y^e ashes of a certain Fryer, some time Vicar of this Place, is raked up the doste of W. Quelche, B.D., who ministered in y^e same since y^e Reformation. His lott was, through God's mercy, to byrne Incence here about 30 y^r; and ended his covrse April 10, Ano Dⁿⁱ 1654, being aged 64 years."

Then follows some Latin verse, with the following contemporary translation:—

"Those whom a two fact service here made twaine,
At length a friendly grave makes one agayne.
Happy the day that hides our sinfull iarrs,
That shvts up al our shame in Earthen barrs.
Here let vs sleepe as one till C^t y^e jvste
Shal sever both our service, faith, and dvst."

The parish registers, commencing in the year 1538, are comprised in two books, the first of which appears to have been well kept, except that, owing to the troubles of the times, it contains no entries between the years 1644 and 1651. The second volume begins in 1703, and from 1708 it has been kept with great accuracy. In the older book is an entry, under the date of March 3rd, 1569-70, referring to the celebration of the funeral here of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who had an occasional residence in the village; he was, however, actually buried in London, in the Church of St. Catherine Cree, where a monument of alabaster was erected to his memory. Sir Nicholas was celebrated both as a soldier and statesman, and acquired so much of the favour of Queen Elizabeth that the Earl of Leicester regarded him as a formidable rival, and is suspected to have hastened his death by poison, "as he died suddenly at the Earl's house, near Temple Bar, after eating a hearty supper."

There are one or two places of worship for Dissenters in the village. With its population of about five thousand souls, Carshalton is rapidly passing from the village state to the condition of a town.

At all events, it has its public hall, which is made to do duty as a Nonconformist chapel on Sundays.

A railway station on the London and Brighton line was opened here in 1868. When excavations were made for the railway through the hill on the road to Sutton, a number of relics of ancient weapons were found. They were, however, unfortunately disposed of at once by the workmen to strangers.

Stone Court, used as a rectory, north of the church, is an old mansion, shut in from the road by red-brick walls and an outer porch. The river runs through its lawn. The original mansion was pulled down about 1800; but the outer buildings, with porter's lodge, are still standing, and are occupied as a rectory. The estate appears to have belonged to Bartholomew, Lord Berghershe, who in the reign of Edward III. obtained a grant of the right of free-warren for "the whole of his demesne lands in Kersalton." It afterwards belonged to the Gaynesfords of Crowhurst, and from them was called Gaynesfords' Place. "Nicholas Gaynesford, Sheriff of Surrey in 38 Henry VI.," writes Brayley, "was a partisan of the house of York, and was appointed an Esquire of the Body to Edward IV. on his accession to the throne; but having incurred suspicion of treason against the new king, a writ was issued for the seizure of his Manor of Burghershe, alias Kersalton, and also that of Shalford Clifford, which Edward had bestowed on him. He recovered possession of the former estate, though not of the latter; and he repeatedly held the office of Sheriff of Surrey in the reigns of Edward IV. and Richard III. After the accession of Henry VII., he acquired the favour of that prince, who made him one of the Esquires of his body; and he was one of the principal attendants on the queen in her procession from the Tower to Westminster, previously to her coronation. Henry Gaynesford, who held this estate in 38 Henry VIII., alienated about 300 acres to Sir Roger Coply; he also demised the site of the Manor of Stone Court to Walter Lambard for ninety-nine years, reserving a rent of twelve pence. Lambard erected a handsome house here, which had been the property of Sir Henry Burton, and afterwards of Joseph Cator, who in 1729 sold it to Thomas Scawen, Esq.; and the trustees of his son, James Scawen, transferred it by sale to William Andrews, Esq., in 1781." The house retained the name of Gaynesfords' Place till it was pulled down as above stated.

Carshalton Park, belonging to a family named Walker, is a large white house standing in exclusive grounds, surrounded by a wall of red brick, enclosing a deer-park, which is said to be nearly two

miles round. Aubrey writes of it in 1718:—"Near the church stands a handsome old house belonging to Sir William Scawen, and behind it a fine garden, adorned with fish-ponds and reservoirs of water, also a long and pleasant walk of orange and lime trees, and a wilderness." Carshalton House, with which the name of Dr. Radcliffe is associated, "follows suit," though its area is smaller; and half a dozen of the other middle-sized mansions have aped their prouder neighbours. The village therefore wears an air of seclusion and respectability.

Carshalton House occupies the site of a residence built by the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe, the founder of the Radcliffe Library at Oxford, and it stands at the south-west end of the village, on the road towards Sutton. It is not, however, the same house which the Court physician inhabited, for that was pulled down shortly after his death by his successor in the estate, Sir James Fellowes, Bart., a man who had made money as a director of the South Sea scheme in 1724, and whose stately marble monument blocks up the east window of the north aisle of the church.

The house is a tall red-brick mansion of the Dutch type, not unlike the most ornamental parts of Kensington Palace, and three storeys high. It stands in its own grounds. When first built, after the prevailing fashion of the time, his house was much frequented by "the quality," who flocked to its owner's garden fêtes, and admired its square formal gardens and trim parterres, which they paraded "in hoops of monstrous size." It requires but a slight effort of fancy to conjure up again, in this reign of Victoria, the picture of the "garden parties" of the reign of George III.

The house has seen some changes since that day. It was the favourite suburban residence of the great Lord Hardwicke while he sat on the woolsack; here he entertained his learned brethren of the law, Lords Somers, Macclesfield, and Talbot, and most of the celebrities of his time. Lord Hardwicke held the seals from 1737 to 1756. He was the son of an attorney at Dover, and rose to the highest legal post by his own industry and merits. He was a man of unflinching integrity in a corrupt age, and scarcely any name stands higher than his as a legal authority. It is said that scarcely one of his judicial decisions was reversed on appeal.

Mr. Thorne, in his "Environs of London," draws attention to "the lofty and peculiar summer-house—like the mansion, of red brick—by the eastern wall as a relique of South Sea garden architecture;" but it scarcely differs from those in the river-side mansions about Twickenham and

Richmond. The house is a good specimen of the old English brick mansion, and has been of late years much improved by the addition of a large dining-hall, dormitories, and other buildings. The railway company took a small portion of land on the outskirts of the grounds, but fortunately left the property otherwise uninjured.

Dr. Radcliffe was not only a fashionable physician but a most eccentric character.* Towards the close of his life, finding that he wanted ease and

Men of Learning and Genius," "Lady Masham sent down for Radcliffe, who was himself confined by the gout in his stomach, and returned an answer by the messenger that 'his duty to her Majesty would oblige him to attend her had he proper means for so doing; but he judged, as matters at that time stood between him and the queen—who had taken an antipathy against him—that his presence would do more harm than good, and that since her Majesty's case was desperate and her dis-



SUTTON. (See page 207.)

retirement, he bought a house here, handing over a large portion of his town practice to Dr. Mead. At the same time he said, "I have succeeded by bullying; and you, doctor, may do the same by wheedling, mankind."

Another story is told of Dr. Radcliffe. He attended King William III. for swollen ankles; and on being asked what he thought of them, he replied, "Why, sir, I would not have your Majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms." The uncouth answer, as may be imagined, gave great offence.

"When Queen Anne lay on her death-bed," writes Watkins, in his "Characteristic Anecdotes of

temper incurable, he could not at all think it proper to give her any disturbance in her last moments, which were very near at hand, but rather an act of duty and compassion to let her Majesty die as easily as possible.' When the queen died, the doctor was censured most severely for his refusal to attend her; and so violent was party resentment against him on this account that he was threatened with assassination. The menaces which he received from anonymous correspondents filled him with such apprehensions that he could not venture to remove from his country seat; and this, with the want of his old companions, produced a melancholy that hastened his end, about two months after the death of the queen, November 1,

* See "Old and New London," Vol. V, p. 143.

1714." He was buried in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, close by the museum which bears his name. Few men have been made the subject of more good stories than Dr. Radcliffe. Among the many singularities related of him it has been noticed, that when he was in a convivial party he was unwilling to leave it, even though sent for by persons of the highest distinction. Whilst he was thus deeply engaged at a tavern, he was called on by a grenadier, who desired his immediate attend-

capacity of physician and a politician in lines headed "The Remedy Worse than the Disease":—

"I sent for Radcliffe; was so ill
That other doctors gave me over;
He felt my pulse, prescribed his pill,
And I was likely to recover.

"But when the wit began to wheeze
And wine had warmed the politician,
Cured yesterday of my disease,
I died last night of my physician."



THE "COCK" AT SUTTON, IN 1790. (See page 211.)

ance on his *colonel*; but no entreaties could prevail on the disciple of Æsculapius to postpone his sacrifice to Bacchus. "Sir," quoth the soldier, "*my orders are to bring you.*" And being a very powerful man, he took him up in his arms, and carried him off per force. After traversing some dirty lanes, the Doctor and his escort arrived at a narrow alley—"What the d—l is all this?" said Radcliffe; "your *colonel* don't live here?"—"No," said his military friend,—"no, my *colonel* does not live here, but my *comrade* does, and he's worth *two* of the *colonel*; so, doctor, if you don't do your *best* for *him* it will be the *worse* for *you*!"

Dr. Radcliffe is celebrated by Prior in the double

The house was at one time used as a preparatory school for cadets for the Royal Artillery and Engineers, under the supervision of the Lieutenant-Governor of Woolwich. For the last twenty years it has been occupied as a school by the Rev. Dr. Barratt, who has converted the orangery into a chapel.

Carshalton Park, another house standing in its own grounds close to the church, occupies doubtless the site of the original manor-house, and is still owned by the lord of the manor, a Mr. Taylor, who succeeded to this property on the death of his father, Mr. William Taylor, in 1868. It has been much modernised, and has a white front of stucco.

Of the former owners of this estate and manor we have spoken above. In the reign of George I., during the ownership of Mr. Thomas Scawen, designs for rebuilding the existing mansion on a costly and elaborate scale were made by an Italian architect of note, named Leoni. The designs, however, were never carried out; indeed, it is doubtful whether the work of rebuilding was ever commenced. The designs may be seen engraved in Leoni's edition of Leon B. Alberti's large treatise on architecture, entitled "*La Re CEdificatoria*."

At the east side of the park, looking towards Wallington, are fine iron gates of admirable work. In the park is a herd of deer, probably the descendants of some of those that once ranged over the glades of Nonsuch when it was a royal residence.

Horace Walpole, who occasionally visited at the great house, describes Carshalton, in one of his chatty letters to the Countess of Upper Ossory, July 14th, 1779, as being then "as rural a village as if in Northumberland, much watered with the clearest streams, and buried in ancient trees of Scawen's Park and the neighbouring Beddington."

In the northern part of the parish are several country seats of gentlemen. That of Culvers, formerly the residence of Mr. Samuel Gurney, M.P., is now the property of Mr. J. P. Gassiot, F.R.S., a man of high authority on fiscal and financial questions, and who has spent large sums on the promotion of natural science, and especially on meteorology.

At a short distance westward stands Leicester House, which was formerly for many years the parish workhouse. In 1841 the building was taken by the Board of Management of the Metropolitan Convalescent Asylum, and occupied by them till the year 1854, when their new asylum was opened at Walton. In that year the Royal Hospital for Incurables was established here, mainly through the exertions of Dr. Reed, who, after founding the Asylum for Fatherless Children and the Asylum for Idiots, directed his attention to the incurable. "This work, however," writes Mr. Brightling, "was beset with difficulties and disappointments, for even on the day he [Dr. Reed] went to the London Tavern to see any person who

might desire information as to the object of the proposed charity, he observes 'literally waiting on Providence, and sitting in a tavern all day—the London Tavern, my old workshop—the most important person who came to me was a place-hunter. "Well," he said, "wait, look up, and be ready." However, with faith and perseverance, all difficulties were at last overcome, and the new hospital had its first local habitation at Carshalton. 'Here,' says Dr. Reed, 'we might inscribe over the portal, "A place where health shall never come;" yet, I trust, contentment and cheerfulness may come to all; for were it possible, I would for all

"Make green again the dusty path of life,"

and seek that a good hope of the blessed life hereafter might enter into every heart.' " At the hospital each case was arranged for as it seemed to need: for one the ground-floor, for another the sunlit chamber, for all cheerful society, good books, and nourishing diet; nurses to the sick and weak, readers for the bed-ridden, &c. But the time came when the building was found to be too small to meet the demands made upon it, and the result was the transfer of the institution to its present situation, Melrose Hall, West Hill, Putney Heath.

Carshalton is a most healthy place, as we have seen. Apparently it was not visited by the Great Plague. It has also had, at all events, two centenarians—James Stroud, a farmer, said to have been 107 when he died in 1746, and Mrs. Anne Strudwick, who died at 101 in October, 1870. Its population, which in 1801 was only 237, and stood at 733 in 1871, is now a little over a thousand.

It may be mentioned, as a matter of congratulation, that a few of the old customs of "Merrie England" still linger about these parts. For instance, Mr. J. Thorne, in his "*Rambles by Rivers*" in 1844, records the fact of having lately seen little companies of village children about Beddington and Carshalton, carrying, on May Day, garlands of cowslips and other flowers woven round hoops set on the tops of poles. "Certainly," he adds, "there is no other relic of May Day near London of anything like so graceful a form."

CHAPTER XXIV.

SUTTON.

"Wide airy downs

Are health's gay walks to shepherd and to sheep."—DVER.

Situation and Boundaries of Sutton—Shepherds' Crowns—Chalk Pits—Irregular Growth of the Town—Sutton Common—Bonnell Common—Census Returns—Descent of the Manor—The Parish Church—Benhilton Church—The High Street—The "Cock" Inn—The Greyhound—Mr. Solly's Residence—The South Metropolitan District Schools—Middlesex County Lunatic Asylum—"Little Hell."

SUTTON, that is, the "South Town," was doubtless so named with reference to the ancient ecclesiastical city of Croydon, as the great wood which lies north of Croydon still bears the name of Norwood, though south of London. It lies on the high road between Croydon and Ewell, about three miles from Carshalton, which forms the eastern boundary of the parish, and on the south of it rise the Banstead Downs, Cheam forming its west and Morden its northern boundary. It is also traversed by the high road from London to Epsom, by way of Tooting and Mitcham.

Scattered over the downs all about this neighbourhood are found specimens of different kinds of echini; these, being round, are called by the villagers "shepherd's crowns."

Sutton Downs run into the Banstead Downs on the one hand and Epsom Downs on the other, and, like the two latter, are famous for the mutton they produce. There is current in the district of West Kent and East Surrey a couplet which runs thus:—

"Sutton for mutton, Kirby for beef,
Mitcham for lavender, and Dartford for a thief."

The road from Carshalton to Sutton is thus described by the author of Unwin's "Guide to Croydon and the North Downs":—"Between this village and Sutton the ground continues to rise, and deep chalk-pits on either hand show the rambler the depth (yet only a part of the depth) of the cretaceous formation of the spur of the North Downs over which he is passing. The largest and deepest of these excavations is on the left hand, and at this point the road resembles a causeway across a ravine, only a wooden railing and some brambles being between the road and a perpendicular descent of probably forty feet on both sides. Sutton . . . shows quite an efflorescence of villas of the London suburban class, and the rambler tramps on, thankful that most of them are nearer to the railway than to the high road, unless the summer heat and the fine white dust which he has been inhaling for the last mile or two should suggest the desirability of a glass of ale at the 'Cock,' a famous house in the old post-ing days."

Since the year 1845, when the railway was opened, a great alteration has taken place in the appearance of Sutton; it is, however, still pretty and irregular, but very new and very scattered, and by the help of the local builders, and of a profusion of shops, villas, and terraces, scattered in every direction—houses, gardens, and cottages all pell mell—and at every possible elevation, it is gradually approaching to the dignity of a modern town. It will soon have its town hall; it already has its library and public rooms, its board schools, churches and chapels, and a local newspaper (jointly with Epsom and Croydon).

The surface of the ground, both in the town and its immediate neighbourhood, is very irregular, and the place has long been celebrated for its chalk-pits; indeed, it is asserted that the chalk used in the building of St. Paul's cathedral was procured from a large pit near the station. The land round about is chiefly open, with extensive downs, on which large numbers of sheep are fed. The soil in the northern part is clay, and in the south chalk, with an intervening narrow tract of sand.

From Brayley's "Surrey" we learn that Sutton Common has been enclosed since 1810. "A portion of it," the author observes, "was then sold to the highest bidder, and the proceeds are annually applied to the purchase of coals, and distributed amongst the poor housekeepers, in compensation for their loss of common rights. Bonnell Common, in this parish, is let for the breeding and preservation of game, but the copyholders have the privilege of cutting bushes thereon from Michaelmas to March."

At the last survey of the parish the area was estimated at 1,835 acres. In 1835 the population numbered only about 1,100; in 1861 it had reached nearly 3,200; during the next decade the number had increased to over 8,000; and according to the census returns for 1881 the number may now be estimated at about 9,000.

"Nestling amid the 'glorious hills' of Surrey," grandiloquently writes the author of Church's "Illustrated Sutton," "it is probably the most favourably located township in the south of England. Sufficiently removed from the metropolis to

preserve unimpaired all its rural characteristics, it is yet close enough to suit the requirements of those who have to transact business in the great city. Indeed, as a suburban residence, it is admittedly one of the most agreeable and convenient in the neighbourhood of London. The surrounding country is very attractive. The eye of the true lover of Nature delights to dwell on a landscape in which hill and dale, wood and water, are picturesquely diversified, and his satisfaction is not lessened by any gruesome reflection that beneath this mask of beauty lie hidden, in occult and treacherous concealment, the insidious germs of disease and death. On the contrary, Sutton enjoys the inestimable advantage of being unusually salubrious. Its pure air, at once soft and bracing, is eminently promotive of health, and the soil is equally favourable to excellent hygienic conditions."

Sutton has little or no literary history. The earliest mention of the place is stated to be in connection with Chertsey Abbey, of which the abbot and convent held the manor before the Conquest. The "Domesday Book" record of the same is as follows:—"The Abbey holds *Sudtone*. In the time of King Edward it was assessed at 30 hides; now at 8½ hides. The arable land amounts to 15 carucates. There are 2 carucates in the demesne, twenty-one villans, and four cottars, with 13 carucates. There are two churches and two bondmen, and 2 acres of meadow. The wood yields ten swine. In the time of King Edward it was valued at £20; now at £15." Thus, then, it would appear that in those far-off days the value of the manor was rather on the decrease than improving; and in spite of its scanty population there were "two churches and two bondmen." "This reference to two churches," it has been observed, "has much puzzled chroniclers. Some have suggested that Sutton and Cheam may originally have formed one parish, but this cannot have been the case *then*, since the same 'Domesday Book' gives a full account of Cheam Manor and Church, the former belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury. No traces of any other than the present are now to be found, nor does Brayley, or Manning, or Lysons, speak of any."

The Manor of Sutton, sometimes called Sutton Abbot, continued for many years in the hands of its monastic proprietors, who, we are told, as "lords of the fee," had a right to erect "a gallows, a pillory, and a cucking-stool." In 1538 the Manors of Sutton, Epsom, Coulsdon, and Horley, were "purchased" of the Abbot of

Chertsey by Henry VIII., who, in the same year, granted them to one of his courtiers, Sir Nicholas Carew, of Beddington. As to whether the terms of the "purchase" were such as to satisfy the worthy abbot, or whether the disposal of his right in the manor was altogether a voluntary act on his part, history is silent; but in view of the ordinary procedure of the "royal tyrant" as regards religious houses, "it is not improbable that the abbot, making a merit of necessity, was content to accept a slender consideration to avoid the more disagreeable alternative of absolute confiscation." The manor appears to have remained in the hands of the Carew family only a short time, for on the attainder of Sir Nicholas it escheated to the Crown. It was, however, subsequently re-granted to that noble family, and was given by Sir Francis Carew to his grand-nephew, Sir Robert D'Arcy, who died in 1625. John Evelyn records in October, 1632, a visit which he paid to Lady D'Arcy at Sutton, on his way between Beddington and his brother's home at Wootton. Lady D'Arcy was the mother of the gentleman who married Evelyn's sister.

The manor must have again reverted to the Crown, for in 1663 Charles II. granted it, together with the advowson of the church, to Jerome Weston, Earl of Portland, whose brother and ultimate successor, Thomas, in 1669, sold Sutton to Sir Robert Long, from whom it was shortly after purchased by Sir Richard Mason. He died in 1685, leaving two daughters his co-heiresses, one of whom by marriage conveyed the property to the family of Brownlowe; and in 1716 Sir John Brownlowe sold it to Captain Henry Cliffe, of the East India Company's service. His second son, Henry, who had inherited the manorial property on the death of his elder brother, left at his decease, in 1761, an only daughter and heiress, Margaretta Eleynora, who conveyed it in marriage to Mr. Thomas Hatch, of New Windsor. That gentleman died in the year 1822, and was succeeded by his son, the Rev. Thomas Hatch, some time Rector of Walton-on-Thames, the late lord, and also the patron of the church, the advowson having generally gone with the manor.

In 1845 (the same year in which the railway was opened), as we learn from the local guide above quoted, "the manor was acquired by Thomas Alcock, Esq., and from that date a great change in the prospects of Sutton began to be apparent. At the commencement of the eighteenth century Epsom rose to its greatest fame for its medicinal waters, and became the resort of Queen Anne and the nobility; and when, at the close of

the same century, Brighton became a place of fashionable resort, Sutton was lively with traffic. Within the memory of many of the older inhabitants now living, more than twenty coaches were to be seen going up or down in a day, besides the heavier traffic of carriers' waggons, many of which carried loads of mackerel in season to the metropolis. But with the advent, in the year stated, of railway communications, those elements of traffic and activity were substituted for others of a more important character. Enterprise received a new impulse. Mr. Alcock recognised the altered conditions. He immediately laid out a large portion of the parish with good roads, and re-sold parcels of land to the National Freehold, the Perpetual, the Government Clerks, and other land and investment societies, under whose operation private individuals were enabled to become the owners of freeholds in their own rights." Mr. Alcock not only thus materially contributed to give to Sutton its modern reputation as a suburban place of residence, but subscribed largely towards the cost of rebuilding the parish church, and was at the expense of building and endowing a church and schools in the adjacent district of Benhilton. Before his death, which occurred in 1865, the whole of Mr. Alcock's Sutton estate had been disposed of for building purposes.

It may be mentioned here that a canal joining the Wey and the Arun passes through Sutton, but its traffic has much declined since the introduction of railways.

The parish church, dedicated to St. Nicholas, was rebuilt in 1864, at a cost of about £6,000. Its predecessor, a much smaller building, is described by Brayley, in 1800, as "a small structure, consisting of a nave and chancel, only 60 feet in length and 36½ feet in breadth." "The chancel," he adds, "is raised three steps. A wooden tower at the west end was taken down many years ago, and its place supplied with a square embattled one of brick, in which are two bells."

When Hone visited Sutton, in 1831, he saw the old church standing in all its unrestored charm, and on entering, found it "upholden in wondrous good repair," for that period at least, "and not barren of remarkables." Amongst these, the first object that arrested his attention was "Dame Dorothy Brownlow's gorgeous marble monument beside the altar." "She is represented," he continues, "in a recumbent posture, with three sorrowing infants about her and four cherubs above, in a sort of dish of hasty pudding, garnished with slices of gilt gingerbread." He mentions that on the north wall there was formerly an inscription, soliciting the prayers of the faithful for the repose of the

soul of William Foul, and Alice, his mother; but, alas! it had already gone the way of all monuments. Lysons, in his account of the church (1792), gives the inscription thus:—

"PRI. PUR. WILLEM. FOUL. ALICIE. MAT. . . . ILLIS,"

which he takes to mean, "Pray for William Foul, and Alice, his mother," though there is great doubt as to the fourth word. There is now no trace of this inscription; and Brayley and Britton state that the window referred to had been removed some years ago, and a larger one fixed in its place.

The present church, which was built from the designs of Mr. Edwin Nash, is about double the size of its predecessor, and in the Gothic style, with the exception of the spire, which is scarcely in harmony with the other parts of the structure. The walls are of flint, with stone dressings, and at the west end is a square tower, surmounted by a shingled spire, the high-pitched red-tiled roofs contrasting prettily with the dark flint walls and white stone dressings. The building consists of a nave, aisles, and chancel, the latter being separated from the nave by a semi-screen of light and ornamental iron-work, partially painted and gilded, between pillars of polished Cornish marble. The reredos, of alabaster and stone, is carved with a design taken from the vision of the Apocalypse. The church contains some handsome monuments, especially to the Talbot family, who resided in this neighbourhood and that of Dorking. There is also a handsome monument to Lady Dorothy Brownlowe, "wife of Sir William Brownlowe, of Belton, in the county of Lincoln, Bart., eldest daughter and co-heiress of Sir Richard Mason, knight, and Clerk Controller of the Green Cloth to King Charles and James II., and of Dame Ann, his wife," who died in 1699-70. The monument of William, Earl Talbot, son of the Lord Chancellor, and High Steward of the Household, who died in 1782, consists of a pyramid of black marble, with the armorial bearings of the Talbot family in white, together with the motto, "Humani nihil alienum." Isaac Littlebury, the translator of Herodotus, was buried here in 1710, and is commemorated by a tablet. He was a "son of Mr. Thomas Littlebury, the famous bookseller of Little Britain." In the north aisle is a tablet to the memory of Thomas Newte, the author of a work entitled, "Prospects and Observations on a Tour in England and Scotland." In the south-west corner of the churchyard is a monument to James Gibson, a citizen of London. It is an enormous rude mass of Portland stone, with rustic work at the corners and an urn at the top.

Mrs. Mary Gibson, who died in 1773, left certain sums of money to the minister of Sutton for preaching of a sermon annually on the 12th of August, to the clerk of the parish, the churchwardens, and for distribution among the poor on that day, "on condition of their attending to the monument and family vault of the Gibsons, and seeing that it is kept in order by the governors and guardians of Christ's Hospital."

Among the rectors of this parish may be men-

and was restored to this parish by Mr. William Wyche, son to the said Henry, at the intercession of me, William Stephens, now rector of Sutton." Mr. Stephens distinguished himself on various occasions as a political writer against the court. "In 1707 he published a letter to the author of the 'Memorial of the Church of England,' reflecting upon Secretary Harley and the Duke of Marlborough, for which he was indicted, fined 100 marks, sentenced to stand twice in the pillory, and



BANSTEAD DOWNS. (See page 214.)

tioned Henry Wyche and William Stephens. Concerning the former, the following entry occurs in the Parish Register:—"10 June, 1636, Henry Wyche, being a Non Regent Maister of Arts in the University of Cambridge, was inducted by Thomas Pope into the Rectory of Sutton, June 10, an. dom. 1636, after a resignation made of the same rectory by Joseph Glover, who was much beloved of most, if not of all, and his departure lamented by most, if not of all." With reference to Stephens, Lysons, in his "Environs," says that in the first leaf of the old register is the following remarkable entry:—"7 May, 1703, Mem., that this register of Sutton was carried away into Lincolnshire by Mrs. Wyche, widow of Mr. Henry Wyche, rector of this parish,

and find sureties for his good behaviour for twelve months. The pillory was remitted, but not till he had been taken to a public-house at Charing Cross, and seen it prepared for him."

The parish is fairly rich in endowments and local charities.

Such has been the rapid growth of Sutton within the last few years, that a new ecclesiastical district was formed in 1863, in the north-east suburb of the town, called the parish of Benhilton. The district was formerly known as Bon Hill, Been Hill, and Ben Hill, and stretches away westward, over what was once Sutton Common, but was long ago enclosed and divided. Benhill Town, or, as it is now styled, Benhilton, consists of rows of villas and

groups of houses, with the usual admixture of shops, schools, and inns. The church, dedicated to All Saints, was built in 1865, from the designs of Mr. S. Teulon, and in the Early Decorated style. Its situation is lofty and imposing, and it is really a fine modern reproduction of a mediæval parish church. It is constructed of flint and stone in courses, and consists of a tower, nave, and chancel, with north and south aisles. A stained glass window in the chancel was placed there by a subscription of the inhabitants of Sutton and others, in memory of

introduction of railways, and a tinted engraving of it by Allen, from a drawing by Rowlandson, was published in 1790 by Messrs. Robinsons, of Pater-noster Row; a copy of it hangs upon the walls here. The very sign of the old hostelry, as the writer of the local "Guide" observes, is suggestive of "a connection with former days, when cock-fighting was a favourite sport with Londoners, and Sutton not improbably a common resort for it. This inn," continues our author, "was in years gone by a very famous posting-house, and a resting-place for



BANSTEAD CHURCH. (See page 217.)

Mr. Thomas Alcock, M.P., who endowed the church. Close by are schools and a parsonage, which, together with the church, form a pretty architectural group. The village green by the road-side, adorned with rows of fine elms, is laid out as a recreation-ground.

The high street of Sutton is spanned by the signs of two inns, the "Cock" and the "Greyhound"; the former is an old-fashioned hostelry, well known to all people who have driven to Epsom, being the last place for baiting on the way to the course, and the first halting-place on the way home. The sight in front of this house on the "Derby" and "Oaks" days is one worth going a long journey to see.

The "Cock at Sutton" was a famous posting-house for the Brighton stage coaches, before the

princes and noblemen on their road to Brighton. . . . The turnpike gate formerly stood just in front of this house, at the corner of the cross-roads; and one of the latter keepers—who is yet (1880) hale and hearty—relates a meeting of TWO KINGS at this spot, which occurred in this way: 'Admiral King was then living at Sutton Court, and having served in the same glorious service as his Majesty William the Fourth, took the opportunity of paying his respects to the king on his way to Brighton; and during the change of horses, a pleasant chat ensued, and was followed by a hearty grip of the hand.' Here is still preserved the china tea-service used by George IV. on the occasion of his visits. It is marked "Rockingham Works, Brameld, manufacturer to the king." It is stated that his

Majesty was fond of a cup of tea after his lunch, and while the horses were being baited.

Jackson, the pugilist, who has a pompous epitaph on his grave at Brompton, kept this inn for a few years; and, being patronised by the Prince of Wales and a great many of the leading members of the sporting nobility and gentry, he was able in a short time to retire with a fortune of some £10,000 well secured in the Funds.

The "Cock" was a very early and very common sign, and often is found close to the church, the sign being a repetition below of the vane on the top of the tower or spire. It is thus mentioned in the "Armourie of Birds," a quaint poem of the age of Henry VIII., and ascribed to Skelton, the poet laureate:—

"The cock dyd say,
I use alway
To crow both first and last.
Like a 'postle I am,
For I preche to man
And tell hym the nyght is past."

The "Greyhound," also a well-known old posting-house for pleasure-takers on their Epsom and Box Hill trips, has lost its old-fashioned appearance, having been rebuilt more in accordance with the fashion of the times about ten years ago.

The sign of this inn, like that of the "Greyhound," at Croydon, no doubt points to the coursing meetings which are held in these districts. It is strange that Larwood, in his "History of Signboards," speaks of the "Greyhound" as a common sign in the north of England, but omits all mention of it in connection with the Surrey downs.

Mr. Edward Solly, F.R.S., the well-known correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, a constant contributor to antiquarian literature, lives on the outskirts of this town, on the Cheam road. His house, which he has named after Camden, is full of old prints, portraits, &c., and has a well-arranged library of 30,000 volumes, for which he has built a separate wing.

Outside the town, on the road to Banstead and Epsom, are the South Metropolitan District Schools, for pauper children from seventeen parishes in the east and south-east of London, who are trained and educated for industrial pursuits. The schools, which were commenced in 1852, and opened in 1855, have been since enlarged, by the addition of a junior and infant department and a new chapel. The schools will accommodate about 1,800 children, the average number on the books being about 1,500. They

are approached from the high road by a drive through fields forming part of a farm of some seventy or eighty acres, attached to the institution. One block of buildings is set apart for the separate use of the younger children; and a probationary ward is provided, by means of which the pauper children sent by the metropolitan unions of Greenwich, St. Olave's, Camberwell, and Woolwich (by whose joint contributions the schools are maintained) are placed in a species of quarantine before they are drafted into the various parts of the building, or permitted to mix with the inmates. As well as school-rooms for strictly educational purposes, there is a large room for play in wet weather; also a good swimming-bath, and shops for industrial operations. The occupations taught in these schools include shoemaking, tailoring, carpentry, painting, gardening, &c. Some of the more intelligent children are trained as pupil-teachers, and ultimately become schoolmasters. The band is one of the principal features of the school, and perhaps the most satisfactory from a ratepayer's point of view. The playing of the band not only gives pleasure to the children and a tone to the school, but is an assistance to the drill-master in teaching the boys to march, and when the band boys leave the school and go into the military bands, their education, both musical and scholastic, is still going on. They are obliged to remain in the army a certain number of years after they reach eighteen, by which time they have generally become, if not excellent musicians, at least good members of society, with well-formed habits of cleanliness and discipline. That many do become good musicians will be patent from the fact that at the present time there are in the army five bandmasters who were formerly boys in this school, and others in training for the same honourable position.

Indiscriminate almsgiving is a thing generally to be condemned, but if ever the thoughtless throwing of coppers can be justified, it is on occasions such as are to be witnessed at these schools on the Derby and Oaks days. The children line the boundary hedges of the schools, which faces the high road to Epsom Downs, and, excited by the playing of their band, and by the unusual sight of so many passing vehicles, cheer as only youngsters can, when the occupants of the carriages, vans, carts, &c. (with that feeling said to be characteristic of John Bull when he wishes to exhibit either pleasure or interest), put their hands in their pockets and throw out coin, generally without any thought of what becomes of it; and it will perhaps astonish the reader to learn

that from ninety to one hundred and thirty pounds are thus collected. With this money treats are furnished to the children, which no guardian of the poor would think of allowing them at the expense of the ratepayers. They have a day at the Crystal Palace in the summer; for the infants, who are too young to be taken to the Palace, a conjuror, Punch and Judy, and such like entertainments; and in January a musical and dramatic entertainment is given, the preparations for which help to break the monotony of the long dreary winter.

On the rising downs to the south of the town stands one of the Middlesex County Lunatic Asylums, and although actually situated on Sutton Downs, is commonly known as Banstead Lunatic Asylum. The building was opened in 1877. It covers, with its outlying grounds, an area of 100 acres, and will accommodate nearly 2,000 patients. This asylum is intended for pauper lunatics chronically insane. The inmates are drafted hither from Hanwell, Colney Hatch, and other lunatic asylums, and before their admission are subjected to re-examination, and reported upon to the Lunacy Commissioners. This is obviously an additional safeguard against neglect or any possible error of judgment.

The asylum is constructed of white brick, and consists of eleven blocks. In the centre rise the offices of the administrative department, while on either side of them extend long blocks of buildings placed in parallel lines, each of which holds 160 patients; and there is also hospital accommodation for nearly 200. Within the building is a chapel, where service is held twice a day, the salutary effect of such services, apart from their religious value, being now recognised by all who undertake the cure of the insane. There are also open and covered recreation-grounds, a cricket-field, and other facilities for out-door exercise. Where convenient, both male and female patients are engaged in suitable employments, and the hours of each day are so relieved of the unwholesome and depressing tedium of an idle existence. A farm of nearly 100 acres is attached to the asylum.

Concerning this institution, the author of "Church's Illustrated Sutton" writes:—"The eminent and skilled medical psychologists placed over this institution have classified all the patients; and epileptics are placed, both night and day, under special supervision. The causes of insanity in such an establishment are, of course, too numerous and complicated to admit of specific or detailed mention. Broadly, however, the causes of insanity are classified at Banstead as primary and secondary—or predisposing and exciting, or

physical and moral; and before pronouncing as to the condition of the patients, the physician is expected to form an accurate opinion on these points. In a great number of cases hereditary taint exists; not a few patients suffer in consequence of physical defects in the parents; and drunkenness, resulting in brain disease, makes a very considerable contribution. The particulars of a visit are thus described:—"Many lunatics have figured in the police-courts, such as burglars, prostitutes, and the like; and it is a fact that many of the criminal classes are imbecile and insane, which conditions lead to their commission of all sorts of crimes. Here, as may readily be imagined, is no sort of restraint; the treatment is in accordance with all the newest and most approved theories. The patients are treated with the utmost kindness and consideration, and many of them seem anxious to evince their good-will by entering into animated conversation: one old German expressing his thanks in a thoroughly sane and sensible manner for ink and paper, the latter covered with writing of almost microscopic minuteness, and crossed in a most marvellous manner. Some of the patients suffering from delusional insanity certainly imbibe the most extraordinary hallucinations. It is curious that grandiose ideas, utterly unrealisable, form one of the commonest symptoms of what is known as general paralysis; and as a patient possessed with such naturally aims at the highest position in the land, it is not surprising to hear that there are six queens at Banstead, all of whom are firmly possessed with the idea that they ought to be on the throne of England. A male patient talked, as it seemed, in a most sensible manner for some time, with a flow of language that many a member of the House of Commons would be thankful to command, but wandered off at the end into some vague statements concerning the evil that had been wrought him by certain gentlemen of title in the land. Another male patient, who in truth seemed scarcely more mad than a good many people outside asylums, stated his belief in his power to call down thunder and tempest from heaven; nor, indeed, were the claims he put forth in sober and quiet language one whit more monstrous than the pretensions of the so-called spiritualists. Many more examples might be given, but these will suffice."

"Not far from Sutton," writes Mr. M. Tupper, "is a place positively marked in the maps as 'Little Hell!' It is astonishing," he remarks, "that native patriotism has not risen in wrath to wipe off so odious an appellation." I have not been able to fix its exact locality.

CHAPTER XXV.

BANSTEAD, WOODMANSTERNE, AND COULSDON.

"I point to Banstead Down,
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own."—POPE.

Situation and General Appearance of Banstead—The View from the Downs—The Downs Famous for Sheep-farming—Geology of the Downs—Roman Coins, &c., found here—Pepys' Notices of Banstead Downs—Races held here in the 17th Century—The Attraction of the Downs Two Centuries ago—Descent of the Manor of Banstead—Tadworth—Banstead House—Cold Blow Cottage—North House—The Village of Banstead—The Parish Church—Walton-on-the-Hill—Walton Place—The Church—Discovery of a Roman Villa—Woodmansterne—The Church—"The Oaks"—General Burgoyne—His Elopement with Lady Charlotte Stanley—*A Fête Champêtre*—Lord Derby a Resident here—Coulston—The Common—The Church—The Manor—The Bourne Rivulet.

BANSTEAD stands on the windiest point of the windy North Downs—so styled with reference to Sussex—which here nearly reach their highest point. It is, indeed, "a place of prospects." Standing somewhat below the church, the eye has an unimpeded view of a great stretch of country round nearly three-parts of the horizon. In the foreground is the Sutton Lunatic Asylum above described, with its extensive and attractive ranges of buildings, while farther off the eye is caught by the glittering roof and full single tower of the Crystal Palace.

From these downs the view northward is very extensive and beautiful, the pretty church and village of Cheam forming a conspicuous object on the left, over which the prospect extends as far as Hampstead, the heights of Norwood and Sydenham being visible on the right.

Here we may exclaim with Mr. Martin Tupper, an enthusiastic lover of his adopted county, "where are finer panoramic views to be found than those presented by the heaven-kissing hills of Leith and Box, St. Martha's and St. Ann's, Cooper's and St. George's, and Woodmansterne, and chiefly Richmond? Match us where you can the chestnuts, oaks, and beeches of Surrey, the Surrey of 'Sylvan' Evelyn!" "Though in truth we have in pleasant Surrey our share of barrenness and desolation, in many a broad strip of moorland," he writes, "still, how fair and fresh are our downs and healthy and far-stretching lines of hill! how rich and Eden-like our valleys! how stately our ancestral woods! how trim our cottage-gardens! how fertile our soil in grain and roots and luscious fruits! how various in all kinds of beauty and of interest is Surrey!"

On the magnificent sweep of downs it would be strange indeed not to meet with an encampment of the gipsies, parties of which still linger where they were formerly so numerous. The downs hereabouts have long been famous sheep-walks, and for the excellent herbage which they afford for the sheep, which are highly prized for the delicate flavour of the mutton; indeed, the quality

of the mutton produced here has become proverbial—

"Wide airy downs
Are health's gay walks to shepherd and to sheep."

So writes, or sings, Dyer, the author of "The Fleece," a didactic poem, cast somewhat in the style of Virgil's "Georgics," and now forgotten in this frivolous and sensational age. In a few pointed lines he touches on their leading features and geological formation. Thus he writes:—

"All arid soils with sand or chalky flint,
Or shells diluvian mingled; and the turf
That mantles over rocks of brittle stone
Be thy regard; and where low-tufted broom,
Or box, or berried juniper arise,
Or the tall growth of glossy-rinded beech;
And where the burrowing rabbit turns the dust,
And where the dappled deer delights to bound:
Such are the Downs of Banstead, edged with wood
And towery villas."

Banstead is not unknown to the antiquarian world; like Wallington, it would seem to have been inhabited under the Roman occupation. At all events, John Evelyn writes thus in his "Diary," under date September 27th, 1658:—"Riding over these Downes, and discoursing with the shepherds, I found that on digging about the bottom, neere Sir Christopher Buckle's, neare Bansted, divers medails have been found, both copper and silver, with foundations of houses, urns, &c. Here, indeede, anciently stood," he adds, "a City of the Romans; see Antonine's 'Itinerary.'"

It may be added here that the house occupied by Sir C. Buckle stood near the Roman road which led from Chichester through Sussex into Surrey, which passed through Ockley and Dorking churchyard. Considerable remains of a Roman building have been found at Walton Heath, a little to the south of this house. Pepys shows that these downs were in his day a solitude. He writes in his "Diary" at Epsom, in July, 1667:—"I walked up on the Downes, where a flock of sheep was, and the most pleasant and innocent sight that I ever saw in my life. We found a shepherd and his little boy reading, far from any houses or sight of

people, the Bible to him ; and we took notice of his woolen knitted stockings of two colours mixed." This picture of Arcadian peace and innocence, it would seem, almost persuaded the jaded old Londoner to resolve to embrace a country life ; but the fit passed off.

"In reading the older references to Banstead Downs," observes Mr. James Thorne, in his "Environs of London," "it must be borne in mind that much of what are now called the Epsom Downs were then included under that designation." Pepys mentions an intention in July, 1663, of going to Banstead Downes "to see a famous race." So at that time the races had not taken the name by which they are now known over the world. Something occurred to prevent his getting in time for the race, so he resolved instead to go to Epsom itself, where we shall find him. He writes :—"The towne-talk this day is of nothing but the foot-race run this day on Banstead Downes, between Lee, the Duke of Richmond's footman, and a tyler, a famous runner. And Lee hath beat him ; though the King and Duke of York and all men instead did bet three or four to one upon the tyler's head."

On another occasion Pepys tells us that the race was put off "because the Lords do set in Parliament to-day." This is the reverse of what now takes place in Parliament on the Derby Day.

The *London Gazette*, No. 3,414 (August, 1698), contains the following advertisement with reference to the races which then took place here :—"Banstead Downs Plate, of £20 value, will be run for on the 24th inst., being Bartholomew Day. Any horse may run for the said Plate that shall be at Carshalton, Barrowes-hedges, or some of the Contributors' Stables 14 days before the Plate-day."

Even two hundred years ago it would seem that the London citizens had found out the attractions of this open range of hills, for Prior writes :—

"So merchant has his house in town
And country seat near Banstead Down ;
From one he dates his foreign letters,
Sends out his goods, and duns his debtors ;
In t'other, at his hours of leisure,
He smokes his pipe and takes his pleasure."

John Hookham Frere was fond of this neighbourhood. He playfully suggests in one of his poems that it would be a treat for himself and his wife to pass a week—

"In a nice airy lodging out of town,
At Croydon, Epsom, anywhere in Surrey."

And if her stock of annual shrubs should be low, he writes :—

"On Banstead Downs you'd muster a new stock."

The Manor of Banstead is thus described in "Domesday Book," which places it in "Walestone hundred" :—"Richard [de Tonbridge] holds *Benestede* of the Bishop [of Bayeux] Alnod, or Alnoth, held it of King Edward : it was then assessed at 29 hides ; now at 9½ hides. The arable land amounts to 16 carucates. There are 2 carucates in demesne, and 28 villains and 15 cottars, with 15 carucates. There is a church and seven bondmen, and a mill of 20s. The wood yields twenty swine. In Southwark one house, valued at 40d., belongs to this manor ; and Alnoth held a mansion in London pertaining to the demesne, which Adam Fitz-Hubert now holds of the Bishop. The whole manor, in the time of King Edward, was valued at £10 ; subsequently, at 100s. ; now at £8. Goisfrid holds under Richard 5 hides of this manor, Ralph 2 hides, and Ulsi 2 hides ; the whole worth £6 10s."

From Brayley's "History of Surrey" we gather the following particulars concerning the Manor of Banstead and its several owners :—"In or before the reign of Henry I. this manor appears to have passed from Richard de Tonbridge to Tirel de Maniers, ancestor of the ducal family of Manners, who gave the church of Benestede to the Priory of St. Mary Overy. His daughter married William Fitz-Patrick, Earl of Salisbury, who held this estate, and bestowed it, with his daughter in marriage, on Nigel de Mowbray, whose son and successor, William, was one of the barons that opposed King John. On the defeat of his party he incurred the forfeiture of his estates by Henry III. ; but having recovered them through the influence of Hubert de Burgh, the chief minister of the young king, he surrendered to him the manor of Banstead, probably as the price of his patronage. Hubert, for a while all-powerful, at length fell into disgrace, and narrowly escaped destruction from his great rival and adversary, Peter des Roches, Bishop of Winchester. But he was ultimately pardoned, and his estates, seized by the officers of the Crown, were restored, under the authority of a writ dated 17 Henry III. The ex-minister then retired to Banstead, and erected a castellated mansion at the east end of the churchyard, where, according to Manning, is, or was, a pit in a field, said to have been the cellar belonging to the residence of Earl Hubert. The fee of this manor was transferred to the king by John de Burgh, son and heir of Hubert, together with several other manors in different counties ; but at the same time De Burgh obtained a grant for life of the custody of the Tower of London, with its appurtenances, the Castle of Colchester, and the Hundred of Tenring.

"The manor of Banstead, with the park and other appurtenances, thus became vested in the Crown; and various grants were made from time to time of this estate to Margaret, the second wife of Edward I., Philippa, consort of Edward III., and other persons, by successive kings of England, until at length Henry VIII., in the beginning of his reign, settled it for life on the Princess Catharine of Arragon, then his brother's widow. She granted a lease of it to Sir Nicholas Carew,

this parish the following manors, or presumed manors:—Bergh, Great Burrough, or West Burrough; East Bergh, Little Bergh, or Little Burrough; Preston; North Tadworth; South Tadworth; and Perrotts.

The Manor of South Tadworth, or Tadworth Court, would appear to be one of some importance, seeing that it is thus noticed in the Domesday Survey:—"William de Braiose holds Tadorne, and Holsart holds it of him. Godtovi (or Goltovi)



"THE OAKS," IN 1840.

of Beddington, to whom the king gave the fee-simple of the estate." The disgrace and death of this once favourite courtier, with the forfeiture of his lands and tenements, and their restoration to his son, Sir Francis Carew, by Queen Mary, have been related in our account of Beddington.* The Manor of Banstead descended with the Beddington property to Sir Nicholas Hacket Carew. It afterwards passed into the hands of the Fries, Spencers, and Alcocks. It subsequently became, by purchase, the property of Sir John Cradock Hartopp, the present owner.

Besides the principal manor, there are also in

held it of Earl Harold, and he could remove at pleasure. It was then assessed at 5 hides; now at half a hide. The arable land amounts to 3 carucates. One carucate is in demesne; and there are two villains and five bordars with 1 carucate. The wood yields three swine. In the time of King Edward it was valued at 100s., afterwards at 20s., now at 45s." Early in the reign of Edward I. South Tadworth was among the possessions of the prior and convent of Merton, but it is uncertain when or in what manner they acquired it. After the suppression of religious houses it remained vested in the Crown till 1554, when Edward Hesenden obtained a grant of the estate to himself and his heirs.

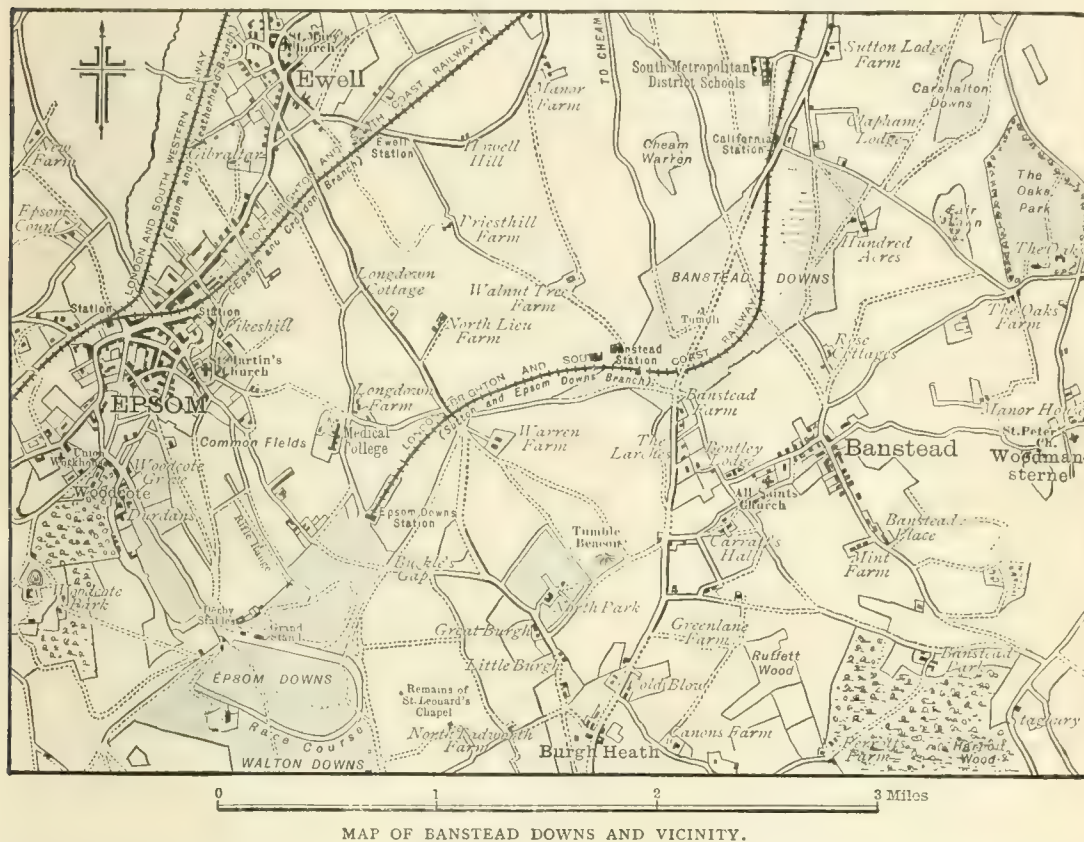
* See *ante*, p. 188.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century it was owned by Mr. Leonard Wessell, who erected the mansion called Tadworth Court, on the northern border of Walton Heath, but within the parish of Banstead. After repeated changes the property was sold, in 1776, to the family of the Hudsons, who still reside there.

There are in the vicinity many other pleasant seats, among which may be mentioned Banstead House, the residence of the Lamberts, about a

dismissed by Mr. Martin Tupper as being "fair-prospected, but unhistoric." It is perhaps well to remember that there may be country seats as well as countries whose annals are all the happier for being a blank.

The village of Banstead consists chiefly of one short straggling street, and presents a neat and cleanly appearance. It stands high, being some 550 feet above the sea-level, on a patch of Thanet sand overlying the chalk. Water has to be



MAP OF BANSTEAD DOWNS AND VICINITY.

mile south-east of the church. This mansion was much altered in appearance a few years ago by Mr. Thomas Maudesley, the well-known engineer, who died here in 1864. Cold Blow Cottage was long the home of General Sir Edward Howorth. Nork House, the seat of the Earl of Egmont, in the south-west part of the parish, is a fine mansion, dating from the middle of the last century, but since much altered. It stands in a small, but picturesque, park, and the gardens are much admired. It came to him from his grandfather, Lord Arden, who purchased the estate towards the end of the last century. Nork House consists of a long central front with projecting wings, in one of which is a chapel. This mansion is curiously

procured from a great depth, the wells mostly passing through upwards of 300 feet before reaching a spring.

The charities to the poor of the parish amount to about £80 annually. The parish church, at the western end of the village, is dedicated to All Saints, and is a stone and flint building in the pointed Gothic style, with two very remarkable porches. At the western end is a low tower surmounted by a shingled spire, which, from the loftiness of the site, serves as a landmark for miles round. This spire has been for many years an object of rural satire as being out of the perpendicular. In Essex it would have been laughed at as being "all on one side, like Takeley Street."

There is a view of it in the unrestored condition in Hone's "Year Book" (p. 552). The spire is noticeably out of character and proportion with the rest of the building, being far too small for the church. In the churchyard are numerous monuments, of which the most remarkable is that of Sir Henry Muggeridge, Sheriff of London in 1854. The interior of the church consists of nave, aisles, chancel, and choir. On the wall of the south aisle is a tablet inscribed as follows:—"Here lyeth interred the body of Ruth Brett, the late wife of George Brett, citizen and goldsmith of London, and daughter of Mr. Edward Lambert of this parish. Shee departed this lyfe the sixt day of November, 1647." Then comes a piece of the usual doggrel enumeration of all the virtues which tombs generally claim for their inhabitants. Close to it is a memorial to Sir Daniel Lambert, of this parish, whose family was one of the most important in Banstead. The church was "restored" in 1867.

A little to the south is Walton-on-the-Hill, so called from its situation on the high ground forming a continuation of Banstead Downs, and to distinguish it from Kingston-on-Thames. The village itself lies just across the border of our circuit, but as a portion of the parish is included within the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Police, it must not be altogether passed over by us. It is not a little singular, as a glance at the map will show, that the limits of the Metropolitan Police jurisdiction extend here further from London than at any other point, seeing that the parish contains but few inhabitants, the whole district being either heath-land or dotted over with country seats. The village is picturesquely situated on an eminence away from the high road—a continuation, in fact, of the Banstead downland—and overlooking the broad and breezy heath; and the chief object of interest in the parish is the old manor-house called Walton Place, which has been long used as a farmhouse, and which has the reputation of having been at one time the residence of Anne of Cleves, the divorced wife of Henry VIII. The house is surrounded by a moat, and has some curious old chimney-stacks, which may, perhaps, be as old as the time of Bluff King Hal. The parish church, dedicated to St. Peter, was rebuilt in the reign of George IV., and is consequently of no great interest from an architectural point of view. The only object worth mention in the interior is the leaden font, which is apparently of late Norman date, according to the author of the "Beauties of England and Wales."

Towards the end of the last century remains of

a Roman villa were found on Walton Heath; and other evidences of Roman occupation have since been discovered in the neighbourhood.

High as we stand at Banstead, we still ascend to Woodmansterne. We climb the hill by a long winding lane, through some of the prettiest scenery in Surrey, till we reach the village. Sir Wilfrid Lawson should really make a pilgrimage to Woodmansterne as to a teetotal Mecca; and here might well come the omnipresent tourist, to gaze with wonder on a village undefiled or unblessed (our readers may choose their epithet) by the existence of a single inn. We understood from the parish clerk that there was "once upon a time" a beer-shop in the parish, but it is now shut "for want of custom." It may consequently be feared that this neighbourhood will not furnish a very extensive field of operations to the Blue Ribbon movement.

Woodmansterne Church is one of the small shingle-roofed buildings common in this neighbourhood. It is of great age, and formerly consisted of a single nave; but the church was restored a few years ago, when a south aisle was added, as well as a new font. Lord Coleridge has filled several small windows with stained glass, his maternal grandfather, the Rev. Dr. Gilbert Buchanan, having been vicar here. One of the arches of the south aisle, not yet opened, is intended to contain an organ chamber.

The small narrow Norman slit window which now lights the vestry was the principal window of the old church, before its restoration. The visitor should notice also the curiously-carved oak table and inkstand in the vestry. On the wall near the pulpit, under a memorial tablet to the late Mr. Herbert, is a most elegant carving of wheat and oak-leaves, executed by Mr. Clark, the architect of the restored church.

"The Oaks," situated in this parish, about a mile from the village, where the brave old trees are still known as "Lambert's Oaks," form part of the "forest primeval" which once clothed the sides of these downs. The house which stands embosomed in them has a world-wide celebrity, as after it one of the chief prizes in the races at Epsom is named.

The house, Mr. J. Thorne tells us, "was originally built by a society called the 'Hunters' Club,' under a lease from the Lambert family." The author of the "Beauties of England and Wales," however, speaks of it as having been originally an ale-house. Be this as it may, it afterwards became the residence of General Burgoyne, whose name is so familiar as a member of Parliament, a

dramatic author, and a not very successful officer. Fortunately he became allied by marriage to the house of Stanley, having run off with Lady Charlotte Stanley, the youngest daughter of the then Earl of Derby. Eventually this *faux-pas* was pardoned, and the quarrel made up, and the lease was transferred to his brother-in-law, Lord Derby, who kept open house here during the Epsom races for more than half a century, and, indeed, almost down to his death. Here he entertained the Prince Regent and other members of the royal family, the Grosvenors, the Foresters, the Ansons, the Bentincks, and the leading sportsmen of the days of the Regency. It was in his honour that the stakes for fillies under two years old, called "the Oaks," were established in 1779; they are always run on the Friday in Epsom week.

Lord Derby gave here, in 1774, a famous *fête champêtre*—as garden parties used to be called in the last century—in celebration of the first marriage of his son, Lord Stanley, an incident which furnished General Burgoyne with the subject for a musical entertainment.

The bride-elect in whose honour Lord Derby gave the entertainment was the Lady Betty Hamilton (the "Queen of the Oaks"), the only daughter of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon and the Duchess of Argyll, and grand-daughter of one of the Gummings. The marriage was celebrated a fortnight afterwards at Argyll House, in London. The following account of the festival is given by Brayley:—"A magnificent pavilion of the Corinthian order was erected in the gardens, from the designs of Robert Adam, Esq., architect (one of the builders of the Adelphi), which included a state-room 120 feet long, with corresponding ball and supper rooms, all of which were superbly decorated. Among the invited company (who were arrayed in fancy dresses) were nearly three hundred of our principal nobility; and many thousand persons were admitted into the grounds to witness the entertainments, the report of which had excited great interest, this being the first *fête champêtre* given in this country. All the arrangements were conducted by General Burgoyne, who wrote a 'sylvan masque' for this festival, the music of which was composed by Bartholomew, and was afterwards introduced at Drury Lane Theatre in Burgoyne's once popular drama, called *The Maid of the Oaks*. The rooms and gardens were at night most splendidly illuminated, and the trees were hung with festoons of beautiful flowers. Rural games were introduced on the principal lawn; and dances, both serious and comic, were performed, under the direction of

the ballet-master of the Opera-house, independently of minuets and country dances by the assembled company. The lady for whose entertainment these joyous scenes had been devised died in 1797, and the earl married secondly the charming actress, Miss Eliza Farren, who lived here and did the honours of the place till 1829.

Two engravings, by Caldwell and C. Grignion, of the interior of the ball and supper rooms in the pavilion were published in 1780. They give a fair idea of the gay dresses of the company, and of the rich effect of the architectural arrangements and decorations. A detailed description of the *fête* was published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June, 1774, and a more brief account in the *Annual Register* for the same year. "'Pompous Burgoyne,'" writes Mr. John Wilkins, in *Once a Week*, "was a natural son of Lord Bingley, who put him into the entail of his estate, but when his lordship's son came of age, the entail was cut off, so that Burgoyne took nothing by the motion. He entered the army at an early age, and displayed considerable military abilities in the Portuguese war of 1756. This, added to his taste and wit, made him upon his return to London a favourite in general society, and he made the most of his opportunity by running away with Lady Charlotte Stanley, daughter of the Earl of Derby." During the American war General Burgoyne led the army which was to penetrate into Canada from the revolted provinces. He experienced serious reverses, and was obliged to surrender his entire force to the Americans at Saratoga. Being disgusted with his reception from the Government after his return from America, he resigned his military employments. *The Maid of the Oaks* was not the only dramatic production of his pen; he wrote also *The Heiress* and *Richard Cœur de Lion*, and converted Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country* into *The Lord of the Manor*. He died suddenly in 1792, and was interred in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey." He was the father of the late general of Engineers who conducted most of the siege operations at Sebastopol, Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne.

Lord Derby, having acquired the fee-simple of this property in 1788, enclosed much of the common land, and made a plantation about two miles in circumference, the whole at this time comprising nearly two hundred acres. He also added at either end of the house a large brick building, with a circular tower at each angle, rendering the structure somewhat uniform. Lord Derby, who was remarkable for his hospitality, kept here a pack of staghounds, and his bedchambers, upwards

of fifty in number, were rarely empty of guests selected from the political, the sporting, or the musical world.

"I went," writes Charles Greville in May, 1833, "on Wednesday to the Oaks, where Lord Stanley kept house for the first, and probably (as the house is for sale) for the last time. It is a very agreeable place, with an odd sort of house, built at different times and by different people; but the outside is covered with ivy and creepers, which is pretty, and there are two good living rooms in it. Besides this, there is an abundance of grass and shade; it has been for thirty or forty years the resort of all our old jockeys, and is now occupied by the sporting portion of the [Lord Melbourne's] Government. We had Lord Grey and his daughter, the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, Lord and Lady Erroll, Althorp, Graham, Uxbridge, Charles Grey, Duke of Grafton, Lichfield, and Stanley's brothers. It passed off very well—racing all the morning, an excellent dinner, and whist and blind hookey in the evening. It was curious to see Stanley. Who would believe he beheld the orator and statesman, second only, if second, to Peel in the House of Commons, and on whom the destiny of the country perhaps depends? There he was, as if he had no thoughts but for the turf, full of the horses [and of], interest in the lottery, eager, blunt, noisy, good-humoured, *has meditans nugas et totus in illis*: as if his fortune depended on it. Thus can a man relax whose existence is devoted to great objects and serious thoughts."

When Lord Derby first came to live here he made the acquaintance of a neighbour, who owned a field near Woodcote, and who, to please his lordship, erected a wooden tower with a staircase, and on the top a large metal and gilt stag, which formed a conspicuous object from Lord Derby's windows. The field is still called Stag's Field, though the stag and the tower have both long since disappeared.

After the death of Lord Derby, in 1834, the estate was purchased by a member of the Grey family. It has since passed into the hands of its present owner, Mr. Taylor.

Mr. Martin Tupper tells us that "at Woodmansterne, Lord Derby's sporting place, the Oaks has lately"—he writes in 1849—"been purchased by two gentlemen of the rather common names of Smith and Jones, who have placed the mansion in a state of complete repair, at a considerable expense. Having married two sisters, they have converted the house into two distinct residences, but without in the slightest degree injuring its effect, either *en masse* or in detail."

Woodmansterne, according to the Trigonometrical Survey, is the highest ground in Surrey, except Leith Hill. It is reported to be so healthy that eighteen months often pass without a burial in a population of 150 persons.

We now work our way on the high ground eastwards to Coulsdon, a straggling village, situated on the top of the North Downs, and resembling, both in situation and extent, the neighbouring village of Banstead. The tourist who leaves the Brighton Railway at the Caterham Junction Station proceeds for a short distance along the Brighton road, and then, turning to the left, ascends the chalk downs. Coulsdon Common surrounds the village, and has a most park-like appearance, with its long level sweep of turf, here and there interspersed with oaks and elms. Of the purchase of the Common by the Corporation of London, and its dedication to the "recreation and enjoyment of the public for ever," we have spoken in a previous chapter.*

The church, dedicated to St. John, stands to the north-east of the village—if we may apply so dignified a name to a mere cluster of dwellings on either side the main road. It very much resembles in style of architecture the church at Banstead, having the same curiously disproportionate spire. The nave is in the Decorated style, but the aisles are Early English. The windows, of stained glass, picture the story of the Crucifixion and other sacred subjects.

On the wall of the north aisle is a tablet to the memory of Mr. Thomas Byron, of this parish, "who," as the inscription records, "did voluntarily grant, alienate, and convey a piece or parcel of land, being part of a garden adjoining to the west side of Bradmore Green, containing by estimation twelve rods and one-third of a rod, to be applied as a site for a school for poor persons of, and in, the said parish of Coulsdon, and for the residence of the schoolmaster or schoolmistress of the said school, and for no other purpose whatever, it being expressly agreed that the elevation of the said school and residence shall not exceed one storey in height from the surface of the ground." The Byrons seem to have been an important family in the parish, for over one of the arches is a memorial to another of the same name. Here is also a small font, with a finely-carved wooden cover.

Until recently, on the floor of the entrance was an old memorial brass; but the rector, finding that the wear of passing feet was fast obliterating the inscription, caused it to be removed to the wall of

* See *ante*, p. 181.

the church, where it still remains. Near to the reading-desk there is an ancient piscina; but the general appearance of the church, owing to recent restorations and the attendant repairing and white-washing, is now very modern as to the interior, while the exterior of the building has scarcely been touched.

Apparently the favourite winter amusement of this remote district is that of hockey, a game not common in this part of England, but which the village boys play vigorously on the green, making it appear that here, at any rate, there is no great need of a royal proclamation, like that of King James, to induce the inhabitants to strain their muscles in friendly rivalry.

"Coulsdon," observes Mr. Martin Tupper, "may be mentioned for its memories of the Roman era—Stane Street, three dykes, and some barrows, evidences of much military occupation." For this reason, at least, it is a place of some interest to antiquarians.

The parish of Coulsdon (there are no less than sixteen different ways of spelling the name, of which we select the one most prevailing at present) was held by the Abbey of Certesy, or Chertsey, at the time of the compiling of "Domesday Book." It then contained two manors: Waddon, or Watendone, and Waddington. Of the first we learn that in the reign of William I. Waddon was assessed at five hides, and valued at £7. In 1269 Roger de Horne, and Maud, his wife, purchased the demesne, which their descendant, Sir John Horne, Knight, conveyed to trustees in 1307, for the foundation of a chantry in Chertsey Abbey. In 1538 the Abbot of Chertsey sold the manor, together with Epsom, Sutton, and Horley, to Henry VIII., who bestowed them upon Sir Richard Carew, of Beddington. This knight, as we have seen in our account of Beddington, was disgraced, and despoiled of his estates by Queen Elizabeth, but they were restored to him in the following reign. His son, Sir Francis Carew, dying unmarried, the estate passed to Sir Robert D'Arcy, his sister's descendant. From him it passed through various hands to Mr. Jacob Bouverie, who was created Viscount Folkestone in 1747. His son and heir, William, made Earl of Radnor in 1765, sold the manor and estate of Coulsdon, in 1782, to Thomas Byron, Esq., whose descendant now holds it. Wodindon, or Waddington, the other manor, has long been united to that of Coulsdon. Henry VIII. granted it to the Greshams, from which family it passed through various owners, till, in 1800, it was bought by Christopher Saville, Esq., who had assumed that name in place of Atkinson.

We have mentioned at Croydon the Bourne,* and its troublesome habit of occasionally bursting out into flood. That intermittent and eccentric river rises on the borders of Marden Park, near Caterham and Coulsdon. From time to time it breaks out with great force, but not after heavy rains. It, therefore, doubtless owes its origin to springs deep in the cavities of the chalk. It is suggested, however, by Mr. Smee† that these sudden floodings of the Bourne do not arise from the bursting of subterranean storehouses of water in the chalk, but that the earth itself, being like a sponge, meeting with some heavier pressure than common, yields out a larger stream than is usual; but how this pressure arises our geologists are not as yet able to tell.

It is clear that by a little skill and management the evil consequences of such overflows may be mitigated. Thus, in 1866, Mr. Smee's garden at Wallington was almost inundated, "the Bourne was down"; by a little contrivance, however, all serious damage was prevented, and the Bourne passed on its way. Mr. Smee observes that whenever the Bourne thus rises the result used to be the spread of fever in Croydon.

Aubrey quaintly tells us, in his description of Caterham:—"Between this place and Caulsdon (*i.e.*, Coulsdon), in the bottom commonly called Stoneham Lane, issues out sometimes (as against any change in our English Government) a bourne, which overflows, and runs down in Smitham Bottom to Croydon. This is held by the inhabitants and neighbourhood to be ominous, and prognosticating something remarkable approaching, as it did before the happy Restoration of King Charles the Second, of ever glorious memory, in 1660; also before the Plague of London in 1665; and in 1688, on the eve of another change in the Constitution."

Mr. J. Thorne tells us that the Bourne broke out again violently in the winter of 1872—3, but "disappeared before reaching Croydon, being carried into the Wandle." A foot-note on Brightling's "History of Carshalton" states that this curious intermittent stream makes its appearance whenever the rainfall amounts in any year to thirty inches. John Werkworth, who flourished about 400 years ago, in his "Chronicle" describes the Bourne as one of the "Woo (woe) Waters" of England—"one of those what Englyschmen much feared; alle that tyme thei saw it runne they knew well that woo was comynge to Englande." Mr.

* See *ante*, p. 173.

† "My Garden," by Alfred Smee, F.R.S., p. 75.

Brightling gives the solution of the mystery by adding that in 1860 the civil engineers, on directing their attention to its origin, found it to be in the Godstone stone-quarries, when they are two-thirds full, and hold about 15 million gallons of water, and that there are three channels which convey the overflow into the Wandle.

In spite, however, of all that is written, or can

be written, on the subject, to show that this phenomenon can be accounted for by natural laws the flooding of the Bourne is still regarded by the good people hereabouts as more or less a portent of evil—an idea based on the fact that when it broke out into flood some public disaster or other strange event had often happened, as stated above.



CHEAM SCHOOL. (See page 223.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHEAM.

"Holborn for wealth,
And Cheam for health."

Healthy Character of the Parish—Its Boundaries and Extent—Lynce's Corner—The Village and Population—Descent of the Manor—The Lumleys—Lower Cheam Park—The Parish Church—Monuments and Crosses—Noted Rectors of Cheam—The Vicarage—St. Philip's Church—National and Sunday Schools—Cheam School—An old Manor-house—White Hall—"Bobus" Smith—Cheam Park—Lower Cheam Park.

"HOLBORN for wealth, and Cheam for health." So wrote the Lord Keeper Williams some two hundred years ago, when presenting to the rectory of this parish his friend John Hacket, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry. Hacket, at the time of accepting this preferment, was Vicar of St. Andrew's, Holborn, which living, however, he retained; he was able to illustrate the truth of the above motto by living to a good old age, seeing that he enjoyed the fruits of this benefice for a

period of thirty years, and after that was raised to the bishopric.

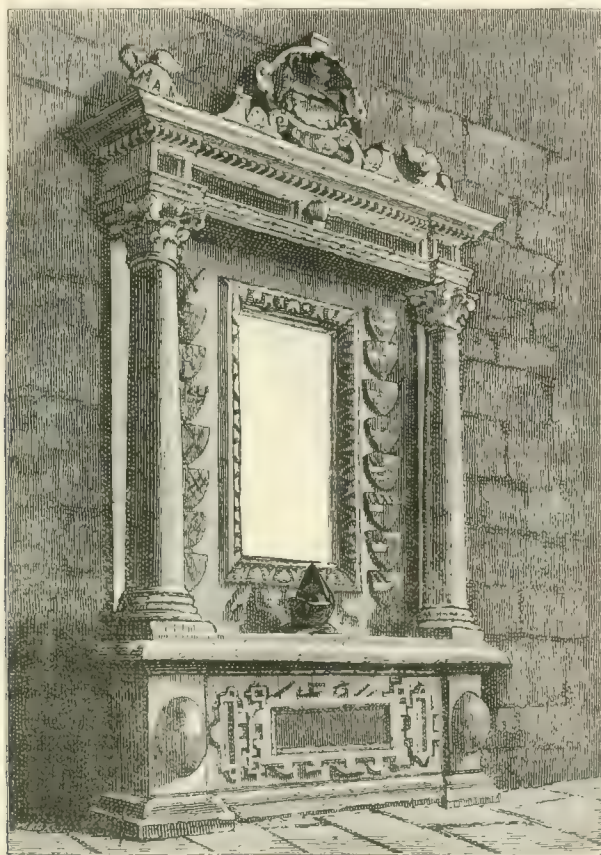
Like Banstead and Sutton, which bound it on the south and east, the village of Cheam lies on high ground, surrounded by scenery of a pleasant and varied character. The parish is environed on the north by Maldon, and westward it unites with what once was Cuddington. The parish contains in all about 1,900 acres of land, considerable portions of which—in the shape of commons, waste

lands, and open fields—were enclosed under an Act of Parliament passed in 1806. In a court roll of the Manor of East Cheam occurs a notice of a place called Lynce's Corner, where stood a cross, marking the concurrence of the three hundreds of Kingston, Copthorne, and Wallington, and of the parishes of Cheam, Cuddington, and Maldon. Such crosses are not uncommon in many parts of England.

The author of Unwin's "Croydon and the North

was built, and the scene of gay revels in the days of his daughter Elizabeth; but of this we shall have more to say in the next chapter.

Manning, in his "History of Surrey," says:—"In 1018 *Cheyham* was given by King Athelstan to Christchurch, Canterbury;" and for this statement he refers to Somner's "Canterbury," and to a Chartulary of Canterbury in the Bodleian Library. With reference to this statement, Brayley remarks:—



MONUMENT TO THE LUMLEYS, CHEAM CHURCH.

Downs" remarks that Cheam is "a village which the speculative builder has not yet invaded, and the shopkeepers of which are, therefore, not yet threatened with ruin by the reckless competition of rivals, who, laying themselves out for the supply of London clerks, offer their goods at the smallest percentage upon cost price!" The village is fourteen miles from London; it has a station on the railway between Croydon and Epsom, and a population of about 20,000.

Near it is the modern Nonsuch Park (the seat of Mr. W. G. Farmer), which still continues the memory of the old royal palace of Nonsuch, the favourite residence of Henry VIII., by whom it

"Here, however, is a mistake which requires some explanation. King Athelstan died in 940, and therefore could not have been the donor of this manor. Some extracts from a Chronicle of Gervase of Canterbury, in manuscript in the Cottonian Library, are published in Dugdale's 'Monasticon,' where it is stated that in 1018 *Mestcham* and *Cheyham*, two 'vills' in the region of Surrey, were given by Ethelstan to the monastery of Christchurch. No title distinguishes the donor, but there can hardly be a doubt but that he was Ethelstan, or Athelstan, a younger son of Ethelred II., and brother of Edmund Ironside, whose name and designation ('Ethelstan Filius Regis') appear

among those of the witnesses to the charter granted by Etheldred himself to the monastery of Burton-on-Trent, in 1004. (See Stow, Chron., page 115.) Prince Athelstan also bestowed on the monks of Canterbury Holingburne, in Kent, towards the support of their table."

The grant of the Manor of Cheam to the monks of Canterbury, according to the Great Chartulary above referred to, "exempted them from the payment of all taxes, except for the repairing of bridges and fortresses, and defraying the expense of the king's expedition."

According to Somner's "History of Canterbury," the Archbishops held the estates of the church, in common with the monks of Christchurch, till near the close of the eleventh century, when Lanfranc built a palace for himself, and made a division of the revenues, in consequence of which, Cheam was separated into two portions, which are called West Cheam and East Cheam, and constituted distinct manors, the former being appropriated to the prior and convent of Canterbury, and the latter to the Archbishop. In the reign of Henry VIII. both manors were "confiscated" to the Crown.

With reference to the manors of West Cheam, the subjoined extract from Manning's "Surrey" will be found to contain some curious information as to the "customary services" of tenants under the feudal system:—"Amongst the records in the treasury of the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury is the following account of the services to be done by their customary tenants here, of whom there are seven; and each was to plough half an acre or give 5d.; every one having a horse was to harrow oats one day; they were to perform in the whole 602 days' work, or to pay, if the lord pleased, 25s. 1d., the price of two works being 1d., except two weeks at Christmas, one at Easter, and one at Pentecost, in which weeks no works were to be required; each was to work two days in a week during the five weeks of harvest, if it lasted so long. The Cottars (Cotmanni, the number not mentioned) were to do 688 works (except in the weeks above mentioned), or to give, if the lord pleased, 19s. 2d., the price of three works being 1d. In harvest they were to do 150 works; the mowing one acre of wheat or oats was to be considered as two works, and one acre of barley, pease, or tares as four works. From certain seven acres of land were to be paid yearly three quarters and a half of barley, which is called *Cherchshot*. The customary tenants were to thrash nine bushels for eight of every kind of grain. The Bailiff was to be allowed his rent and works which were due from

him, because he received no wages, except by favour of the lord. The customary tenants were also to have one bushel of rye or barley, when they did their services, herrings to the value of 12d., and cheese 3d.; the harrowers to have one bushel of barley, and in herrings to the value of 6d. The land of the Smith was discharged because it was part of the demesne, value 2s. 6d."

In the taxation of Pope Nicholas, the Manor of East Cheam is valued at £10, and the other manor at £6 13s. 4d. This manor, as we learn from Brayley's "Surrey," "continued to form a part of the estates of the archiepiscopal prelates until the reign of Henry VIII., who, wishing to annex it to the honour of Hampton Court, obtained it from Archbishop Cranmer in exchange for Chislet Park, in Kent, and the transfer was accordingly made by a deed dated 1539. In the beginning of the reign of Philip and Mary a grant of the estate was made to Anthony Browne, Viscount Montague, who in 1583 sold it to Henry Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel, from whom it passed to John, Lord Lumley, who married Jane, daughter and heiress of Lord Arundel."

The monks of Canterbury retained possession of the manor of West Cheam until the dissolution of monasteries, when, as above stated, it became vested in the Crown. Henry VIII. granted it on lease, at a reserved rent of £5, to one Ralph Goldsmith. In 1585 Queen Elizabeth granted "the reversion of the premises, formerly belonging to Christchurch Priory, and afterwards annexed to the honour of Hampton Court, together with the reserved rent of £5 and the manor of West Cheam, with all the rents, services, and emoluments belonging to it, with the exception of the lead and bells, and the advowsons of the churches, of the yearly value of £9 16s. 2½d., to John, Lord Lumley, to hold of the honour of Hampton Court in free socage, and not in *capite*, by fealty only for all services."

Lord Lumley having, as above shown, acquired the manor of East Cheam by marriage, thus became owner of both these estates. On his death, in 1609, without surviving issue, his estates passed to his nephew, Henry Lloyd, son of the distinguished antiquarian Humphrey Lloyd, whose descendant, Dr. Robert Lumley Lloyd, who subsequently owned the property, claimed the title of Lumley, which had been forfeited by the attainder of George Lumley, his maternal ancestor, and, as he alleged, had been "restored by the grant to that personage in 1547." The committee of the House of Lords, however, decided against the claim, on the ground that when Lord Lumley was restored in blood (after the attainder of his father) by Edward VI.,

he was "not restored to the ancient barony held in fee, but made a baron by a new creation, which dignity was limited to the heirs of his body, and could not, therefore, descend to the posterity of his sister."

The Lumleys—now represented by the Earl of Scarbrough—are one of the few Anglo-Saxon families who attained the rank of nobles under our Norman and Plantagenet sovereigns. Sir Ralph de Lumley, however, in spite of his Saxon blood, obtained leave from Richard II. to erect his northern manor-house near Durham into a castle, and he and his son and grandson were powerful alike in the tourney and in the field during the French wars of Henry IV. and V. In the reign of Henry VIII. the Lord Lumley was one of those nobles who seconded the king's efforts to obtain from the Pope a divorce from Catherine of Arragon; but he afterwards took a leading part in the Pilgrimage of Grace, and his son was executed for high treason. The title, however, was revived, and the next Lord Lumley held his castle in the cause of King Charles, and his son held a command under the royal standard at Sedgemoor.

The pedigree of the Lumleys is well known to be one of the oldest in the kingdom, and at Lumley Castle, in Durham, there is a fine collection of all the earliest members of that house. Pennant relates that when James I., on his way south from Scotland, paid a visit to Lumley Castle, he was wearied by long details of the family told him by the Bishop of Durham. "Oh, mon!" said the king, "pray, gang na further; let me digest the knowledge I ha' gained; for, by my saul, I did na ken Adam's name was Lumley."

The Lumleys would seem to have been a literary as well as a noble house. Lady Jane Lumley, daughter of Henry Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel, and first wife of John, Lord Lumley, translated several speeches of Isocrates and the "Iphigenia" of Euripides. The celebrated library collected by Lord Lumley was sold to King James I.

Dr. Lloyd died in 1729, having bequeathed his estate at Cheam to John, Duke of Bedford, to whom he had been indebted for preferment in the Church. About the middle of the last century the

duke sold the manors of East and West Cheam to Mr. Edward Northey, with whose descendants the property has since continued.

The manor-house of East Cheam—now called Lower Cheam Park—appears to have been held on lease from the Crown by a family named Fromond, before the manor was granted to Viscount Montague. It is situated about half a mile east of the village, and was built towards the end of the last century, on the site of the ancient Elizabethan mansion of the Fromonds. West Cheam manor-house has long disappeared.

Cheam is passed by almost unnoticed by Horace Walpole; it is, however, mentioned, though briefly, by John Evelyn, in his "Diary,"

under date Sunday, September 16, 1658, as the place "where the family of the Lumlies lie buried." On the afternoon of that day the worthy gentleman tells that he heard a sermon preached in the church by the above-mentioned Dr. Hacket.

The parish church, dedicated to the great St. Dunstan, is modern, dating only from 1864. Its predecessor consisted of nave, north and south aisles, a chancel, and a low square tower, embattled, at the west end. According to a note on a pane of glass taken out of the old palace at Croydon, "the church

of Cheme was burnt by lightning in 1639." The destruction, however, as Brayley remarks, could have been only partial, as the tower and part of the chancel walls, built of flint and stone, and of a far more ancient date, remained.

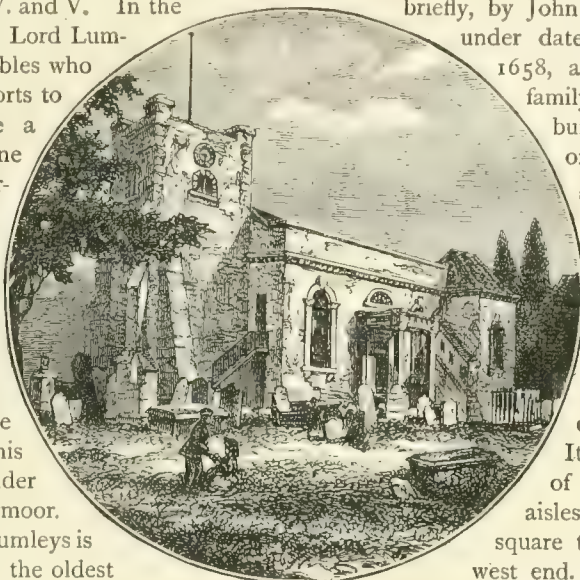
The new church is built of stone, in the Early English style, the walls of the interior being faced with red brick, relieved with bands of black brick and stone. Purbeck marble columns separate the nave and aisles, and support lofty pointed arches and a clerestory. The chancel is apsidal, lighted by four lancets, with a rose window above.

The chancel of the old church has been left standing. Such a place, in his "Idylls of the King," Tennyson describes as—

"The place of tombs,

Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men."

Within its walls are some interesting monuments to the Lumley family, notably one to the memory



OLD CHEAM CHURCH.

of John, Lord Lumley, who died in 1609; of his first wife, Jane, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Henry Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel, who died in 1577; and of his second wife, Elizabeth, daughter of John, Lord D'Arcy, of Ciche. The monument is in what is called the Lumley Chapel, on the north side of the old chancel; it is of white marble, supported by two columns of the Corinthian order; and on the sides are sculptured and emblazoned the armorial bearings of the Lumleys, and of the families with whom they had intermarried, on nineteen shields. On it is the family motto of the Lumleys: "Murus æneus conscientia sana." On a marble tablet below is a long Latin inscription, tracing the family of the Lumleys from their Anglo-Saxon origin until the decease of Lord Lumley, in 1609. The monument of Jane, Lady Lumley, his lordship's first wife, a lady greatly distinguished for learning and talent, is on the south side of the chancel. In the upper part is the effigy of the deceased, kneeling, in *basso relievo*. Beneath is a large altar-tomb of marble and alabaster, covered with a slab of black marble (fractured). On the front, in two compartments, are figures of the two sons and the daughter of the deceased, kneeling. At each end are the arms and quarterings of Fitz-Alan and Lumley. At the top is a horse with a branch of a tree in his mouth, a crest of Fitz-Alan, and below, in a small oval, is St. George on foot fighting with the dragon.

The monument of Lord Lumley's second wife, Elizabeth, daughter of John, Lord D'Arcy, of Ciche, is within a recess, and comprises the effigy of the deceased in alabaster, lying at full length. At the head and feet are the arms of Lumley and D'Arcy; above is a brief inscription.

By deed, dated 1597, made between John, Lord Lumley, and William Fromond and other inhabitants of Cheam, his lordship states that "he had caused three monuments to be erected in West Cheam for himself, Lady Jane, his wife deceased, and Lady Elizabeth, then his wife; he hopes they may be preserved, and that there is not any person of godly disposition, humour, or condition, who will deface, destroy, or take away the same; and in consideration that the clerk be careful to sweep and rub the said monuments, and that the parson shall call on the clerk to perform this, and for relief of the poor, he grants to Fromond and the others a yearly rent-charge of 40s. issuing out of his estate here, to be paid at Lady Day only in every year: of which 6s. 8d. was to be paid to the parson, 13s. 4d. to the clerk, and 2s. a-piece to 10 poor people." This trust was said by Manning to have been renewed.

Mr. Brayley, in his "History of Surrey," calls upon the Earl of Scarbrough, as the head and representative of the noble family of Lumley, to have due regard to "the honours of his house by preserving these memorials, which are falling to decay." It does not appear, however, that they have suffered either from violence or ill-treatment, though the hand of time is busy with them. At a meeting of the Archæological Institute, in 1865, was exhibited a funeral helmet of the time of James I. It was brought from Cheam, and may have been part of the achievements over the monument of John, Lord Lumley.

Hone mentions in his "Year Book" in 1831 the church of St. Dunstan at Cheam, "wherein lie the remains of Jane, Lady Lumley, a 'booke-maker' in those simple days when there were no lawyers." It may be wondered what days were those.

Some of the other monuments, brasses, and slabs, have been removed into the new church, but some still stand, or rather lie, *sub Dio*, exposed to wind and weather.

In the Fromond chapel were one or two brasses, and other memorials of that family. Among the brasses which have been removed for preservation is one (imperfect) to Thomas Fromond, who died in the year 1542, and his wife, Elizabeth; they are represented in kneeling attitudes, together with their six sons and four daughters; above the group was a shield of arms, which has long disappeared, and also a rude representation of the Trinity—the Supreme Being, crowned, is seen enthroned in the act of blessing, with His left hand on a crucifix, and the dove descending on the Saviour's head. This "palimpsest" brass was exhibited at a meeting of the Archæological Society in 1865.

Among other memorials here is one of black marble, in the floor near the south wall, with an inscription (reflecting honour upon all parties concerned) to the memory of John Pattinson, waiting-woman to her Grace Diana, first wife of John, Duke of Bedford. In consideration of her faithful services, her mistress, on her death-bed, recommended her to the duke's favour; and from his Grace she received quarterly, to the day of her death in 1755, an allowance of £500 a year. "Enabled by so generous a benefaction, she testified the goodness of her heart by frequent acts of charity to the poor, by distinguished gratitude to her relations and friends, and liberal donations to many publick societies."

Some brasses discovered in 1864, when the old church was pulled down, are described in a paper in the "Transactions of the Surrey Archæological

Society." The *Archæological Journal* for 1865 contains a record of the discovery of a pewter chalice and paten, with some fragments of cloth of gold, under the floor of the tower. "These relics," observes the writer, "lay with a skeleton, possibly of one of the rectors of Cheam, as early as the thirteenth century, in a stone coffin, at a depth of only seven inches at the head. The chalice was at the left side of the skull, apparently its original position. The discovery of a chalice with the interment of a priest of a rural village is rare, though noticed in tombs of dignified ecclesiastics."

In the churchyard, near the tower, is an obelisk within rails, marking the burial-place of the Farmer family. On the south side of the churchyard is a black marble tomb, covering the remains of Henry Neal and his wife and daughter. The inscription records that the daughter, Eliza Dutton, "was murdered in 1687 by her neighbour, while endeavouring to make peace between him and his wife."

"Here lyes the best of wives, of mothers, and of friends,
Whose soul, too good for earth, in heaven attends,
With joy and comfort, till the day of doome,
When all her virtuous deeds shall thither come ;
To save her neighbour she has spilt her blood,
And like her Saviour, died for doing good.
May that curs'd hand forget itself to feed
That made its benefactour thus to bleed."

It is remarkable that of six successive rectors of Cheam, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, five should have become bishops.

(1) Anthony Watson, instituted in 1581, was advanced to the see of Chichester in 1596, and held Cheam till his death, in 1605, when he was Almoner to King James. He lies buried here.

(2) Lancelot Andrewes, the good Bishop of Winchester, was instituted in 1609 to the rectory of Cheam, but was soon promoted to Ely, and afterwards to Winchester. This prelate was celebrated both as a preacher and a writer. Quaint old Fuller remarks that "they who stole his sermons could not steal his manner." Queen Elizabeth conferred upon him the Deanery of Westminster, which laid the foundation of his promotion under her successor, King James. "Good" Bishop Andrewes had a considerable share in the translation of the Bible. He is said to have understood fifteen languages. The following lines were applied to him :—

"If ever any merited to be
The Universal Bishop, this was he :
Great Andrewes, who the whole vast sea did drain
Of learning, and distill'd it in his brain ;
Those pious drops are of the purest kind
Which trickled from the limbeck of his mind."

Bishop Andrewes died in 1626, and was interred in St. Saviour's Church, Southwark.*

(3) George Mountain, or Mountaigne, Bishop Andrewes' successor in the rectory of Cheam in 1609, was made Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry in 1611. He resigned Cheam on his translation to Lincoln, in 1617, and afterwards became successively Bishop of London and of Durham, and in 1628 Archbishop of York. He died in the same year, and was interred at the place of his nativity, Cawood, in Yorkshire.

(4) Richard Senhouse was instituted to this rectory on the translation of Dr. Mountain to the see of Lincoln, in 1617. He resigned in 1624, on being made Bishop of Carlisle. He died in 1628.

(5) The witty John Hacket, of whose appointment to this living we have spoken at the commencement of this chapter, was the successor of Bishop Senhouse. His motto was : "Serve God and be cheerful." At the breaking out of civil wars, he was chosen by the clergy to be their advocate against the Bill for taking away the Church government. "While in retirement at Cheam," writes Brayley, "he continued to read the Common Prayer until he was enjoined by the Surrey Committee to forbear, and found himself under the necessity of omitting such parts as were most offensive to the Government. Soon after the Restoration, while holding the living of St. Andrew's, Holborn, having received notice for the interment of a fanatic, he committed the Burial Service to memory. As he was a great master of elocution, and was himself always affected with the propriety and excellence of the composition, he delivered it with such emphasis and grace as touched the hearts of every one present, and especially of the friends of the deceased, who unanimously declared that they never heard a finer discourse. But how were they astonished when they were told that it was taken from our Liturgy, a book which, though they had never read, they had been taught to regard with contempt and detestation !" Dr. Hacket, during his retirement with his pupil, Sir John Byron, at Newstead Abbey, wrote a Latin comedy, entitled "*Loyola*," which was twice acted before James I. He also published a folio biography of the friend and patron of his early years, Lord Keeper Williams, in which he writes : "Myself have been rector of Cheam now above thirty years." He resigned this rectory in 1662, after holding it nearly forty years. This was the year after he had been promoted to the see of Lichfield and Coventry. He expended £20,000 on the repairs and improvements of his cathedral,

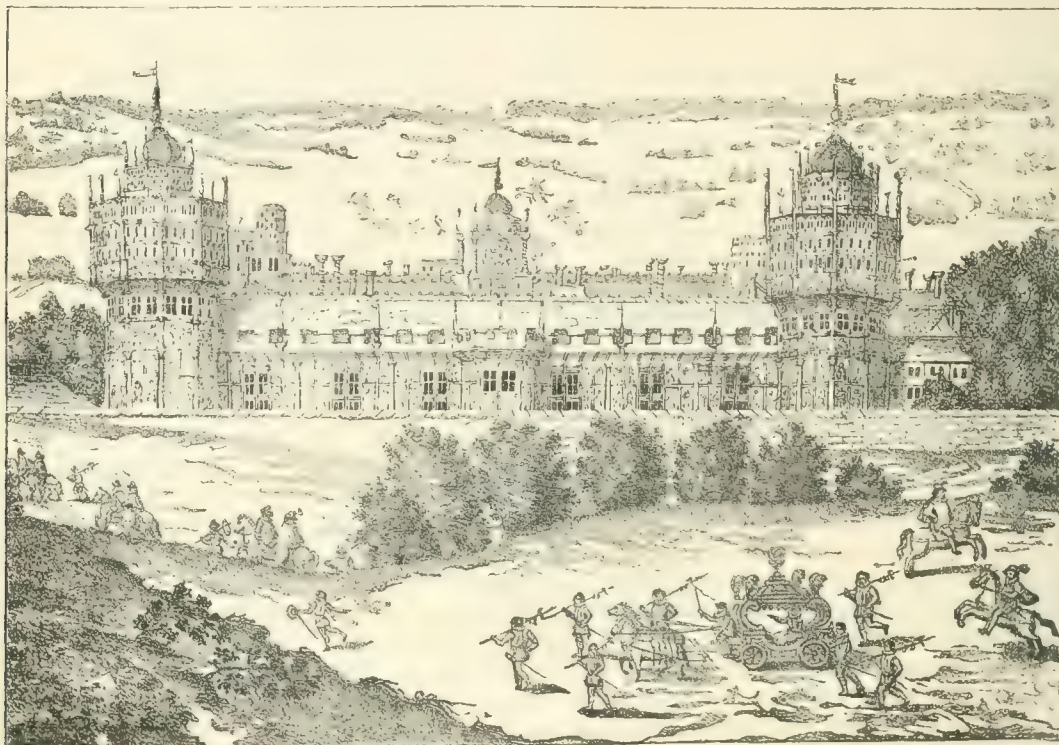
* See "Old and New London," Vol. VI., p. 23.

he made additions to Trinity College, Cambridge, at a cost of £1,206, and he left his valuable library and various other benefactions to the University. He died at Lichfield in 1670, and lies buried in the cathedral, under a handsome tomb erected by his son, Sir Andrew Hacket, Master in Chancery.

The rector of Cheam between Bishop Watson and Bishop Andrewes was Thomas Playfere, Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. He was instituted in 1605, died in 1609, and was buried in St. Botolph's Church, Cambridge, "where there is

pally in the neighbourhood of Worcester Park. National and Sunday Schools for Cheam and the neighbouring parish of Cuddington were established here by voluntary subscriptions in the year 1826. Mr. Archdale Palmer, of Cheam Park, gave the ground, and was also a liberal contributor to the cost of the building.

In Brayley's "History of Surrey" it is stated that during the time of the Great Plague several persons sent their children to Cheam, to a gentleman who kept a small school in "Whitehall House."



NONSUCH PALACE IN 1582. (See page 230.)

an inscription to his memory full of the most extravagant praises."

Another noted rector of this parish was Edward Barnard, "a learned linguist, critic, chronologist, and astronomer." He was instituted in 1672, but resigned in the following year, and was appointed Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford. He died in 1697, and was buried in the chapel of St. John's College.

The vicarage is old-fashioned, and has but little changed since the days of the Stuarts.

In 1874 a new church, St. Philip's, was built on Cheam Common. It is in the Early English style, and was intended for the use of a large working population which has sprung up within the last few years on the north side of the parish, and princi-

The school afterwards became eminent, and amongst those educated there were Dr. Charles Davenant, son of Sir William Davenant, the poet. The establishment appears to have existed continuously down to the time when the master, the Rev. Dr. Sanxay, built the present school on a lease of ninety-nine years, which expired about 1818. It stands in the main street of the village, and is a substantial residence, with large, lofty, and airy rooms. Dr. Mayo was his successor. The pupils were educated on the Pestalozzian system, and under him the school attained great celebrity. Henry Pestalozzi, the originator of this new system, was born at Zurich in 1745. His method "turned on the idea of communicating all instruction by immediate address to the sensations or conceptions, and

affecting the mental formation of the pupil by constantly calling all his powers into exercise." Pestalozzi commenced his career of instruction by the admission of the children of the poor into his house; and in 1798 the Directory of Switzerland invited him to establish a home at Stanz, where he became the instructor of eighty poor children. War destroyed this establishment, and Pestalozzi then took charge of a school at Burgdorf. This institution flourished, and in 1804 he removed to Yverdun, in the Canton of Vaud, where he occupied the castle given to him by the Government, and renewed his labours for the instruction of the higher and middle classes of society. He died in 1827.

Dr. Mayo was for some time head master of the grammar-school at Bridgnorth, but having heard of Pestalozzi's system, resigned his school, and joined Pestalozzi's establishment at Yverdun as English chaplain, having brought with him some English pupils, who were under his immediate care, and received their English and classical education from him. Dr. Mayo remained at Yverdun for nearly three years, mastering the principles of Pestalozzi; and on his return to England, in 1822, established a school at Epsom for the purpose of showing their application to the education of the upper classes. In 1826 he removed to Cheam, where he continued to carry on his school until his death, which occurred in 1846. We have already been introduced to the Mayo family at Cheshunt.* It may be added that a view of the school which we have given on page 222 is copied from a privately-printed genealogical account of the family.

William Mitford, the Tory historian of Greece, was here as a boy; so also was Henry Addington, afterwards Viscount Sidmouth, before he was sent to Winchester; and whilst Prime Minister he visited the school, and dined with the boys in what is now the entrance-hall of the house. Under Dr. Mayo, and subsequently under his brother-in-law, Mr. Shephard, the school numbered some distinguished pupils, such as Dr. Waldegrave, Bishop of Carlisle, the Right Hon. Hugh Childers, the late Lord Hobart, Governor of Madras, Sir James Fergusson, Governor of South Australia, the Marquis of Bath, the Earl of Donoughmore, Lord Dundonald, the Earl of Carrick, Canon Fremantle, and the late Earl of Leven. The connection has not fallen off, under its present head master, the Rev. Robert Tabor, who has had here Lord Aberdeen, Lord Russell, and many members of the Grosvenor

Childers, and other families. The school is a fine red-brick mansion, standing in its own grounds at the north-east end of the village. The house has lately been raised a storey, and has had the addition of a chapel, built in 1867 from the designs of Messrs. Carpenter, and which is used daily during term, under license from the bishop.

It is said that the Cheam school is nearly three hundred years old; and if this be true, the probability is that it is the oldest private school in the kingdom. The tradition is that it existed in or near London at the Restoration, and that on the appearance of the Great Plague of 1665, it was brought down to this healthy country place. It has had for its masters some eminent men, including the Rev. William Gilpin, the author of "Forest Scenery," and his son. He was master here at the time when the Benningtons owned Collier's Water, at Croydon, and he was acquainted with Cowper's "Mary Unwin," who probably communicated the name of John Gilpin to the poet, either in jest or in earnest.

To the south of the church stood, inside high red brick walls, which seem to have been a fashion all through this parish, the manor-house of the Earls of Bedford. It was a large red-brick mansion, and it was dismantled and pulled down towards the end of the last century, when a paper factory was set up on its site. The factory, however, failed to answer, and was discontinued. The lofty walls, which still stand, though their fine iron gates are gone, still bear in the village the name of "the factory walls," the commercial element having evidently superseded all memory of its aristocratic owners.

Not far from the rectory is a house of wood painted white, and known as "White Hall." It has been for several generations the seat of a family named Killick, who take a worthy pride in its antiquity. It dates from the earliest of our Tudor kings, and with its overhanging storeys and projecting porch and pointed doorway, reminds the travelled visitor of Cowley's old house at Chertsey. The wealth of timber in its roof and in the beams which run across its lower rooms is prodigious. One room, now used as a drawing-room, is said to have been occupied by Queen Elizabeth, when she was at Nonsuch, as a council chamber for state purposes. Its walls, till lately, were covered with tapestry; but some Goths and Vandals, to whom the house was let for a year, pulled this down and destroyed it. The tapestry represented a series of sporting subjects, and also a quaint elopement, in which one of the earliest of post-chaises figured.

In the rear of a cottage hard by is a cellar, to

* See Vol. I., pp. 387, 388.

which a flight of steps cut in the sandy rock lead down. It may have been used as a larder for venison when Nonsuch Park was a royal pleasure. The tradition is that the persecuted Protestants met here in the days of Queen Mary to read the Bible; and that later, when the place was in the possession of the Petre family, it was used as a hiding-place for equally persecuted Roman Catholic priests, when they said mass during the prevalence of the penal laws. The story, so common elsewhere, is current here also, that the steps form the entrance to an underground passage leading to Nonsuch.

There are one or two other good houses in the village, some of them old enough to have, or to have had, histories, but there is little or nothing for the rustic muse to record concerning them.

In this village lived Robert Percy Smith, better known as "Bobus Smith," the father of the Right

Honourable Robert Vernon Smith, M.P., afterwards Lord Lyveden, and the younger brother of Sydney Smith. He was one of the wittiest of the youthful Etonians who contributed to the *Microcosm*, and at Cambridge he was known as the best Latin verse writer of his time; and this opinion was endorsed later by Walter Savage Landor. He was afterwards Judge Advocate in Bengal, and M.P. for Lincoln. He died in 1844, a few weeks after his equally witty clerical brother.

Cheam Park, which bounds the south-west of the village, and extends to the gates of Nonsuch, was for many years the seat of the Palmers (relations of Lord Chancellor Selborne), but now has passed by marriage to the family of Wickham. Lower Cheam Park, on the north-east of the village, on the road to Sutton, belongs to the family of Antrobus. It is a good house of the last century, lying low in a small park.

CHAPTER XXVII.

NONSUCH.

"Hanc, quia non habeant similem, laudare Britannii
Sapienter, Nullique Parent cognomine dicunt."—LELAND.

Nonsuch and its Early History—Described by Evelyn and in the Parliamentary Survey—Visited by Queen Elizabeth—The Queen's Last Years spent here—The Earl of Essex—Pepys visits Nonsuch—The Duchess of Cleveland—"Diana's Dyke"—The Present Mansion—Archbishop Whateley.

IN the present chapter we pass almost entirely out of the dull prosaic present into the courtly and poetic past, and we have to describe a building which, during its short-lived existence was unmatched in beauty, at all events in its ornamental details, and which, if we may judge from the few pictures of it that have come down to us, must have well deserved its somewhat ambitious name, at all events during the ten years when it was in the hands of the "Virgin Queen."

Nonsuch Palace was so called as being *sans pareil*. Its gardens were very fine, and were celebrated for their fertility, and they have given their name to one of the most delicious kinds of apples: indeed, the name of Nonsuch appears to have become popular, like "Windsor" or "Royal"; thus we find "Nonsuch apples," and even "Nonsuch lotteries!" It also gave its name to a wooden mansion on London Bridge, in which Hans Holbein lived,* and which often has been represented in topographical and architectural illustrations.

The estate of Nonsuch adjoins Cheam on the west, and lies in Cuddington, or Codintone, as it is called in "Domesday Book," a district which gave name to a branch of the Wateville family. In the reign of Henry III. Peter de Codingtone, *alias* Peter de Maldon, was a party to the conveyance of the Manor of Maldon to Walter de Merton, the founder of Merton College, Oxford. Sir Simon de Codyngton was knight of the shire for Surrey in several Parliaments in the reign of Edward III., and he held the office of sheriff in 1353 and 1364. Other knights of the same family lived in the reigns of Henry IV., his son, and grandson.

Cuddington is curious in one respect—it is and it is not a parish. It certainly *was* a parish and had a parish church down to the reign of Henry VIII.; but no sooner had the covetous tyrant set his eyes upon it than he resolved to destroy both the church and the adjoining manor-house, in order to build a royal residence, to which he gave the fanciful name of Nonsuch. To the new palace were attached two parks, one of which bore the name of Worcester, though for what reason is not known. Death, however, prevented the king from com-

* See "Old and New London," Vol. II., p. 166.

pleting his plan; the house was left unfinished, and Queen Mary would have pulled it down, in order to save further outlay, had not Henry, Earl of Arundel, "for the love and honour that he bore to his olde master," purchased the estate, and carried out the intentions of her father. The population of the parish, it may be presumed, was small, so it was tacked on to Ewell, the endowments probably making their way into the pockets of the Tudor king and of his courtiers.

This estate, it would seem, was obtained by Henry not through seizure or robbery, but by exchange, its previous owner, Richard de Codinton, being the last of this race, the family above mentioned, who had long held it, giving to it, or else deriving from it, their name.

There are now no vestiges of either church or village, and it is evident that they were cleared away in order to make room for the palace, as in an old survey, made shortly before the king purchased the manor and estate, the former is described as "standing and in good repair, and, like almost all manor-houses, close to the church, and all environed abowte with high and greate timber trees." By a somewhat poetic licence, the manor, or at all events its southern part, is said to be "adjoynynge to the downys called Bansted Downys, belongynge to the Kynges Highnesse."

Henry did not buy this estate till 1538, and, as he died in 1546-7, he must have lost but little time in beginning his building operations, though he left the house unfinished at his death. He formed the broad lands into two parks, called the Great and the Little, the former of upwards of 900 and the latter of a little under 700 acres. The whole estate, just before his death, was added to the "honour" of Hampton Court, which, as we have already seen,* was made when his corpulence and bodily ailments compelled the royal tyrant to seek his game and other pleasures nearer home.

Leland, in the notes to his *Cygnea Cantio*, speaks, or rather writes, with great enthusiasm of the architecture and decorations of Nonsuch:—"Here Henry VIII., in his magnificence, erected a structure so beautiful, so elegant, and so splendid, that in whatever direction the admirer of florid architecture turns his eyes, he will say that it easily bears off the prize. So great is the emulation of ancient Roman art, such are its paintings, its gilding, and its decoration of all kinds, that you would say that it is the sky spangled with stars. Long life to a king who spares no expense that the ingenuity of his artists may exhibit such

wonders, which ravish the minds and the gaze of mankind by their magnificence."

Poor Leland, as is well known, wrote his "Itinerary" at the bidding of Henry VIII., travelling from mansion to castle, and from abbey to library, intent on finding out and recording whatever was in any way singular or worthy of notice; but, in spite of enjoying a canonry at Christ Church and other preferments, he was literally overwhelmed by the weight and number of his manuscripts, and died mad, the victim of an overwrought brain, leaving his compilations to be plundered by Stow, Camden, Lambarde, Dugdale, and other writers.

Camden, in his *Britannia*, thus describes the house:—"About four miles from the Thames, inland, the surrounding buildings are fairly eclipsed by Nonesuch, a royal retreat, chosen by that magnificent king, Henry VIII., for his pleasure and retirement, in a most healthy spot, before called Cuddington, and built with so much splendour and elegance that it stands a monument of art, and you would think the whole science of architecture exhausted on this building. It has such a profusion of animated statues and finished pieces of art, rivalling the monuments of ancient Rome, that it justly receives its name from them, and maintains it. The house is surrounded with parks full of deer, delicious gardens, artificial arbours, parterres, and shady walks, so that it seems to be the very spot where Pleasure has chosen to dwell along with Health."

This description is echoed back by Paul Hentzner, a foreigner, who travelled about England in 1598 as tutor to a German nobleman, and whose work, translated from the Latin, was printed by Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill in 1757. He adds:—"In the pleasure and artificial gardens are many columns and pyramids of marble, with two fountains that spout water one round the other, like a pyramid. Upon it are perched small birds, that stream water out of their bills. In the Grove of Diana is a very agreeable fountain, with Actæon turned into a stag, as he was sprinkled by the goddess and her nymphs, with inscriptions. There is, besides," he adds, "another pyramid of marble, full of concealed pipes, which spurt upon all who come within their reach."*

Such were the palace and gardens when Hentzner wrote; and on this description Horace Walpole has made the following observations:—"We are apt to think that Sir William Temple and King William were, in a manner, the introducers of gardening in

* See Vol. I., p. 133.

* See the account of the Spring Gardens, near Charing Cross, in "Old and New London," Vol. IV., p. 77. There is still a similar Spring garden at Wotton House, near Dorking, the seat of the Evelyns.

England; but by the description of Lord Burleigh's gardens at Theobalds and of those at Nonsuch, we find that the magnificent, though false, taste was known here as early as the reigns of Henry VIII. and his daughter. There is scarce an unnatural and sumptuous impropriety at Versailles which we do not find in Hentzner's description of these gardens."

The next account in point of time is that which accompanies Houfnagle's View of "Nonciutz—c'est à dire, Non-pareil," in Braun's "Cities of the World," published at Cologne in 1682, according to which it was almost one of the "wonders of the world." The description, given both in French and English, commences with a story* of the palace having been given by the Earl of Arundel to Henry VIII., who, "with a view that it should always deserve to retain its name of None-such, procured many excellent artificers, architects, sculptors, and statuaries, as well Italian, French, and Dutch as natives, who all applied to the ornament of this mansion the finest and most curious skill they possessed in their several arts, embellishing it, both within and without, with magnificent statues, some of which vividly represent the antiquities of Rome, and some even surpass them. There is a Great Court, very large and spacious, in the midst of which is a marble fountain, which raises water in abundance for the use of the mansion, and remarkable for the exquisite ornament of the various statues which surround it."

It may be added that Houfnagle's "View of Nonsuch," has been several times copied in a reduced form, and that it is published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1837. The only other contemporary engraving which, so far as at present is known, survives is to be found in Braun's "Cities of the World," the first plate in the fifth volume. It is there styled "Palatium Regium in Angliæ regno appellatum Nonciutz—hoc est Nusquam-Simile," and the French version, "Non-pareil," is added. It is remarkable that at that date it should be styled a *royal* palace, as it belonged to the Earl of Arundel. In the foreground are several specimens of English female costume, which are certainly curious, and illustrations of the carriages and sportsmen of the day. In the corner of Speed's Map of Surrey there is a view of Nonsuch, where it assumes a rather more sober appearance in respect of its domes and flying pinnacles; but some portions, and more especially the lower part of the garden front, are shown more completely. With its towers, spires, and minarets,

some of them gilt and others painted with bright colours, and its exterior rich also with colour and statuary, the Palace of Nonsuch must have looked like a glimpse out of fairy-land to the untravelled Englishman of the Tudor and Stuart era.

John Evelyn thus describes Nonsuch after a visit which he paid to it while it belonged to the queen-mother. He writes in his "Diary," 1665-6, Jan. 3:—"I supp'd in Nonesuch House, whither the Office of the Exchequer was transferred during the Plague, at my friend's, Mr. Packer's,* and I took an exact view of y^e plaster statues and bass-relievos inserted 'twixt the timbers and punchions of the outside walles of the court, which must needs have been the work of some celebrated Italian. I much admir'd how they lasted so well and intire since the time of Henry VIII., expos'd as they are to the aire; and pity it is they are not taken out and put in some drie place: a gallarie would become them. There are some mezzo-relievos as big as the life; the stone is of y^e heathen gods, emblems, compartments, &c. The palace consists of two courts, of which the first is of stone, castle-like, by y^e Lord Lumlies (of who 'twas purchas'd), y^e other of timber, a Gotig (*sic*) fabric, but these walls incomparably beautified. I observ'd that the appearing timber punchions, entrelices, &c., were all so cover'd with scales of slate, that it seem'd carv'd in the wood and painted, y^e slate fastened on the timber in pretty figures, that has, like a coat of armour, preserv'd it from rotting. Therestand in the garden two handsome stone pyramids, and the avenue planted with rows of faire elmes; but the rest of these goodly trees, both of this and of Worcester Park adjoyning, were fell'd by those destructive and avaricious rebels in the late warr, w^{ch} defac'd one of the stateliest seates his Maj^{ty} had."

It may be remarked that Evelyn seems to ascribe to Lord Lumley the building of the "castle-like" court; but this can hardly be correct, as we are told that the whole palace was completed by his father-in-law, the Earl of Arundel, "in as ample and perfect sort as was intended by the king."

"Our fathers," writes Mr. J. G. Nichols, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1837, "appear to have been at a loss for terms sufficiently warm in which to express their estimation of the beauties and delights, both of nature and of art, which were displayed in the Palace of Nonsuch. Its earlier contemporaries are enthusiastic in their praises of

* This story is entirely true, as will be seen above.

* Probably about 1660, George, Lord Ferriby, who was Keeper of the House of Nonsuch and of the Little Park.

it, and their opinions are much corroborated by the more cultivated taste and better tutored judgment of the accomplished John Evelyn."

In the survey taken by Parliament in 1650, Nonsuch House is thus described:—"A fayer, stronge, and large structure, or building of free-stone, of two large stories high, well wrought and battled with stone, and covered with blue slate, standing round a court of 150 foote long and 132 foote broad, paved with stone, commonly called the outward courte; a gatehouse leading into the outward courte aforesaid, being a building very strong and gracefull, being three stories high, leaded overhead, battled and turretted in every one of the four corners thereof; consisting also of another very faire and curious structure, or building of two stories high, the lower story whereof is very good and well-wrought freestone, and the higher of wood, richly adorned and set forth, and garnished with variety of statues, pictures, and other antic formes of excellent art and workmanship, and of no small cost; all which building, lying almost upon a square, is covered with blue slate, and incloseth one faire and large court of 137 foot broad and 116 foot long, all paved with free-stone, commonly called the inner court. The inner court stands higher than the outward court by an ascent of eight steps, leading therefrom through a gatehouse of free-stone, three stories high, leaded and turretted at the four corners. This last mentioned gate-house, standing between the inward and the outward court, is of most excellent workmanship, and a very special ornament to Nonsuch House. On the east and west corners of the inner court building are placed two large and well-built turrets of five stories, each of them containing five rooms, the highest of which rooms, together with the lanthorns of the same, are covered with lead, and battled round with frames of wood covered with lead; these turrets command the prospect and view of both the parks of Nonsuch and most of the country round about, and are the chief ornaments of Nonsuch House." The materials of the house were valued by the Parliamentary Commissioners at £7,020—an enormous sum in those days.

As Henry VIII. neglected Eltham Palace for Greenwich, so his daughter Elizabeth set aside both the one and the other for a third residence, which had superseded them both. In the words of Miss Lucy Aikin, she "soon quitted those ancient seats of magnificence for the gay magnificence of Nonsuch, regarded as the triumph of her father's taste, and the masterpiece of all the decorative arts."

This stately edifice commanded from its lofty turrets extensive views of the surrounding country.

"It was built," writes Miss Aikin, "round two courts, an outer and an inner one, both very spacious; and the entrance to each was by a square gate-house, highly ornamented and embattled, and having turrets at the four corners. These gate-houses were of stone, as was the lower storey of the palace itself; but the upper one was of wood, 'richly adorned and set forth, and garnished with variety of statues, pictures, and other antic forms, of excellent art and workmanship, and of no small cost;' all which ornaments were made of *rye dough*. In modern language, the 'pictures' would probably be called basso-relievos. From the eastern and western angles of the inner court rose two slender turrets, five storeys high, with lanterns on the top, which were leaded, and surrounded with wooden balustrades. These towers of observation, from which the two parks attached to the palace and a wide expanse of champaigne country beyond might be surveyed as in a map, were celebrated as the peculiar boast of Nonsuch." So lavish, indeed, was the ornamentation of the palace, that, as Tennyson sings in the "Holy Grail"—

"The spires
Pricked with incredible pinnacles into heaven."

The reign of Henry VIII. supplies numerous instances of the vast expense to which the nobility and gentry proceeded in the productions of art. The example set by the monarch himself was followed at least in two royal mansions, each large enough to contain his numerous retinue. The following are the palaces which were built or repaired by Henry VIII.:—Beaulieu, or Newhall, Essex; Hunsdon, Herts, originally built by Sir John Oldhall, *temp.* Edw. IV.; Ampthill, Bedfordshire; Nonsuch, Surrey; York Place, Whitehall, Westminster; Bridewell and Blackfriars, London, for the reception of the Emperor Charles V.; St. James's, Westminster; Kimbolton, Hunts, the jointure of the divorced Queen Catherine of Arragon; Sheriff Hutton, Yorkshire, given for the residence of Henry, Duke of Richmond, the king's natural son; and Kings Langley, Herts.

It appears that under Edward VI. the stewardship of Nonsuch and its lands was entrusted to Sir Thomas Cawarden, or Carwardine, a distinguished courtier, and Master of the Revels. At Loseley Park, near Guildford, are many documents relating to Sir Thomas and his custody of Nonsuch, and his accounts for "kepyng the Quene's place and parkes, gardeyn, and wardrobe" therein, including charges for stewards' dinners, and warrants for him

to deliver bucks to the Lord High Treasurer, and to the warding of several City companies.

There is also at Loseley a warrant, signed by Queen Mary, ordering the worthy steward to send to "our right entirely beloved cousin" Cardinal Pole "one buck of the season, to be taken of our gifte from our greate parke of Nonesuch," and also allowing the cardinal to have a day's hunting, if he should be so minded. It does not, however, appear that the worthy cardinal ever availed himself of the queen's last-named offer. Mons. de Noailles, the French ambassador at the Court, was less scrupulous, for he not only hunted there, but killed some deer—two more than the queen's warrant allowed him; for which error he had to make an apology, and to request that the keepers of the park should not incur the royal displeasure.

It appears that Sir Thomas Cawarden was not easily induced to give up his pleasant quarters at Nonsuch, even to the queen's lord steward, and that his servants and those of her Highness came more than once to blows in the park on the question as to whether the nuts and apples should belong to the outgoing or to the incoming tenant. All these disputes are most amusingly illustrated by the manuscript collections at Loseley.

Nonsuch Palace was left unfinished by Henry when he quitted this world, and his daughter Mary intended to pull it down "to save further charges;" but the Earl of Arundel, "for the love

and honour that he bore to his old master," as stated above, purchased the place, and finished it according to the original design.

In August, 1559, the earl received Queen Elizabeth here on one of her "Progresses." It is needless to say that he played the host magnificently. On the Sunday the entertainments included a banquet,

a masque, and a concert; next day the queen witnessed a course or chase from a raised stand in the park, and the children of St. Paul's performed a play; and this was followed by a costly banquet, served upon gilt dishes. On her Majesty's departure, her noble host presented her with a cupboard of plate. It is hardly to be supposed that all this generosity was the expression of mere loyalty and gratitude for past favours; it was rather a lively hope of favours to come that dictated the outlay.



LADY CASTLEMAINE.

"He looked, in fact," writes Miss Aikin, "to a high and splendid recompense: one which, as yet perhaps, he dared not name, but which the sagacity of his royal mistress would, as he flattered himself, be neither tardy nor reluctant to divine."

The entertainment, which extended over five days, is thus described in the Cottonian Manuscripts:—*

"The v. day of August, 1559, the Quen grace removd from Eltham unto Nonshyche, my Lord of Arundell's, and ther her grace had as gret cher.

* Quoted by Mr. J. G. Nichols, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1837.

Evere nyght my Lord of Arundell mad her a grett bankett at ye cost as ever was sene, for soper, bancett, and maske, wth drums and flutes and all ye mysyke y^e cold be, tyll mydnyght; and as for chere has not bene sene nor heard. On Monday was a great supper made for her, but before night she stood at her standing in the further park, and then she saw a course. At nyght was a play of the Chylderyn of Powlles* and theyr mysyke master, Sebastian Phelyps and Mr. Haywoode; and after

from other sources that the queen was here again in 1567, 1569, and 1580. In the latter year Lord Talbot remarks (as well he might), in a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, "Her grace liketh well of this place."

So true, indeed, was this last remark, that eleven years later Elizabeth bought back Nonsuch, though probably the purchase was effected by the Tudor plan—that of barter in kind, other lands being given instead of hard cash. During the last ten years of



NONSUCH PARK.

a grett bankett as wth drums and flutes, and the goodly bankets and dishes as costely as ever was sene and gyldyd tyll iij m ther was skattyng of yonge lords and knyts of y^e My Lord of Arundell gayffe to ye Quen grace a cubard of platt."

It may be supposed that, having to entertain his royal mistress thus liberally, the earl was not sorry when she said good-bye to him at the great gates of Nonsuch on the 10th of the same month, and rode on her way to Richmond and Hampton Court.

It is known from the Sydney State Papers and

her reign, before she gave up her hunting and other amusements, Nonsuch would seem to have been her favourite country seat. Nichols, in his "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth," records her coming hither in September, 1598, and again in the July and the September of the following year.

The Earl of Arundel, who bought Nonsuch from the Crown, and whose son-in-law, Lord Lumley, sold it back to Elizabeth, was Lord Steward of the Royal Household, and in that capacity had much to do with the palace. He did not leave his work half done; for we are told that he did not resign it to his royal mistress until he had "fully finished it in buildings, reparations, pavements, and gardens, in as ample and perfect sort as by the first intent

* The chor'isters of St. Paul's, London.

and meaning of the king, his old master, the same should have been performed; and so it is now evident to be beholden of all strangers and others, for the honour of this realm, as a pearly thereof. The same he hath left to his posterity, garnished and replenished with rich furniture, among the which his Library is right worthy of remembrance."

For the last ten or twelve years of her reign Nonsuch was the most favoured residence of Queen Elizabeth. Here she kept open house, and rode out with hawking parties over the neighbouring downs; and here, in the evening, if there were no masque or other revelries, she would dance a galliard with her courtiers, in the hope of hiding from herself the advance of years.

Mr. Rowland Whyte, in September, 1599, writes to Sir Robert Sidney that "her Majesty is returned again to Nonesuch, which of all other places she likes best."

The last occasion on which Queen Elizabeth appears to have been at Nonsuch was in the summer of 1600, only three years before her death. Even at this date, when she was nearly sixty-seven, we are told by a contemporary writer that she is "excellently disposed to hunting, for every second day she is on horseback, and continues the sport long." During her stay here that summer she visited the Carews at Beddington, as we have seen,* and dined with the Archbishop of Canterbury at Croydon Palace.

This house was the scene of at all events one incident which figures prominently in the history of England—the return of Essex from Ireland, and the first step of his disgrace. His royal mistress was residing here with her court at Michaelmas, 1599, when the earl reached the gates of the palace. "Covered with mire and stained with travel as he was," writes Miss Lucy Aikin, in her "Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth," "he hastened up the stairs, passed through the presence (room) and the privy chamber, and never stopped till he reached the queen's bedchamber, where he found her newly-risen, with her hair about her face. He kneeled and kissed her hands, and she, in the agreeable surprise of beholding at her feet one whom she still loved, received him with so kind an aspect, and listened with such favour to all his excuses, that on leaving her, after a private conference of considerable duration, he appeared in high spirits, and thanked God that though he had suffered many storms abroad he found a sweet calm at home. He waited on her again as soon as he had changed his dress, and after a second

long and gracious conference, was freely visited by all the lords, ladies, and gentleman at the court, excepting the secretary (Sir Robert Cecil), who appeared somewhat shy of him."

Poor, credulous man! he little knew how soon he was destined to be jilted and thrown over by one who, though a queen, was still a woman, and in whom *varium et mutabile semper* was the very rule of her existence. That very evening, on re-visiting the queen, he found her manner towards him much changed;* on the next day he was peremptorily ordered "to keep his chamber." Three or four days later he was commanded to leave the court, and was committed to the care of the Lord Keeper at York House. His open rebellion against the queen in the following year—the result of wounded pride—and his execution on Tower Hill, are known to every reader of the pages of English history.

The following loving epistles, written by the earl to the queen during his imprisonment, are amusing:—

"September 6, 1600.

"Haste, paper, to that happy presence, whence only unhappy I am banished. Kiss that fair correcting hand which lays new plasters to my lighter hurts, butt to my greatest wounde applyeth nothing: Say this cometh from

"Pining, Languishing, Despairing,

"S. X."

"September 9, 1600.

"Wordes, if you can, express my lowly thankfulness—butt presse nott, sigh nott, moane nott, lest passion prompt you, and I by you both be betrayed. Reporte my silence, my solitarines, for mynne uttermost ambition is to be a mutte person in that presence, whear joy and wonder would barre speech,

"From

the Greatest Ladye's in Power

And Goodnesse

humblest, mutte Vassable,

"S. X."

In the above adulatory strain did this great person address the woman he despised, the sovereign against whom he rebelled, and who had consigned him to a prison! The cipher S. X. for *Essex* is quaint, and quaintness was the *ton* of the age. Some happy quaintness distinguishes all the epistles which have come down to us from the days

* This interview is fully reported in a letter from Rowland Whyte dated, "Nonsuch, Michaelmas Day at noon," and published in the "Sidney State Papers," Vol. II., pp. 120-1.

† See "Old and New London," Vol. III., p. 68.

of "Good Queen Bess"—whether the writers were generals, poets, or lovers.

The following epitaph on Lord Essex is to be seen at Nottingham :—

"Here sleeps great *Essex*, darling of mankind,
Fair Honour's lamp, foul Envy's prey, Art's fame,
Nature's pride, Vertue's bulwark, lure of mind,
Wisdom's flower, Valour's tower, Fortune's shame,
England's sun, *Belgia's* light, *France's* star, *Spain's*
thunder,
Lisbon's lightning, *Ireland's* cloud, the whole world's
wonder."

It may be added that Elizabeth dates many of her pleasant—and some very unpleasant—letters to her favourite from "our Manor of Nonsuch."

After her death Nonsuch was settled on Anne, the queen of James I., and in the following reign on the unhappy Queen Henrietta Maria.

It would appear, however, in spite of the purchase effected by Elizabeth, that Lord Lumley still retained some right over Nonsuch, as the queen of James I. complains that, in order to make the fair place as pleasant to her as she had hoped, it will be necessary to make his lordship give up his lease of the Great Park. Whether this little matter was afterwards arranged is not quite clear; but we do not hear much of Nonsuch in this reign, the star of Theobalds* being in the ascendant. Mr. J. G. Nichols says that the Scottish Solomon was here only once, on the 20th of July, 1624, though his son, Prince Henry, was fond of using the palace for hunting, and used to send the bucks which he had killed to his friends and the king's subordinates.

Here Charles I. and Henrietta Maria spent much of their time, and, as a contemporary account says, lived "very jocund together," after the forced expulsion of the queen and her female attendants from St. James's Palace.†

We hear little or nothing else of Nonsuch in the records of the reign of Charles I., though it is clear that he occasionally visited it, as he conferred the honour of knighthood there on four occasions between 1625 and the outbreak of the civil commotions. The palace was settled on Queen Henrietta Maria, as it had been on the queen-consort in the previous reign; but after the king's murder it was seized by the Parliamentarians, and confiscated as part of her property.

At the Rebellion the broad lands and house of Cuddington and Nonsuch were leased to creatures of the Parliament, who sold the Little Park to

General Lambert and the Great Park to Colonel Pride, one of Cromwell's "Peers;" but he did not live to hold it long, as death carried him off at Worcester House Lodge in 1658.

Pepys writes quaintly in his "Diary," in July, 1663 :—"We went (from Epsom) through Nonsuch Parke to the house, and there viewed as much as we could of the outside, and looked through the great gates, and found a noble court, and altogether believe it to have been a very noble house, and a delicate parke about it, where just now there was a doe killed for the king to carry up to Court."

The Royal Exchequer was removed hither during the Great Plague of London. Pepys writes in his "Diary," under date of September 21, 1665 :—"To Nonsuch, to the Exchequer, by appointment, and walked up and down the house and parke, and a fine place it hath heretofore been, and a fine prospect about the house. A great walke of an elme and a walnut, set one after another in order; and all the house on the outside filled with figures of stories, and good painting of Rubens' or Holbein's doing. And one great thing is that most of the house is covered—I mean the posts and quarters in the walls—with lead, and gilded. I walked also into the ruined garden."

Pepys tells us that at the Fire of London "the Exchequer money was put into vessels to carry to Nonsuch" again—it may be supposed in case the fire had reached Westminster.

After the Revolution Nonsuch was restored to the unhappy queen-mother, on whose death, in 1669, Charles II. granted the palace, with both its parks, to Lord Grandison, in trust for his niece Barbara, Lady Castlemaine, the same whom we saw installed as the king's chief mistress at Whitehall. He had grown tired of her, and of her haughty and arbitrary ways, so he created her Baroness of Nonsuch and Duchess of Cleveland.

The story of the Duchess of Cleveland's last years is not a happy one. Cast off by the king as a mistress, she took up with rope-dancers and players, and carried on an intrigue with the handsome poet Wycherley. At last, desiring to be made a respectable woman, she gave her hand to a man about town, Robert Fielding, popularly known as Beau Fielding. But she found that he had another wife alive, and as he did not treat her well, she prosecuted him for bigamy. He was found guilty, but managed to use such influence that he was pardoned by Queen Anne. The duchess herself died in 1702. She has left behind her a bad name as the inveterate hater of Lord Clarendon; and both Pepys and Evelyn mention her in their "Diaries" with some terms of reproach.

* See Vol. I., p. 376.

† See "Old and New London," Vol IV., p. 106.

In spite of her many grants of public money, it would seem that the duchess* had little else to leave to her grandson, the Duke of Grafton, except the two parks of Nonsuch, for soon after coming into possession of the estate she had pulled down the magnificent palace, which the Republicans had spared, did not stay long in her hands. She found it expensive to keep up; so she pulled it down, and Worcester House along with it, sold the deer, and turned the parks into farms. The northern part of the estate is still known as Worcester Park. The southern portion she left to her grandson, the Duke of Grafton, whose successor sold it; and on it, not far from the site of Elizabeth's palace, is the present mansion of Mr. G. Farmer.

The Worcester Park portion of the Nonsuch estate was leased by the Crown for ninety-nine years to Sir Robert Long, from whom it descended to Sir James Tylney Long, of Draycott, Wilts. But the house itself was pulled down piecemeal, its materials being used partly to mend the roads in the neighbourhood; portions also were carted to Epsom by the Earl of Berkeley, to be used in the building of his seat of Durdans. The materials were also used in building other houses in Epsom.

A casual visitor would say that no traces of the old palace are to be seen, and, indeed, there is little enough above ground. Still, on the high ground, where the footpath and the bye-road from Ewell meet, are the foundations of the banqueting house in which "Gloriana" carried on many a flirtation with her courtiers; they are now enclosed in a cherry orchard, at the head of the long avenue. In a field at some distance there is, or was in 1851, an old elm, which the villagers say once stood in the courtyard before the kitchen. Near this is a deep trench, now filled with water and hedged in by bushes, and which is called "Diana's Dyke." In a broad ploughed field close by was formerly a statue of that chaste goddess, which doubtless served as a fountain in an age when "spring gardens" and water-works were found in every large garden—a proof of the revival of classical learning and artificial beauties. The ground about here swells unequally and artificially; and in an adjoining field, long called, though few suspected why, the Conduit Field, those who turned up the soil found pipes which fed the palace garden. It may be added, on the authority of a writer in *Notes and Queries*,† that Elizabethan coins have been frequently dug up in the imme-

diate vicinity, and that the long avenue itself (one of the ancient approaches to the palace) was the scene of a skirmish during the Civil Wars.

The present mansion known as Nonsuch Park, is comparatively modern. It is not lofty in itself, and looks all the less lofty from its lying low. It was built from the designs of Sir Jeffrey Wyattville.

It is a large castellated edifice in the Elizabethan style, with octagonal towers and embattled parapets, after the imitation style which was made so fashionable by Sir Jeffrey Wyattville in the days of the Regency. It was built in the years 1802—5, but has received several additions since then, so that it covers a rather extensive site. Its dining-room, entrance-hall, octagonal drawing-room, and library, are all on the ground floor, and form a fine suite of apartments, and the appearance of the windows has been improved by the introduction of stained glass. There are also some fine paintings on the walls. The park now includes about two thousand acres. "Nothing," writes Sir Bernard Burke, in his "Visitation of Seats,"* "can well exceed the beauty of many of the trees in this park. There is a honey locust tree sixty-five feet in height, and in girth eight feet at one foot from the ground; a chestnut-tree no less tall, but no less in girth than twelve feet eight inches; an abee-tree, seventy-two feet in height and in trunk eighteen; a plane-tree, certainly not surpassed in England, one hundred feet in height and in girth fifteen at least. Many more might be enumerated, no less remarkable for size or for symmetry, and in particular a venerable elm, named after Queen Elizabeth, which stands a short distance from the Ewell lodge. Here, it is said, the maiden queen used to take her stand when shooting at the deer with her cross-bow. It is a singularly fine tree, its girth being twenty-two feet six inches, and its height upwards of eighty."

Nonsuch Park stretches all the way from Cheam to Ewell, and there are very fine avenues of elms, a mile long, and of dark Scotch pines. Dr. Richard Whately, the witty and talented Archbishop of Dublin, was born in London; but he is described as a son of the Rev. Dr. Whately, "of Nonsuch Park, Surrey."

At Nonsuch, as at Richmond and at Theobalds, almost every trace of royalty and of its former grandeur has disappeared, and literally "not one stone has been left upon another," above ground at least. But whether traces of a palace which once was "th' eclipse and glory of its kind," might

* It is said by Mr. Sturgeson, in his "Life of the Duchess of Cleveland," that in spite of her rapacity and her great wealth, she had little to leave but Nonsuch.

† Vol. III., pp. 207, 237.

* First Series, Vol. I., p. 215.

be found by careful excavation is more than the learned at present can divine. Considering its beauty and its unique character, it is very remarkable that scarcely an allusion to Nonsuch is to be

found in the pages of the English poets. Neither Shakespeare, nor Ben Jonson, nor Beaumont and Fletcher, nor Pope, nor Dryden, as far as I know, has a word to say about its glories.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

EWELL.

"*Intus aqua dulcis*."—*Vitis, Æn. i.*

Situation and Boundaries of the Parish—Its Etymology—"The Spring" Inn—The Hogs-Mill, or Ewell River—The Road from Cheam to Ewell—Description of the Village—Sheep Fair—Railway Stations—Population—Brick-works, Flour-mills, and Gunpowder-works—The Roads in the Neighbourhood—Discovery of Roman Remains—Descent of the Manor of Ewell—The Parish Church—Extract from the Parish Register—Ewell Castle—Diana's Dyke—Noted Residents.

EWELL, whither we now direct our steps, lies to the west of Cheam and Nonsuch, and borders on the parish of Morden on the north, whilst the open downs of Banstead and Epsom sweep round it on the south and south-west. Its name is said to be a corruption of *At y^e well*, *Atte-well*, or *Æt-well*, and to be derived from the well of pure water which bubbles up at the entrance of the town from London, near the gates of a mansion called Garbrand Hall. The well gives its name to the roadside inn, "The Spring," which has long been a favourite hostelry for travellers in this direction, and drives a flourishing trade during the Epsom race week. Ewell resembles Carshalton in respect of the broad lake which appears at the roadside, fed by the springs which well up constantly out of the chalk below. These springs form the head of a narrow stream, called the Hogs-Mill, or Ewell River, which, passing north-west through Malden, unites with the Thames at Kingston.

The way hither from Cheam, which is exceedingly pleasant and rural, is thus described by the author of *Unwin's "Croydon to the North Downs"*:—"The quiet village left behind, the greenery of Nonsuch Park may tempt us from the dusty road, if we pause long at the gate, and look down the long avenue of ancient trees. We shall be longer getting to Epsom that way, but the shade of the fine old elms and chestnuts look delicious, and the verdure of the long slopes beyond it is refreshing to the eye. So we turn our backs upon the hard white road, and pursue our way along the avenue of what was once a royal palace. At the end of the avenue we come upon a lane to the right and a footpath to the left, but we know that we have come straight from the high road, nearly at a right angle to it, and that our way lies, therefore, by the narrower path. To the left we turn, and, presently reaching a gate on our right hand, we pass through it, and follow a footpath across a meadow to a

gate which admits us to a narrow lane, bounded by green hedges and flowery banks, by which we descend to the village of Ewell, the blackbirds and thrushes cheering us with their melody on our way. The footpath terminates near the old church of Ewell, only the ivy-mantled tower of which remains standing in the now disused burial-ground. A lane, which develops into a street, brings us into the main thoroughfare of the village."

I am in doubt whether to call Ewell a village or a town, as it possesses some of the characteristics of both. It has its shops and its pavement, its hotels, as well as inns. Hone speaks of it, in his "Year Book" (1831), as a "romantic town, with a pretty church and churchyard;" and Mr. Martin Tupper calls it "a neat townlet at the head of a small stream, and having a bastard castle to boast of." It is, at all events, pretty, and irregularly laid out, and the main thoroughfares fork off in different directions. Here, as at Carshalton and Cheam, high red-brick walls seem to have been the order of the day. There are large old-fashioned mansions in the side streets: these probably sprang up when the place formed a sort of suburb to courtly and fashionable Epsom. The place appears to have been of sufficient importance in former times to boast of a weekly market, which continued to be held here down to the middle of the seventeenth century, but the date of the charter granting that privilege is not known. A small market-house formerly stood at the intersection of the roads to London and Kingston, but was pulled down for the purpose of widening the road. The sheep fair, which is still held here in October, brings together a large concourse of sheep breeders, not merely from the North and South Downs, but from all parts of the kingdom. Part of the village almost adjoins the park of Nonsuch, to which there is a very pretty walk leading across the fields, near Queen Elizabeth's tree.

The village possesses the advantage of two railway stations, the Ewell Station on the Epsom branch of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway being about half a mile to the south, and that on the London and South-Western line about the same distance to the north; and the population of the parish amounts to about 2,500.

Much of the prosperity of the village is derived from the pottery and brick works that abound in the neighbourhood, and also from the large flour-mills which are driven by the stream above mentioned. Early in the last century the gunpowder works of Messrs. Sharpe and Co. were established in the north-west part of the parish, near the common. They cover a large space of ground, the various buildings in which the work is carried on being isolated from each other, in order, as far as possible, to limit the risk of danger in case of an explosion. Accidents, fortunately, have been of very rare occurrence here; but in September, 1865, an explosion took place which did great mischief, and the effects of which were felt for miles round.*

In 1775, the thoroughfares having been rendered almost impassable in winter, an Act was passed for widening, improving, and repairing the road between Epsom, through Ewell, both to Tooting and to Kingston-on-Thames. A branch road was made in 1780 from Thames Ditton, across the Ewell Common fields, to the Reigate turnpike road at Tadworth.

Ewell may, perhaps, possess little or no literary history, but it is not altogether devoid of antiquarian interest, there being at least a probability of its having been occupied as a Roman town, though under some other name, as evidenced by the discovery of the remains of Roman and Romano-British pottery, including fragments of Samian ware, together with the bones of animals, as of the hare or rabbit, &c., with a few fibulæ, &c. These remains were unearthed during excavations in the chalk, in which several pits or shafts of various depths had been sunk, and ultimately filled in with a black soil, in which the remains were embedded. An account of these discoveries was communicated to the Society of Antiquaries in 1847 by Mr. H. W. Diamond, F.S.A., under whose superintendence the excavations were made. These pits, or wells, as they were called, were supposed by Mr. Diamond to have been formed for the purpose of receiving the ashes of the dead after cremation. In a letter to which this discovery

gave rise, the writer, Mr. James Puttock, stated his opinion that Ewell was the station called *Canca* in the list of Roman towns recorded by the anonymous geographer of Ravenna. He also mentions his having seen many Roman coins which had been found dispersed near the church at Ewell, and refers to a communication made some years previously to Mr. Bray, in which he expressed his belief "that the Roman road from Sussex through Ockley and Dorking was continued from Pebble Lane, above Leatherhead Downs, to Ewell, towards which it directly points, and not towards Woodcote, as conjectured by other antiquaries."*

In the "Domesday Book" it is stated that "the King holds *Etwell* (Ewell) in demesne;" it is further stated that there were "two mills at 10s., and 14 acres of meadow; a wood yielding one hundred swine, and eleven swine for herbage;" and it is added that "to this manor pertains the church of *Lered* (Leatherhead), with 40 acres of arable land, valued at 20s., held by Osbern de Ow." The "superiority" of the manor remained vested in the Crown until the reign of Henry II., who, not long after his accession, granted certain lands here to Jordan de Blossville and to Maurice de Creoun, with whose descendants it remained for some three or four generations, since which time the descent of the property cannot be satisfactorily determined.

In 1218 Henry III. gave to the prior and Canons of Merton, "all his property in Ewell, with all its appertenance, in *frank almoigne*, with soc and sac," &c.; and Richard I. granted them 101 acres of land in Ewell, "without impeachment of assart," which implies that the grantees might convert the woodland into enclosures of arable or pasture. On the suppression of the Priory of Merton this manor reverted to the Crown, and it was annexed by Henry VIII. to the newly erected "honour" of Hampton Court. Queen Elizabeth, however, gave Ewell, together with the manor of Wights, to Henry Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel, whose daughter and co-heiress, Joan, was married to John, Lord Lumley, who died in 1609, "seized of the manor of Ewell and other estates in Surrey." Lord Lumley was succeeded in his estates by his nephew, Henry Lloyd, the son of his sister Barbara by her marriage with Humphrey Lloyd, of Denbigh, a learned Cambrian antiquary. From that gentleman this manor and other property ultimately descended to his great-grandson, Robert Lumley Lloyd, D.D., who in 1723 presented to the king a petition to be admitted into the House of Peers, "in right of his descent from Ralph, Baron

* For a description of the manufacture of gunpowder, the reader may be referred to the account of the mill at Waltham Abbey, Vol. I., p. 490.

* See *Journal of the Archaeological Association*, Vol. III., p. 326.

Lumley, who had been attainted of treason for rebellion against Henry IV. in 1409, and whose attainder was reversed in 1461, in favour of Thomas de Lumley, his grandson. However, George, son and heir of John de Lumley, who held the barony in the reign of Henry VIII., having been engaged in the insurrection which took place in the north of England in 1536, in consequence of the suppression of monastic establishments, he was, with several other persons of

The old church, dedicated to St. Mary, was built of flint and stone, and consisted of a nave and chancel, a tower at the west end, and a south aisle, opening at the east end into a chapel, erected by Richard Bray in 1529, and which became his burial-place in 1559. In 1847-8 the church was rebuilt in the Early English style. The old tower, which has been left standing, is handsome in appearance, being made of black and white stones disposed in squares; it is of the Perpendicular



EWELL CHURCH AND VILLAGE.

rank, executed and attainted; and though his son was restored in blood by Act of Parliament in 1547, and admitted to the dignity of a baron, it was with limitation to his heirs male; consequently Dr. Lloyd, being descended from a sister of that nobleman, could have no legal claim to that title, and his petition was rejected." Dr. Lloyd subsequently became Rector of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, and died without issue in 1730, leaving the estates, subject to his sister's life interest in it, to Lord John Russell, afterwards Duke of Bedford. About the middle of the last century the duke sold the manor of Ewell to Mr. Edward Northey, with whose descendants it has since continued.

style, but its features are concealed by a rich growth of ivy. The nave was pulled down when the new church was built. The new church consists of a chancel and nave (separated by a screen), aisles, and a square embattled tower at the west end. Several of the windows are filled with stained glass. Many of the monuments and tablets which were in the old church have been replaced in the new; among them are memorials of the Bulkeleys, Glyns, Lewens, and Reids, and also those of the families of the Calverleys, Monros, Dowdeswells, and others. There are also a few ancient brasses brought from the old church, together with a marble effigy of Sir William Lewen, formerly Lord Mayor of London, who died in 1717.

A new vicarage is now (January, 1884) being built. The parish register, which commences in 1604, but is defective, contains the following curious entry:—"Matthew Mountagew of Cobham, and Agatha Turner of Leatherhead: their agreement of marridge was three market dayes published in the Market of Ewell, and they were married by Justis March [Marsh], of Darkin, the 3rd of July, 1654."

Close to the old church stands Ewell Castle, the seat of Mr. A. W. Gadesden. "This estate," writes Sir Bernard Burke, in his "Visitation of Seats," "at one time belonged to the family of Calverly, which has left so tragical a recollection in provincial history. The last of the Calverlys left it to his nephew, a Mr. Monro, by whom it was sold to the present (1855) owner."

The present house, in the imitation castellated style, was built in 1814 on the site of a former mansion. It is square in plan, with octagon turrets at the angles and embattled parapets on all sides. The entrance porch, on the north, leads into a lofty hall with a groined ceiling. The dining-room, drawing-room, and library face the private gardens, which are extensive, and well shut

in by walls. The grounds, which extend southwards from the house, are flat, but prettily and tastefully laid out, but can scarcely be called a park. In the grounds are traces of the foundation of an outlying summer-house or banqueting-hall, of Nonsuch Palace. About half an acre of land, raised and walled round, with bastions at the corners, marks the spot. An adjoining field has been designated Diana's Dyke, from a tradition that it contained a bath used by Queen Elizabeth, and adorned with statues of Diana and Actæon.

At Ewell was born Dr. Richard Corbet, Bishop successively of Oxford and of Norwich, and well known for his wit. He was the author of several volumes of poems, one of which, entitled "A Journey into France," although published as far back as 1613, is "remarkable for giving some traits of the French character that are visible in the present day." Another eccentric resident here was Sir Richard Bulkeley, who died in 1710, and is buried here. He was entangled with a sect of enthusiasts who pretended to have the gift of prophecy, and who stripped him of most of his property. He narrowly escaped a public prosecution.

CHAPTER XXIX.

EPSOM.

"I will say nothing of the ayre, because the pre-eminence is universally given to Surrey, the soil being dry and sandy."—JOHN EVELYN.

Situation of the Town—Railway Communication—Etymology of its Name—Ebba, a Saxon Queen—Mention of the Parish in Domesday Book—Descent of the Manor—The Manor of Horton—The Manor of Bretgrave—The Medicinal Spring of Epsom—Epsom Salts—The Town becomes a Fashionable Resort—Postal Communication in the Seventeenth Century—Improvement at the Wells—Public Breakfasts and Amusements—Epsom Society at the beginning of the Last Century.

THE above remark is made by the worthy author of "Sylva" and of the "Diary" which is so often quoted in these pages, with reference to his family home at Wotton, near Dorking; but it is equally applicable to the neighbourhood which we are now approaching. Epsom—a town which, it is needless to say, has acquired a world-wide reputation of a twofold character, first for its salts and next for its sports—is situated about a mile to the south-west of Ewell, and in a depression of the great chalk downs of which we have spoken in the preceding chapters. Its distance from London is fifteen miles by the high road leading to Dorking, Worthing, and Chichester, and it has the advantage of railway communication with London by two lines—the London, Brighton, and South Coast (Croydon branch), and the London and South-Western (Wimbledon branch), the station of the

former being to the south-east, and of the latter in the centre of the town.

The name of Epsom is abridged from Ebbe's, or Ebba's hame, or ham—the house of Ebba, a Saxon queen, and a daughter, it is said, of Ethelfred. Living in the early part of the seventh century, she gained such a character for sanctity that she was canonised, and had several churches—among others, one at Oxford—dedicated to her. Ebba is mentioned also by the Venerable Bede as an abbess of the Saxon times, who preferred mutilation of her face rather than suffer any outrage of her person at the hands of the Danes. She is said to have been baptised by Wilfrid about 590. The precise site of Ebba's home is not fixed with certainty, though the historian of Epsom, Toland, who lived at Woodcote in the reign of Queen Anne, conceived it to be the farm now known as Epsom

Court, near the common. All that is known of Epsom, before the Conquest is that it formed part of the possessions of the Abbey of Chertsey. In "Domesday Book" it is mentioned as rated for eleven hides, having been rated under Edward the Confessor at thirty-three. "The arable land consists of seventeen carucates," continues the entry; "there is one in demesne, and thirty-four villains and four bordars, having seventeen carucates. There are two churches and six villains in gross, two mills worth ten shillings, and twenty-four acres of meadow. The wood yields twenty hogs. In the time of King Edward it was worth £20; now £17."

The Abbot of Chertsey was authorised by Henry I. or II. to have a park here, with the right of free chase and free warren, which was confirmed to the abbey by Edward I. Most probably this park is substantially much the same as what now is Woodcote Park.

Henry VIII. appears to have treated this manor exceptionally. At all events, instead of seizing on it by force, he is said to have "purchased" it from the Abbot of Chertsey, along with the manors of Sutton, Culesdon (?), and Horley, and in the same year—the twenty-ninth of his reign—bestowed them on Sir Nicholas Carew, whose father had been Sheriff of Surrey and Lieutenant-Governor of Calais, a personal friend and companion of his youthful days. He made this Sir Nicholas Carew his Master of the Horse, and bestowed on him the riband of the Garter; but in 1539, being accused of treason, the knight suffered on Tower Hill, along with the Earl of Exeter, Sir Edward Nevill, and the Lord Montacute. After Carew's attainder, the manor continued to be vested in the Crown until it was re-granted by Elizabeth to Edward Darcy, one of the Grooms of her Privy Chamber, by whom, or by whose son, it was sold to the Mynns, and from them passed by marriage to the Evelyns, and again from them to the family of Parkhurst. In 1770 it was bought from the Parkhursts by Sir Joseph Mawbey, some time M.P. for Southwark, and afterwards for Surrey, whose grand-daughter carried it in marriage to Mr. John I. Briscoe, M.P., with whose descendants it has since continued.

All traces of Epsom Court as it was in the olden days have long since disappeared, and it is now a plain farmhouse, as stated above.

In this parish there was a second manor, that of Horton, which probably had a church of its own, as two churches are mentioned in the "Domesday Book." It must have belonged to the Abbey of Chertsey, for about A.D. 1347 the abbot granted Horton to one Merston, Edward III. granting also

his licence for enclosing a park, with the right of free warren; and we find, a century later, another member of the same family obtaining a patent for the erection of a chantry-chapel in the Church of Ebbesham, to be called after his own name. After remaining in this family for two centuries or more, Horton passed by the marriage of an heiress to the Mynns, and from them in the same way to Charles, Lord Baltimore, the founder of the settlement of Maryland, in Newfoundland. His son and successor, having held some high appointments at Court, through the favour of Frederick, Prince of Wales (then residing at Durdans), became M.P. for Surrey. He built the fine mansion of Woodcote Park. His son Frederick, the third and last lord, sold Horton; and after passing through some intermediate owners, it was purchased in 1777 by the Trotters, whose descendants in the female line still own it. Of the manor-house of Horton, and also of the present mansion of Woodcote Park we shall speak presently. It would seem that there was once a third manor, named Bretgrave, but that has long been merged in that of Horton.

Epsom became famous two centuries ago as one of the chief resorts of fashion, its celebrity being derived from a medicinal spring, which first drew persons of fashion to it, and from which the famous Epsom salts (sulphate of magnesia) are prepared. Towards the end of the seventeenth century the influx of visitors to Epsom was so great as to induce the lord of the manor to erect a ball-room seventy feet long, and to plant an avenue of trees on the London road, with several others leading therefrom, in front of the houses, "in many places artificially wreathed with verdant arches or porticos cut into a variety of figures, close enough to defend those that sat under their shade from any injuries of the sun or showers." The town at that time must have presented very much the appearance of a modern tea-garden, more especially as "the company took their supper, and at other times drank a cheerful glass or smoked a pipe,

" 'Where lime-trees were placed at a regular distance,
And fiddlers were giving their woful assistance.' "

In 1684 it was announced in the *London Gazette* that the post would run every day to and from, betwixt London and Epsom, during the season for drinking the waters. "I think," observes a writer in *Once a Week*, "that the accurate Macaulay was napping when he wrote: 'There was also daily communication between London and the Downs, and the same privilege was extended to Tunbridge and Bath, at the seasons when those places were crowded by the great.' I apprehend that these

Downs were not the anchorage off Deal, but were the hills encircling Epsom. A century later there was a double post daily during the summer."

The improvement at the Wells, and the increased resort of company thither, led to the enlargement of the village, new inns and lodging-houses being erected for the accommodation of visitors. Some of these buildings were on a very extensive scale, and one tavern especially. Here was inaugurated the system of boarding-houses, wherein the proprietor of the house furnished his lodgers with all that they might require to eat and drink. But this novel system does not appear to have been looked upon with favour by the inn-keepers, seeing that the latter, finding it prejudicial to their gains, tried the question in the Court of King's Bench whether, under such circumstances, a licence was not necessary, and were defeated. Sedan-chairs and hackney coaches, numbered as in the metropolis, were among the accommodations provided for visitors. There were public breakfasts, dancing and music every evening at the Wells, and a "ring," as in Hyde Park; on the Downs horse-races took place daily at noon, and cudgel-playing, wrestling, and foot-races were exhibited, with various other pastimes—including such diversions as catching a pig by the tail—in the afternoons; while the evenings were usually spent at private parties, assemblies, and card-parties; and for a while Epsom, like Bath and Cheltenham, became the centre of attraction for fashionable society. Indeed, neither Bath nor Tunbridge Wells boasted more noble visitors. The following lines are quoted in "The Poetaster's Garland" (1738):—

"When fashion resolved to raise Epsom to fame,
Poor Tonbridge did nought; but the blind and the lame,
And the sick and the healthy, 'twas equally one;
By Epsom's assistance their business was done.
Bath's springs next in fashion came rapidly on,
And outdid by far what Epsom had done."

We read that in the reign of William III. the Earl of Shrewsbury was prevented from attending Court through the orders of his physician, "who had sent him for health's sake to Epsom;" and in 1698 Queen Anne was advised to come here for the same reason by the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe.

Considering the great fame which Epsom had gained in his day, and the concourse of great persons, both courtiers and statesmen, who were attracted to its "wells," and who took part in its frivolities: and considering that his brother lived at Woodcote House, almost within its bounds, it is curious that John Evelyn says but little in detail about it in his "Diary;" whilst even Samuel Pepys makes but few references to it. It would seem

equally strange that, though it was such a haunt of fashion in his time, Epsom is not mentioned by Horace Walpole in all his lively and amusing correspondence. At all events, it is not mentioned in the index to Peter Cunningham's edition of his "Letters."

Strangely enough, too, when he enumerates the watering-places of England under the Stuarts, Macaulay does not mention Epsom, though it would seem natural that he should have done so along with Bath and Tunbridge Wells. What he writes, however, about the latter place may be taken as being almost literally true of Epsom. "When the Court, soon after the Restoration, visited this place, there was no town, but within a mile of the spring rustic cottages, somewhat cleaner and neater than the ordinary cottages of that time, were scattered over the heath. . . . To these huts men of fashion, wearied with the din and smoke of London, sometimes came in the summer to breathe fresh air, and to catch a glimpse of rural life. During the 'season' a kind of fair was daily held near the fountain. The wives and daughters of the farmers came from the neighbouring villages with cream, cherries, wheat-ears, and quails. To chaffer with them, to flirt with them, to praise their straw hats and tight heels, was a refreshing pastime to voluptuaries sick of the airs of actresses and maids of honour. Milliners, toymen, and jewellers, came down from London, and opened a bazaar under the trees. In both the politician might find his coffee and the *London Gazette*; in another were gamblers playing deep at bassett; and on fine evenings the fiddlers were in attendance, and there were morris-dances on the elastic turf of the bowling-green." Perhaps this may be taken, with but a very slight discount indeed, as a description of Epsom in its infancy as a watering-place, a little over two centuries ago.

Toland, who lived at Woodcote in 1711, gives the following description of the Epsom society of the period:—"I must do our coffee-houses the justice to affirm that in social virtue they are equalled by few and exceeded by none, though I wish they may be imitated by all. A Tory does not stare and leer when a Whig comes in, nor a Whig look down and whisper at the sight of a Tory. These distinctions are laid by with the winter suit in London, and a gayer, easier habit worn in the country; even foreigners have no reason to complain of being ill received in this part of the island. In short, as England is the most plentiful country on earth, so no part of it is supplied with more variety of the best provisions, both within itself and the adjacent villages, than Epsom." In describing the situation of the place, he says:—"The form of our village, as

seen from the downs, is exactly semi-circular, beginning with a church and ending with a palace, the Grove making, as it were, a beautiful knot in the middle. . . . When you are on the top of the downs, 'tis one of the loveliest prospects imaginable to view in the vale below such an agreeable mixture of trees and buildings, that a stranger is at a loss to know whether it be a town in a wood or a wood in a town."

The history and fortunes of Epsom have been thus epitomised in mock-heroic style by Mr. Martin F. Tupper:—"Let us come to Ebba's Ham, the notorious Epsom, famed alike for purgatives and for races. Wherever water is nastier than usual, thither at some time or other the Circean queen of fashion is sure to drive her hogs to be drenched; so did Prince Bladud with his lucky pigs at Bath; neither will those erudite persons who are now doing duty as canals at Cheltenham or Harrogate marvel to be told that Epsom salts have had their day. Fresh from Nature's vase bubbled up the hideous combination, and thousands flocked together in public to be purged. Prince George of Denmark, we are told, was accustomed to visit Epsom, and to drink the waters, and his presence contributed to draw together the nobility and gentry, with many persons of all ranks. They had their early matin walk to the treacherous well; thence, as Mr. Toland tells us, 'they made their cavalcade in family coaches, sometimes as many as sixty in the ring;' after which they regaled their elegant minds with displays of 'cudgel-play and

wrestling,' and recreated their exhausted bodies by 'chasing a soaped pig;' at eventide the viol and tambour held divided sway with King Faro and Pope Joan. But now arrived a crisis and a change in the history of Epsom; and let every such place, from Tunbridge Wells to Buxton, take warning by what next befel. Fraud and covetousness, in the shape of an apothecary, finding Nature's laboratory too sluggish, dared of her mysteries [to make] most villainous imitation; he concocted in a pit his drugs and other sorceries, led a pipe of water through them, built a showy well-room above, advertised his find, and waited the event. They came, they saw, they *were* conquered; human nature could not stand the poisonous mess; the water-bubble burst. Epsom was blown up, and Mr. Livingstone was ruined. Take ye heed from this, O Montpellier and Pittville: forge not upon Nature's dewy banks; let Mother Earth well up whatever cleansing waters she will, and her children drink it gratefully and uninquiringly; but if doctors fabricate polluted streams, our free-born antipathies arise, and bid us 'throw the physic to the dogs.'"

A most interesting account of this place, "by an Inhabitant," was published by Mr. Dorling, of Epsom, by subscription, in 1825. Though apparently a "labour of love," for its profits were to be "devoted to the Subscription School at Epsom," it is very exhaustive, and gives authorities. It will, therefore, afford some material for the following pages.

CHAPTER XXX.

EPSOM (*continued*).—THE WELLS, ETC.

"Arise betimes, to pump repair,
First take the waters, then the air;
Most moderate be in meat and drink,
And rarely, very rarely think."—*Bath Guide*.

Watering-places in and near London in the Seventeenth Century—Discovery of the Mineral Waters at Epsom—The Properties of the Waters—The Rise of Epsom from an obscure Village to a fashionable Watering-place—Sabbatarian Prejudices at a Discount—Epsom in the Time of Charles II.—A Royal Visit—Lady Castlemaine—Epsom in the Reign of Queen Anne—The Decline of Epsom's Popularity—The Saline Waters—Mrs. Mapp, the Bone-setter—Dr. Clarke.

THE above motto—half serious, half satire—taken from the "Bath Guide," might well have been adopted by the "quality" who formed the company here a century and a half ago. It has been well remarked by Dr. Macpherson, in "Our Baths and Wells," that "the history of our watering-places as places of amusement reflects the manners and the fashionable pleasures of different ages, and affords curious illustrations of the state of society, or rather, of its

phases." Goldsmith certainly was wrong in supposing that the English baths and spas were at first frequented only by invalids who sought relief.

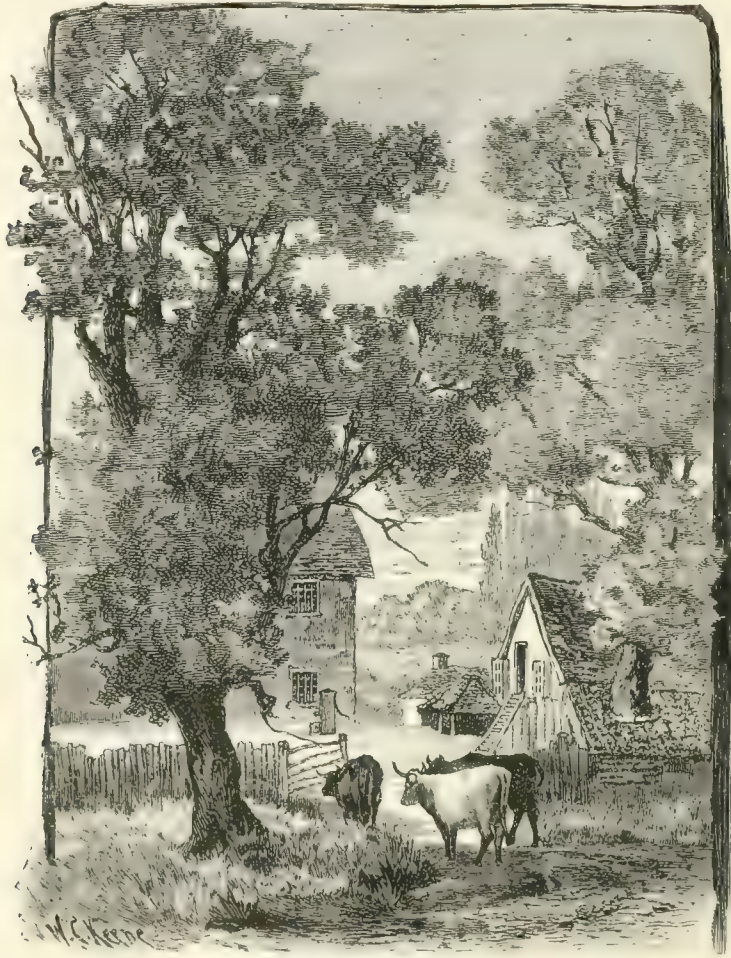
Quaint old Fuller writes, in 1662:—"London is in this kind stately attended, having three medicinal waters within one day's journey thereof, viz., Ebsham, or Epsom, Barnet,* and Tunbridge.

* See Vol. I., p. 322.

The citizens of London proclaim the fame thereof."

From 1670 to the end of the century was the most flourishing era for the mineral waters of England, and among them were those of Sadler's Wells near Islington, Hogsden (Hoxton), Tunbridge, Streatham, Barnet, Dulwich, Hampstead,

thirst) would not drink thereof, as having a mineral taste therein. It is resolved that it runneth through some veins of alum, and at first was only used outwardly for the healing of sores. Indeed, *simple wounds* have been soundly and suddenly cured therewith, which is imputed to the abstersiveness of this water keeping a wound clean till



OLD VIEW OF EPSOM WELLS.

and Acton. Most of them were saline and aperient.

Fuller's "Worthies" contains an account of the discovery, in 1618, of the mineral waters at "Epsom." The narrative, after relating how one Henry Wickes discovered the pool while seeking water for his cattle, goes on to say:—"Returning the next day, with some difficulty he recovered the same place (as not sufficiently particularised to his memory in so wide a common), and found the hole he had made filled, and running over with most clear water. Yet cattle (though tempted with

the Balsome of Nature doth recover it. Since it hath been inwardly taken, and (if the inhabitants may be believed) diseases have here met with their cure, though they came from contrary causes. Their convenient distance from London addeth to the reputation of these waters; and no wonder if citizens coming thither from the *worst of smoakes* into the *best of airs* find in themselves a perfective alteration."

The waters, therefore, it would appear, were first applied externally for wounds, and being found to be curative, were afterwards applied internally.

Many persons have written, with more or less detail, of the properties of these waters. Amongst others, Aubrey mentions them in his "Perambulation of Surrey." Dr. Grew published in 1695 a small Latin "Tractatus de Salis Cathartici usu in aquis E'beshamensibus;" and four years later Dr. B. Allen printed a "Natural History of the Chalybeate and Cathartic Waters of England." Besides these, John Brown, a chemist, published "Observations on the Epsom Salts" in the "Philosophical

which was produced at the Duke's Theatre, Lincoln's Inn, with a prologue by Sir C. Sedley.

In 1620 the lord of the manor built a shed to shelter visitors. Two generations passed away, during which time Epsom had grown from an obscure village into a fashionable watering-place, with its brilliant shops and its ball-room 70 feet long, the latter erected in 1690. There was also planted a long walk of elms on the London road, half the way to Ewell. These elms, however, were cut



OLD EPSOM. (From an old Print.)

Transactions," as did also Dr. Hales, in No. 495 of the same.

Dr. Hoffman, in his "Treatise on Mineral Waters," compares the Epsom salts with the waters of Sedlitz, in Bohemia.

In *Lloyd's Evening Post* for August, 1769, is to be seen a concise historical account of the old Epsom wells; from which we learn that before any house was erected there the common was called Flowerdale, on account of its mild and salubrious air.

The virtues of the springs of Tunbridge and Epsom were loudly proclaimed by Lord North, in his "Forest of Varieties," in 1645; and in 1673 Shadwell wrote a comedy entitled "Epsom Wells,"

down by Sir J. Mawbey early in the present century.

The lodgings not being large or numerous enough, hotels and boarding-houses were opened, reputed to be the largest in England. There was also a supply of sedan-chairs and of coaches, all numbered and placed under rule, like those at Bath.

It is satisfactory to note that Sabbatarian prejudices were at a discount at Epsom under the "Merry Monarch." Pepys writes in his Diary, July 26, 1663: "Lord's Day. Up and to the Wells, where a great store of citizens, which was the greatest part of the company, though there were some others of better quality. . . . Thence

to the Durdans, and walked within the yard, and to the Bowling Green, where I have seen so much mirth in my time ; but now no family in it, my Lord Barkeley, whose it is, being with his family at London. Then rode through Epsom, the whole town over, seeing the various companys that were there walking ; which was very pleasant to see how they are there, without knowing what to do, but only in the morning to drink waters. But Lord ! to see how many I met there of citizens, that I could not have thought to have seen there ; that they ever had it in their heads or purses to go down thither." His quiet scorn for such poor people as do not happen to belong by birth to "the quality," is amusing, and worthy of Horace Walpole himself.

In the summer season the town was always full, the company being attracted by the races on Banstead Downs, and by the other fashionable diversions. On one occasion, in July, 1663, Samuel Pepys found the town so full that he could not get a lodging, and had to go towards Ashted, where he got accommodation at a small wayside inn.

In the "Memoirs of Sir Ralph Esher," by Leigh Hunt, will be found some lively pictures of the above-mentioned period. Sir Ralph Esher is an adventurer in the Court of Charles II., where he is introduced by luckily securing a feather that escapes from the hat of one of the ladies of the Court on horseback. The work opens with some account of the writer's family, of some antiquity, in the county of Surrey, and in one of the early chapters he describes one of Charles's visits to Durdans, a rural retreat in the outskirts of this town. The opening has all the freshness of a race-day morning at Epsom :—"The bells awoke me in the morning ringing a merry peal. When the wind died, they seemed to be calling towards London ; when it rose again, they poured their merriment through the town, as if telling us that the King was coming. I got up, and went into the street, where the people were having their breakfasts under the trees, as the gentry do in the time of the races. It was a very animated scene. The morning was brilliant. A fine air tempered the coming warmth. The tables set out with creams and cakes under the trees, had a pretty country look, though the place was crowded. Everybody was laughing, chattering, and expecting ; and the lasses, in their boddices and white sleeves, reminded me of Miss Warmestre."

The arrival of the King and his mistress is graphically told, as are the costumes described, nay, coloured, for they are like highly finished portraits :—

"The King !—The silence now seemed to become more silent ; and in spite of the opinions in which I had been brought up, I felt what it was to be in the presence of one who inherited sovereign power. His Majesty himself alighted first, and together with Buckingham, presented his hand to assist the Queen. Then came a handsome boy, Mr. Crofts (afterwards Duke of Monmouth) ; and last, assisted by her cousin the Duke, the long-looked-for beauty, beautiful indeed, triumphantly beautiful. She looked around, and the spectators could hardly refrain from another shout.

"The dress at that time was well calculated to set off a woman to advantage. Lady Castlemaine was dressed in white and green, with an open boddice of pink looped in diamonds. Her sleeves were green, looped up full on the shoulders with jewelry, and showing the white shift beneath, richly trimmed with lace. The boddice was long and close, with a very low tucker. The petticoat fell in ample folds, but not so long as to keep the ankles unexposed ; and it was relieved from an appearance of too much weight by the very weightiness of the hanging sleeves, which counterpoising its magnitude, and looking flowery with lace and ribbons, left the arms free at the elbows, and fell down behind on either side. The hair was dressed wide, with ringlets at the cheeks ; and the fair vision held a fan in one hand, while the Duke led her by the other. When she had ascended the steps, and came walking up the terrace, the lowness of her dress in the bosom, the visibility of her trim ankles, and the flourishing massiness of the rest of her apparel, produced the effect, not of a woman overdressed, but of a dress displaying a woman ; and she came on breathing rosy perfection, like the queen of the gardens.

"I did not see all this at the time ; there was not leisure for it ; but I had the general impression, which I reduced into detail afterwards. The spectators forgot everybody but the King and her. His Majesty at that period of his life (he was little more than thirty) looked at his best, and I thought I never saw a manlier face, or a more graceful figure. He was in mulberry-coloured velvet and gold. He not only took off his hat in return to our salutations, but persisted in keeping it so, as if in the presence of the whole people of England. This fairly transported us. The royal features were strong, somewhat grim even, and he had a black brow and a swarthy complexion, reminding us of the southern part of his stock ; but there was good temper in the smile of his wide though not unhandsome mouth ; and his carriage was eminently that of the gentleman.

Lady Castlemaine at the time was little more than twenty. The Queen, though short of stature, was young also, and looked handsomer than we expected; and as all parties seemed pleased, and His Majesty's little son came on the other side of the lady of the bed-chamber, we pretended to ourselves, that things were not so bad as report made them; though never more convinced, that everything which had been related was true."

The place must have been gay and attractive enough in its summer season. Toland, in his "Description of Epsom," published in the reign of Queen Anne, writes thus:—"You would think yourself in some enchanted camp, to see the peasants ride to every house with the choicest fruit, herbs, roots, and flowers; with all sorts of tame and wild fowls; the rarest fish and venison, and with every kind of butchers' meat, among which the Banstead Downs mutton is the most relishing dainty." He describes with the greatest minuteness the town and the company that filled it, and tells us how the fronts of the houses were "adorned throughout with rows of elms and lime-trees, in many places artificially wreathed into verdant porcos, cut into a variety of figures, and close enough wrought to defend those who sat under such hospitable shades from the injuries of the sun and rain. The finest of them all," he adds, "is that which shades the paved terrace in the centre of the town, and extends quite before the chief tavern and coffee-house. By the conversation of those who walk there you would fancy yourself to be this minute on the Exchange, and the next at St. James's; one while in an East India factory, and another while with the army in Flanders, or on board the fleet in the ocean; nor is there any profession, trade, or calling that you can miss of here, either for your instruction or diversion. Fronting this, our Forum, as I may call it, there is another of these shades lately wrought over a paved walk of considerable length, called the New Parade." Mr. Toland then proceeds to state that "the two rival bowling-greens are not to be forgotten, on which all the company, after diverting themselves in the morning according to their fancies, make a gallant appearance every evening (especially on the Saturday and Monday). Here are also raffling-tables, with music playing most of the day, and the nights are generally crowned with dancing. All new comers are awakened out of their sleep the first morning by the same music which goes to welcome them to Epsom. In the raffling shops are lost more hearts than guineas. Here the rude, the sullen, the noisy, and the affected; the peevish, the covetous, the litigious, and the sharpening; the proud, the

prodigal, the impatient, and the impertinent; become visible foils to the well-bred, prudent, modest, and good-humoured in the eyes of all impartial beholders."

"In the outer circle of the mineral springs which are to be found in the neighbourhood of London, those of Epsom are the best known, owing to their name having been given to sulphate of magnesia. They seem to have been first discovered in 1611, and became very much frequented immediately after the Restoration. They kept also their popularity through the former half of the eighteenth century, when they were visited by Prince George of Denmark. As many as sixty carriages might then be seen in 'The Ring' at the same time. Notwithstanding the bracing air of Epsom and Banstead Downs—said to be the purest near London—their popularity fell off after the accession of George III., and what was once the chief well, is now (1871) enclosed in a private garden and quite forgotten." So writes Dr. Macpherson. He adds that a little to the west of Epsom there was the scouring well in Ashted Oaks, over which is still some brickwork; and two miles further west, in the centre of the forest, is the better known Jessop's well. It still has a pump room over it, but is quite forgotten.

The finding of a mineral spring on the common, the first of the kind discovered in England, appears to have given the signal for the improvement of Epsom. At that time houses began to multiply, and company from a distance to pay their transitory visits. "The chief improvements of the town, however, date from the spoliation of Nonsuch, by the Duchess of Cleveland, in the year 1670, when the materials at hand affording an inducement to persons to build, the palace of Durdans and many other large mansions were erected in Epsom."

About the year 1715 Epsom began to be gradually deserted, partly, it is said, owing to the "knaveish tricks and frauds" of an apothecary named Livingstone, who, having purchased some land in the town, set up a rival establishment to that which already existed, and which he called the New Wells. Here he had concerts, balls, assemblies, and gaming, and by his novelties allured the company from the old wells. The water of the new wells, however, as the local topographer tells us, did not possess any virtue, and consequently "those who drank it did not derive any benefit therefrom, by which means the waters of the old wells grew into unmerited disrepute for want of a distinction."

"The saline waters at Epsom," writes Abraham

Booth in "Cleaver's Gazette of Variety," 1842, "although not now frequented for purposes of health, will always maintain their reputation, from giving name to their active salt—sulphate of magnesia, the popular domestic remedy of Epsom salts, which were first obtained from the evaporation of this water, and sold at a very high price. As soon, however, as their composition was discovered, the manufacturer supplied a hundred-weight for perhaps every ounce which was really supplied from the spring, and very soon altogether superseded the use of the previous domestic purging or Glauber's salts."

One of the best known characters of the last century, at the time when the popularity of Epsom was on the wane, was Mrs. Mapp, the bone-setter,* who, after leading a wandering life for some time, settled down here. "The remarkable strength with which she was endowed," observes a writer in *Temple Bar*, December, 1872, "together with such knowledge as she had acquired from her father (himself a bone-setter), mainly contributed to the success which, in many cases, undoubtedly attended her operations. She journeyed to town twice a week in a coach-and-four, and, at the Grecian Coffee House, operated on her town patients, carrying their crutches back to Epsom as trophies of her skill. During one of these visits she was called in to the aid of Sir Hans Sloane's niece, and the success she met with on this occasion became the talk of the town. A comedy called 'The Husband's Relief; or, the Female Bone-setter and the Worm Doctor,' was brought out at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Mrs. Mapp attended the first performance, accompanied by Ward and Taylor, two quacks, who will be noticed presently. A song in her praise was sung, of which one verse runs :—

'You doctors of London, who puzzle your pates
To ride in your coaches and purchase estates;
Give over, for shame, for your pride has a fall,
And the doctress of Epsom has outdone you all.'

Many remarkable cures effected by her are noted in the public journals of the day, and there is no doubt that she was in the receipt of a very large income. The following extract from the *Grub Street Journal*, of the 19th of April, 1736, will give the reader a sufficient insight into her brief married life :—'We hear that the husband of Mrs. Mapp, the famous bone-setter at Epsom, ran away from her last week, taking with him upwards of a hundred guineas, and such other portable things as lay next to his hand. Several letters from Epsom mention that the footman, whom the fair bone-setter married the week before, had taken a sudden journey from thence with what money his wife had earned, and that her concern at first was very great; but as soon as the surprise was over she grew gay, and seems to think the money well disposed of, as it was likely to rid her of a husband.' At this time she was at the height of prosperity. In the December of the next year she died, 'at her lodgings near the Seven Dials, so miserably poor that the parish was obliged to bury her.'"

Mrs. Mapp's coarse face appears in that well-known satiric engraving of Hogarth, "The Undertakers' Arms." She is the central figure of the upper triad, and is arrayed in a harlequin jacket. She is described as "an Amazonian quack-doctress, whose strength of arm was equalled only by her strength of language. Some of her sayings are still extant in tradition, but they would not bear quoting."

Dr. Clarke was at one time the fashionable physician here. His wife, as mentioned in a previous chapter, lies buried at Beckenham. The inscription on her monument was written by Gray.*

CHAPTER XXXI.

EPSOM (*continued*)—THE TOWN, ETC.

"Through Surrey's verdant scenes, where Epsom spreads
'Mid intermingling elms her flow'ry meads,
I journey'd blithe."

Description of the Town—The "King's Head" and other Hotels—The Court House and other Public Buildings—The Assembly Rooms—Harlow's Portrait of Queen Charlotte—The Parish Church—Christ Church—Chapels and Meeting-houses for Nonconformists, &c.—Almshouses—Royal Medical Benevolent College—Pit Place—Lord Lyttelton's Ghost—Horton Place—Woodcote House—Woodcote Park—Durdans.

EPSOM is a large, quaint, irregular, and interesting town; it is unlike other places, and with its broad street or parade wears an air of past grandeur. It

is built mainly on the high road, with smaller streets and rows of houses and shops branching off on either side. There are several good hotels and

* See "Old and New London," Vol. VI., p. 248.

* See *ante*, p. 101.

quaint inns (one of which has the reputation of being the largest in England). The principal of these are the "King's Head," the "Spread Eagle," and the "Albion." The "King's Head" is a house of long standing, having been patronised by Pepys on the occasion of his visit to the town in 1667. Under date of July 14 in that year, the genial Secretary writes:—"To Epsom; by eight o'clock to the Well, where much company; and to the town, to the 'King's Head,' and hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sedley with them, and keep a merry house." In Leigh Hunt's "Sir Ralph Esher," it may be remembered that the introduction of Sir Ralph to the afterwards celebrated Nell Gwynne took place at Epsom. The "Spread Eagle" is much frequented by the sporting fraternity during the races here.

Harlow painted as a signboard a portrait of Queen Charlotte in settlement of a bill that he had run up at a tavern in New Inn Lane.

In the main street, which gradually broadens out towards its southern extremity, most of the shops are large and attractive; and the town can boast of its court-house, market-house, and other public buildings. In the middle of the High Street is a large building of coloured bricks utilised as the fire-engine station, while the upper part of it forms a clock-tower, showing two illuminated dials at night.

At the southern end of the High Street is a fine large red-brick mansion, with a heavy roof, now cut up into shops. This formerly contained the Assembly Rooms, in which balls were held in the Stuart times. But, alas! these rooms never had a Beau Nash to make their name immortal. The large room, the floor of which was trodden two centuries ago by royal and noble belles and beaux, and was the scene of endless flirtations and gaiety, now serves as a dull store or magazine for goods.

The patronage of Epsom was formerly vested in the Abbey of Chertsey, and it has passed along with the manor to the Carews, D'Arcies, Parkhursts, &c. The church, dedicated to St. Martin, is at the upper end of Church Street, on the east side of the town. It is an unsightly modern brick building, dating from 1825, at which time the old church, with the exception of the tower, was taken down. It would be well if the new structure could be "taken down" also. In the time of the Domesday Survey there appear to have been two churches at Epsom, and that there were a rector and a vicar at the same time, says Brayley, is proved by the register of Bishop Pontissara in 1285, "when he granted to Roger de Grava, rector, all oblations and obventions issuing out of

the vicarage for five years, in consideration of his expenditure in building a chancel. On Stamford Green, in Horton, there was once a church, called Stamford Chapel, which may have been the second church above referred to; it is mentioned in the chartulary of Chertsey Abbey, by which the benefice with the manor of Epsom, was appropriated.

The old parish church is thus described by Manning and Bray in their "History of Surrey":—"It is built with flints, as is the tower which stands at the west end of the north aisle, and on it is a small slender spire covered with shingles; in it are six [eight, as at present] bells and a clock. There is a nave and two aisles, and beyond is a single chancel, said to have been added to the original building, and that the stone with which it was built was brought from Merton Abbey to Nonsuch when Henry VIII. built the latter; but this was clearly contradicted by the above grant from the bishop, and by the finding a stone, on removing Peirce's tablet to make room for Mr. Warre's in 1801, on which was a fragment of an inscription the characters of which are of an earlier date. The font, near the west door, is an octagon basin with quatrefoils on the sides, supported by an octagon pillar."

In 1824, being small and out of repair, it was pulled down, and a new pseudo-Gothic structure of the commonest type was erected from the designs of Mr. Hatchard, architect, of Pimlico, the cost being £6,000. A painted window, by Wailes, of Newcastle, has been inserted at the east end. The new church is built of brick, faced with black flints, and relieved with courses of brick and Bath stone dressings. In the chancel are three monuments with reliefs by Flaxman; one of these is in memory of the Rev. John Parkhurst, the author of Greek and Hebrew lexicons. A tablet to one of the Warre family represents a female figure kneeling, with an infant in her arms, by Chantrey. A tablet at the east end of the nave, in memory of Eleanor Belfield, who died in 1802, comprises emblematic figures by Flaxman. In the south aisle is a costly monument, preserved from the old church, to the memory of Richard Evelyn, of Woodcote, who died in 1669, and Elizabeth, his widow, who died in the year 1691. Among the memorials in the churchyard is a stone bearing the following quaint inscription:—

"Here lies the carcase
Of honest Charles Parkhurst,
Who ne'er could dance, sing,
But always was true to
His Sovereign Lord the King
Charles the First.

Ob. Dec. xx. MDCCIV. ætat. LXXXVI."

Christ Church, Clay Hill, on Epsom Common, was built in 1876, from the designs of Mr. A. Blomfield. It is in the Decorated style of Gothic architecture, and was erected to supersede a small red-brick building which had been built a few years previously, but which had become inadequate for the population of the district.

At the Independent Chapel in Church Street, known as the Old Chapel, Dr. Watts used occasionally to preach during his visits to Sir John

Charterhouse in its plan, as affording a refuge for the aged and a school for the young. Fifty pensioners, being medical men or the widows of such, here receive annuities of £21 each; twenty-four of them have in addition furnished rooms in the college, and an annual allowance of three and a half tons of coals each. Fifty foundation scholars, being necessitous orphans and sons of medical men, receive an education of the highest class, and are boarded, clothed, and maintained, at the ex-



EPSOM HIGH STREET.

Hartopp, whose house nearly adjoined the chapel. The Rev. John Harris, the author of the once-famous "Mammon," was for many years minister here. In South Parade there is a small Catholic chapel, and there are also meeting-houses for Wesleyans, Congregationalists, and other denominations.

The charitable institutions in the town and its immediate neighbourhood are considerable. In East Street are almshouses for twelve poor widows; they were founded by John Livingstone in 1703, but re-built in a better style in 1871.

A handsome Gothic building on the edge of the downs, standing in about 18 acres of ground, is devoted to the purposes of the Royal Medical Benevolent College. It is somewhat like the

pense of the college. The buildings, which were completed in 1855, comprise the school, asylum, master's house, and a chapel.

Epsom has long been regarded as occupying one of the most delightful situations in the vicinity of the metropolis. "The beautiful plantations of Garlands, the more stately groves of Durdans, and the ancient and magnificent trees of Woodcote, combine to give a richness to the scenery of the surrounding country, and present, either from the downs or commons, the town of Epsom encircled in their foliage." From the summit of the downs is obtained one of the richest and most extensive views in the county.

In the town and its immediate neighbourhood

are several seats and houses of the nobility, some of which are of public interest. A house close to the church, called Pit Place,* was the scene of the apparition of a ghost to Lord Lyttelton. Thomas, Lord Lyttelton, the once idolised, but afterwards hated, heir of his great and good father, George, Lord Lyttelton, had been in early life one of the hangers-on of Mrs. Montagu, at her blue-stockings gatherings in Hill Street and at Montagu House. Grace and Philip Wharton describe him, in their

death was predicted to him when in the last stage of a decline—at five-and-thirty years of age—by an apparition in the form of a young lady whom he had seduced. The hour was foretold, and though his friends had set the clock on, he expired at the minute that she had predicted. This is the only ghost story in modern times which has been carefully investigated and minutely recorded; and the short account of it is described on a brass plate in the house at Epsom in which the titled sinner died.



PIT PLACE.

"Queens of Society," as "Vain, elegant, and profligate . . . the delight, the admiration, and the leader of society, always fearful and superstitious, yet not religious." They write:—"For a while his youthful and almost handsome face, with the hair turned back over a wide forehead, his bag-wig, his exquisite ruffles, and an expression half good-humoured, half sarcastic, might be seen in the great assemblies at Montagu House, where he was long tolerated for his father's sake; but he soon became too notorious for any society, and vanished from his own sphere into a lower orbit. . . . His

The three last years of his life were passed in penitence and in an attempt at reform; but, as one of his friends wrote, 'the period of his emancipation from the fetters of pleasure and indolence marked also his dissolution.' Such was the detestation of his character that his funeral took place at night, for fear that the people of Hagley would tear his remains from the coffin in fury. . . . He was a splendid speaker and a wit, a Macaroni or dandy of the first class, and a man of wonderful powers of fascination; perhaps in the days of Charles II. he might have been almost respectable; and with all his wickedness he must have been a brilliant person in society."

The following version of the story above referred

* It was probably named "The Pit House," from standing in a chalk-pit; but it was natural during the last century for the owner of such a house to add to it the cheap lustre of a great name.

to is extracted from my "Tales of Great Families":—"Pit Place is a plain, unpretending mansion, with pleasant lawns and gardens, and reminds one of a country rectory. Towards the close of November, 1779, Lord Lyttelton had gone down from London to Pit Place for the purpose of spending a week or two in field sports or other recreation, and he had taken with him a gay party of friends. On the 24th of that month he had retired to bed at midnight, after spending the evening at cards with his guests, when his attention was attracted by the fluttering of a bird, apparently a dove or a pigeon, tapping at the window of his bed-chamber. He started, for he had only just put out his light, and was about to compose himself to rest, and sat up in bed to listen. He had gazed and listened for a minute or so, when he saw, or at all events fancied that he saw, a female clothed in white enter—whether by the door or by the window we are not informed—and quietly approach the foot of his bed. He was somewhat surprised, and not agreeably surprised, when the figure opened its pale lips and told him that three days from that very hour he should cease to live.

"In whatever manner this intimation, real or unreal, from the other world was conveyed to him, whether by sound of the voice or by any other mode of communication, one thing is certain, that Lord Lyttelton regarded it as a reality, and a message from the world of spirits. Next morning he mentioned it as such to the guests who were in the house, and during the next two or three days it preyed upon his mind, visibly affected his spirits, and threw a damp over the entire party who were assembled.

"The third night came, and everything had gone on as usual. The guests had sat down to dinner, played their rubbers of whist, and retired; but none of them had dared to rally the young Lord Lyttelton on the depression of spirits under which he laboured. Eleven o'clock came; the party broke up and went to their several rooms, wishing each other good-night, and heartily desiring that the night were past and gone, so restless, anxious, and uncomfortable did they feel without exception. Twelve o'clock came, and Lord Lyttelton was sitting up in bed, having given his servant orders to mix him a dose of rhubarb, though apparently in the best of health. The dose was poured out, and he was just about to take it when he found that there was no teaspoon. A little out of patience with the valet for neglecting to have a spoon at hand, he ordered him to go and fetch one from the pantry at the foot of the stairs. The man was not absent from the room for more than a minute, or possibly

a minute and a half, but when he returned he found his master lying back at full length upon the bed speechless and motionless. No efforts to restore animation were of any avail, and no symptom of consciousness showed itself. His lordship was dead, having died on the third day, as the spectre had foretold.

"As the records of the Surrey coroner a century ago are no longer extant, we suppose that it is hopeless at this distance of time to attempt to find out whether a formal inquest was held upon the body, and if so, what the verdict may have been. Whether, therefore, Lord Lyttelton's death was occasioned by any sudden shock to his nervous system, or whether it was the result of a sudden apoplectic or other seizure, must remain a matter of uncertainty and conjecture to the end of time.

"Sir Nathaniel Wraxall adds a reflection of his own, to the effect that the Lyttelton family in the last century suffered from a certain constitutional irritability of the nerves, which appears to have predisposed its members to such shocks as that which produced, or at all events hastened on, the end of the young nobleman here related. This may or may not have been the case; but it is only fair to state that Sir Nathaniel adds, in his own gossiping way, by way of confirmation of his theory, that the first lord, in spite of his great practical sense and political experience, 'manifested great credulity on the subject of apparitions;' and that a cousin of the deceased, some four years afterwards, died in a somewhat similar way at Stourhead, Wiltshire, about two years after her marriage to Sir Richard Hoare, Bart., of that place. The fact, however, is that Lord Lyttelton's life had been of so licentious and abandoned a character as to subject him continually to the keenest reproaches of an accusing conscience: '*Nocte dieque suum gestare in pectore testem.*' This domestic spectre—for such it must ever be to a sensitive mind—which accompanied him everywhere, was known to have given rise while he was on his travels, and particularly at Lyons, says Sir Nathaniel, to scenes greatly resembling the scene of his last moments at Epsom.

"It is clear that the good-natured old chronicler on whom we have drawn so largely for the materials of this sketch did not speedily dismiss the subject from his memory. About five years afterwards, when dining at Pit Place, he had the curiosity to search out and visit the bed-chamber which was the scene of Lord Lyttelton's tragic end. He was shown the bedstead on which he died, and the casement of the window at which the bird had tapped with his beak so maliciously, and against which it had fluttered with its wings. Moreover, he was a

constant visitor at the house of his lordship's step-mother, the Dowager Lady Lyttelton, in Portugal Street, Grosvenor Square, who often talked to him on the subject, inclining to the supernatural, as he did to the natural, view of the case. 'A woman of a very lively imagination, she gave an implicit faith,' he says, 'to all the supernatural occurrences which were supposed to have accompanied, or rather to have immediately preceded, Lord Lyttelton's end;' and it is well known that she immortalised the event by executing a painting of it, which is still in existence, and is preserved in the family as a memorial of the past. She was gifted with the painters' art, and she executed the painting in 1780, when the affair was fresh in the memory of her friends, and of the servant who attended him at Pit Place, from whom she drew her information. Every detail was given to her as told by the valet, who had it from his master's lips during that three days' interval between the warning and the fatal stroke. This picture,' adds Sir Nathaniel, 'used to hang in a conspicuous place in her drawing-room in Portugal Street, and must be well remembered, there or elsewhere, by many friends of the family. It is not, perhaps, of any high value as a work of art, and its intrinsic value may be small, but it is a precious heirloom in the house of Lyttelton. In it the bird at the window is represented as a dove; and the female figure, habited in white, is standing at the foot of the bed, announcing to Lord Lyttelton his speedy dissolution.' It is only right to add here that the picture thus described is not known to the present members of the Lyttelton family; and though there is somewhere or other to be seen a small print of the vision, the print is poor and intrinsically worthless."

In the work from which we have quoted the above one or two other versions of the story are given, from original papers which had been placed at the disposal of the author by Lord Lyttelton himself. One of them will be sufficient for our purpose here. It is a memorandum in the handwriting of William Henry, the first Lord Lyttelton of the new creation, and is indorsed in his lordship's handwriting: "Remarkable Dream and Circumstances attending the Death of Thomas Lord Lyttelton." It runs as follows:—

"On Thursday, the 25th of November, 1779, Thomas Lord Lyttelton, when he came to breakfast, declared to Mrs. Flood, wife of Frederick Flood, Esq., of the kingdom of Ireland, and to the three Misses Amphlett, who were lodged in his house in Hill Street, London (where he then also was), that he had had an extraordinary dream the night before. He said he thought he was in a room into

which flew a bird, which appearance was suddenly changed into that of a woman dressed in white, who bade him prepare to die, to which he answered: 'I hope not soon; not in two months.' She replied: 'Yes, in three days.' He said he did not much regard it, because he could in some measure account for it, for that a few days before he had been with Mrs. Dawson, when a robin-redbreast flew into her room. When he had dressed himself that day to go to the House of Lords, he said he thought he did not look as if he was likely to die. In the evening of the following day, being Friday, he told the eldest Miss Amphlett that she looked melancholy; 'but,' said he, 'you are foolish and fearful. I have lived two days, and, God willing, I will live out the third.' On the morning of Saturday he told the same ladies that he was very well, and believed that he 'should birk the ghost.' Some hours afterwards he went with them, Mr. Fortescue, and Captain Wolseley, to Pit Place, at Epsom, withdrew to his bed-chamber soon after eleven o'clock at night, talked cheerfully to his servant, and particularly inquired of him what care had been taken to provide good roles [*sic*] for his breakfast next morning. He stepped into bed with his waistcoat on, and as his servant was pulling it off he put his hand to his side, sunk back, and expired immediately without a groan. He ate a good dinner after his arrival at Pit Place that day, and took an egg for his supper. It [he?] did not seem to be at all out of order, except that while eating his soup at dinner he had a rising in his throat, a thing which had often happened to him before, and which obliged him to spit some of it out. His physician, Dr. Fothergill, told me that Lord Lyttelton in the summer preceding had a bad pain in his side, and he judged that some great vessel in the part where he felt the pain gave way, and to that, he conjectured, his death was owing. His declaration of his dream and his expressions above-mentioned consequent thereunto, were upon a close inquiry asserted to me to have been so by Mrs. Flood, the eldest Miss Amphlett, Captain Wolseley, and the *valet de chambre* Faulkner, who dressed him on the Thursday; and the manner of his death was related to me by William Stuckey, in the presence of Mr. Fortescue and Captain Wolseley, Stuckey being the servant who attended him in his bed-chamber, and in whose arms he died." This narrative is signed "Westcote"—an Irish title which the writer bore before being raised to the English barony of Lyttelton in February, 1780.

Horton Place, the seat of Mr. William Trotter, lies about a mile to the west of Epsom, in the

midst of an extensive park. The old manor-house was a large building, surrounded by a moat, and was for many years the abode of the Mynns and their predecessors. Horton was anciently included in the Manor of Epsom, and as such was held by the Abbot of Chertsey, who, in the reign of Henry VI., granted "the vill of Horton" to John Merston and Rose his wife. From this family the property passed, by the marriage of an heiress early in the sixteenth century, to Nicholas Mynn, with whose descendants it continued till 1626, when it was sold to George Mynn, of Lincoln's Inn. That gentleman married Ann, daughter of Sir Robert Parkhurst, on whose death the estate devolved upon their daughter Elizabeth, the wife of Richard Evelyn, the younger brother of the author of "Sylva." Mrs. Evelyn survived her husband, and her children having died before her, she bequeathed her property, which included the estate of Woodcote, to Charles Calvert, fourth Lord Baltimore, an Irish peer, who was maternally descended from one of the Mynns. Horton continued in the hands of the Lords Baltimore for two or three generations, when it was sold to a Mr. Monk. After one or two other changes of ownership, it passed, again by sale, to Mr. John Trotter, an army-contractor, of Soho Square, who died possessed of it in 1790. His son and successor, Mr. James Trotter, who was Sheriff of Surrey in 1798, erected the present mansion, called Horton Place, and enclosed a quantity of land around it for a park. At the death of this gentleman the estate devolved upon his son, Mr. John Trotter, who was for many years Storekeeper-General, and for some time M.P. for the Western Division of Surrey. The Manor of Horton is now owned by Mr. William Trotter, son of the late Mr. George Brown, merchant, of London, who assumed that name in lieu of his patronymic on succeeding to the property in 1868.

To the south and south-west of the town, and stretching away for upwards of a mile towards the race-course, is the district of Woodcote, which includes within its bounds Woodcote Grove, with Woodcote Green and the estates of Woodcote House and Woodcote Park.

Woodcote House, though it almost adjoins Woodcote Park, must be carefully distinguished from it. It is a much smaller house, and stands much nearer to the town of Epsom, and in small but beautiful grounds of its own. From the entrance-lodge a short drive leads up to the mansion, which is of the modern classical style, consisting of a square centre building and two wings, and is covered with white stucco. From the entrance-hall branch off on each side the principal rooms.

Here is a small but very fine collection of pictures by the old masters, of which those principally to be noticed are :—"A Boar Hunt," by Poussin ; "Scene at a Village Fair," by Watteau ; "Sea-piece," by Van der Velde ; "Madonna," by Albrecht Dürer ; "Battle Scene," by Huchtenburgh ; "Landscape with Cattle," by Vandermeer ; and various unsigned pictures of the Dutch and English schools. In the dining-room are portraits of Sir Edward Northey, knighted by Queen Anne for services as Attorney-General, of his son Mr. Northey, and his wife, dressed in white satin, the painter being unknown. In the hall is a collection of family miniatures, and in a case in the drawing-room are various Waterloo relics, old coins, swords, &c., collected by the grandfather of the present owner, who was at that famous victory. The chairs are covered with tapestry more than three generations old, and much of the available remaining space is filled with old china of great value.

At Woodcote lived and died, in 1652, the Lady Browne so frequently mentioned in the early part of John Evelyn's "Diary" for the asylum which she gave whilst she lived in Paris to the exiled Royalists during the tyranny of the Parliamentary Round-heads.

Woodcote is very frequently mentioned by Evelyn in his "Diary" as a half-way house which he often visited in his journeys between Wotton and Sayes Courts. Under date of September, 1662, for instance, he tells us :—"I went to visit my brother of Woodcott, my sister having been delivered of a son a little before." At his "noble seate near Epsom" died John Evelyn's brother Richard in 1670 ; and from its doors his body was carried on the 21st of March to be decently interred in the "chapell in Epsom Church belonging to Woodcote House," followed by a funeral train of "twenty carriages of six horses and innumerable people." The house devolved on his only daughter and heiress, who married a titled personage and died quite young. Elizabeth Evelyn, widow of Richard, died in 1691, and was also buried in the parish church. She left Woodcote, together with the manor of Horton, to Lord Baltimore.

The house had previously been the seat of the Lords Berkeley, a family at that time noted for the piety and great personal worth of its members, and one from which Robert Nelson, the author of "Fasts and Festivals," selected his wife.

It is now the seat of the Northeys. The present mansion was built by Sir Edward Northey, who was Attorney-General in the reigns of William III., Anne, and George I., and who made it his residence

He lies buried under a fine altar-tomb in the churchyard at Epsom. It is on record that the first brood of rooks—from which the colony of rooks that so long frequented the Temple Gardens, in London, had origin—was taken thither by Sir William Northey from the Woodcote estate.

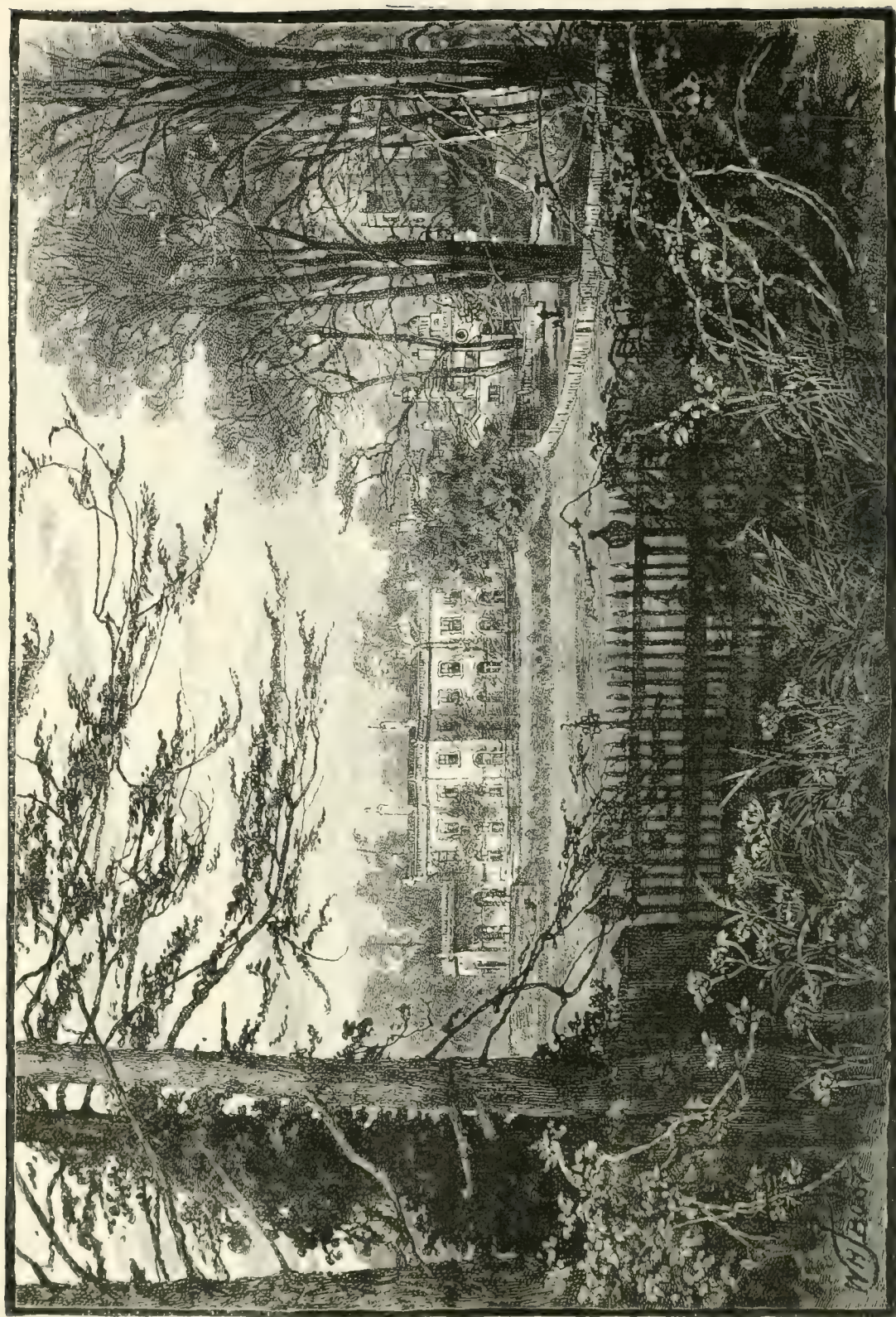
Higher up the hill, and almost adjoining the grand stand and race-course, are the trees of Woodcote Park, the residence of Mrs. Brooks. This is a very fine and extensive stone building, of which part was formerly a monastery, the arcades of which form the wings of the present house. The mansion stands in its own grounds, which are about 350 acres in extent, and contain a small lake stocked with swans and other water-fowl. A double flight of steps with balustrades leads to the entrance. The apartments are decorated in the style of the era of the first French Revolution. In the morning-room, which is the first on the right of the entrance-hall, is a very fine chimney-piece of Carrara marble, carved to represent the fable of the Dog and his Shadow. From this apartment we pass to the drawing-room, where chiefly to be noticed are the beautifully-worked Spitalfields damask curtains. The gilded mouldings and decorations of the walls, though of great age, appear as if freshly executed. The ceiling is by Verrio, with the exception of the centre-piece, which is by a later hand and of inferior execution. The ceiling of the Painted Room represents Apollo and the Muses; on it was formerly a series of panels illustrative of the story of the old Greek romance of Daphne and Chloe, beginning with the birth of the child and ending with the wedding breakfast. These were designed, in 1718, by Philip, Duke of Orleans, Regent of France during the minority of Louis XV., and were brought from Versailles. They have now been removed to a hall on the first floor. Entering the library, we notice an exceedingly fine painting on the ceiling, by Rubens, which represents a child borne by an eagle. This has been erroneously stated to be a picture of the "Bringing of Ganymede." It is really founded on an old family legend. In this room is an alcove, now lined with books, which formerly was a separate room, and was used as a bed-chamber by the unfortunate Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George II. The dividing wall has been removed so as to make it now a part of the library.

Leaving the library, we next come to a room, now unused, which was formerly a Roman Catholic chapel. The ceiling is painted by Verrio with a representation of the Ascension. In Brayley's "Surrey" it is stated that after the marriage of Elizabeth, the co-heiress of the Mynns of Horton and

Woodcote, with Richard Evelyn, "that gentleman, being struck with the far preferable situation of Woodcote Park, determined to erect a mansion there for the owners of the estate; and such a house he built, together with a chapel and a library. The two latter were ornamented by Grinling Gibbons and Verrio, who had been recommended to Mr. Evelyn by his brother John." Between the chapel and the library is a small ante-chamber, formerly used as a dressing-room for the ball-room, which is unoccupied, being left in the same unfinished state as it was seventy years ago. In the bed-rooms are some old mahogany doors and presses, the former curiously carved, the latter made from timber grown on the estate. The door-locks in this house are very remarkable. They are of Italian workmanship, and bear upon them, in the midst of rich ornamental borders, the coronet of Lord Baltimore, whose family once possessed the estate. This nobleman brought from Italy the paintings which surmount several of the doors; he also superintended the building of the present front of the house. In his time was brought from the Vatican the painted ceiling of one of the dressing-rooms; and the Blue and White room contains a gilded bed placed there by the earl.

Just beyond our area, south-west of Woodcote, is Ashted, till lately the seat of the Hon. Mrs. Howard, and now that of Mr. Thomas Lucas. The place is of some historic, or at all events literary, interest, inasmuch as it is mentioned by John Evelyn in his "Diary." In 1665 he writes:—"I supp'd at my Lady Mordaunt's at Ashted, where was a room hung with *Pintado*, full of figures great and small, prettily representing sundry trades and occupations of the Indians, with their habits; here supp'd also Dr. Duke, a learned and facetious gentleman." Again, under date of May 10, 1684, he writes:—"I went to visit my brother in Surrey. Call'd by the way at Ashted, where Sir Robert Howard (Auditor to the Exchequer) entertain'd me very civilly at his new-built house, which stands in a Park on the Downe, the avenue South; tho' downe hill to the house, which is not great, but with the outhouses very convenient. The staircase is painted by Verrio with the storie of Astrea; amongst other figures is the Picture of the Painter himselfe, and not unlike him; the rest is well done, onely the columns did not at all please me; there is also Sir Robert's own Picture in an oval: the whole in *fresco*. The place has this great defect, that there is no water but what is drawn up by horses from a very deepe well."

Close by Woodcote House and Park, and almost adjoining the town of Epsom, is Durdans, the seat



DURDANS.

of Lord Rosebery. It is said that the original house was built by Lord Berkeley out of the materials of Nonsuch Palace. George, thirteenth Lord Berkeley, was a favourite at Court after the Restoration, and had the management of the Duke of York's household. He and his family are constantly mentioned in connection with Durdans and Woodcote by both Pepys and Evelyn.

The present mansion is built of red brick, with stone dressings, in that style which John Evelyn constantly calls in his "Diary" *à la moderne*, or possibly he would have called, as he calls Audley End, "a mixt fabric, 'twixt antique and modern."

Durdans, then the seat of "my Lord Barkeley," is mentioned by Pepys in his "Diary" as a place "where I have been very merry when I was a little boy."

Evelyn, in his "Diary," under date of August 14, 1658, tells us how "We went to Durdans to a challenge'd match at bowls for £10, which we won." And again, September 1, 1662:—"Being invited by Lo. Berkeley, I went to Durdans, Epsom, where dined his majestie [Charles II.], the Queene, Duke, Dutchesse, Prince Rupert, Prince Edward, and abundance of noblemen." Three years later, the philosopher Evelyn writes to one of his learned friends:—"As to our Philosophical concernes, Dr. Wilkins, Sir William Petty, Mr. Hooke, with our operator, live altogether at my Lord Geo. Barclay's at Durdans neere my Brother, where they are excogitating new riggings for Ships, new Chariots, and new Ploughs, &c., so as I know not of such another happy conversation of Virtuosi in England."

Again, under date of August 4, 1665, he writes:—"I called at Durdans, where I found Dr. Wilkins, Sir William Petty, and Mr. Hooke, contriving chariots, new rigging for ships, a wheele for one to run races in, and other mechanical inventions: perhaps three such persons were not to be found elsewhere in Europe for parts and ingenuity." On another occasion he writes:—"My Lord George Berkeley of Durdans came to visit me." This "wheele for one to run races in" may have given, and indeed very probably gave, the first crude idea

of the velocipede, which in our own day has developed into the bicycle and tricycle.

The grove at Durdans is stated by Aubrey to have been the scene of the intrigue between Ford, Lord Grey of Werke, and his wife's sister, Lady Henrietta, daughter of the Earl of Berkeley, in consequence of which Lord Grey was prosecuted for seduction; he was found guilty, but the matter was eventually compromised. Manning, in his "History of Surrey," on the authority of the Rev. John Parkhurst, contradicts the above-mentioned statement of Aubrey, and says that the scandalous circumstances occurred, "not at Durdans, but at a house of the Berkeleys at the west end of the town, on the road to Leatherhead," which afterwards became the parish workhouse. Brayley, however, in his "Surrey," says that "from the evidence given on the trial, it plainly appears that Lord Berkeley's family resided at Durdans, near Epsom, at the time of this ill accident," and that thence the elopement must have taken place.

Durdans was at one time the residence of the Earl of Guildford, and was afterwards occupied by Frederick, Prince of Wales, who frequently enjoyed the amusement of hawking on Epsom Downs, where there is a spot still known by the name of "Hawkery." Soon afterwards the palace, as it has been styled, was taken down; and in 1764, when another mansion was in process of building, it was destroyed by fire. The house now called Durdans was next built, and having been successively held by the Dallowes, Blackmans, and Heathcotes, and for a short time by the Marquis of Lorne, was at length purchased by the Earl of Rosebery, who now owns it.

The new mansion has been largely altered by Lord Rosebery, who has blocked up the front entrance, which faced the south, and has made a fresh one near the stables under a tower on the west. He has also made new dining-room and kitchen and domestic apartments, thrown out to the west. The stables are very fine, and his stud of horses is well known to sportsmen. Lord Rosebery's winnings on the turf in 1883 were upwards of £10,000.

CHAPTER XXXII.

EPSOM RACES.

"We justly boast
At least superior jockey-ship, and claim
The honours of the turf as all our own."—COWPER.

The Popularity of "The Derby"—A Description of Mr. Frith's Picture of "Derby Day"—The Grand Stand—The Company on the Downs—The Race—Scenes and Humours of the Course and the Road between London and Epsom—The Origin of the Term "Blue Ribbon" of the Turf—Early History of Horse-racing—Introduction of Racing on Banstead Downs—Institution of the "Derby" and "Oaks" Stakes—The Races patronised by Royalty—List of Winners since 1830—Derby Anecdotes—Count La Grange and Gladiateur—Bend Or—Eclipse—Charles Greville's Character of Epsom Races—Silence of English Poets with respect to Horse-racing—Retrospective View of the Derby—Plunging—The Races and Electric Telegraphy—Jockeys—Mr. Martin Tupper on Epsom Downs.

OUR great national carnival. What a subject for pen or pencil! He who would worthily celebrate the glories of "The Derby" should join the shrewd satire and inimitable *esprit* of Thackeray to the genial and sympathetic humour of Dickens. For does not the tired Londoner, in enumerating his rare and highly-prized holidays, naturally unite in one list both Christmas Day, New Year's Day, the Boat Race Day, Easter Day, and Derby Day? Nay, we doubt not that many would echo the wish of that marvellous "Buttons" of John Leech's sketch in *Punch*, who, rejoicing in laziness and luncheon, unburdens his soul in the wish, "Don't I wish it was Derby Day all the year round!" Do not our legislators themselves make high holiday on that day, forsaking the lobby for the paddock, the close House of Commons for the open Surrey downs, the Speaker for the Starter? But enough of excuses for writing this chapter; let us rather devote ourselves to tracing the origin, history, and character of what has now become a national institution.

It may be fairly assumed that half of the adult population of England has at one time or other seen "the Derby" run; but for the benefit of the other half that has not enjoyed the same good fortune, and of the large and increasing undergrowth of childhood to whom the Derby is only a dream, to be realised on a future and, perhaps, at a distant day, I presume to add a description of that race, but which, after all, is at best a running commentary in words on the celebrated picture of "The Derby Day" by Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., one of the most faithful and accurate of all realistic painters.

The downs are lying, green and gloriously open, under a bright sunny sky, across which the clouds as they pass cast flying shadows. From early morning they have been alive with a motley group of gipsies and fortune-tellers, soldiers off duty, pick-pockets, swells, and betting-men, donkey-boys and costermongers, ladies of slender character on foot and in dog-carts, ladies of high degree and great character in barouches and drags; young swells

from the Stock Exchange in the City and from the public offices at the West End, Jews and Christians, noblemen and beggars, are mingled together in one busy, happy, noisy crowd. Here, on the top of a drag, the champagne is already flowing freely; here lolling on the grass a couple of ragged children make *their* lunch on eager contemplation of the feasters. Here a groom unpacks a large and well-filled basket beneath a carriage; fowls, lobster, ham, wine, come forth in glorious confusion distracting to behold. Very distracting indeed to that hungry little acrobat with the wistful eyes who totally forgets the audience awaiting his tricks and the master who calls to him to perform them, as he gazes on the "creature comforts" which are, alas! so seldom his own portion. Look at that young dandy to whom a black-eyed *houri* of the gipsy tribe offers a spring blossom, and the stately dame in the carriage behind listening to the sugared prophecies of the old crone. Doubtless the latter promises her patroness the most eligible of *partis* for her portion, with a shrewd eye to the aforesaid young gentleman while she describes the personal appearance of the future bridegroom. Here is Hodge, wonderful in his clean smock-frock and awkwardness, with an overpowering desire to stake his hard-earned shillings with the rascally thimble-riggers. Which will conquer? The tearful expostulations of his sensible and (in more senses than one) *attached* Sarah Ann hanging on his arm and trying to drag him away, or the sight of that packet of Bank of Elegance notes which an artful confederate so conspicuously displays? All round the scene are booths with exhibitions of everything under the sun and perhaps something more—from the "fat lady" to the "living skeleton." And through all and over all rise the stentorian tones of the "Three shies a penny" man and the man who wishes, philanthropically and philosophically, to try everybody's weight. In short, for the first hour of the races the sight-seers seem anxious and amused about everything but the racing.

During this time the Grand Stand is steadily fill-

ing. It is surrounded by a sea of drags and filled with "noble lords and ladies gay," who lean from the balconies gazing upon and criticising the scene below in much the same way as their ancestors looked from their galleries on the lists, when many a brave baron came to break a lance in the tourney in the cause of his chosen mistress. Only here the combatants are clad in various-tinted silks instead of ringing, glittering steel, and brandish riding-whips instead of lances. Here also comes the sound of betting, but it is different to the hoarse clamours of the ring. Wagers of gloves, scented and many-buttoned, are concluded between belles and beaux, on terms singularly partial to the former. Here are toilettes as brilliant and rainbow-hued as butterfly wings, bright foils to charming faces; here, too, 'tis to be feared, are the moths of envy and malice buzzing round the hearts of those who feel themselves eclipsed by their neighbours. A hundred fans fluttering at the same time make a perfumed breeze; and not a fair "turfite" with well-rounded arm but knows how becoming is the gesture of raising an opera-glass to her eyes. Here are the wise ones of the realm relaxing for once, grave Ministers enjoying themselves like school-boys, and half the titled aristocracy of Britain at the Stand, or Enclosure, now the fashionable centre of England; for "the House" has shifted from the parks and Piccadilly to this breezy hill-side, yesterday as silent and deserted as Mayfair is to-day. So that in the multitude of its attendants there can be little doubt that the crowd which annually gathers on Epsom Downs on the Derby Day must equal the spectacle presented every fourth year at Olympia of old.

The sporting writer "Nimrod," in his "Guide to the Turf," says of the Grand Stand:—"The Grand Stand on the course is the largest in Europe; to give some idea of its magnificence, it has been assessed to the poor-rate at £500 per annum. The exact expense of its erection is not known to us; but the lawyers' bill alone was £557. Poor distressed England!"

The proceedings of the day commence by some commonplace race at two o'clock, which just serves to whet the appetite of John Bull for that which is to follow. To the large majority of the sight-seers a frugal meal of ale and bread and cheese no doubt suffices, while champagne and chicken and all the other delicacies which well-filled hampers can provide are handed round to the well-to-do visitors. The lobsters and champagne-cups which are to-day discussed on the near side of "the hill" had their forerunners a hundred and seventy years ago, when Dr. Toland, as he tells us in his "History of

Epsom," saw the "peasants" riding to their patrons' houses with the "choicest fruits, herbs, roots, and flowers, with all sorts of tame and wild fowl, and with the rarest fish and venison." This was the gay and brilliant period when the garrulous old Doctor saw, on a Sunday, as many as "sixty coaches" soberly passing along the identical ground on which nowadays, during the gala days of the races, may be witnessed the scene above described. But we have to come back to the present.

The clock strikes three, and the horses, which have been trotted out of their stables into the paddock some quarter of an hour previously, are ridden by their parti-coloured jockeys up to the starting-post for a preliminary canter, which enables the "knowing ones" to make their several comments and prophecies. The betting-men have now their last opportunity. "Five to one against Actor;" "four to one against Bandboy," are the cries which resound on all sides, till the ear is deafened by the tumult. Fast and furious is the roar of bets offered and accepted as the glossy-coated horses sweep up to the starting-post after their "preliminary canter." Very probably some one or other of the high-mettled animals is disposed to be fractious at the post—to rear, curvet, or otherwise inconvenience his immediate neighbours; sometimes, too, an unmanageable colt, "whose soul's in arms and eager for the fray," defies the rein and starts before the signal, thereby causing a great waste of time and shouting. But at last the signal is given, and like a lightning-flash the whole line leave the post. For the first half of the distance the horses are well together in a dense mass, and perhaps the poorest racers among them are in front. Like a shower of flower-petals driven before a gale, the gleaming silk jackets of the jockeys interchanging with the rapidity of a kaleidoscope, the race sweeps past. Then, as they round Tattenham Corner, and the favourites begin to come to the front, a roar from a hundred thousand throats fills the air, the crowd make mad attempts to follow the racers—one minute more, and the numbers of the first three are hoisted, and the "Derby" has been once more lost and won!

An old number of *Bell's Life* thus describes the scenes and humours of the course and the road between London and Epsom in the first year of her Majesty's reign, and the sketch is almost as true at the present time, though a large percentage of the spectators find their way to the course by railway, and yet the crowds along the dusty road, with their blue veils and dolls, are still as great, as noisy, and as rollicking as ever:—

"Upon this day there is not a road nor avenue leading to the great centre of attraction that is not

studded with vehicles of every denomination, from the most humble to the most magnificent. From the metropolis, however, comes the grand outpouring of the multitude; and from the peep of day up to almost the very moment of the start for the Derby the roads present uninterrupted bustle and animation, in which the display of fun, frolic, and frisk, for which "the road to Epsom" has been immortalised by poets, artists, punsters, and puritans, affords no new matter for observation.

"The view from the Grand Stand (which is crowded from its base to its summit) would afford ample scope to the pencil in producing a panorama of matchless beauty. Below all is animation and good humour; thousands of pedestrians promenade the course, while those who occupy carriages are busily engaged in dispensing those 'creature comforts,' without which even the Derby would lose its magnetic influence.

"At the conclusion of the sports the dense mass of carriages spreading from every part of the course gives a fresh interest to the scene. As carriage after carriage rattles by, a true idea can be formed of the extent of attendance on the ground. The 'road home' is also of a richer character than the progress to the course. Every one tries to be first; here, noblemen's carriages hold a contest with one-horse carts; there, a dashing party of young men find their way impeded by a spring van that refuses to budge an inch; again, two ambitious stage-coaches have their wheels locked, and one threatens to roll over into the dyke. Here, a general smash takes place, in consequence of the obstinacy of a gate-keeper; and there a pole shatters its leader's panels. The dust rises above all, and covering the great and lowly with a universal mantle, the finery of the well-dressed beauty becomes destroyed and the careful toilet loses all its grace and elegance. Accidents occur on every side: wheels come off, springs break, every one laughs at his neighbour's misfortune and tries to forget his own. A general shout of merriment is heard—repartee is exchanged—the duke and the donkey-driver have an equality of wit and dust, and all orders are levelled by the general disorder. At every village soda-water and more potent liquors are demanded, and the poor horses get a moment of rest and refreshment.

"Among the attractions of the ride home are the preparations that are made along the road to do honour to the day. At every window some blushing girl is seen, dressed in all her finery, and gazing on the whirling crowd. In front of every mansion the whole family are arranged, decked out for the occasion, looking like a picture by Watteau. Apart

from the busy stream that rushes by, and in the street of every village, seats are drawn out, from whence the critics of the place can make their remarks and compare the present with the former meeting. Witticisms, prepared for the occasion, are directed against the carriages as they pass; and a general assault takes place on any figure to whom active ridicule can be applied. As the scene approaches London it assumes a still more animated appearance, and the road is guarded at each side by a long-drawn line of anxious lookers-on. It appears as though everybody *has been* to the races, and we wonder from whence comes the crowd that evidently has not. At length, covered with dust and fatigued with excitement, the metropolis is gained, and the labours of 'the Derby Day' are ended."

The Derby and the Return from the Derby of half a century ago live in Cruickshank's illustrations to Pierce Egan's "Tom and Jerry, or Life in London."

We may add to the preceding account that it has now become a custom for the children of the charity-schools in the neighbourhood to form in line on each side of the road and cheer lustily as the crowd goes by. And it speaks well for open-hearted John Bull that when "out for a holiday" he can remember the small folks who get but few treats, and casts to them as he goes by a "copper," or a stray "tanner." Indeed, on eyear, the children of a group of schools near Sutton* picked up no less than £60 in small change thrown to them by holiday people. This sum provided a summer excursion for the little ones.

It is now quite the fashion of the day to write and to speak of "the Derby" stakes as "the Blue Riband of the Turf." It is so called by a metaphor taken from the Royal Order of the Garter, the blue riband of which is, and has been for four centuries and more, the great object of ambition to dukes, marquises, and statesmen in general. The phrase, however, is of not very old standing, being a *mot* of Benjamin Disraeli, who introduces it into his "Biography of Lord George Bentinck." He says that on the day after the Derby in 1848, when the stakes had been won by his horse "Surplice," he found Lord George in the library of the House of Commons poring over Reports and Blue Books on the subject of some colonial matters, and looking intensely miserable. He had lately parted with his stud, including "Surplice," in order to devote himself more exclusively to politics, and the new owner had won with him that Olympic honour which had up to that time been the object of his

* See ante, p. 212.

life. "He had nothing to console him and nothing to sustain him except his pride; and even that deserted him before a heart which he knew at least could give him sympathy. He gave a sort of stifled groan. 'All my life I have been trying for this; and for what have I sacrificed it?' he murmured. It was in vain to offer solace. 'You don't know what the Derby is,' he moaned out. 'Yes, I do; it is the Blue Riband of the Turf.' 'It is the Blue Riband of the Turf,' he slowly repeated to himself, and sitting down to the table, he buried himself in a folio of statistics."

As we learn from the "Electra" of Sophocles and from other sources, the Greeks had their horse-races and chariot-races. "They had," writes "Nimrod" in the "Turf," "their course for full-aged horses and their course for colts, and their prize for which mares only started, corresponding with our 'Oaks' stakes at Epsom. Of the training and management of the Olympic racehorse we are unfortunately left in ignorance, all that can be inferred being the fact that the equestrian candidates were required to enter their names and send their horses to Elis thirty days before the celebration of the games commenced, and that the charioteers and riders, whether owners or proxies, went through a prescribed course of exercise during the intervening month."

But though horse-races and chariot-races were known to the ancients, yet it would seem that the sport of which Epsom Downs now forms the centre was unknown in British and Anglo-Saxon times. Doubtless our Norman forefathers under the Plantagenets not only hunted and hawked, but amused themselves on 'the turf'; still records are almost wholly wanting. Besides that, the qualities most valued in the horses of the Middle Ages were strength and endurance rather than speed.

It was at first for foot-races that Banstead Downs* were celebrated, and here and there we find references to matches decided in this manner. At a time when every family of "the quality" kept his "running footman" or "running footmen" it was a very obvious amusement for their indolent masters to set them to run races; and we learn from Pepys' "Diary" that this was often done in the neighbourhood of Epsom.

English horse-racing, if we may believe Mr. Hone's "Year Book," would seem to have sprung, like Minerva, in a perfect form, and to have come out of the head of our royal Solon. At all events he writes:—"Horse-racing was established in the reign of James I., with nearly all the rules for training, physicking, carrying weights, and running for

prizes, as at present. A silver bell was the annual prize; hence comes the proverb, 'to bear the bell.'" In his "Every-day Book," he seems to state that Chester was the scene of the inauguration of such sports, Mr. William Lester, a worthy mercer of that city, having caused three silver bells to be made, and to be run for by horses on St. George's Day, in 1609 or the following year. The bells, both in Chester and elsewhere, were gradually superseded by bowls or cups, or by money.

The passage in the "Every-day Book" with reference to this custom runs as follows:—"In 1609 or 1610, Mr. William Lester, mercer, being mayor of Chester, did cause three silver bells to be made, of good value, which bells he appointed to be run for with horses 'upon St. George's Day, upon the Roode Dee, from the new tower to the netes, there turning to run up to the Water Gate; that horse which came first to have the beste bell, the seconde to have the seconde bell for that year, putting in money and for to, and shuerties to deliver in the bells that day twelvemonth.' The other bell was run for the same day, upon the like conditions . . . the bell and bowl of these races have been converted to the ordinary prizes at similar meetings. They are now (1827) held in the first entire week in May, which comes as near the original time (old St. George's Day) as possible."

Horse-racing is thought to have been introduced on Banstead Downs by James I. when residing at Nonsuch; and tradition states that the King held these Downs and Enfield Chase in equal estimation as resorts for his favourite pursuit.

That the pastime of racing in the neighbourhood of Epsom existed in the days of Charles I. is proved by a quotation from Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion":—"Soon after the meeting which was held at Guildhall, 18th May, 1648, to address the two Houses of Parliament, a meeting of the Royalists was held on Banstead Downs under pretence of a horse-race, and 600 horses were collected and sent to Reigate." This pretended sport, it would seem, was the only way in which large bodies of men known to be disaffected to Government could meet in arms without exciting the suspicions of the powers that were.

Horse-racing at that time was of the rough and ready sort. Heywood, in the "English Traveller" (1653), tells us that Epsom

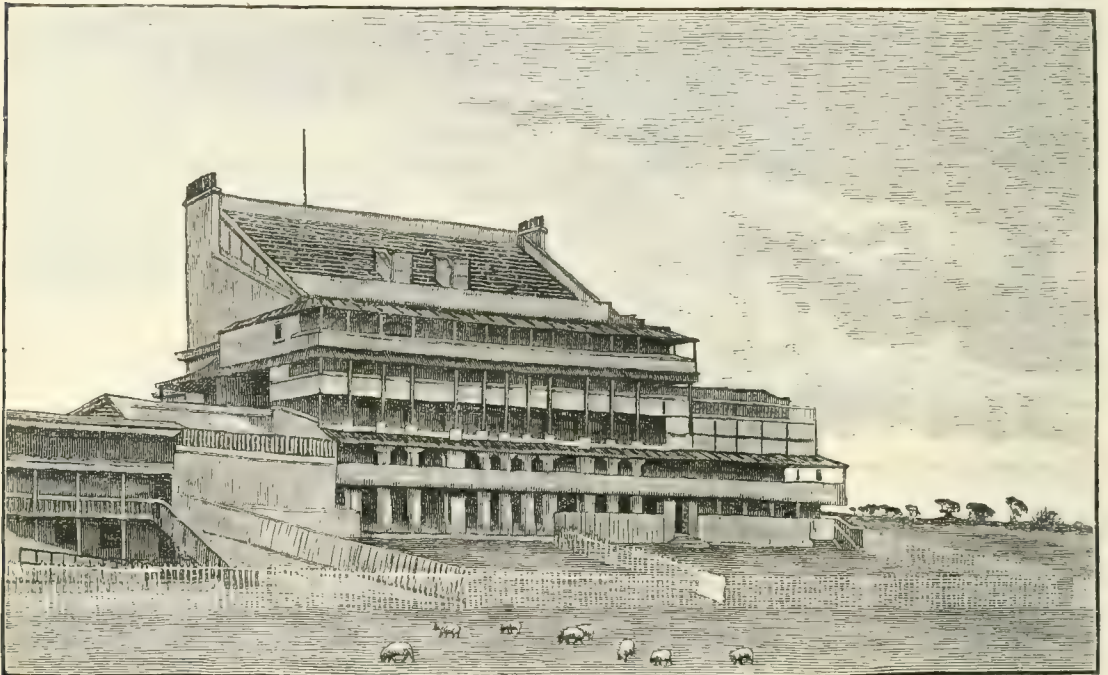
"Is a place of great resort,
And commonly upon the market days
Here all the country gentlemen appoint
A friendly meeting
. . . . some for pleasure,
To match their horses."

* See ante, p. 215.

After the Restoration, racing received the patronage of royalty, and Epsom and Banstead Downs became favourite places of public resort for this kind of pastime. Pepys tells us in his "Diary," in July, 1663, how that he intended to have gone to see a great horse-race, but being prevented by his official duties, "sent Will instead to Banstead Downs."

Still, however early or late its origin in this country may have been, horse-racing is a sport which is recommended to all Englishmen by many attractions, or at all events to those who delight in

and his Court becoming so enamoured of the amusement that a house was erected for their accommodation. The distance of that course from London, however, led Charles II., in his love of the sport, to try whether the same amusement could not be enjoyed nearer at hand; and when the Court was at Epsom to drink the waters, the thought naturally struck the king that what was done so constantly and with such success on the Newmarket Downs could be done also on those of Surrey. The royal word went forth; the Court nobles and the persons of quality followed suit; and



EPSOM GRAND STAND.

open-air sports, and in the exhibition of the powers of that "beautiful and generous spirited creature" the horse, the only thing to be regretted in connection with it being that a sport so exhilarating and so suited to the national taste should be so often made mischievous by being associated with gaming and profligacy. According to one account, the earliest scene of horse-racing in England was Newmarket, which had obtained a European celebrity two and a half centuries ago, and can be traced back to the time of the Spanish Armada, when it is said that some fine horses that had escaped from the wreck of that flotilla were exhibited there and fairly "put upon their mettle." Their fleetness astonished those who brought them there, and in a short time horse-racing became an established summer sport upon the open downs of Cambridgeshire, James I.

the result was that before very many years had passed away Epsom became the rival of Newmarket, and may be said to have long outstripped it in popularity. Epsom, it may be added, as a capital of the racing world, is second only to Newmarket (which has the advantage of courses suited to horses of all sizes and ages), and it ranks above Ascot, Doncaster, and Goodwood.

The Derby stakes were first instituted in the year 1780, the Oaks being the elder race by one year. The Earl of Derby of that day—the father of Lady Charlotte Stanley, who married General Burgoyne*—was a sportsman of the old-fashioned thoroughgoing sort, and for many years had a hunting-box for his stag-hounds near to Epsom,

* See ante, p. 219.

called the Oaks; hence the names of these now celebrated races. The picture of his huntsman, Jonathan Griffin, on his grey horse Spanker, may still be seen on the parlour walls of many a snug roadside inn in Surrey. In gratitude for the sport shown by him to his neighbours, in 1779 was first run at Epsom "The Oaks Stakes, for three-year-old fillies." This was won by Lord Derby; and in the next year was won the first Derby stakes, for three-year-old colts. From that time to this there has been an uninterrupted succession of these annual races. Like the St. Leger at Doncaster, these races did not attract any great attention for some years. Here is the full account of the first Derby. The report is taken *in extenso* from the *London Evening Post*, May 6, 1780:—

"Thursday.—The Derby Stakes of 50 guineas each; h. ft. colts and fillies. The last mile of the course.

Sir C. Bunbury's ch. c.	1
Mr. O. Kelly's b. c.	2
Mr. Walker's f.	3
Sir F. Evelyn's br. c.	4

"The winning horse was called Diomed. There were thirty-six subscribers to the race, and the value of the stakes was £1,125. The weights, originally 8st. for colts and 7st. 11lb. for fillies, were shortly after raised to 8st. 7 lb. and 8st. 2lb. respectively, and the distance increased to a mile and a half. With the exception of an alteration in the course in 1848, no change occurred for fifty years. The weights in 1862 were again raised to 8st. 10lb. for colts, and 8st. 7lb. for fillies, but the entrance and forfeits have always been the same, and no added money has been ever given."

When the present century was young, the Prince of Wales and his friends used frequently to attend these races, making them the most attractive of any, except, perhaps, those held later in the summer on the Brighton racecourse. He used to be accompanied by the Duke of Dorset and his brother Lord George Germaine, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Jersey, Beau Brummell, the Wyndhams, Shelleys, &c., and by a little old Jew named Travis, who, like the dwarf of old, writes Mr. T. Raikes in his "Journal," followed in the train of royalty. The prince, we are told, used to wear a green jacket, a white hat, and tight-fitting nankeen pantaloons and shoes, distinguished by his high-bred manners and handsome person; and in this dress His Royal Highness frequently figures in the sporting prints and caricatures of the time.

The Prince won the Derby in 1788 with Sir Thomas. His brother the Duke of York won it on two occasions: with Prince Leopold in 1816, and in 1822 with Moses.

In 1840 her Majesty the Queen with Prince Albert visited Epsom races. In this year the Derby was won by Mr. Robertson's Little Wonder, and the Prince presented Macdonald, the jockey who rode the winner, with a gold-headed riding-whip in honour of the royal visit.

The list of winning horses since 1830 may be of interest to our readers, and we append it accordingly:

1830 Priam.	1857 Blink Bonny.
1831 Spaniel.	1858 Beadsman.
1832 St. Giles.	1859 Musjid.
1833 Dangerous.	1860 Thormanby.
1834 Plenipotentiary.	1861 Kettleham.
1835 Mundig.	1862 Caractacus.
1836 *Bay Middleton.	1863 Macdon.
1837 Phosphorus.	1864 ‡Blair Athol.
1838 Amato.	1865*‡Gladiator.
1839 Bloomsbury.	1866*‡Lord Lyon.
1840 Little Wonder	1867 Hermit.
1841 Coronation.	1868 Blue Gown.
1842 Attila.	1869 *Pretender.
1843 *Cotherstone.	1870 Kingcraft.
1844 Orlando.	1871 Favonius.
1845 Merry Monarch.	1872 Cremorne.
1846 Pyrrhus the First.	1873 Doncaster.
1847 Cossack.	1874 George Frederick.
1848 ‡Surplice.	1875 Galopin.
1849 ‡Flying Dutchman.	1876 Kisher.
1850 ‡Voltigeur.	1877 ‡Silvio.
1851 Teddington.	1878 Sefton.
1852 Daniel O'Rourke.	1879 Sir Bevis.
1853 ‡West Australian.	1880 Bend Or.
1854 Andover.	1881 ‡Iroquois.
1855 Wild Dayrell.	1882 ‡Shotover.
1856 Ellington.	1883 St. Blaise.

Note.—The horses marked thus ‡ also won the Two Thousand Guineas at the St. Leger.

For the first twenty years the average of subscribers to the Derby sweepstakes was 36, and the average of starters 10. Between 1800 and 1820, average 43 and 12; from 1820–40, 93 and 18; and from the latter date to 1860, 180 and 26. The average for the score of years ending 1883 shows about 270 subscribers, while the "fields" all round do not prove as large. The smallest field was in 1794, when only four ran, and Dædalus won. The largest was in 1862, when thirty-four started, and Caractacus won. In Lord Lyon's year (1866) the net value of the stakes was £7,300, the richest Derby hitherto, it is said.

Sir Charles Bunbury was one of the chief supporters of the turf, and one of the most successful breeders of his day. In 1801 he won both the Derby and the Oaks with the same horse, Eleanor—a piece of good fortune which, I believe, has never been repeated.

Among "sensational" Derbies may be men-

tioned that of 1828, when the only dead heat resulted between Cadland and the Colonel, run off in favour of the former. In 1820 the Derby was run during a hurricane, which blew down the booths and sent tents and canvas flying over the course. Most appropriately, it was won that year by Mr. Thornhill's Sailor, a son of Scud. Twice has the start occurred in a snow-storm; once in 1839, when Bloomsbury won, and again in Hermit's year, 1867.

But the greatest sensation occurred in 1844, when Running Rein, a four-year-old, came in first; but, owing to a fraud, the stakes, after a trial in the Court of Exchequer, were awarded to the second—Colonel (afterwards General) Peel's Orlando. Baron Alderson, who tried the case, stigmatised the enormity of the offence by declaring that if the perpetrators of it were tried and convicted before him, transportation for life would be the sentence he would pass.

Running Rein belonged to a Jew, about whom the following anecdote is told. This man hearing discussed some years after the chances of Baron Rothschild's horse, King Tom, winning the race, burst out, "Vat? A Jhew vin de Derby! Dey'll never let a Jhew vin de Derby. Vhy, I von it vonst myshelf, but they wouldn't give me de sthaykes!"

The Derby in 1865 was won by the Count La Grange's horse Gladiateur, the only French-bred horse which has achieved that success. The count had previously won the Oaks in 1864 with another French horse, Fille de l'Air. This produced a bitter feeling amongst English turfites, who resented a foreigner carrying off "the Blue Riband of the turf." The owner of the horse was publicly insulted, and it was freely said that, as history repeats itself, so the Derby of 1844 had found a parallel in 1865.

The following account of Count La Grange, who only late in life commenced the breeding and racing of horses, is given by the French correspondent of the *Globe*:—"While sitting over his wine at the Clarendon Hotel one night he vowed that he would win a Derby, and though it took him six years, he kept his word. Gladiateur was absolutely an *enfant du hasard*. There were no predictions with regard to his future fame at his birth. In the Dangu stud there was an old mare, named Miss Gladiator, who was considered so useless and unornamental that the head groom had given orders to let her run loose, in the hope that the wolves, with which the adjacent wood was infested, would make a meal of her. But a horse called Monarque took an unaccountable fancy to Miss Gladiator, and from this unforeseen union sprang

Gladiateur, who won not only the Derby, but the two other great prizes of the same year.

In 1880 the "great event" was won by the Duke of Westminster's Bend Or; but the decision of the judges was not left unchallenged by the knowing ones of the turf, and a long controversy ensued, but ultimately the decision stood good.

The horse that was "favourite" for the Derby in 1866—Lord Lyon—was trained at Ilsley, in Berkshire. Exactly one hundred years before his birth was foaled at the same place the founder of the present breed of English race-horses—Eclipse by name.

It would be impossible to part company with the Epsom Downs without making further mention of this famous racer, who lies buried at Canons, near Edgeware.* "For many years," writes Chambers in his "Book of Days," "Eclipse lived in retirement from the turf, but in another way, as a 'sire,' a source of large income to his master at Clay Hill, near Epsom, whither many strangers resorted to see him. They used to learn with surprise—for the practice was not common then, as it is now—that the life of Eclipse was insured for some thousands of pounds." The horse was so named from having been born during the eclipse in 1764; and his name became singularly appropriate when he was found to surpass all other horses in speed. The secret of his success was made known after his death by an autopsy, when his heart was found to weigh thirteen pounds.

In the pictures of Eclipse, *circa* 1770, his jockey is represented as wearing low shoes similar to what are now known as Oxonians. In 1792 the *Sporting Magazine* commenced, and all its engravings represent jockeys as booted and spurred.

Among the frequenters of the races in the early part of the century was Charles Greville, Clerk of the Privy Council, and the author of those scandalous "Memoirs" which have done anything but credit to his name. In that book he mentions having been staying more than once for the race week at Epsom, either at Lord Chesterfield's or at Lord Derby's seat. He gives no very high character of the gathering. He writes, under date May 27, 1833:—"All last week at Epsom, and now, thank God, these races are over. I have had all the trouble and excitement and worry, and have neither won nor lost; nothing but the hope of gain would make me go through this demoralising drudgery, which I am conscious reduces me to the level of all that is most disreputable and discreditable, for my thoughts are eternally absorbed by it. Jockeys,

* See Vol. I., pp. 294, 295.

trainers, and blacklegs are my companions ; and it is like drunk drinking : having once entered upon it, I cannot leave it off, though I am disgusted with the occupation all the time. Let no man who has no need, who is not in danger of losing all that he has, and is not obliged to grasp at every chance, *make a book* on the Derby. While the fever it excites is raging and the odds are varying, I can neither read, nor write, nor occupy myself with anything else. . . . I had considerable hopes of winning the Derby, but was beaten easily."

He adds a curious account of a circumstance which occurred to him just before the race. He writes :—"Payne told me in strict confidence that a man who could not appear on account of his debts, and who had been much connected with turf robberies, came to him and entreated him to take the odds for him to £1,000 about a horse for the Derby, and deposited in his hand a note for that purpose. He told him that half the horses were made safe, and that it was arranged that this one was to win. After much delay, and having got his promise to lay out the money, he told him it was my horse. He *did* back the horse for the sum of £700 ; but the same person told him if my horse *could* not win Dangerous *would*, and he backed the latter likewise for £100, by which his friend was saved, and won £800. He did not tell me his name, nor anything more, except that his object was, if he had won, to pay his creditors ; and he had authorised Payne to retain the money, if he won it, for that purpose."

Telle est la vie ; such the ways of "the turf." Such are the straits and such the doublings in life's course to which the victims of horse-racing are exposed. They are scarcely such as to tempt an honest man to begin "book-making" as a profession. It is well that such courses should be left to "blacklegs." But even the above anecdote may serve to show that "there is honour" occasionally "even among thieves."

Cradock, in his "Literary Memoirs," humorously and sarcastically defines races as "meetings where the men assemble to quarrel about horses and the women about precedence."

Considering that the race-course, with its accessory of gambling, was always regarded by the Puritans and Evangelicals as nearly as bad in its consequences as the theatre, the card-room, and the ball-room, it is strange to find that Cowper never mentions it once in his poems among the dangers that beset the youth of England. He writes satirically enough about the other snares of life, but this he ignores. Was he ignorant of what was going on upon the Epsom and Newmarket

Downs whilst he lived at Olney and Weston Underwood, happy in the society of his tame hares, and Mary Unwin, and Lady Hesketh ?

Why are our English poets so silent on the subject of horse-racing ? The question has often been asked, but without eliciting any satisfactory reply. Gay, in his poem "Rural Sports," though he is eloquent on fishing and shooting, says not a word about the race-course ; and Somerville, though he treats so largely of horses, confines himself strictly to "the chase." Dr. Chalmers, it is true, touches upon horse-racing when he writes of "The full-assembled jockeyship of half a province ;" but then he was not a poet, but a preacher.

From the *Daily Telegraph* we quote the following lively retrospective article, written on the eve of the Derby of 1883 :—"There are many things which time takes away, but still more, as the poet Wordsworth reminds us, that he leaves behind. We have little difficulty in picturing to ourselves what the racing-man of one hundred years ago was like when, in 1783, he stood upon the very spot at Epsom which the feet of so many among his posterity will press to-day. Different in manners, education, and dress from his representative of the present period, he has bequeathed the same passion for the beautiful animal whose limbs and frame are the embodiment of speed. Nor is much else altered about the Derby Day. Within the last hundred and three years there have been many changes in the Derby course, but the winning-post stood in 1780—when Sir Charles Bunbury's Diomed was the first winner of what is now called 'England's historical race'—precisely where it stands to-day. Although between 1783 and 1883 the Derby has passed through many strange vicissitudes, it comes to us this year 'another and yet the same.' In the former times, George, Prince of Wales, with Richard Brinsley Sheridan and Richard, first Earl Grosvenor, by his side, looked on when Mr. Parker's Saltram, ridden by Hindley, beat Dungannon, one of the best horses ever owned by the celebrated Colonel O'Kelly ; and in the present year Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, with the first Duke of Westminster close at hand, will realise the fervent aspirations of 'The Druid,' who desired 'to catch more frequent glimpses of the genuine racing spirit which pervaded Epsom and Newmarket when 'the Royal Heart of Wales was there still rushing to the front.'

"In fifty years from 1783 the Derby had ascended to its apogee. It was won in 1833 by Mr. Sadler's Dangerous, one of the worst Derby winners that ever passed the winning-post at Epsom. Those were the days when Robert Ridsdale, who had

originally been a footman in the service of Lord Durham, was the greatest wire-puller on the turf; and when we read that Mr. Ridsdale's Glaucus started first favourite at three to one, while the winner started at twenty-five to one, it is easy to understand the insinuations of those who hinted that the Derby could not be won, about that time except by what they mysteriously called 'management.' Previous to the Derby of 1833 Glaucus and Dangerous had met at Ascot as two-year-olds, when the former cut the latter to ribands. Mr. Charles Greville—whose celebrated 'Diary' is, on the whole, singularly devoid of racing allusions—enters into unusually full details as to the Derby of 1833. He was on that occasion a visitor at The Oaks, a little place near Epsom, which the twelfth Earl of Derby had bought from General Burgoyne. 'The Oaks is a very agreeable place,' says Mr. Greville, 'with an odd sort of house built at different times and by different people; but the outside is covered with ivy and creepers, and there are two good living-rooms in it. It has been for thirty or forty years the resort of jockeys, and is now occupied by the sporting portion of the Government.' The use of the word 'jockeys,' as applicable to noblemen and gentlemen who followed horse-racing as a pursuit, strikes unfamiliarly at present upon our ears; but it was in the same sense that Shakespeare, and, two centuries later, the poet Cowper, employed it.*

"Of the thousands assembled upon the Epsom racecourse to-day, many look on at the Derby without having a single penny dependent upon the issue. Even among professional racing men the vast majority have made no bet upon the race until the commencement of the present week. It was far otherwise when, thirty years since, Frank Butler steered Mr. Bowes' West Australian to victory, triumphing over a field of twenty-eight starters. In the able essay upon 'Half-bred Horses for Field or Road,' contributed by Lord Cathcart to the last number of the 'Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society,' he tells us that 'from an agricultural point of view, that thoroughly English production, a sound and shapely thoroughbred horse, is not a mere galloping dice-box, but a precious gift to the nation—a noble animal, certain, in great measure, to beget in his own similitude admirable creatures, to beget in his own service, for our credit and advantage in commerce, for our individual efficiency, and, it may be, for our national safeguard in war.' Although the Derby is, undoubtedly,

no longer what it was to race-goers of the last generation, we may still flatter ourselves with the belief that it is the foremost race of the turf. Wherever in foreign countries the thoroughbred racehorse is held in honour, imitations of our greatest contest are thickly springing up; nor is it possible for the spectator to approach the Epsom Grand Stand without feeling that the Derby is still an event of lively interest to many thousands of Englishmen."

"Racing," writes John Timbs, in his *Notabilia*, "is always accompanied with what is now known as 'plunging.' One young patrician backs the favourite, or accepts the odds to some extravagant amount, with a very doubtful prospect of success. An outsider comes in first, or some despised animal rushes in a winner, and they are totally ruined. Some leave the country, and 'cut and run'; others stop and cut their throats and the thread of life, as did Berkeley Craven in the Derby of 1836, when Lord Jersey's Bay Middleton came in the winner. Often costermongers, butlers, silly clerks, who make books on the Derby, do the same; but I do not write of them. A 'snob' is not a 'nob'; it is high life in which a discerning public takes an interest. As 'the Vicar of Wakefield' remarks, 'Every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of lords, ladies, and Knights of the Garter.' It is, however, to be feared that the gambling on the Derby, with all its horrible results of debt, ruin, and suicide, is confined to no class of Englishmen; the only point in its favour is that it carries off some of the scum and the dross also of society, and that neither are much missed."

Of late years the electric telegraph has played an important part in "popularising" the Derby and other great races. In 1870, the first year after the Post Office acquired the telegraphs, the number of telegrams despatched from Epsom to different parts of the globe was something less than 1,600, and the total number for the week of the races was hardly in excess of the number of messages now despatched on the Derby Day alone. In the course of a very few years the desire for speedy information as to the results of the various days' racing had so far increased, that in 1878 no less than 13,500 messages were forwarded and received at the post-office and the Grand Stand, and of these no fewer than 1,650 were transmitted on behalf of the press. On the Derby Day alone of that year the total number of telegrams dealt with approximated 4,500, being an increase of 300 on the number for the corresponding day in the preceding year. When the Oaks was run for, in 1878, the number of messages was just under 3,200, being

* See the Introduction to a note to this chapter.

an increase of nearly 500 on the same day in 1875. There were over 2,800 messages for delivery at the racecourse, and considering the varied character of the addresses, the migratory habits of the addressees, and the extreme difficulty of locomotion in and around the Grand Stand, it is surprising that less than 100 remained undelivered at the close of the meeting. The number of telegrams sent on the Derby Day has increased every year since that day.

The early training and education of the children whose ambition from infancy it is to become jockeys and to wear small caps and spurs, is a matter little known to the public at large. A few notes on the subject may therefore not be out of place here.

"In the neighbourhood of large racing establishments," writes "Nimrod," in his "Guide to the Turf," "the parents of poor children are glad to embrace an opportunity of putting them into the stables of a training groom, knowing that they are certain to be well fed and taken care of, with a fair chance of rising in the world." He gradually picks up for himself instruction from other stable boys, and at last is put on a pony or hack, and then is able to show whether he has any aptitude for a life on the turf. It is, of course, true that small boys of dwarfed stature and growth are most in request at Epsom and Newmarket, and that what would be called fine specimens of humanity elsewhere are here at a discount as useless lubbers. In fact, precocity in a stunted body is the great desideratum in an Epsom nursery.

Some of the Epsom horse-jockeys make fortunes, live as respectable gentlemen, found families, and die rich. Fred Archer, now the "champion," makes, it is said, more than £30,000 a year by his profession. They are said to be a witty lot as a rule, and no doubt their occupation tends to sharpen their wits. A good story is told of one jockey, an Irishman, as it need hardly be added, who was brought forward in a court as a witness. Having answered that he was a jockey, as his father was before him, the counsel inquired whether his father had cheated in his time. "I suppose he *did* cheat now and then," was the reply. "And where do you suppose he's gone to?"—"To heaven, I hope." "And what is he doing there, do you think?"—"Training horses and cheating, I suppose."—"And why don't they prosecute him?"—" 'Cause they might search all over heaven and never find a lawyer!"

With reference to the comparative success of the chief jockeys, the following particulars given by the *Times* in December, 1883, may be interesting:—

"The most successful jockey of the past season has been F. Archer, who since he began to ride twelve years ago has won nearly 2,000 races; and though this total does not equal that of G. Fordham, the latter has been riding more than twice as long as his younger rival. Archer has for many years past been at the head of the 'winning jockeys,' and his records for the last five years have been 197, 120, 220, 210, and 232. But for the accident which prevented him from riding at many of the race meetings in 1880, he would have won over a thousand races in five years, and he has this season surpassed all previous performances by winning 232 races out of 631 mounts. He has won the Two Thousand Guineas and the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot on Galliard, the Orange Cup and the Northumberland Plate on Barcaldine, and the Middle Park Plate on Busybody; but his principal victories have been secured in minor prizes, though it may be added that he rode St. Simon in the match against Duke of Richmond and in the four other races which that unbeaten colt secured. Second to Archer, as he had been in 1881 and 1882, was Charles Wood, who rides for the stables of Sir Frederick Johnstone and Sir George Chetwynd; and Wood, who won 153 races in 1881, and 182 last season, has this season attained the still higher total of 186, riding St. Blaise, winner of the Derby, Thebais, winner of the Doncaster Cup and Great Shropshire Handicap, Corrie Roy, winner of the Goodwood Stakes, the Ebor Handicap, and the Manchester November Handicap, Knight of Burghley, winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap, Primrose II., winner of the Manchester Cup, Hornpipe, winner of the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, and Elzevir, winner of the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot. Wood rode almost as many races as Archer—622 in all—and in proportion therefore, he did not do so well as George Fordham, who won 77 races out of 261, and surpassed all his previous efforts upon more than one occasion this year. Fordham rode a very fine race on Hauteur when she beat the late Comte de la Grange's Malibran for the One Thousand Guineas; and he was singularly fortunate in the 'Cup' races of the season, winning the Epsom and Ascot Gold Cups on Tristan, the Goodwood Cup on Border Minstrel, and the Jockey Club Cup on Ladislas, the style in which he brought this last-named colt up to Corrie Roy and beat her on the post showing that he had lost none of his skill or patience. Fordham has now been riding for thirty years, and he may go on long enough to keep his winning score above that of Archer, whose increasing weight will prevent him from riding much longer. A light-weight jockey, S.

Loates, has won as many races as Fordham, but he has ridden 483 times, so that his average is little more than half as good; and the three jockeys who come next—viz., G. Barrett, with 63, and C. Loates and E. Martin each with 50 winning mounts, have all ridden much more frequently than Fordham. John Osborne, a contemporary of Fordham and a jockey of almost equal ability, cannot ride under 8st. 8lb., so that he has had fewer mounts, though, as he has won 46 times out of 236, his

younger jockeys are E. Martin, who rode Don Juan in the Cesarewitch, and J. Woodburn, who had 33 winning mounts in all."

Epsom, writes Mr. Martin Tupper, has still two days to call its own—the "Derby" and the "Oaks." Then and there, had Pindar still survived, he would have sung of mettled steeds, with the "names, weights, and colours" of the riders. Possibly, on the principle of there being "village Hampdens," there may be "village Pindars" still;



"JOCKEYS OUT!"

average is not a bad one. The same number of races has been won by the Duke of Hamilton's first jockey, Watts, who, besides riding Ossian to victory in the St. Leger and five other races, was also the jockey of Bonny Jean in the Oaks. Bruckshaw, a north country jockey, rode 41 winners; and Tom Cannon, who is an owner and trainer of horses as well as a jockey, scored 38 victories, the most notable being when he won the Stockbridge Cup with the American horse Iroquois. Several very creditable performances were accomplished by F. Webb, notably when he rode Tristan for the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot and the Champion Stakes at Newmarket, the Adelaide filly for the Dewhurst Plate, and Lowland Chief for the Portland Plate at Doncaster. . . . The most planning of the

and if so, few places in dull England in this prosaic age deserve a "village Pindar" more, or could offer a finer scope for his muse.

This chapter may be well concluded with some spirited verses by Mr. Tupper himself, who has so long resided near these breezy downs that his very lines savour of fresh air and invigorating enjoyment:—

"MY EPSOM RIDE.

"Pencilled in the saddle on a blank sheet of paper, May 28, 1857, on going from Albury over the Downs to the Derby.

"The breezy downs and a spirited horse,
And the honeyed breath of the golden gorse,
And tinkling bells of the bleating ewes,
And a bright panorama of changing views,
And all that a peaceful and cheerful beside,
Oh, these I get in my Epsom ride.

"Fifteen glad miles—road, common, or dell—
My pretty grey Brenda has carried me well ;
And blest be the calms and the solitudes there
Among the young leaves in the sweet spring air.
And hundreds of happy thoughts beside
Galloped with me in my Epsom ride.

"Nothing reck I for the race itself,
Its rogues with their poison and fools with their pelf ;
And as for its covetous follies and sins,
I care not a button which horse wins.
Colours, and riders, and all beside
Are nothing to me in my Epsom ride.

"But friends at lunch in their dusty drags,
And gay satin jockeys on swift, sleek nags,
And moving acres of human faces
Watching their fate in the feverish races ;
These are electric flashes beside
Dotting the day of my Epsom ride.

"Dream not thou that the day's ill spent,
For my heart has been cheered and my mind unbent ;
And here in the saddle coming along
I've jotted you, friend, this Derby song,
To prove that Pegasus trotted beside
My pretty grey mare in my Epsom ride."



TATTENHAM CORNER. (See page 261.)

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CHESSINGTON, TALWORTH, LONG DITTON, THAMES DITTON, AND MOLESEY.

"The plain was grassy, wild, and bare—
Wide, wild, and open to the air."—TENNISON.

Situation and Boundaries of Chessington—The Church—Charitable Bequests—Castle Hill—Descent of the Manor—Hook—Barwell Court—Talworth—Long Ditton—Population—The Church—Descent of the Manor—Situation and Boundaries of Thames Ditton—Railway Communication—Population, &c.—The Parish Church—Schools and Almshouses—William and Mary Howitt—Ancient Weapons found here—Boyle Farm—The Dandies' Fête—Lord St. Leonards—Ditton House—The Swan Tavern—Thames Angling Preservation Society—A Famous Angler—Lines composed by Theodore Hook in a Punt off Thames Ditton—Early History of the several Manors of Thames Ditton—Claygate—Imber Court—East Molesey—Population, &c.—The Church—The "Spa"—West Molesey—The Church—Cemetery—Molesey Hurst—Richard Baddeley the Actor—Molesey Grove—The Right Hon. J. Wilson Croker—Sir Robert Walpole—Other Residents—Apps Court.

THE long triangular tract of country which lies between Epsom and Kingston, for some reason best known to the natives of those parts, is but little known to Londoners. It has not the attractions of a breezy down, nor those of a rural valley ; there is no navigable river to water it, acting at the

same time as the pioneer of cultivation and civilisation. It lies between two lines of railways, and far away from any railway station, considering that as we walk across it we are within fifteen miles of Charing Cross, and are approaching one of the assize towns of Surrey. In fact, it may be doubted whether one in ten of our readers has heard of Chessington, or Talworth, or even Long Ditton. For between two and three miles this desert-like stretch of open country is traversed by an arm or feeder of the Hog's-mill or Ewell River, which, as we have stated in a previous chapter, unites with the Thames at Kingston.

Chessington, or, as it used to be called, Chesingdon, lies between Malden and Epsom, about three miles north-west from the latter town, and is a perpetual curacy, held along with the living of Malden, and therefore in the patronage of Merton College, Oxford. It lies so remote from railways and from the populous haunts of men, that its name is probably unknown to many of those who live at Croydon, Epsom, and Kingston-on-Thames. It is a quiet little village, extremely secluded, if not exactly the proverbial "five miles from anywhere." It consists of a church, the rectory adjoining it, and four or five small houses. From the churchyard is gained a lovely view of hill, vale, and down, with here and there a house peeping from sheltering trees. Few particulars of its church are given in either Manning's or in Brayley's "History of Surrey." The latter merely records the fact that "it originally consisted of a nave and chancel, and a small south transept, with a square wooden turret rising from the roof." In 1854 the fabric was "restored," and at the cost of nearly £2,000, Early English arches and windows being inserted in the place of square, wooden-framed windows which formerly gave light, and the building was lengthened. In the south wall of the chancel is an old piscina, and "in one of the chancel pews," writes Brayley, "is a small piece of oaken lattice-work, probably the remains of a confessional." The edifice consists of a nave, side aisle, and chancel. It is in the pointed Gothic style, with one of the insignificant spires so frequent in this part of Surrey. There are one or two small stained glass windows and an American organ. On the north wall is a tablet to the memory of Samuel Crisp, of Chiswick, with the following panegyric composed by C. Burney:—

"Reader, this cold and humble spot contains
The much lamented, much revered, remains
Of one whose wisdom, learning, taste, and sense,
Good-humoured wit and wide benevolence,
Cheered and enlightened all this hamlet round
Whenever genius, worth, or want was found.

To few it is that courteous Heaven imparts
Such depth of knowledge and such taste in arts,
Such penetration and enchanting pow'rs
Of bright'ning social and convivial hours.
Had he through life been blest by nature kind
With health robust of body as of mind,
With skill to serve and charm mankind so great
In arts, in science, letters, Church or State,
His name the nation's annals had enrolled,
And virtues to remotest ages told."

On each side of the east window is a beautiful fresco painting, the subjects being "The Annunciation" and "The Adoration of the Magi." Beneath the window is an elegantly-carved reredos.

In the vestry is another tablet, which records a benefactor to the parish: Henry Smith, Alderman of London, who died in the year 1621, and who in his lifetime gave to trustees a large portion of his real and personal estate for charitable uses here and elsewhere in Surrey.

From the estates of Worth and Balcomb, in the county of Sussex, the churchwardens receive annually certain moneys, to be distributed in meat, bread, or clothing among such poor persons as have resided in the parish for five years and bear a good moral character.

Near a small stream to the south of the church is an eminence which is evidently artificial, and which, with some four or five acres adjoining, is still called the Castle Hill, though all traces of a castle have long been effaced. It would seem, however, that Chessington was occupied by the Romans; at all events, a large brass coin of the Empire was found there some years since.

There were here two manors, the one of which belonged to Richard de Tonbridge, and is thus described in "Domesday Book":—"Robert de Wateville holds of Richard Cisendone what was held by Erding of King Edward. It was then assessed at five hides; now at only half a hide. The arable land consists of two carucates. There are three 'villains' (*villani*) and one bordar, with one carucate. There is half a mill, valued at two shillings. The wood feeds thirty swine. In the time of King Edward the manor was estimated at £4, afterwards at 40s., and now at 70s." Apparently another manor of the same name existed here as well, for we read in "Domesday Book" that "Milo Crispin himself holds Cisedune, which Magno Swert held in the time of King Edward. It was then assessed at five hides; now at one hide. Wigot had not possession of it when King William came into England. The arable land amounts to three carucates. The land lay in Bedinton; it was in the tenure of villains. Now there is one carucate in demesne, and six villains, with two caru-

cates." The latter manor seems to have been afterwards held by Richard, Earl of Cornwall, brother of King Henry III., as pertaining to the "honour" of Wallingford, whilst that belonging to Richard de Tonbridge was given to the Abbey of Boxley, near Maidstone. In the reign of Edward I. there was here a park, pertaining to the manor of Maldon, and belonging to the College of Merton. On the suppression of the monasteries this manor became vested in the greedy king, and it has since passed through various private hands, the Herveys, the Hattons, and the Northeys, to the family of Gosse, who now own it.

Chessington is intersected from south to north by the high road from Leatherhead; and on the western side of the road as we make our way towards Kingston we pass the hamlet of Hook, anciently called La Hoke, an assemblage of small cottages occupied chiefly by farm-labourers, and bordering a narrow byeway which winds westward towards Claygate. St. Paul's Church, at Hook, erected in 1833, is a small and poor structure, of red and yellow bricks intermingled. It is in the earliest Pointed style, lighted by narrow lancet-headed windows, and has a small open bell-turret rising from the roof.

The distance of this small hamlet, with its population of 500 souls, from the mother church of Kingston—nearly four miles, as we learn from Brayley—was the cause of its being separated into a distinct parish chapelry; independently of which the only place requiring notice is the manor of Berwell or Barwell Court, an ancient possession of the Priors of Merton, who, in the reign of Henry VIII., "had a charter of free warren throughout the same," paying six shillings yearly as a quit-rent to the corporation of Kingston. On the suppression of monasteries this manor escheated to the Crown, and was subsequently granted by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Thomas Vincent, of Stoke D'Abernon, who, towards the end of the sixteenth century, alienated it, together with the manor-house and its surroundings, to the Carletons of Stoke. This family later on obtained for themselves and their tenants a free right of pasture on the commons of Norbiton, Surbiton, &c., from the corporation of Kingston. The property has since undergone several changes of ownership, in various ways. Long tenanted as a farm, a considerable part of the old manor-house has been pulled down.

Far away to the north of Chessington, to which place we now retrace our steps, and on the high road connecting Ewell with Kingston and Long Ditton—indeed, forming part of the latter—lies the hamlet of Talworth, or Tolworth, one of those

localities where town is still struggling with country. Long lines of villas stretch in every direction, and are gradually overcoming the rural character of the district. The church, dedicated to St. Matthew, is a very large and well-built edifice in the Pointed Gothic style, having nave, aisles, transepts, and chancel, the latter being semicircular in form, and containing five stained-glass windows.

The old manor-house, called Talworth Court, stands on the right of the road from Ewell, at the point where it crosses the Hog's-mill stream; it is now a farmhouse, and shows but little traces of its original architecture.

Long Ditton, which lies between Talworth and Esher, is a parish of some little historical interest, as that from which the Evelyns of Wotton took their origin. George Evelyn, son of John Evelyn, of Kingston-on-Thames, first settled here, but subsequently removed to Godstone, and ultimately to Wotton, where he died in 1603. He was largely engaged in the manufacture of gunpowder, an industry which he is said to have introduced into this country. Having obtained a patent from Queen Elizabeth, he continued these powder works with great profit until the civil wars of the reign of Charles I., when the family were deprived of their exclusive rights and privileges.

The parish, which comprises a population of about 2,000 souls, belongs to the Hundred of Kingston, and is bounded on the north-west by Thames Ditton.

Long Ditton Church, according to old Aubrey, originally consisted of a body and two aisles, and doubtless was a fair and goodly specimen of a country village church. But in the dreary reigns of Queen Anne and George I. it was spoilt by the mania for beautification which here and there swept over whole neighbourhoods. Little or nothing is known of it in detail, except that it was "newly ceiled and beautified" early in the last century, and that there were fresco paintings on the west wall, representing David playing on the Harp, with Time and Death on either side. But it contained some interesting monuments, including several to the Evelyns and to members of families with whom they were allied. It is enough to make one's blood run cold to read it coolly stated by Brayley, without one word of censure, that these "were removed when the church was re-built, and were never replaced." Happily the inscriptions for the most part may be read in Aubrey's "Surrey," and in the History of the county by Manning and Bray.

The present church, which was built in 1880, is of stone, and in the mediæval style, consisting of chancel, nave, and aisles. It replaced a building

which, though cruciform in plan, was a hideous brick structure, utterly nondescript in style. It had only four windows, one in each arm of the cross, and these were semicircular and near the roof—a feeble replica of the monstrosity on Paddington Green,* known as St. Mary's Church. On the floor of the present church is a sepulchral brass preserved from the former building, and representing a husband and wife in the attitude of prayer, and dressed in rather remarkable costumes.

The church and the burial-ground surrounding it having become unduly crowded, certain prohibitory regulations with regard to the future burials in those places were found necessary, and a new burial-place was consecrated at a short distance from the church. This also becoming filled, the present cemetery was inaugurated. The first interment took place in July, 1855. The cemetery, thirteen acres in extent, is tastefully arranged and planted, and the monuments, principally designed by local artists, are skillfully executed, and in good taste. The buildings consist of two chapels, both connected by an archway and surmounted by a spire.

There would seem to have been in Ditton two manors, namely, Ditton and Talworth—called in the "Domesday Book" Taleorde. In the reign of King John the manor of Long Ditton appears to have belonged to Geoffrey de Mandeville, Earl of Essex, and to have been granted by him to the Prior of the Monastery of St. Mary Without Bishopsgate. Edward VI. granted it, in 1553, to David Vincent, Keeper of the Wardrobe at Richmond, and afterwards one of the Gentlemen of his Bedchamber. The manor of Talworth, or Taleorde, according to Brayley, was, in the reign of Edward I., vested in the family of the Clares, Earls of Gloucester and Hereford. In the reign of Edward II. there was a separate manor here, called Turbervill, which, with another estate called Wyke, was subsequently united to Talworth. From a survey taken of the possessions of Hugh le Despenser, Earl of Gloucester, after his execution in 1327, and mentioned by Brayley, it appears that "there was at Talworth a 'capital messuage surrounded by a moat,' with various offices and farm buildings, 280 acres of arable land and ten of meadow, valued altogether at £3 15s. 10d. a year. At Wyke was a 'messuage for a family' with other buildings, 80 acres of arable and six of meadow, the whole valued at £1 2s. 5½d. At Turbervill was 'a messuage containing a chamber, with a chapel, covered with tiles, for the use of the lord on his coming,' with farm buildings, arable land, meadow, and pasture, &c." Both of

these manors were acquired by the Evelyns, who sold them to Lord Chancellor King, the ancestor of their present owner, the Earl of Lovelace. The Evelyns obtained one of these manors by marriage and the other by purchase.

Thames Ditton is so called to distinguish it from Long Ditton, which it adjoins on the south-west. The village lies near the southern bank of the river, and consists of a few straggling houses fringing the roadside, and stretching away on the one hand to Weston Green and Imber, near which is Esher station on the South-Western Railway, and on the other hand to Gigg's Hill, an outlying hamlet on the Portsmouth road, about a quarter of a mile to the south. One side of the main street is formed by the mansion, outbuildings, and grounds of Boyle Farm, which extend down to the river-side. There is a station near the village, on the Hampton Court branch of the South-Western line. Much of the land in the parish is cultivated as market gardens, and the population, according to the latest return, is close upon 3,000 souls.

The church, dedicated to St. Nicholas, stands on the west side of the village, a little off from the street. It is said to be of "remote origin," but the building has been so much altered at different times, and enlarged by additional erections, that very little of the original work is visible. It was formerly a chapel-of-ease to Kingston, but was made parochial by Act of Parliament in 1769. It is an irregular building, chiefly constructed of rough stone, flint, and rubble-work; and it consists of a chancel, with south aisle, nave, with north and south aisles, and a low massive tower, containing six bells, heightened with woodwork, and surmounted by a small octagonal spire of similar material. The nave is separated from the aisles by three low pointed arches, springing from heavy octagonal piers. The south aisle was added in 1864, from the designs of Mr. B. Ferrey, at which time the church was thoroughly restored, and the old-fashioned pews superseded by open benches. The font, apparently of very early Norman work, consists of a massive bowl, ornamented with rude carvings, and standing on a plain modern pedestal. Several of the windows are filled with stained glass.

Mr. Martin F. Tupper speaks of this church as being rich in brasses; and he mentions as worthy of special notice one in memory of Erasmus Forde and his seventeen children. It is to be hoped that they were not all by one wife, but judging from the engraving on the brass, such would appear to be the case. The monument on which the above-mentioned brass is placed is built of freestone, and

* See "Old and New London," Vol. V. p. 100.

is somewhat peculiar in construction, having more the appearance of sedilia. The upper part is embattled, and ornamented with sculptured flowers, quatrefoils, &c., in the cornice and fascia, but the lower part is divided into two by low pointed arched recesses. Each of the recesses affords room for a human figure, from which circumstance, and from a small aperture being left in the separating wall, observes Brayley, it has been supposed that this monument was used in the Catholic times as a confessional. In one of the recesses is a large brass plate, engraved with a representation of a man in armour and his wife, each of whom is kneeling before a small altar whereon is an open book. In the centre is a coat-of-arms, with helmet, crest, and motto. On one side is Forde, with six sons, and on the other his wife, with eleven daughters. Erasmus Forde was treasurer to King Edward VI., and died in the year 1553, and his wife, Julian, died six years later.

In the chancel are two or three other interesting brasses, notably one to William Notte and his wife, who died in 1576 and 1587 respectively, with their nineteen children—fourteen sons and five daughters. Their quiver also was full to overflowing.

Another brass is engraved with the small whole-length figures of a woman standing between two men in gowns, with their respective children, and underneath an inscription, stating that "Here within do rest the Bodies" of Cuthbert Blakenen, serjeant of the confectionery to Henry VIII., John Boothe, one of the gentlemen ushers to Henry VIII. and Edward VI., and Juliana, "some time the wyf of the said Cuthbert and John," and who died in the year 1586.

On the south side of the chancel is a brass plate to the memory of Mr. Charles J. Corbett, of Imber Court, who died in 1882. A monument, with bust, commemorates Colonel Sidney Godolphin, Governor of the Scilly Isles, "who, after quitting the army, sat in Parliament for nearly fifty years as member for different constituencies in Cornwall, and who died, "the Father of the House of Commons," in 1732. There is also a memorial of Admiral Lambert, who died in 1836; and another, with medallion, to Vice-Admiral Rowley Lambert, C.B., who died in 1880.

Near the church are some well-built schools, and there are also almshouses for twelve poor persons. Six of the houses were founded early in the last century by Mr. Henry Bridges, of Imber Court.

William and Mary Howitt, the authors of "The Ruined Abbeys and Castles of Great Britain," the "Literature and Romance of Modern Europe," and of several works on country life, &c., lived for

some time in this village. They have been mentioned at greater length in OLD AND NEW LONDON, under "Highgate." *

In the *Archeological Journal*, Vol. XIX. (1862), p. 364, are figured a long iron spear-head and some bronze weapons, in good preservation, which were found in the bed of the river at Thames Ditton, and which were presented to the British Museum by Lord Lovelace.

Boyle Farm was the residence of Lord De Ros, and afterwards of Lord St. Leonards, who retired hither when weary of his duties as Lord Chancellor. Here he sowed and planted; here he entertained his legal and political friends, the chief of whom was Mr. Samuel Warren, Q.C., the author of "Ten Thousand a Year." The house is a large brick building, mostly covered with stucco, and, with its gables and battlements, has a picturesque appearance, particularly the older part, which fronts the river. The grounds, which descend to the water-side, are extensive, and well planted with trees, among them being some remarkably fine cedars.

Mr. Tupper speaks of Boyle Farm with almost a sneer, as "a place of some note, especially to aristocratical haymakers." We shall see presently why he does so.

The house was at one time occupied by Lord Henry Fitzgerald, brother to the Lord Edward Fitzgerald so deeply implicated in the Irish rebellion of 1798. Lord Henry married, in 1792, Charlotte, Baroness de Ros, to whose family the property belonged.

Horace Walpole, in a letter to the Earl of Stratford, dated from Strawberry Hill, July 28, 1787, writes:—"Mrs. Walsingham is making her house at Ditton (now baptized Boyle Farm) very orthodox. Her daughter, Miss Boyle, who has real genius, has carved three tablets in marble with boys, designed by herself. These sculptures are for a chimney-piece; and she is painting panels in grotesque for the library, with pilasters of glass in black and gold." The Miss Boyle above referred to became in her own right Baroness de Ros, and married, as stated above, Lord Henry Fitzgerald.

In 1827 Boyle Farm became celebrated for a very gorgeous fête, somewhat after the style of that which took place at The Oaks, near Epsom.† It was given by five young men of fashion, one of whom was the son of Lady de Ros.

In the "Life and Correspondence of Thomas Slingsby Duncombe," edited by his son, in the chapter devoted to "Dinner-givers and Diners-out,"

* See "Old and New London," Vol. VI. p. 412. † See *ante*, p. 275.

the author writes :—"While treating of this subject, we must not forget the entertainments occasionally got up by members of the *beau monde*. Among the most successful was the one given jointly at Boyle Farm, the Lady de Ros's, on the banks of the Thames. The expenses were defrayed by a subscription of £500 each from Lords Alvanley, Castle-reagh, Chesterfield, Robert Grosvenor, and Henry de Ros, and great taste was displayed in the arrangement. Pavilions on the bank of the river, a large dinner-tent on the lawn, capable of holding

of England. Born in London in 1781, Edward Sugden early in life devoted himself to the study of the law, and was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1807. Two years previously he had manifested his eminent qualifications for the profession he had chosen by the publication of "A Concise and Practical Treatise on the Law of Vendors and Purchasers of Estates." This work "was certainly the foundation of my early success in life," as he himself states in a thirteenth edition, published in 1857. It supplied a want, and it became a stan-



THAMES DITTON CHURCH.

four hundred and fifty, and a select table for fifty in the conservatory. Gondolas floated on the water, containing the best singers of the Italian Opera ; and in a boat, Vestris and Fanny Ayton, the one singing Italian and the other English. There were illuminations throughout the ornamental grounds, and character quadrilles were danced by the beauties of the season. This was long remembered as the Dandies' Fête. It was in every way a great success."

Lord St. Leonards, who afterwards became the owner of Boyle Farm, rose from a hairdresser's son in Duke Street, Piccadilly,* to be Lord Chancellor

dard work ; fresh editions were repeatedly called for, and, as his biographers tell us, "the author took care, by improving upon each, to add to his reputation, which also concurred to increase his practice as a conveyancer, to which branch of his profession he at first confined himself." In 1808 he published his "Practical Treatise on Powers," which has gone through several editions, and which derived its value from its author's knowledge and exposition of laws, orders, precedents, and decisions. Of a more popular character was his next work, "A Series of Letters to a Man of Property on Sales, Purchases, Mortgages, Leases, Settlements, and Devises of Estates," a small volume, published in 1809, which was followed two years

* See "Old and New London," Vol IV., p. 201.

later by "The Law of Uses and Trusts," a posthumous work of Chief Baron Gilbert, the principal value of which consists in the introduction and notes supplied by the editor. "The character of these various works," observes the writer of his memoir in the "English Cyclopædia," "had procured for him an extremely large business as conveyancer and chamber counsel, with frequent occasions for acting as counsel in the common law courts; and he ceased to appear as an author, except in occasional pamphlets upon legal subjects, and in preparing new editions of his previous

House of Commons as member for Ripon; and on Sir Robert Peel's accession to office again, in 1841, he resumed the duties of Lord Chancellor of Ireland, which he continued to perform till 1846, when Lord John Russell succeeded Sir Robert Peel. In 1849 Sir Edward Sugden published another work, entitled "A Treatise on the Law of Property as administered in the House of Lords," in which he examines and criticises the decisions given in the House of Lords when acting as a Court of Appeal; and in 1851 he issued "An Essay on the New Real Property Statutes." In



"THE SWAN," DITTON.

works. In 1817 he gave up his chamber practice, and confined himself to that of the Chancery bar, where in a short time his assistance was eagerly sought in all the most complicated cases; and when, in 1822, he was made king's counsel, he obtained the leading business in that court." In 1828 he entered Parliament as member for Weymouth. His legal knowledge made him a valuable acquisition to the House, and in 1829 he was appointed to the office of Solicitor-General, and received the customary honour of knighthood under the administration of the Duke of Wellington. His tenure of office lasted only till the accession of Earl Grey and the Whigs to power in 1831. In 1835, during the short administration of Sir Robert Peel, Sir Edward Sugden was Lord Chancellor of Ireland. He afterwards took an active part in the

February, 1852, on the accession of Lord Derby to the premiership, Sir Edward Sugden was appointed Lord Chancellor of England, and created a peer as Lord St. Leonards; he had, however, again to resign the post at the close of the same year, but continued to take an active part in politics as an adherent of his party.

When Lord St. Leonards died, in the year 1875, no will could be found; accordingly the succession to this place became a matter of family dispute, which eventually was settled on his second son, the Hon. and Rev. Frank Sugden, the present owner.

Ditton House adjoins the grounds of Boyle Farm on the east, and has a finely-wooded lawn, extending down to the water's edge. The mansion, which is now the property and residence of Mr. William

W. Fitzwilliam Dick, of Humewood, county Wicklow, was formerly the seat of a brother of the late Lord Darnley, the Hon. Edward Bligh, who died here in 1841.

In a secluded and pleasant nook of the river, close by Boyle Farm, stands the "Swan," a favourite inn for anglers. It commands a pretty view of the river, and of the palace and grounds of Hampton Court, on the opposite bank. The old tavern, with its contiguous grounds, abuts upon the water-side, and has long been famous in the annals of the angler. The Thames Angling Preservation Society have under their care two "deeps" at Ditton, one opposite Boyle Farm, rather more than 500 yards in length, and the other a little to the north, off Keene's Wharf, extending 250 yards.

One of the great lovers and haunters of this part of the Thames was that disciple of Izaak Walton, Mr. T. F. Salter, the author of the "Anglers' Guide," &c. Mr. Salter was originally a hatter in London, his shop being near Charing Cross. He there, by industry and indefatigable civility, amassed a competency, and was enabled to retire to a snug "box," within the influences, as it were, of his favourite haunts, the river Lea banks and two or three houses of call for fishermen, at which he was rejoiced to meet any brother-fisherman. The following tribute to this worthy, by a "brother of the angle," and written in imitation of the style of Pope and Dryden, was published a few years ago:—

"Ye who by silent waters take your stand,
And poise the pliant rod with cautious hand,
Your eye intent upon the wave to note
Each flattering bubble of the buoyant float;
Or bolder tread the streamlet's bank to ply
With agile arm the well-directed fly,
As circling eddies ripple into spray,
And mark where finny gluttons strike their prey;
Or ye who still, a band of brothers, meet
In periodic pride in some retreat,
Which Lea or Thames or royal Hampton bears
To please the angler or to plume his wares.
Pause for awhile amidst your pastime dear
To give a sigh about our patriarch's bier!
To him who was the Nestor of our art,
Who joy'd its richest secrets to impart:
Who taught us best our quiet course to run,
Winged his light rod, and showed how trouts were won:
Who shar'd our labours, and who join'd our play,
Allured to exercise and led the way:
Grieve that his shadow darkens not your door—
That Salter, modern Walton, is no more!"

Mr. S. C. Hall writes, in his "Book of the Thames":—"Time out of mind Thames Ditton has been in favour with the punt-fisher, not alone

because sport was always abundant there—its pretty aits, close beds of rushes, and overhanging osiers being nurseries of fish—but because the river is especially charming 'hereabouts,' and there are many associations connected with the fair scenery that greatly augment its interest to those who enjoy the recreation of the 'contemplative man.' All anglers, therefore, are familiar with the pleasures to be found in this quiet and attractive nook of the Thames. Our own memory," adds Mr. Hall, "recalls to us a day we cannot soon forget: it was passed in a punt with Theodore Hook—a lover of the gentle art, as many have been to whom 'society' and the gaieties of life were necessities. Hook was in strong health at that time—it was in the year 1834—the fountain of his wit was in full and uninterrupted flow; it is not difficult to imagine, therefore, the stores of incident and humour that were opened up between the first cast of the plummet into the stream and the winding-up of the reel when the declining light gave notice that refreshment was provided at 'The Swan.'" Mr. Hall appends as a foot-note to the above some lines which Hook produced on that occasion. They were composed in the punt, afterwards written down, and they were printed, but not with Theodore Hook's name, in the *New Monthly Magazine* for July, 1834:—

"When sultry suns and dusty streets
Proclaim town's *winter* season,
And rural scenes and cool retreats
Sound something like high treason,—
I steal away to shades serene,
Which yet no bard has lit on,
And change the bustling, heartless scene
For quietude and DITTON.

"Here lawyers, free from legal toils,
And peers released from duty,
Enjoy at once kind Nature's smiles,
And eke the smiles of beauty:
Beauty with talent brightly graced,
Whose name must not be written,
The idol of the fane, is placed
Within the shades of DITTON.

"Let lofty mansions great men keep—
I have no wish to rob 'em—
Not courtly Claremont, Esher's steep,
Nor Squire Combe's at Cobham.
Sir Hobhouse has a mansion rare,
A large red house, at Whitton,
But Cam with Thames I can't compare,
Nor Whitton class with DITTON.

"I'd rather live, like General Moore,
In one of the pavilions
Which stand upon the other shore,
Than be the king of millions;

For though no subjects might arise
To exercise my wit on,
From morn till night I'd feast my eyes
By gazing at sweet DITTON.

"The mighty queen whom Cydnus bore,
In gold and purple floated,
But happier I when near this shore,
Although more humbly boated.
Give me a punt, a rod, a line,
A snug arm-chair to sit on,
Some well-iced punch, and weather fine,
And let me fish at DITTON.

"The 'Swan,' snug inn, good fare affords
As table e'er was put on,
And worthier quite of loftier boards
Its poultry, fish, and mutton ;
And while sound wine mine host supplies,
With beer of Meux or Tritton,
Mine hostess, with her bright blue eyes,
Invites to stay at DITTON.

"Here, in a placid waking dream,
I'm free from worldly troubles,
Calm as the rippling silver stream
That in the sunshine bubbles ;
And when sweet Eden's blissful bowers
Some abler bard has writ on,
Despairing to transcend his powers,
I'll ditto say for DITTON."

Thames Ditton contains within its bounds the manor of Claygate, the manor of Imworth, or Imber Court, and the manor, or reputed manor, of Weston; besides which, there are in the parish lands pertaining to the manors of Kingston, Molesey, and Sandon. In the "Domesday Book" it is stated that "Wadard holds of the Bishop (of Bayeux) *Ditone*, in the hundred of Kingstone;" and it included the rich manors of Claygate and Weston, the former belonging to the abbots of Westminster, and the latter to the nuns of Barking.

Claygate, or Cleygate, as the name is sometimes written, is a pleasant and picturesque district, lying to the south of the village of Thames Ditton, having the hamlet of Hook and the parish of Chessington on its eastern side, and the parish of Esher, with the royal domain of Claremont—with which we shall deal presently—as its western boundary. In the "Domesday Book" it is stated that "the Abbot of Westminster holds Claigate." The manor appears to have been given to the abbot and convents of Westminster by Tosti, probably a son of Earl Godwin. Edward the Confessor confirmed the grant, and the confirmation was renewed by charters of Stephen, Henry II., and Edward I. On the suppression of monasteries by Henry VIII., the conventual property fell into the hands of the king. Towards the end of the sixteenth century the manor of Claygate became the pro-

perty of George Evelyn, of Long Ditton, whose mother was the daughter of David Vincent, a former owner, who died seized of it in 1565. The estate continued in the possession of the Evelyns for about a century. It afterwards passed, through the marriage of an heiress, into the hands of Sir Stephen Glyn, who, according to Manning and Bray's "Surrey," in 1691 held a court here as lord of the manor in right of his wife. Later on, the manor was purchased by the Lord Chancellor King, whose descendant, Lord Lovelace, is the present owner.

The district is almost entirely agricultural; but the hand of the builder is busy at work, and houses are beginning to spring up, with the result that its rural aspect is rapidly changing. The principal residence in this locality, Ruxley Lodge, is the seat of Lord Foley, who, next to Lord Lovelace, is the chief landowner in the neighbourhood. Ruxley Lodge, being situated on high ground, commands some extensive views over the surrounding country.

In 1841 Claygate was formed into a separate parish for ecclesiastical purposes, having been cut off from the civil parish of Thames Ditton. The church, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, is a stone building in the Decorated style. It was built in 1840, and enlarged in 1866. It is cruciform in plan, with a baptistery and tower, and some of the windows are filled with painted glass.

Manning, in his "History of Surrey," represents Imber as having been formerly included in Weston; but according to Brayley "it was certainly a distinct manor in the time of Henry III., when it belonged to a family designated from it, for in 1223 Ralph de Imneworth died seized of it and of the hundred of Emle-brigg." The manor was subsequently owned by the knightly family of Brewes, or Braose, and later on fell into the possession of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, as heir general of that family. When Henry VIII. created the "honour" of Hampton Court, he obtained the manor of Imworth, either by exchange or purchase, and annexed it to the chase of Hampton Court. With respect to this transaction, we glean the following from Lysons' "Parishes of Middlesex":—"The jurisdiction of the honour of Hampton Court extended over the parish of Thames Ditton, as well as several other parishes in Surrey and Middlesex, in the neighbourhood of the Thames. The chase was established by an Act of Parliament in 1538, for the especial convenience of the king (then grown old and corpulent), that he might enjoy his favourite amusement of hunting without going far from his palace of Hampton Court. It was enclosed with paling,

and stocked with deer, to the great annoyance and injury of the agricultural population of the several parishes. During the remaining part of the reign of King Henry the grievance seems to have been borne without any attempt to obtain redress ; but soon after the decease of that prince, the inhabitants of Thames Ditton and other parishes joined in a petition to the Lord Protector Somerset and the Council of State for relief. The petitioners complained that their common meadows and pastures were taken in, and all the parishes overlaid with deer, many households let fall down, and families decayed, and the country made desolate, and that the king lost a great sum by the defalcation of yearly rents. In consequence of this application, a commission was issued to John Godewin and John Carleton, Esqrs., to examine twenty-four of the most substantial and discreet men on certain articles, devised by the Chancellor and the rest of the king's council. On the inquisition taking place, 'it was found that besides the damage to the king's subjects, the king lost in rents £84 1s. 2½d. ; and was besides charged with fees, annuities, costs of hay, &c., to the amount of £89 11s. 3½d. ; together with the loss of woods and coppices ; that this chase was lately erected in the latter days of the king, when he waxed heavy with sickness, age, and corpulency, and might not travel so readily abroad, but was constrained to seek his game and pleasure ready and at hand ; that his loving subjects were content, for his comfort and ease, to suffer, trusting of sufficient amends to be had after ; that within ten or twelve years the pale itself will decay, and that the making of the same new will be an importable cost, as it was thought in manner not possible to recover so much timber as may make the pale again in these parts of the realm.' In compliance with the prayer of this petition, the lands which had been enclosed were ordered to be de-chased ; the deer were removed to Windsor Forest or elsewhere ; and the estates included in the chase were restored to their former tenants at the old rents."

In 1630 the manor of Imber was granted to Dudley Carleton, Viscount Dorchester, who died in the following year, bequeathing it, together with Sandon, to his nephew, Sir Dudley Carleton, who resided at Imber Court in 1639, when he had a licence to erect a chapel on the south side of the parish church ; this, however, was not carried into effect. The estate soon after changed hands, and in 1720 it was settled by the then owner, Mr. Henry Bridges, on his niece, Ann Bridges, on her marriage with Mr. Arthur Onslow, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons, and who made Imber Court

his principal country seat. His son, Lord Cranley, in 1784, sold the manor to a Mr. George Porter, who shortly after sold it to Sir Francis Ford. He in turn conveyed it to Mr. Robert Taylor, on whose death it devolved on Sir Charles Sullivan, in right of his wife, the only daughter of Mr. Taylor. In 1862 the property was purchased by the late Mr. Charles J. Corbett.

The Court, which, by the way, was for a time the residence of Sir Francis Burdett, is a large, square, brick-built mansion, stucco-fronted, with wings extending to the right and left of the principal front, the latter being added towards the end of the last century. The house stands well back from the roadway, the carriage-drive being approached through handsomely-wrought iron gates. The Mole flows through the grounds, on its way to join the Thames at East Molesey.

The roadway from Thames Ditton to Molesey skirts the palings of Imber Court, and winds along between flat, low-lying meadows and market-gardens, well watered by streams and narrow brooklets, whose sides are fringed with stunted willows. The Moleseys, East and West, are both included in Domesday Book, under *Molesham*, the "home or town by the Mole." The derivation of the present name of Molesey would seem to point to *ey*, an island, here formed by the river Mole dividing into two channels on entering the parish, and thus constituting a triangular tract of land near its junction with the Thames.

This would seem to be the best occasion to make a few remarks on the River Mole, which one poet calls "the silent," whilst no less a poet than Milton celebrates it as—

"The sullen Mole, that runneth underground."

Spenser, in his "Marriage of the Thames and Medway," writes :—

"And Mole, that like a mousing mole, doth make
His way still underground till Thames he overtake."

Drayton, too, thus sweetly mentions the fact of its junction with the Thames :—

"'Gainst Hampton Court he meets the soft and gentle Mole,"
and is a little inclined to stay and dally with her. But this displeases the parents of Thames, who are anxious to hasten him on to his nuptials with the Medway.

"But Thames would hardly on ; oft turning back to show
From his much-loved Mole how loth he was to go.
The mother of the Mole, old Holmesdale, likewise beares
Th' affection of her childe as ill as they do theirs."

The river itself has its sources near Worth and Rusper, in Tilgate Forest, just over the Sussex border, and runs past Dorking, Leatherhead, and Cobham.

Antiquarians are at variance as to the real origin of its name. Some think that it comes from *Mola*, the Latin word for a mill, and that it was so termed from the number of mills that it turns—twenty of which are mentioned in “Domesday Book.” But Latin words did not come into common use till the Norman Conquest, and the river was known as the Mole in the Anglo-Saxon times; and very few, if any, of our rivers bear Roman names—in this respect unlike our cities. Our poets, very naturally, have chosen the more poetical and symbolical derivation; and they, and historians and topographers after them, have made the most of the fact that the river does burrow underground occasionally. Thus, for instance, in a map in the Oxford edition of Camden’s “Britannia,” published in 1698, we find written under the entire sketch of the river, from near Leatherhead to Box Hill, the words “The river runneth underground.” The burrowing propensities of this river, however, have been greatly over-stated.

Thus Camden bears testimony to this strange property of the river, that “after it has run several miles, being opposed by hills, it finds or makes itself a way under ground, and bursts out again so far off that the inhabitants thereabout boast, as the Spaniards do of their river the Anus, that they feed divers flocks upon a bridge.”

Its eccentric flow is caused by the porous and cavernous nature of the chalky and gravelly soil over which it runs during several miles of its course below Dorking. When its waters are at their usual height no irregularity is noticed in its course; but in seasons of excessive drought its waters are absorbed through the hollows, or “swallows,” as they are termed, and the channel is left dry, with the exception of a few stagnant pools. Near the bridge at Thorncroft the waters rise again to the surface, and flow on without further interruption.

“Soon after passing Esher the Mole separates into two branches: the one runs by Imber Court and near Thames Ditton, so favourite a resort of Thames anglers; the other flows towards Molesey Hurst, notorious in past days as the scene of many prize pugilistic encounters. The banks of the Mole here are low and marshy, and there is little more that is attractive in its course till its union with the Thames, nearly opposite Hampton Court. Near its termination we pass through the pretty rustic village of East Molesey, which takes its name from our river. Here it works a large factory-like and most unpicturesque mill. The termination of the Mole is a noble one. From its mouth the Thames, with Hampton Court on the

opposite bank, forms a picture of surpassing beauty, and that magnificent palace is nowhere seen to greater advantage.”

It was not on this river, as often stated, but on its neighbour, the Wey, that the first locks in this country were made.

The parish of East Molesey has the Thames for its northern boundary, and the Mole on the east and south-east, whilst on the south it borders upon Esher, and on the west it unites with West Molesey. The village is a straggling and scattered place, built principally by the sides of the road running westward through West Molesey to Walton-on-Thames. It lies opposite to Hampton Court, with which it is united by an iron girder bridge, which we have already described in our account of Hampton Court.* The village has increased in population very considerably of late years, having risen from 2,400 in 1871 to 3,300 in 1881.

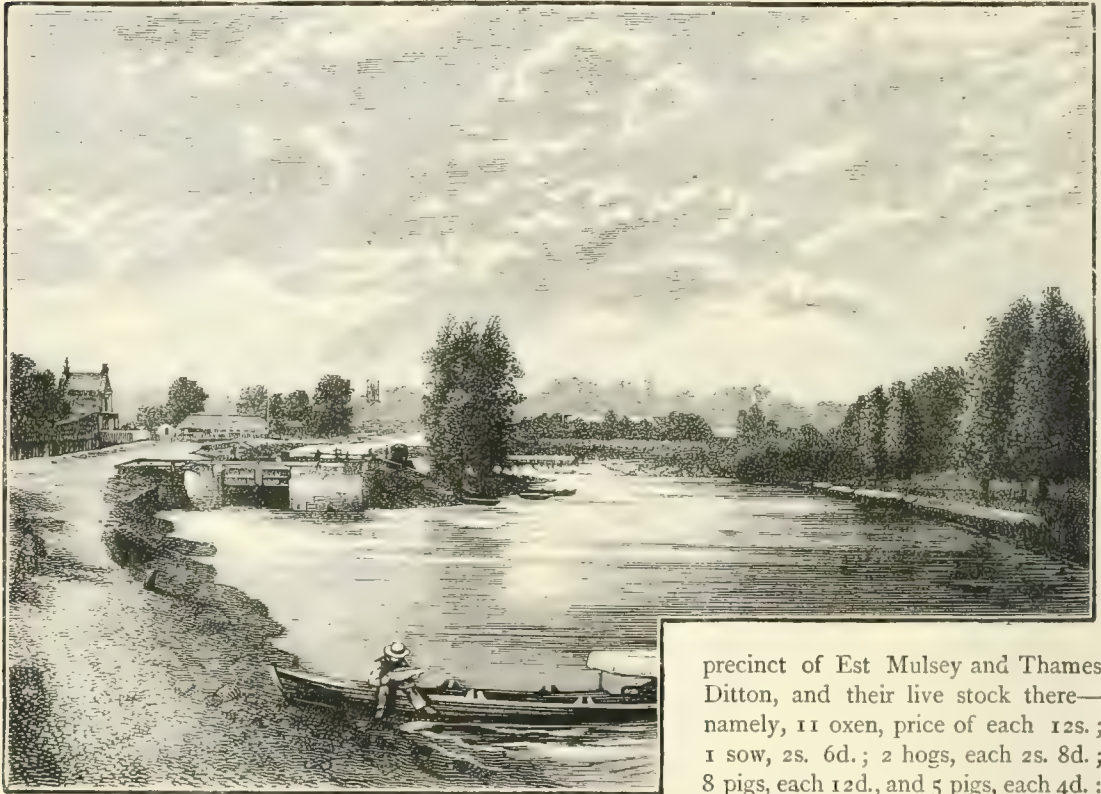
The Hampton Court Station, a terminus of a branch of the South-Western Railway, is in this village; near it a large number of new houses have of late years sprung up, and a new ecclesiastical district formed, known as Kent-Town-on-Thames. The church of this new district, dedicated to St. Paul, was built in 1856.

The old parish church, St. Mary’s, was a mean looking structure, rudely built, and consisting of a nave and chancel, with low wooden tower rising above the roof at the west end. The east windows, consisting of three divisions in the Pointed style, with smaller lights above, were somewhat of a relief to the otherwise humble appearance of the building. The church was considerably damaged by fire in 1863, and soon afterwards was entirely taken down, and a new and much larger church built in its place. The new church, built of flint and stone, is in the Early English style, and consists of a nave, chancel, and aisles, with a tower and spire at the north-west corner. The foundation stone of a new south aisle was laid in 1883. Some of the windows of the south aisle are filled with painted or stained glass, the east window containing a representation of the Ascension, among the others being the Good Shepherd, St. John, and St. Peter. The old church contained several sepulchral memorials and hatchments, some of which have been replaced in the new building. Among them is a brass to “Anthonie Standen, Gent. . . . Cupbearer to the King of Scotland, sometime Lord Darley (Darnley), father to King James, now of England, and also sworn Servant to his Majestie,” who died in 1611. A handsome tablet, ornamented with emblems of

* See Vol. I., p. 135.

naval warfare, commemorates Admiral Sir John Sutton, who died in 1825; and another is in memory of Admiral Sir Edmund Nagle, and Mary, his wife, both of whom died at their residence at East Molesey, the former in 1830, and the latter six years afterwards. Another tablet recorded the burial here of Sir George (Blackman) Harnage, who was created a baronet in 1821, and who assumed the name of Harnage by royal licence, "in virtue of his maternal descent from an ancient family of

lars respecting the descent or the Manor of East Molesey:—"The Priory of Merton, in Surrey, was founded in the reign of Henry I. by Gilbert le Norman, who is supposed to have given this manor as part of the endowment of the convent, for which a quit-rent of 7s. 6d. a year was paid to the corporation of Kingston. . . . In 10 Henry VIII. the prior and convent demised to Sir Thomas Heneage, for sixty-six years, the manor of East Mulsey, with all their land and all their tithes in the



THE THAMES AT MOLESEY.

that name, who held a high rank in the county of Salop in the time of Edward III." He died in 1836.

The village of East Molesey was granted by Charles II. to Sir James Clarke, whose grandson had a ferry thence to Hampton Court, "in the room whereof he built a bridge, which, in 1753, was replaced by a light wooden structure." This latter bridge was superseded by a more substantial structure, also of wood, which has given place to the one above referred to.

At Molesey Park was formerly an extensive powder-mill, situated on the Mole, which flows through the grounds.

Brayley's "Surrey" gives the following particu-

precinct of Est Mulsey and Thames Ditton, and their live stock there—namely, 11 oxen, price of each 12s.; 1 sow, 2s. 6d.; 2 hogs, each 2s. 8d.; 8 pigs, each 12d., and 5 pigs, each 4d.: for which he was to pay at Christmas and Easter, in money £12—namely, £6 at each festival, and to deliver at Christmas 6 capons, value 2s.; 6 geese, value 2s.; 6 hens, 1s. 6d.; 10 quarters of wheat, value £3 6s. 8d.; 10 quarters of rye, £2 10s.; 30 quarters of barley, £5; and 30 quarters of oats, £3; in all, £26 2s. 2d.

"Henry VIII., when engaged in making the 'Chase' of Hampton, wished him to have possession of the manor and estate of East Molesey, or Molesey Prior, for which he gave in exchange to the fraternity of Merton lands, tenements, advowsons, &c., belonging to the priory of Calwich, in Staffordshire. Thereon, 'John, Priour of the monastery of our Blessed Lady of Marten, in the county of Surrey, and the Convent in 27 Henry VIII., conveyed to the king all their manor

of Est Mulsey, and all their titles, oblations, and profits in Est Mulsey, parcel of the parsonage of Kingston, and all their lands, &c., in Est Mulsey or elsewhere, reputed parcel of the said manor.'

"This Sir Thomas Heneage was counsel to the Prior of Merton, and resided at East Molesey, in a mansion he had himself erected. The estate, which he held on lease from the priory of Merton, becoming the property of the Crown, he resigned it, and obtained from the king a new grant of Molesey Prior. . . . This lease expired in 1584; but in 1571 Anthony Crane obtained from Elizabeth the reversion of the manor, which included a mansion house, with 128 acres of land, at the same rent at which it was held by Sir Thomas Heneage." Subsequent grants of the manor for terms of years were made to different persons, and it is now held by a member of the family of Lord Hotham.

Mr. M. F. Tupper speaks of "tasting the Spa water near East Molesey." The chalybeate spring here referred to, which is generally called "the Spa," is situated in a meadow called Kemp's Eyot, and is walled in. It is on the road from East Molesey to Hampton Ferry, and is reported to have been formerly much visited by parties from Hampton Court.

Kemp's Eyot, or Ait—once a small island—was probably so named from a former landowner in this parish, a Mr. Thomas Kemp, of Laleham, Middlesex, who in 1730 bequeathed a rent-charge of 10s. for the young men of East Molesey "to ring and make merry with on the 6th of August yearly, in remembrance of the donor."

An annual amateur regatta is held here in July. The ferry serves as a communication between the village of Hampton and a broad flat space abutting upon the river, called Molesey Hurst, a spot formerly notorious for the pugilistic contests and duels fought there. Here, in 1807, was fought a great prize-fight between Cribb and Belcher, two celebrated pugilists, and resulted in the defeat of the latter. The fight was witnessed by a vast concourse of persons, the number being estimated at about 10,000, besides

"many hundreds of carriages, horses, carts, &c." Among the members of the aristocracy present were the Duke of Kent, Lord Archibald Hamilton, Lord Kinnaird, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan—the law-makers being also law-breakers. The Hon. Berkeley Craven acted as judge.

Molesey Hurst was at one time a famous spot for cricket matches, particularly between the years 1825 and 1840.* In August, 1775, if we may believe a newspaper, the place was "enlivened by an extraordinary cricket-match, played between six unmarried against six married women; it was won by the former, although one of the latter scored seventeen notches."

Mr. M. F. Tupper writes of the "dust-stained sod of Molesey Hurst, now happily better known as the Hampton Racecourse." The races take place annually in the summer, and bringing down large herds of betting men from London, are voted a nuisance by the neighbourhood.

West Molesey, as its name implies, is situated on the west side of the river Mole. The church, which stands in the centre of the village, is a plain, uninteresting building of brick, consisting of nave and chancel, with a tower, constructed of stone and flint, at the west end. The tower is the only



JOHN WILSON CROKER.
(From a Painting by S. Drummond, A.R.A.)

remaining part of the old church, the rest having been rebuilt in 1843. A new aisle was added in 1859. A marble tablet on the north wall commemorates General Sir George Berkeley, a gallant Peninsular and Waterloo officer, who died in 1857, and was buried here. In the chancel are two small brasses of female figures, but the inscriptions are gone. The new cemetery for the united parishes of East and West Molesey is near the church. It is only about an acre in extent, and has a small mortuary chapel.

Mole Lodge, West Molesey, is the country seat of Alderman Sir Robert Walter Carden, one of the owners of the *Times*, and formerly Lord Mayor of London.

Robert Baddeley, the actor who left the bequest

* See Lillywhite's "Cricket Scores."

of £100 to Drury Lane for a twelfth cake to be washed down with wine, lived here in a house by the river-side, nearly opposite to Garrick's villa at Hampton. In addition to his above-mentioned bequest he left this villa to poor Thespians, "pensioners of the Theatrical Fund, who might not object to live together," thereby anticipating the Dramatic College at Woking. That their dignity might not be wounded by appearing dependent on charity, he left also a small sum to be distributed by these four recipients of his charity among their poorer neighbours. Altogether, Mr. Baddeley would seem to have been impregnated with the milk of human kindness, and to have possessed also a keen knowledge of the weaknesses of human nature. Mr. Robert Baddeley died in 1794. He is said to have been in early life a pastrycook, and to have been in the service of Foote, or to have had him as a customer and patron. In his day he made his mark on the stage, being the original representative of "Canton" in the *Clandestine Marriage*, and of "Moses" in the *School for Scandal*.

Sir Robert Walpole lived here, on a small estate which he had purchased, called Molesey Grove, a little to the west of the village, the same which, a century later, was occupied by John Wilson Croker. Dean Swift, calling one day on Sir Robert Walpole, said to the Minister:—"For God's sake, Sir Robert, take me out of that cursed country (Ireland), and place me somewhere in England." "Mr. Dean," answered Sir Robert, "I should be glad to oblige you; but just look at that tree: I transplanted it from Houghton to the banks of the Thames, but it is good for little or nothing here." The company understood the allusion and laughed, while the dean turned on his heel without saying another word.

Molesey Grove is a plain, unassuming stucco-fronted house, on the left-hand side of the Walton road, about a quarter of a mile from the village, and it is shut in and almost hidden from view from the roadway by a heavy whitewashed wall.

The Right Hon. John Wilson Croker came to live here many years after the death of Walpole. Croker was one of the most remarkable literary and political characters of his time. He was for many years well known in St. Stephen's, but he refused, like Sir Charles Wetherell, to hold a seat in that august assembly after the passing of the first Reform Bill. The administration of the Admiralty was for many years in his hands. He was, however, better known as one of the most trenchant and merciless *Quarterly Reviewers*, and his attacks on his contemporaries made for him

many enemies. He bitterly attacked Lady Morgan when known first to fame as the authoress of "The Wild Irish Girl," whom he accused of falsehood, impiety, &c., from motives of personal dislike. In Lady Morgan, however, Croker found his match, and her sketch of him as Counsellor Crawley in her "Florence Macarthy" is, perhaps, one of the best satiric portraits ever penned. Mr. Disraeli and Lord Macaulay both levelled their lances at the reviewer. He was the original of Mr. Rigby in the "Coningsby" of the former; and Macaulay's critique on Croker's edition of "Boswell's Life of Johnson" is one of the best known and the most brilliant of his literary and political "Essays." Mr. Croker never quite forgave the attack, which certainly ruined the reputation of the book.

Mr. Raikes, in his "Journal" (1836), tells the following amusing anecdote about Mr. Croker:—"Lord Fitzgerald made us laugh at dinner to-day with a story about Croker, whose pertinacity of opinion is well known. He was laying down the law after dinner to the Duke of Wellington, and according to custom asserting the superiority of his own information on all subjects, having even flatly contradicted the duke, who had mentioned some incident that took place at the battle of Waterloo. At last the conversation turned upon the use of percussion-caps for the muskets of the army, when Croker again maintained a directly opposite opinion to that which was urged by the duke, who at last good-humouredly said to him:—'My dear Croker, I can yield to your superior information on most points, and you may perhaps know a great deal more of what passed at Waterloo than myself, but as a sportsman I will maintain my point about the percussion-caps.' Croker's view of politics has now for some years been of the most gloomy cast, and so far does his wish for infallibility supersede his patriotism, that he absolutely seems to rejoice at any partial fulfilment of his prophecies, though it may thwart his own views and those of his party. Fitzgerald once said to Lord Wellesley at the castle:—'I have had a very melancholy letter from Croker this morning.' 'Ay!' said Lord Wellesley; 'written, I suppose, in a strain of the most sanguine despondency.'"

Mr. Croker died here in 1855, and his memory is perpetuated by a bust in the parish church, where he is buried.

About half a mile beyond Molesey Grove, on the right of the road to Walton, lies the estate of Apps Court, mostly enclosed within an old wall of red brick. The manor of Apps—or Abbs, as it was formerly called—to which we have already inci-

dentially referred,* is really in the parish of Walton, but a small portion of the ground, as will be seen by a reference to the map which accompanies this work, lies within the bounds of the parish of West Molesey, and within the limits of our jurisdiction. At the commencement of the last century the property belonged to Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, who is said to have bequeathed it to "Mrs. Catherine Barton, during her life," "together with the rangership, house, and lodge of Bushey Park." This lady was the daughter of Sir Isaac Newton's half-sister, and for many years lived in Sir Isaac's house. After the death of Lord Halifax, she became the wife of a Mr. Conduitt, Newton's suc-

cessor as Master of the Mint. Apps Court, however, was afterwards sold, and it has since passed into the hands of various persons whose names are of no public interest. Of the "capital mansion" which is said to have once stood here nothing now remains. The present house, constructed of white brick, was built by Mr. J. Hamborough early in the present century. It has no architectural character of importance. In front, in the centre, is a small semi-circular portico, on each side of which are bows extending to the roof and ends of the building. The grounds are flat, but there is a pleasant lawn, and some fine oaks, elms, and cedars diversify the scenery.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ESHER AND CLAREMONT.

"Oh! who can paint in verse those rising hills,
Those gentle valleys, and their silver rills;
Close groves, and opening glades with verdure spread,
Flowers sighing sweets, and shrubs that balsams bleed?"—SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

Situation of Esher—Its Etymology—The Manor of Sandon, now called Sandown—Sandon Hospital or Priory—Sandown Racecourse—The "Travellers' Rest"—Anna Maria and Jane Porter—The old Parish Church—Christ Church—Esher Place—Wolsey's Tower—The Fall of Wolsey—Descent of the Manor of Esher—The Right Hon. Henry Pelham—Claremont—The Estate purchased by Sir John Vanbrugh—Holles, Earl of Clare and Duke of Newcastle—Lord Clive and subsequent Owners—Death of Princess Charlotte—The Grounds of Claremont.

THE village of Esher, with the royal domain of Claremont, which we now approach—although lying partly "over the borders" of the area embraced in "Greater London"—are invested with so much historic interest, that we may be pardoned for inviting the reader to accompany us in imagination over this classic ground—a spot which has been hallowed by the footprints of Wolsey, and in more recent times by those of the great Lord Clive, "to whose genius England owes her Indian empire." It is a spot, too, rendered sacred by having been the favourite home of Queen Victoria in her early years, and at the present time it is the residence of her Majesty's youngest son, Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany.

Esher is pleasantly situated on a hill to the south of Thames Ditton and Molesey, the lofty spire of its handsome new church rising above the trees with which it is surrounded, and being visible for miles round. The old Portsmouth road, in its course from Kingston and Thames Ditton, passes through the village, near which rise the woody heights of Claremont, and which, although but a few short miles from London, is still exceedingly rural and pretty.

Esher is so called from the old Saxon *Æsc-healh*—*i.e.*, Ash-haugh (as Ashton is formed from *Æstun*). The word "haugh" seems to denote a water-side pasture.* The name is mentioned by Shakespeare as Asher, and it appears to have been so spelt in the time of Henry VIII. In "Domesday Book" it figures as Aissela or Aissele, in the reign of John as Ashal, and in the following reign as Assere. It is suggested by a writer in *Notes and Queries* that the name may have been connected with the Welsh word Asserw, which meant "sparkling" or "glittering," in allusion to the river Mole. But the Mole is a sluggish, not a sparkling river, as it winds along through the meadows hereabouts to the west of the village, on its way to join the Thames at East Molesey. These meadows are green and pleasant in summer, but too apt to be flooded in winter.

On the north side of the parish, at Ditton Marsh, is the Esher and Claremont station of the South-Western Railway, whence the roadway skirting the grounds of Claremont leads up to the village, which is about three-quarters of a mile distant. Sandon Farm, close by the station, occupies the site of an hospital or priory which formerly stood here. The

* See Vol. I., p. 142.

* See *Notes and Queries*, March 26, 1881, p. 235.

Manor of Sandon (now called Sandown) lies partly in the parish of Esher, but extends into those of Walton, West Molesey, and Thames Ditton. It was conveyed to Henry VIII. in exchange for other lands in Essex; but in the first year of Edward VI. it was granted to John Dudley, Earl of Warwick. Coming, however, again into the hands of the king, Charles I. granted it, together with the manors of Imber, in Thames Ditton, as already stated, to Dudley Carleton, Viscount Dorchester.* After successive transfers, it was purchased, about the middle of the last century, by Mr. Arthur Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons, then resident at Imber Court.

The hospital was dedicated to the Holy Ghost, though it was sometimes called the Hospital of St. Mary and All Saints. It was founded in the reign of Henry II. by Robert de Wateville, and was enriched by subsequent benefactions, one of which, by William de Percy, the founder of the Abbey of Salley, in Yorkshire, provided for the maintenance of six chaplains, and the keeping of "a lamp and candle of 2 lb. weight continually burning before the altar of the Virgin Mary in the hospital chapel (where the heart of William de Percy and the body of his consort Joan were interred), during the time that any mass was said at any altar in that chapel, on pain of the bishop's censure, and distress on their lands by the heirs of the founder."† In the middle of the fourteenth century the inmates of the hospital were swept down by a pestilence; and in 1436, on a plea of its reduced condition, it was united to the Hospital of St. Thomas, in Southwark, and at the Dissolution shared the fate of the other monastic establishments. In the reign of James I. the chapel of Sandon was granted to John, Earl of Mar, but it was afterwards re-annexed to the Crown. No vestiges of the building are now to be found. Part of the site of the priory is now occupied by a mansion, the property of Mr. James P. Currie, and the remainder, some 150 acres in extent, was, about the year 1870, formed into a racecourse, known as Sandown Park; it occupies some sloping ground close by the Esher railway station, and to the north of the high road.

Sandown has become known to the fashionable world of late years as the most select and exclusive racecourse in the kingdom. Here no "Derby" element intrudes itself: it is pre-eminently the ladies' racecourse. There are usually six meetings in the year: two in spring, two in summer, and two in autumn. The summer meetings are the best attended, and special trains are run on the

South-Western railway for the convenience of members. As there is considerable difficulty in being elected a member of the Sandown Club, and as members cannot admit male friends under any pretext whatever, the gatherings become altogether unique. Ladies are admitted by members on payment of ten shillings for the day, or they may become members of the Club themselves. On a hot day it is delightful to lounge beneath the trees, looking on at the races, and listening to the strains of the Hungarian Band, sometimes varied with that of a Highland regiment playing their bagpipes up in the wood; and it does not require any great stretch of the imagination to fancy oneself "hundreds of miles" from the smoke of town.

The members' stands and luncheon-rooms are most complete, and gaily decorated with scarlet and white—the club colours. There is a very pretty royal box in the members' enclosure, and the Prince and Princess of Wales are generally there, with other members of the Royal Family. The Prince is generally to be seen walking about, field-glass in hand, looking up his friends in his own cheery way. One particular feature of these gatherings is that the "correct cards of the races" are sold by pretty little girls verging on their teens, in fancy costume, sometimes as *Vivandières*, or fish-wives, or the Directoire dress, which is very becoming. In fact, one may say of Sandown Races that they more nearly resemble a garden-party on a large scale, with the racing thrown in.

On the slope of the hill, near the entrance to the village of Esher, is a small rustic building, constructed of flint and stone, which has been not inaptly named the "Travellers' Rest." In Mr. Howitt's "Visits to Remarkable Places" it is called Wolsey's Well; but from the initials, H. P., and the *buckle*, part of the family arms of Pelham, it would appear to have been erected by Mr. Pelham, brother of the Duke of Newcastle, by whom the neighbouring mansion of Esher Place was owned in the early part of the last century. The Travellers' Rest consists of three arched recesses, the centre one containing a seat for the weary wayfarer. Close by it is a well of clear and sparkling water.

Anna Maria Porter, the distinguished novelist, who lies buried in Esher old church, lived for many years with her mother in a small cottage in the village. Mr. S. C. Hall writes, in his "Book of the Thames":—"So far back as the year 1825 we visited the accomplished sisters, Jane and Anna Maria Porter, at their pretty cottage. . . . A tomb was erected by her daughters over the remains of Mrs. Porter; it gives the date of her birth

* See *ante*, p. 280.

† Dugdale's "Monasticon."

and death, and contains this memorable passage :—

‘RESPECT HER GRAVE, FOR SHE MINISTERED TO THE POOR.’

It is in the churchyard ; a cypress flourishes at the head of the grave. Not long after the death of her mother Anna Maria was laid by her side. . . . While at Esher the sisters were in the wane of life, but having good health, and still occasionally writing, enjoying honourable repose, having obtained a large amount of fame, and being in easy and comfortable circumstances. Anna Maria, although the youngest, died first, Jane surviving her sister several years.’

The old church, dedicated to St. George, has been left standing chiefly on account of the monuments which it contains. It is situated at the back of the “Bear” Inn, on the east side of the main street. It is small, consisting of a nave and chancel, with a projection on the south side, built by the Duke of Newcastle to contain the private sittings of the owners of Claremont and Esher Place. Among the monuments preserved here is one, by Flaxman, to the Hon. Mrs. Ellis, of Claremont, who died in 1803. Over the altar is a picture of the Saviour, which was painted by Sir R. Ker Porter, brother of the sisters Jane and Anna Maria mentioned above, the tomb of whose mother, “Jane Porter, a Christian widow,” is in the churchyard. According to Mr. M. F. Tupper, the old church possesses a bell brought from San Domingo by Sir Francis Drake.

The new church, called Christ Church, stands by the Green, on the opposite side of the street. It was erected in 1853 by Mr. Benjamin Ferrey, F.S.A., and is large and cruciform, in the Early English style, the south transept serving the purpose of a private pew for the royal owners of Claremont. The windows of the chancel are filled with stained glass, and there is a handsome stone reredos, carved with a representation of the Resurrection, given by Mr. Robert Few, in memory of his wife, who died in 1878. At the west end of the church is a marble monument to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, the first King of the Belgians, who formerly resided at Claremont ; this monument was removed hither from St. George’s Chapel, Windsor, where it had been first erected by her Majesty Queen Victoria. Here also is a marble figure, in a kneeling posture, erected by Sir Francis Drake in memory of his father, Richard Drake, sometime equerry to Queen Elizabeth, who died in 1609. This was removed from the old church by Sir William Drake. The tower at the west end is surmounted by a tall spire. In the churchyard lies

buried Mr. Samuel Warren, Q.C., many years M.P. for Midhurst and Recorder of Hull, and afterwards a Master in Lunacy. He was the author of “Ten Thousand a Year,” “Now and Then,” and other works. His son is now rector here.

On the high road, at the Green, is a handsome granite drinking-fountain, which was presented by the queen to the village to take the place of a disused pump given by the Comte de Paris ; it bears the inscription :—“Presented to the Parish of Esher by her Majesty Queen Victoria, 1877.”

The grounds of Esher Place extend from the village down to the banks of the Mole. Here, about a mile from Esher station, and in the rear of Sandown Park, stands a curious Gothic building, a castellated gateway, which is always styled in the neighbourhood “Wolsey’s Tower.” Though it was not built by that statesman, it was once tenanted by him, shortly before his fall from the king’s good graces, and when he had begun to have reason to cry aloud—

“Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness.”

And doubtless here he often walked at eventide ; and on the grassy banks of the Mole, which flowed deep and full beneath his windows, mused upon the transitory nature of royal favour.

This gateway is all that remains of a house which, from a survey of the manor of Esher taken early in the reign of Edward VI., appears to have been “sumptuously built, with divers offices, and an orchard and gardens.” There was also, we are told, a park adjoining, three miles in circuit, well stocked with deer.

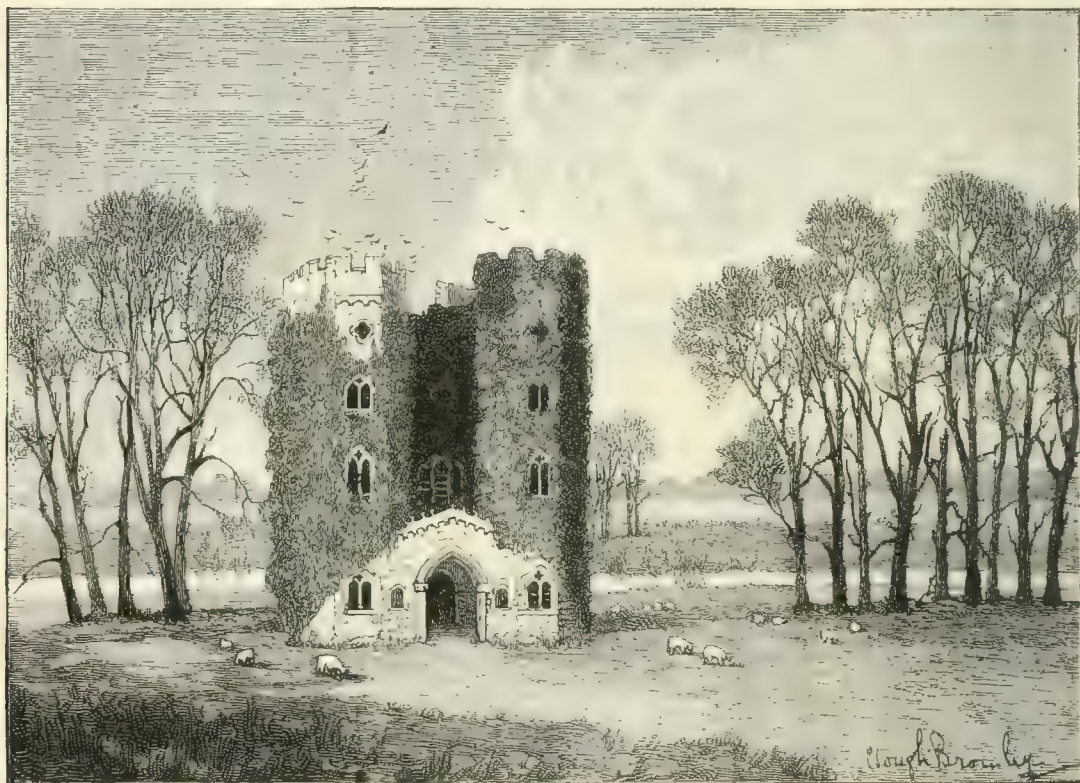
In the early part of the last century the mansion of Esher Place—as its successor is still called—consisted of little more than the old tower, or gatehouse, above mentioned ; but Mr. Henry Pelham, brother of the Duke of Newcastle, and then owner of the property, made considerable additions to the building, in a style supposed to correspond with the original, but it must be owned rather in the gingerbread Gothic fashion of Strawberry Hill. The additions, consisting of wings and offices, were designed by Kent, the architect of the eastern front of Kensington Palace ; but they were inferior to the central part of the edifice, and, as Walpole himself remarks, “were proofs how little he conceived either the principles or graces of the Gothic architecture.”

The name of Kent, however, whom Walpole styles “the inventor of an art that realises painting,” has been inseparably connected by the poet with

“Esher’s peaceful grove,
Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham’s love.”

Several engravings of the house and grounds at Esher have been published at different times. One of the earliest is a bird's-eye view by Knyff and Kip, taken when the estate (with the manor of Esher) belonged to Mr. Thomas Cotton, in the reign of William and Mary. Another and larger plan, including both fronts of Mr. Pelham's mansion, together with four ornamental buildings, styled the Temple, Grotto, Hermitage, and Thatched House, was engraved by Rocque in 1737. Another

Aubrey, in his "Survey," tells us that Waynfleet, who held the see of Winchester from 1447 to 1486, erected a "stately brick mansion" on the banks of the Mole, within the park of Esher. It is described by Aubrey as "a noble house, built of the best burnt brick that I ever sawe, with a stately gate-house and hall. This stately house, a fit palace for a prince, was bought, about 1666, by a vintner of London, who is since broke, and the house was sold and pulled down to the ground about 1678."



WOLSEY'S TOWER.

view, showing the east front, was published in the same year by Buck; and in 1759 a large engraving of the west front was made by Luke Sullivan.

The gateway above mentioned, though it stands low, forms a most picturesque object when seen from the flat meadows on the opposite side of the stream, backed as it is by the dark foliage of the trees in the park which surrounds Esher Place; and it must be owned that it bears a striking resemblance to Wolsey's Gateway at Ipswich, and to the towers of Layer Marney and Leigh's Priory, in Essex. It owes its erection, however, to William of Waynfleet, Bishop of Winchester, nearly a century before the day of Wolsey's pride.

He adds:—"Over the gate-house, and on several other parts of the building he placed the armorial bearings of his own family and those of his see, sculptured in stone; and on the timber-work of the roof of the hall were carvings of angels supporting escutcheons, on which were inscribed in scrolls the words 'Tibi Christi,' and in the windows the sentence 'Sit Deo Gracia' was several times repeated." The interior of the tower comprises three storeys, but the apartments are small, and the floorings for the most part are so sadly decayed that it is dangerous to enter them. There is, however, within one of the octagonal turrets a very skilfully-wrought staircase of brick, in a good state of preservation, and in the roofing of which the

principles of the construction of the oblique arch (a supposed invention of modern times) are practically exhibited. The windows, the door-frames, and the dressings, are of stone. In the character of the tower itself there are indications of an earlier period than that of Wolsey. Cavendish, in his "Life of Wolsey," speaks of the removal to Westminster (Whitehall) of "the new gallery which my lord had late before his fall newly set up at Asher;" and "the taking away thereof,"

other ventures in the way of building, gave instructions for the partial re-building of his house at Esher, which he fondly purposed to have made one of his residences after he had surrendered Hampton Court to his jealous sovereign. Many interesting circumstances relating to the last retirement of the great Lord Cardinal to Esher, on the declension of his favour with the royal tyrant, are mentioned by his biographers; but, unfortunately, there was no Pepys or Evelyn in the Tudor days



CLAREMONT.

he continues, "was to him corrosive—the which, indeed, discouraged him very sore to stay there any longer, for he was weary of that house at Asher, or with continual use it waxed unsavoury." This, it may be stated, is the only distinct notice which has appeared to connect Wolsey's name with any architectural works at Asher (or Esher) Place.

As might naturally be expected, the Bishops of Winchester occasionally resided on this pleasant spot, which was at the same time near the Court, and yet far removed from the bustle and strife of tongues. In fact, it was not their Lambeth, but their Addington. The historians of Surrey record the fact that Cardinal Wolsey, not content with his

to throw light upon his movements by the aid of a personal diary.

It may be remembered, however, that when the cardinal was at Whitehall, in the summer of 1529, and when the king sent the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk to demand back from him the Great Seal, Wolsey was ordered to retire to Esher; but the order being unaccompanied by any voucher of authority, the fallen chancellor refused to obey it until the return of the king's messengers next day with his Majesty's written commands. He then went by water to Putney, whence he rode leisurely to Esher. It was in the course of this journey that, being overtaken by one of the king's courtiers, who assured him that the storm would soon blow

over, and that he stood really as high as ever in the tyrant's favour, he sent back his fool or jester, Patch, as a welcome present to his royal master.

For the rest of the story we have the "Chronicle" of "honest" John Stow to guide us. We read that Wolsey, having returned to Esher, continued there, with a numerous family of servants and retainers, for "the space of three or four weeks, without either beds, sheets, table-cloths, dishes to eat their meat on, or wherewithal to buy any; howbeit, there was good provision of all kinds of victual, and of beer and wine, whereof there was sufficient and plenty enough, but my lord was compelled of necessity to borrow of Master Arundell and of the Bishop of Carlisle plate and dishes both to drink in and to eat his meat in. Thus my lord, with his family, continued in this strange estate until after Halloweentide."

The cardinal then dismissed a large part of his attendants, and sent Thomas Cromwell, afterwards Earl of Essex, to London, to "take care of his interest at Court." But apparently Cromwell did not take much trouble in the matter, for though the charge of treason originally preferred against the cardinal was abandoned, Wolsey was subjected, as every reader of English history knows, to a *præmunire*, the result of which was to place him, with all his worldly goods and chattels, at the mercy of the king, his master.

During the next few weeks of Wolsey's existence our interest is fixed on the river-side at Esher. For it was here that, whilst his enemies were pursuing their plans for his destruction, the king sent him "gracious messages," betraying occasional symptoms of returning favour, first by Sir John Russell, and afterwards by the Duke of Norfolk; and it was whilst he was entertaining the duke here that Sir John Shelley, one of the judges, arrived for the purpose of obtaining—or, rather, of extorting—from Wolsey a formal cession of York House (Whitehall), the town mansion of the archbishops of that see.* We are told that the cardinal hesitated so much to execute this royal command that he put his pen to the parchment only upon being assured that the judges of the land considered it to be a lawful act and deed. It was thus, therefore, that, on finding all opposition vain, Wolsey did that which was required at his hands; but the deed threw him into a severe fit of illness. Dr. Butts, the Court physician, who came down to visit him here, was forced to go back to London with the news that his life was in danger; and it was here that, lying on his sick bed, Wolsey received the historic ring

which Henry, in a fit of ill-timed regret, sent to him with a "comfortable message." The latter was so far effectual, that the great statesman was somewhat cheered by the seeming kindness of his tyrannical master, and recovered for a time. It must, however, have been at Esher that the document was signed which alienated Whitehall from the prelates of York, and handed over that magnificent palace to the tender mercies of "Old Harry."

That he was "sick unto death" whilst here for the last time is clear from the cardinal's last letter to Stephen Gardiner, which is dated from Esher, and in which he writes:—"I pray yow at the reverens of God to helpe, that expedicion be usyd in my persuts, the delay whereof so replenyshth my herte with hevynes, that I can take no reste: not for any vague fere, but onely for the miserable condycion that I am presently yn, and lyclyhod to contynue yn the same, oneless that you, in whom ys myn assuryd truste, do helpe and releve me therein. For fyrst, contynuyng here in this mowest and corrup ayer, beyng enteryd into the passyon of the dropsy, *cum prostratione appetitis et continuo insomnio*, I cannot lyve; wherefor, of necessity I must be removyd to some other dryer ayer and place, where I may have comodyte of physycians," &c.

A reference to Hume, or Froude, or to any other historian of the Tudor times, will serve to show the reader that only a few months subsequently the cardinal obtained permission from Henry to remove from Esher to Richmond, where he appears to have remained, making occasional expeditions to Esher, till his journey into Yorkshire, a few months previous to his death, which took place at the Abbey of Leicester, in November, 1530.

When Henry VIII. had resolved to constitute Hampton Court an "honour," and to make a "chase" around it, as stated above, he purchased several neighbouring estates, and among others that of Esher. In 1538, as we learn from Rymer's "*Fœdera*," Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, conveyed to the king "his manor of Asher, in Asher, Ditton, Cobham, Kingston, and Walton, William Basyng, *alias* Kingswell, prior of the monastery and cathedral of St. Swithin, at Winchester, confirming the deed." In consequence of these acts, this manor, with other lands, was annexed to the "honour and chase of Hampton Court" in 1540. Ten years afterwards King Edward gave the office of chief keeper of the mansion of Esher, with its gardens and orchards, and that of Lieutenant of the Chace of Hampton Court, to John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, and John, Lord Lisle, his son, for their joint lives and the life of

* See "Old and New London," Vol. III., p. 68.

the survivor. The earl had a grant of the manor and park to himself and his heirs, but he soon re-conveyed them to the king.

Bishop Gardiner obtained from Queen Mary the restoration to his see of this estate, described as the "lordship and manor of Eshere," with the park (part of the "honour" of Hampton Court), the rabbit warren, about 185 acres of land, and the land called Northwood, in Cobham, "to be held of the Crown in frankalmoigne."

In 1538 Queen Elizabeth bought this manor of the Bishop of Winchester, and very shortly afterwards granted it in the fee to Charles, Lord Howard of Effingham. The estate subsequently passed, probably by sale, to Richard Drake, Equerry to the Queen, who was in possession in 1603, in which year he died. His only son and heir, Francis Drake, held it in 1631, and five years later it had become the property of George Price, Esq. The manor was subsequently purchased by Thomas Pelham Holles, Earl of Clare, and afterwards Duke of Newcastle, Prime Minister to George II. and III., who built on part of the estate the mansion of Claremont, which, as we shall presently see, has since been rebuilt.

About the same time that the manor of Esher was sold to the Duke of Newcastle, the park and mansion-house of Esher, which had been separated from the manor, were disposed of to Mr. Peter de la Porte, one of the directors of the South Sea Company; but he possessed it only a few years, for on the breaking of that bubble the estates of the principal directors were seized under an Act of Parliament, and sold for the benefit of those proprietors of South Sea stock who had been deprived of their property by the practices of the general board. Esher Place was thereupon purchased by a Mr. Dennis Bond, who, in 1729, re-sold it to the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, brother of the Duke of Newcastle, who was celebrated as statesman in the reign of George II., and who soon made extensive alterations in the building. Few statesmen have been more highly eulogised by contemporary poets and other writers than Pelham. Thomson, in his "Seasons" (Summer), thus refers to

"Claremont's terraced height and Esher's groves,
Where in the sweetest solitude, embraced
By the soft windings of the gentle Mole,
From courts and senates Pelham found repose."

Edward Moore also, in an ode addressed to Pelham, and entitled "The Discovery," in which the goddess Virtue is portrayed as in search of an earthly abode, has sung the praises of the retired

statesman in several stanzas. The two here quoted are selected as being peculiarly applicable to the place under notice :—

"Long through the sky's wide pathless way
The muse observed the Wand'rer stray,
And marked the last retreat ;
O'er Surrey's barren heaths she flew,
Descending like the silent dew
On Esher's peaceful seat.

"There she beholds the gentle Mole,
His pensive waters calmly roll
Amidst Elysian ground ;
There through the windings of the grove
She leads her family of Love,
And strews her sweets around."

By will, dated 1748, Mr. Pelham devised his lands in Esher to his eldest surviving daughter, Frances, on whose death, in 1804, they devolved on her nephew, Lewis Thomas, Lord Sondes. In the following year, however, his lordship sold the estate in parcels, by which means, according to the public prints of the day, he realised the good round sum of £37,000. Esher Place, and the park and other lands adjoining, were purchased by Mr. John Spicer, who pulled down what was left of the old house, with the exception of "Wolsey's Gateway," and with its materials erected a new mansion of brick, stuccoed in imitation of stone, on higher ground. The estate now belongs to Mrs. Wigram, the widow of Mr. Money Wigram, a member of the family of the late Sir Robert Wigram, of Walthamstow, Essex, merchant and Lord Mayor of London.

The new mansion commands extensive views, particularly towards the north-west and north-east points, the vale of the Thames, with all its delightful scenery, composing, as it were, the leading features of the intermediate landscape, whilst the hills of Harrow, Hampstead, and Highgate, unite with the horizon in the extreme distance. Independently of the extensive prospects obtained from the boldly-swelling heights of Esher, the home views in themselves possess great interest, both from variety and contrast. How far the creations of the landscape gardener may have contributed to this effect it is now too late to ascertain ; yet the natural undulations of the ground would seem to have required but little improvement from his conceptions. At all events, Kent, the landscape gardener, has the credit of having made alterations in conformity with the disposition of the ground and the range of scenery it commands. Within a sunken dell in that part of the grounds called the Wood is a large votive urn, standing on a pedestal of freestone, which, as it appears from the following

inscription, was placed there as a grateful and becoming record of the beneficence of Mr. Pelham by one whom he had patronised :—

"HENRICO PELHAM, PATRONO SUO
OPTIMO SEMPERQUE HONORATO,
BENEFICIORVM GRATA VT DECVIT RECORDATIONE
POSVIT. J. R."

On the three other faces of the pedestal are bas-reliefs of Charon preparing to carry a disembodied spirit over the river Styx ; shepherds leaning upon a sarcophagus, on which are the words "Et in Arcadiâ Ego"; and a mourning figure reclining against a column surmounted by a vase. The following lines, adapted from the Odes of Horace, are annexed to these sculptures respectively :—

"Tellus et Domus et placens Uxor linquenda.
Nec Pudor aut Modus Desiderio.
Debitâ spargens Lacrymâ Favillam."

The plantations of fir, beech, &c., which cover the heights, add much to the picturesque effect of the views in different parts, together with a remarkable holly-tree, the girth of which is between eight and nine feet. There are likewise several small ornamental buildings in the park ; but the principal feature of that description, as we have already shown, is the old brick tower, which formed part of "Asher Palace" when the estate belonged to the see of Winchester. The ivy by which it is now luxuriantly clothed was planted by the late owner, Mr. Spicer, when yet a boy.

The grounds of Esher Place adjoins those of Sandown Park, already described above.*

Claremont lies to the south of Esher, and has attained its high importance among the lordly demesnes of Surrey since the time of Queen Anne. In that reign an estate was bought here by Sir John Vanbrugh, the architect, who built a small brick house for his own residence. His dwelling, which stood on low ground and without any advantages of prospect, was subsequently sold, as stated above, to the Earl of Clare, who "added a magnificent room for the entertainment of large companies when he was in administration," and greatly augmented the estate. He likewise erected on higher ground in the park which he had formed a "castellated prospect-house," and called it after his own title "Clare-mont," which afterwards came to be the general name of the property. The estate forms the subject of a somewhat lengthy and flattering poem by Sir Samuel Garth, the author of the once popular, though now forgotten, poem, "The Dispensary." It is entitled "Claremont,"

and was "writ upon giving that name to a villa now owned by the Earl of Clare." The preface adds that "the situation is so agreeable and surprising, that it inclines one to think that some place of this nature put Ovid at first upon the story of Narcissus and the Fountain." It deals largely, as might be expected, with the Newcastles and Pelhams, and peoples the lawns and groves with sylvan goddesses, and ends with the line—

"The place shall live in song, and Claremont be the name."

During the occupancy of the house by the Duke of Newcastle, the grounds were laid out under the direction of Kent, the landscape gardener, whose talents in this direction were, as above stated, also exercised in the grounds of Esher Place. On a tablet in the grounds is the following :—"Sir John Vanbrugh, Knight, owner of the estate, 1708. A dramatist and architect of celebrity. He built the first mansion, of which the gardens were laid out by Kent, by orders of Holles, Earl of Clare and Duke of Newcastle, Prime Minister to George II. and III., and bestowed on it the name of Claremont."

The mansion was the home of the Whig Duke of Newcastle after having retired from office, and here he lived in deep dejection, contemplating with bitter grief the changes in the administration which he could only lament, and not prevent, his influence having been superseded by that of Lord Bute.

In the *World*, No. 218, appear the following remarks with reference to the alterations effected in the estate by the Duke of Newcastle :—"If the noble duke who clothed the sands of Claremont with such exquisite verdure had made the same glorious experiment in Spain, he would have brought no less riches and much more happiness to the nation than the conquests of Philip or the discoveries of Columbus."

The Duke of Newcastle died in 1768, after which the duchess sold the manor, together with Esher-Wateville and the mansion and estate of Claremont, to Lord Clive, of Indian renown, who soon, however, ordered the house to be pulled down, and the present mansion built in its place, at a cost of £100,000, and the grounds remodelled. The work was carried out under the direction of the famous Mr. Lancelot Brown, better known as "Capability Brown." Claremont is said to be the only mansion that Brown ever built, although he altered many. It stands on the crest of a hill, surrounded by some fine trees, and with an ample slope of bright turf stretching before it. It forms an oblong square, measuring forty-five yards by

nirty-four. The building is of brick, the window and door-frames and other dressings of stone. There is a stately Corinthian portico, and the pediment contains a large sculpture of Lord Clive's arms and supporters. The saloon is approached by a lofty flight of steps, ornamented by columns of scagliola marble. Among the more interesting pictures in the gallery are the full-length portraits (by Dawe) of the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold, a head of General Wolfe, and a view of the landing of the troops at Quebec. In the breakfast-room are two interesting portraits of her present Majesty as a child.

Lord Clive was not permitted to enjoy his purchase with any degree of comfort. He seems to have fallen upon evil times. His long trial and the fierce and persistent attacks upon his reputation rendered him gloomy, morose, and mistrustful, and ended in suicide, his lordship having died by his own hand at his residence in Berkeley Square, in November, 1774.*

His property at Esher was sold to Lord Galway, an Irish peer. He again disposed of the whole to the Earl of Tyrconnell, who made Claremont his residence until the beginning of the present century, when he re-sold the estate to Mr. Charles Rose Ellis, afterwards created Lord Seaford. In 1816 the property was conveyed by sale, for £66,000, to the Commissioners of his Majesty's Woods and Forests, for the purpose of providing a suitable residence for the Princess Charlotte on her marriage with Leopold, Prince of Saxe-Coburg. With the exception of a short time spent at Camelford House, Park Lane, the mansion continued their home during their few short months of married life in 1816-17. Baron Stockmar, who attended the prince to England, wrote to his friends:—"In this house reign harmony, peace, love—all the essentials, in short, of domestic happiness. My master is the best husband in the world, and his wife has for him an amount of love which in vastness can only be likened to the English National Debt."

But this happiness was destined to be rudely broken off by the sudden death of the princess in her first confinement, in November, 1817. The authentic account of the death of the princess had long been disputed, but the true state of the case was published in 1872, in the "Life of Baron Stockmar." The mother, though she had been delivered of a dead child, was doing for some four hours as well as could be expected or hoped, and the Ministers and others who had been summoned

had actually left for London, believing all danger to be past. But just at midnight Sir Richard Croft came to Stockmar, telling him that the princess was taken dangerously ill. Dr. Baillie was called in; she was very restless, and Dr. Baillie continued plying her with wine. She called: "Stocky! Stocky!" breathed convulsively, and in an hour was no more. The sudden blow was felt all over and all through England. The hope of the country, who was but yesterday so full of health, vigour, and spirits, had passed away. Croft and Baillie, in fact, would not help Nature, but pulled their patient down, so that she died of exhaustion.

The Princess Charlotte died in a room in the south-west angle of the building, adjoining the breakfast-room. For a long time the apartment was kept closed and the furniture undisturbed; but after Prince Leopold became King of the Belgians all the rooms were re-opened, and the mansion was occasionally occupied by the Duchess of Kent, and her daughter the Princess Victoria. It may be mentioned here that under the terms of the settlement the property of Claremont was vested in either survivor of the marriage. It remained, therefore, in the possession of Prince Leopold (who became King of the Belgians in 1831, and married, in 1832, Louise, eldest daughter of Louis Philippe of France) till his death, on the 10th of December, 1865; but he never cared to live there after the death of the princess, and eventually he gave it back into the hands of the sovereign. It is clear, from the *Memoirs* of Baron Stockmar, that the short residence of Prince Leopold here as a married man was extremely happy, and that his grief at the loss of his wife was very deep indeed. When, at the age of upwards of seventy, he drew up his reminiscences for his niece, the Princess Victoria, he wrote thus of himself:—"November (1817) saw the ruin of this happy home, and the destruction at one blow of every hope and happiness of Prince Leopold. He has never recovered the feeling of happiness which had blessed his short married life." Baron Stockmar confirms this statement by writing to a friend: "As long as grief found no expression, I was much alarmed for his health; but now he is relieved by frequent tears and moans."

During the brief period above referred to, Queen Charlotte, the Prince Regent, and all the royal dukes then alive—whose physique and personal peculiarities are sketched in a very lively way by Baron Stockmar—also the Duke of Wellington, and Prince Nicholas afterwards Emperor of Russia, were among the illustrious visitors at Claremont.

* See "Old and New London," Vol IV., p. 332.

"Claremont," writes Mr. Martin F. Tupper, "is a sort of mausoleum to the memory of the Princess Charlotte: over all its statues and paintings, its bijouterie and bronzes, the spirit of that lamented lady seems to linger, as about her brief hour of maternal happiness. Numerous articles once belonging to her Royal Highness are still affectionately

The following lines were written by Princess Charlotte as an inscription for a *papier maché* snuff-box, intended as a present to Prince Leopold. The box had on the lid a portrait of her Royal Highness, from Hayter's excellent likeness. The inscription—which forms a parody or appropriation of the verses on Pelham, quoted above—was written



PRINCESS CHARLOTTE. (After A. E. Chalon, R.A.)

preserved in the same state as when she looked upon them living; and there is a sentiment of awe and sanctity about the whole deserted palace which seems to breathe around, 'Reverence the dead.' The pleasure-grounds, about sixty acres in extent, are replete with every charm that art can add to nature. 'Capability' Brown did his best with them, and he has since been considerably improved upon, especially by the flowering shrubs of America, and the several rustic memorials of the lamented princess, not to mention the Gothic alcove, now her mausoleum."

on white satin, and inserted on the inside of the lid:—

"To Claremont's terrac'd heights and Esher's groves,
Where in the sweetest solitude, embraced
By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
From courts and cities Charlotte finds repose.
Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung;
A vale of bliss! O softly-swelling hills,
On which the power of cultivation lies,
And joys to see the wonder of his toil!"

Among the objects of interest preserved at Claremont, observes a writer in the *Graphic*, April,

1871, are "two Indian cabinets (presented by the Marquis of Hastings, and containing a splendid collection of bijouterie), Sir W. Beechey's portrait of the Duchess of Kent and her infant daughter Princess Victoria, Lawrence's beautiful portrait of the Princess Charlotte, and a superb table, the service of which is of porcelain, covered with highly-finished paintings, among which are four views of the statue-gallery in the Louvre. This was presented by Charles X. of France to Prince Leopold."

During the early years of their married life Claremont was the favourite retirement of the Queen and Prince Albert. If Kensington Palace was the home of the infancy and childhood of the Princess Victoria, yet Claremont was the home of her girlhood; and in its pleasant glades she first learnt to sketch from nature—an art which she subsequently cultivated with much success, as we know from the views in "Our Home in the Highlands." For many years after her marriage, as we learn from



VIEW IN CLAREMONT PARK.

The pleasure-grounds occupy about sixty acres. There are long avenues of beech and elm trees, besides fir, spruce, pine, cedar, cork, and other exotic specimens. The park is about three miles and a half in circumference, and the chief entrance is near the village, on the Leatherhead road. It is surrounded by a ring fence, and includes about 300 acres; but the whole estate (to which gradual additions have been made) comprises not less than 1,500 acres.

Near the mount, on which stands the observatory built by the Duke of Newcastle, is an aged cork tree, beneath which her Majesty and the Prince Consort used frequently to breakfast in fine weather, with their children playing round them.

"The Early Years of the Prince Consort," the Queen and Prince Albert were in the habit of repairing from London and Windsor to Claremont, and of "seeking such short intervals of quiet and refreshment as they could snatch from the fatigue and excitement of London life."

"This place" (the Queen writes to her uncle Leopold, in January, 1843), "has a peculiar charm for us both, and to me it brings back recollections of the happiest days of my otherwise dull childhood, when I experienced from you, dearest uncle, kindness which has ever since continued. . . . Victoria* plays with my old bricks, &c., and I see

* The Princess Royal, now Princess Imperial of Germany.

her running and jumping in the flower garden, much as *old*, though, I fear, still *little* Victoria of former days used to do."

A quarter of a mile from the house, in a north-westerly direction, stands the mausoleum of the Princess Charlotte. It is built of freestone, in the Pointed style of architecture. It was originally designed by the princess for an alcove, or open summer house, but being unfinished at the time of her death, was converted into a mausoleum to her memory. The interior has painted windows and a groined ceiling enriched with tracery.

The lake covers five acres; on the north side is a luxuriant bank of rhododendrons, in the centre a finely-wooded islet, and on the south-west side some artificial rockwork connected with a ruined grotto. This grotto was formerly ornamented with spars and stalactites, but the majority of these were carried off as *souvenirs* by the public when re-admitted to the grounds after the death of Princess Charlotte. In the grounds, too, is a monument to the great Lord Clive, in the form of an obelisk.

When the French Revolution took place, in February, 1848, and Louis Philippe was compelled to seek refuge in this country, Claremont was placed at the disposal of his father-in-law by the King of the Belgians. The exiled monarch remained two years an inhabitant of the mansion, till his death in 1850. His venerable queen survived till 1866. They lived here a quiet and retired life, and were happy to find such a home when forced to fly from the Tuileries. They were both buried at the Roman Catholic chapel at Weybridge.

Claremont has since been the temporary abode of various members of the royal family. Here, in 1871, the Marquis of Lorne and his royal bride, the

Princess Louise, came to spend a few days of privacy after their wedding. In 1882 the mansion was given up as a residence to her Majesty's youngest and favourite son, Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, on his marriage with the Princess Helen of Waldeck. He lived here just long enough to gain the friendship of his neighbours. His sudden death in 1884 threw all England into mourning.

It must be admitted that the historic memories of Claremont are chiefly of a sorrowful character. "When we think of the Anglo-Indian potentate, broken-hearted in the midst of his wealth," remarks the writer in the *Graphic* above quoted, "of the gentle young princess, dying in the prime of her youth and beauty; and of the discrowned king returning to die amid the scenes which had afforded him shelter some forty years earlier, we are fain to exclaim with Burke, 'What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!'"

Adjoining Esher and Sandown are Walton-on-Thames and Weybridge, which I should have much liked to have included in this chapter, on account of the historic memories of Oatlands, an abode of royalty under the Stuarts, and more recently the home of the Duke and Duchess of York; but unfortunately these two parishes lie outside the area of the Metropolitan Police District, and we are obliged to pass them by with regret. The grotto at Oatlands, with the graves of the pet dogs of the Duchess of York, the quiet rural grave of their mistress in Weybridge churchyard, the tombs of Louis Philippe and his queen, all at Weybridge, and the grave of poor Maginn, and the scold's bridle at Walton, are among the things which would have afforded ample materials for a pleasant chapter. *Sed jata vetant.*

CHAPTER XXXV.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

"Slow let us trace the matchless vale of Thames,
Far winding up to where the Muses haunt,
To Twickenham's towers, to royal Hampton's pile."—Thomson.

Situation and Boundaries of the Town—Nature of the Soil, and Health Qualities of the District—Water Supply—Acreage and Population of the Town—Early History—Discovery of Roman Antiquities—Origin of the Name of Kingston—The Coronation of Athelstan—Early Charters and Privileges Granted to the Townsmen—Curious Entries in the Chamberlain's and Churchwarden's Accounts—Loyalty of the Inhabitants—Death of Lord Francis Villiers in the Civil War—Frequent Discovery of Ancient Warlike Weapons at Kingston—The Castle—Supposed Evidences of a Roman Ford here—Archæological Discoveries—Kingston Bridge—The Old Bridge—Historical Reminiscences—Tolls, &c.—The Ducking or Cucking Stool—Clattern Bridge—An Ancient Mill—The Parish Church—Crack-nut Sunday.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, so-called popularly, to distinguish it from Kingston-on-Hull, Kingston-on-Sea, and half a dozen other Kingstons scattered up and down the country, is pleasantly situated on the southern bank of the Thames, and is

surrounded by charming scenery which would lose nothing by comparison with that of other places boasting a greater reputation.

The town lies on the great road from London to Portsmouth, eleven miles from London Bridge,

and, in spite of the fact that the high road to and from Hampton Court runs through it from end to end, it is the most irregular in plan of any town within a hundred miles of the metropolis.

Kingston is bounded by Petersham, Merton, Malden, Chessington, Long Ditton, and Surbiton; and it gives its name to the hundred in which it lies. For much of the information contained in the following account of the parish we must acknowledge our indebtedness to the admirable and interesting little "Handbook of Kingston" by Mr. W. Chapman.

The soil is chiefly gravel; and there is but little or no chalk. Mr. Brayley says that "the wild thyme which grows abundantly around is a sure and certain proof of the excellence of its atmosphere." The health qualities of the district are further proved by the death-rate, which for many years has not exceeded 20 per thousand; the general average for all England and Wales during the same period being 22·7. An important health element—excellent water—is not wanting to the other advantages of favoured Kingston. Hampton Court Palace was supplied with water brought through pipes from springs at Coombe Wood* in the neighbourhood of the town, the work of no less august a personage than Cardinal Wolsey. Dr. Hales observes that "the water left no incrustation on a boiler in the coffee house which had been in use for fourteen years, and that it is softer and will wash linen with a less quantity of soap than either the Thames water or that of the river which crosses Hounslow."

During the last century these and other springs in the district—notably those of Seething Wells—were considered very valuable from their medicinal properties. The hot spring at Seething Wells was even held to be an invaluable remedy in certain cases of ophthalmia. Perhaps the day may yet come when "the prophet shall have honour" even "in his own country," and the waters of Coombe and Seething be proved as healing as those of the more distant German or Belgian spa.

Kingston is a market and municipal town, and enjoys the privilege of electing its High Steward. The parish occupies an area of 47,650 acres, or nearly 7½ square miles, with a population, according to the last census, of 33,545 persons. The borough alone has a population of 19,875.

Kingston contests with Winchester its claim to have been the ancient capital of England. It is surrounded by historical and traditionary associations of a most interesting character. That at a

very early period Kingston was a place of considerable importance is certain. This would naturally be the result of its being situated close to the first practical ford above the sea, for which reason some writers have referred to Kingston as the spot where Cæsar crossed the Thames when pursuing the Britons under Cassivelaunus.* However this may be, here probably was one of the ancient fords and ferries across the Thames.

That the Romans had a settlement either at Kingston or in the immediate vicinity is unquestionable, many antiquities belonging to the Roman era having been discovered hereabouts, particularly coins of Diocletian, Maximian, Maximus, and Constantine the Great.

"Kingston Hundred comes next in order," writes Mr. Martin F. Tupper, in his "Railway Glance at the County" [of Surrey], "and its chief town claims our first attention. This town dates from the earliest antiquity. Dr. Gale tells us, in his 'Commentary on the Itinerary of Antoninus,' that here was the ancient town of Tamesa, mentioned by the Geographer of Ravenna; and Leland tells us that 'yn ploughyng and diggyng hav (*sic*) very often been found foundations of wauls of houses and diverse coynes of brasse, sylver, and golde, with Romaine inscriptions, and paintid yerthen pottes; and yn one yn Cardinall Wolsey's tyme was found much Romaine money of sylver, and plates of sylver to coyne, and masses to bete into plates to coyne, and chaynes of sylver.' Delicious treasure-trove!"

The name of Kingston, he adds, dates from the coronations of the Anglo-Saxon kings within its walls—events which constituted it the King's Town, or at all events *a* King's Town. Anciently it was called Moreford, or the Great Ford, as stated by Camden. Alfred, Athelstan, Edwin, and Ethelred were crowned, or "hallowed," there, and the sacred stone on which they sat is still to be seen in the market-place. The coronation of our sovereigns in Westminster Abbey dates no earlier than the time of Harold.

Doctors, of course, disagree as to the origin of the name Kingston, some deriving it from the coronation stone, King's Stone, whilst others consider it to be due to the circumstance that the Saxon kings resided here, thus constituting it a "King's Town." This latter theory is probably the true one, for the town must have obtained its present designation long prior to the year 900, the date of the first recorded coronation, since in 838, a short time before the decease of King Egbert,

* See Vol. I., p. 142.

* See Vol. I., pp. 11 and 17.

a great council was held here, at which that prince, his son and successor, Ethelwulf, and many prelates, abbots, and nobles, were present, including Ceolnoth, Archbishop of Canterbury, who presided; and in the acts of that council it is stated to have been held "in loco famoso vocato Kyningestun." It follows, therefore, that Kingston must have been so called before the middle of the ninth century, and that its name could not have been imposed on account of the coronations of the Saxon kings after the termination of the Heptarchy.

A striking account of the coronation of Athelstan is given by Dean Hook, in his "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury." After alluding to the dislike felt by the Teutonic and German races to towns, the writer states:—"Athelstan accordingly, instead of proceeding to London, pitched the royal camp at Moreford, so called because there was a ford across the Thames, well known even in the Roman times. This became the place where the Saxon kings were generally crowned, and it has retained the name of Kingston-on-Thames. It was of easy access to the multitudes who hastened to express their adherence to the decision of the Wessex Witan, and to fight under the banner of the son of Edward and the grandson of Alfred. The king stood before them, a thin spare man, thirty years of age, with his yellow hair beautifully interwoven with threads of gold. He was arrayed in a purple vestment, with a Saxon sword in a golden sheath hanging from a jewelled belt, the gifts of Alfred, from whom, on his coming of age, according to an old Teutonic custom, he had received the spear and shield. On an elevated platform in the Market Place, and on a stone seat, he took his place, the better to be seen of the multitude. He was received with shouts of loyalty, and elevated on a stage, or target; he was carried on the shoulders of his men, being from time to time, in their enthusiasm, *tossed into the air!* until they arrived at the door of the church. Here the Archbishop was standing to receive him, and the king, supported by two prelates on either side, proceeded to the steps of the altar, and prostrating himself, remained for some time in private prayer. When the king had finished his private devotions, the Archbishop proceeded to the coronation." Effigies of the kings crowned here formerly existed in the ancient Chapel of St. Mary, as we shall presently see.

In a charter of King Edred in 946,* Kingston is mentioned as "the royal town where consecration is accustomed to be performed;" whilst a

third charter, dated from "the royal town of Kingston," conveys numerous lands in Surrey.

King John often visited Kingston; and remains of a residence called his "dairy and stables" may still be seen in a house between Kingston and Surbiton. He granted the town its first and second municipal charters. Subsequent charters were granted by Henry III., amongst others that of an eight-day fair, "to be holden yearly on the morrow of All Souls, and seven days following, with all the usual liberties and free customs thereto belonging." This sovereign, indeed, was so lavish in the matter of charters that he gave three in four days. Edward III., Henry V., Henry VI., Edward IV., Philip and Mary, and Charles II., also granted charters and privileges to the townsmen of Kingston.

The second charter of King John, beautifully written, is in the possession of the town. The corporation surrendered their charter to Charles II. only a few weeks before his death.

There are in the chamberlains' and churchwardens' accounts many entries which would amuse the curious in such matters. For instance:—

"The churchwardens had to pay the sum of 20d. for mending the roads in September, 1599, when Queen Elizabeth passed this way from Wimbledon to her palace at Nonsuch."*

"A sum of 9d. was paid for ringing the bells when some traitors were taken."

"For setting of the torches gyven at the Quyne's burial from Hampton Court by water, 4d." This queen was Lady Jane Seymour, who died in giving birth to Edward VI.

"For a scarf and for a box for the late Queen Elizabeth, returned again to the seller, 5s. 9d."

"1601. To Thomas Haywarde for to pay for the Queen's gloves, 40s."

"Paid to the ryngers at the command of the master bayliff when word was brought that the Earl of Northumberland was taken, 20d."

"1624. To the ringers for joy of the prince's return out of Spain, 3s. 4d."

From these entries we may conclude that Kingston was a loyal town, as from its traditions and antecedents, and the near proximity of Hampton Court Palace, there was every reason to expect.

Here, too, great loyalty was shown to King Charles I.; when others had forsaken him, the men of Surrey petitioned, at great personal risk, in favour of "the king, their lawful sovereign," from whom they had experienced great favours. "In November, 1642, Sir Richard Onslow, one of the knights of

* *Vide* "Saxon Charters," edited by Mr. J. M. Kemble.

* See *ante*, p. 234.

the shire, went with the trained bands of Southwark to defend Kingston, but the inhabitants thereof showing themselves extremely malignant against them, would afford them no entertainment, calling them 'Roundheads,' and wished rather that the cavaliers would come among them; whereupon they left them to their malignant humours."

It is remarkable that during the Great Rebellion the first armed force we hear of was said to have assembled at Kingston under Colonel Linsford; and the dying struggle of the Royalist party took place close by the town. In a lane near Surbiton Common was fought the very last skirmish, in which Buckingham and Holland were defeated, and the handsome Lord Francis Villiers was slain.

The account of this unfortunate young man's death is full of interest. "He behaved with signal courage," we are told, "and after his horse had been killed under him stood with his back against a tree, defending himself against several assailants, till at length he sank under his wounds. The next day the lords, who had heard of the skirmish, and that Lord Francis Villiers was dangerously wounded, made an order that surgeons might be permitted to go to Kingston and take care of him if he were alive; but, as one of the journalists of that time observes, it was too late, for he was dead and stripped, and good pillage found in his pocket." His body was conveyed to York House, in the Strand, by water, and was buried in Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey. The initials of his name were inscribed on the tree under which he was slain, and remained till it was cut down, as Aubrey says, in the year 1680.

That Kingston has been oftentimes the theatre of war is known from history. Brayley writes, in his "History of Surrey":—"Many reminiscences of the hostile conflicts which have taken place in this neighbourhood from the earliest period of our history are occasionally brought to light here by excavations for new buildings; nor can this excite surprise when we advert to the position of the town on the banks of the Thames offering a strong point of defence, and also recollect that its old bridge (coeval with that of London) was in former times the only roadway between Staines and the capital by which the river could be crossed. Broken weapons and other remains of a warlike description, together with human bones, skeletons, and other vestiges of hasty inhumation, have been found at different times and places."

It is remarkable that no vestige remains of the ancient Castle of Kingston. It is supposed to have been connected with the Saxon palace, and to have stood near the corner of Heathen Street.

In the year 1264, Henry III., then at war with his barons, marched out of London, and took the castle of Kennington or Kingston, belonging to Gilbert Clare, Earl of Gloucester. The castle was, perhaps, then demolished. Another account states that the fortress afterwards belonged to the Nevills, Earls of Warwick. However this may be, it is certain that all traces of the building have been swept away—an unusual circumstance in the history of such edifices—and that its very site is simply a matter of tradition.

In the *Archæological Journal* for 1845 and 1848 are recorded discoveries of several Roman antiquities made in excavating the foundation for the new bridge at Kingston, among which is to be noticed a brass ring with eleven bosses; it lay near some weapons of bronze and iron celts, &c., which were also discovered, and which were regarded as evidences that Cæsar and the Roman invaders passed the Thames at the ford near that spot after a sharp conflict with the Britons. They were discovered at a depth of about six feet, under the gravel. There was also discovered "an elegantly ornamented object of bronze, with a spike which may have been intended to support a standard or Roman eagle. It measures about thirteen inches in length." Most of these were found near the Middlesex side, where we might expect that the fight, if the passage was contested, would be the most severe. Dr. Roots, a local antiquarian, is strong in his belief, in company with the learned Horsley, that this was the point where the river was crossed, and not at Cowey Stakes; and he urges in support of his belief the name of Moreford, "the great ford," by which the place was known before it became the King's Town. "That Cæsar," observes Dr. Roots, "should have paused for some little time in the vicinity after a fatiguing march is just what might fully be expected; and that he did so seems to be proved by the fine Roman encampment on the rising ground of Kingston, adjoining Wimbledon, and overlooking the valley of the Thames. An additional proof may be sought from the sepulchral interments, apparently made in haste, which were discovered at this spot, with bronze weapons and large masses of unwrought metal, of which a considerable quantity was found a few years since. This provision of metal seems to indicate the presence of an armourer's establishment, possibly for the purpose of refit, previously to the transit at the great ford below." Illustrations of these antiquities will be found in the *Archæological Journal* for 1848.*

In 1863, in the course of some diggings in the George Gravel Pits, at Kingston Hill, Mr. Walter Tregellas made some discoveries, which he communicated to the Archæological Society. There were found some fragments of pottery, human teeth and bones, a boar's tusk, pieces of copper, and some burnt wheat. The discoveries are supposed to indicate the fact of a British settlement here. In 1868 the same gentleman exhibited some further relics before the Society—a sepulchral urn ten inches in height, and two smaller vessels. These were all discovered in the so-called “pot-holes,” about three or four feet below the surface. “Excavations at Coombe Hill, in 1881,” observes the *Athenæum*, “yielded numerous relics of the early British period. The *fitilia* include small cup-like vessels of coarse dark clay, hand-made, and not turned on a wheel, whorls, a mould, and a slab or tile pierced with rough holes; the metal remains consist of pieces of unwrought bronze, spear-heads, and celts. In one of the food-vessels some grains of wheat still remain.”

The modern Kingston Bridge is a very handsome structure, and forms a conspicuous ornament in the general landscape. The stone was laid by the Earl of Liverpool, High Steward of the Corporation, on the 7th November, 1825, with the usual formalities, and on the 17th July, 1828, the bridge itself was opened in grand procession by the late Queen Dowager Adelaide, then Duchess of Clarence.

The previous bridge, which stood a short distance lower down the stream, was undoubtedly the oldest on the lower Thames excepting London Bridge. It was composed almost entirely of wood, and presented a very singular appearance, having in all probability retained the original form in which it was known to the Saxons. This bridge, being almost the only passage over the Thames, was frequently liable to be destroyed during the time of any intestine commotions, in order to cut off the communication between Surrey and Middlesex. This is known to have occurred in the wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster, as well as in 1554, when Sir Thomas Wyatt, in arms against the government of Queen Mary in opposition to the Spanish marriage, led his followers to Kingston, and found the bridge so far broken down, by order of the Privy Council, that several hours were employed in repairing it to enable his men to cross the river. It has often been inferred from a passage in Dion Cassius that there was a bridge here at the time of the invasion of Britain by the Romans under Aulus Plautius, A.D. 43. But the earliest distinct notice of this bridge appears

to be that which occurs in the Close Rolls of Henry III., where it is stated that in consequence of a representation made to the king of the bad condition of the bridge, he committed the custody and superintendence of it to Henry de St. Alban, and Matthew Fitz Geoffrey de Kingston, and ordered the bailiffs of the town and the sheriff of the county to furnish them with materials for repairs of the structure whenever they should be requested.

Leland states that a new town was built here after the settlement of the Saxons in England, and adds that “yn the old tyme it was commonly reported that the bridge, which had served as a common passage over the Thames at olde Kingston, was lower on the ryver than it is now, and when men began a new toun yn the Saxon's times, they dug from the very clive of Coombe park side to bulde on the Tamise side, and sett a new bridge hard by the same.”

That there was no bridge between London and this place is shown by Tennyson in his *Queen Mary*, where the rebel Wyatt cries out—

“On over London Bridge,
We cannot stay, we cannot, we must round
By Kingston Bridge.”

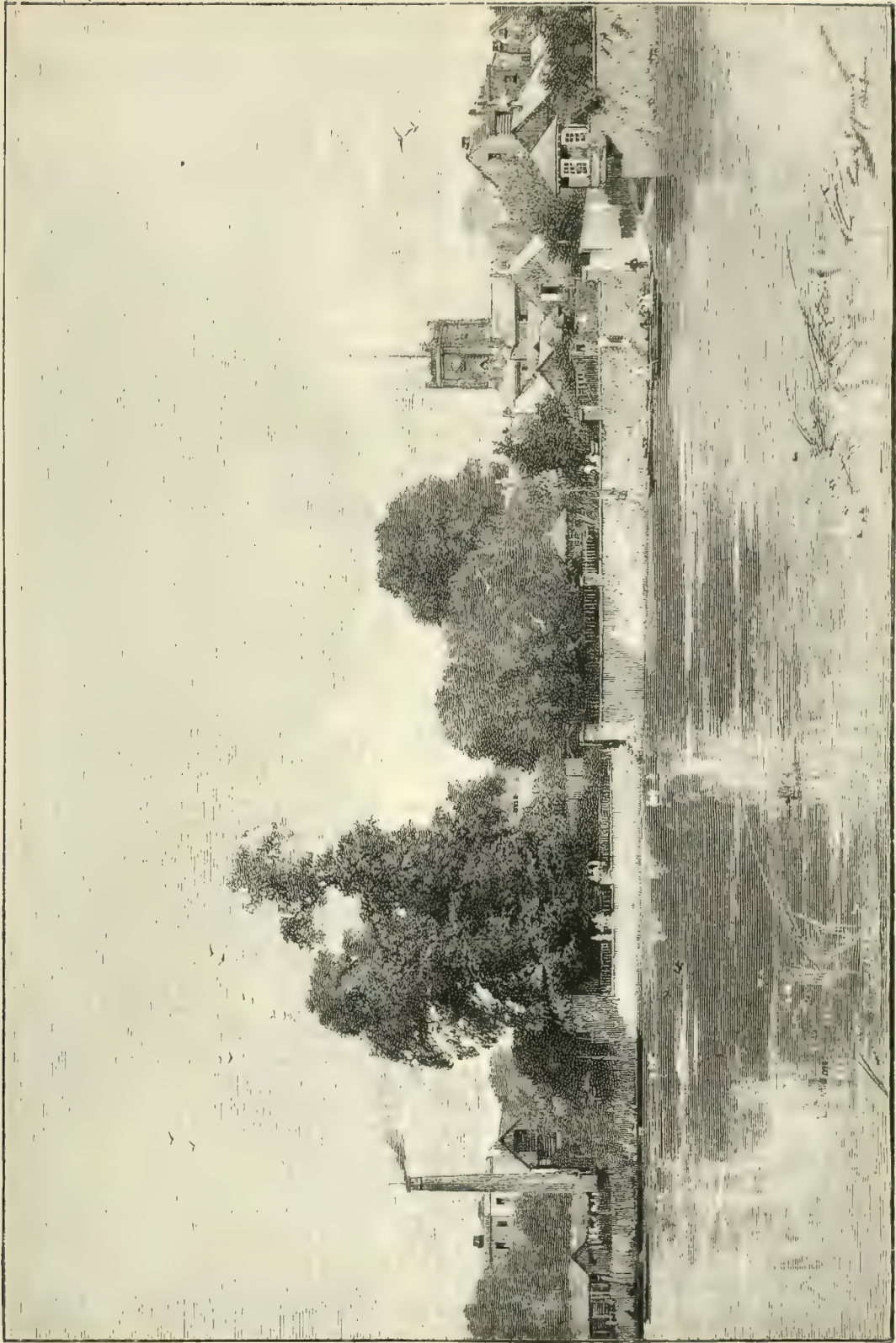
The place of the former bridge is marked by an old “Bridge Street,” narrow and curved, and lined with quaint old fishermen's and boatmen's cottages, more picturesque than cleanly in appearance.

In the seventh year of Queen Elizabeth, 1565, one Robert Hamond, a bailiff of the town, settled lands to the value of £40 per annum for the future support of the bridge, and for exempting it from tolls, in remembrance of which the following distich was inscribed on a rail about the middle of the bridge:—

“1565. Robert Hamond, gentleman, bailiff of Kingston heretofore,
He then made this bridge toll-free for evermore.”

Tolls are now no longer paid on the new bridge, having been abolished in March, 1870, when the freeing of it was celebrated with great rejoicing. The joint committee of the Metropolitan Board of Works and the Corporation of London paid the balance of the debt and interest, amounting to £16,200, and the trustees were accordingly enabled to resume the whole of the bridge property.

The ancient custom of punishing scolding females by immersing them in a river by means of a cucking or ducking stool, or chair fixed to a beam which was run out from the main arch or pier, was usually put in practice from the old bridge, and



KINGSTON, FROM THE RIVER.

numerous allusions thereto occur in the records of the corporation. Mr. Biden, in his "History of Kingston," thus describes the use of the cucking stool:—"In this basket those turbulent women who did not understand the proper regulation of their tongues were, after due admonition, seated, and the corporation servants forthwith proceeded to plunge them repeatedly beneath the water, until they were thought sufficiently cooled, or were induced to promise amendment;" and he considers that this salutary operation would probably be more effective, and certainly far less expensive in stilling a few noisy voices of the present day than any length of imprisonment or amount of fine. The most recent instance mentioned by Brand of the use of the cucking-stool was at Kingston in 1745, but later instances have been discovered in other localities—at Liverpool, for example, in 1779. The following extract is taken from the *Universal Spectator* of Saturday, October 14th, 1738:—"Last week, at the Quarter Sessions, at Kingston-on-Thames, an elderly woman, notorious for her vociferation, was indicted for a common scold, and the facts alleged being fully proved, she was sentenced to receive the old punishment of being ducked, which was accordingly executed upon her in the Thames by the proper officials, in a chair for the purpose, preserved in the town; and to prove the justice of the court's sentence upon her, on her return from the waterside she fell upon one of her acquaintances, without provocation, with tongue, tooth, and nail, and, had not the officers interposed, would have deserved a second punishment even before she was dry from the first."

From the London *Evening Post* of April 27th, 1746, we learn a more recent instance of its employment. "Last week," observes a writer in that paper, "a woman that keeps the 'Queen's Head' ale-house at Kingston was ordered by the Court to be ducked for scolding, and was accordingly placed in the chair and ducked in the river Thames, in the presence of 2,000 or 3,000 people."

The custom of ducking was not confined to England. Sir John Skene, in his "Regiam Majestatem," shows that it was a common mode of punishment in Scotland. In the "Burrow Lawes," chap. 69, in allusion to Browsters—that is, "wemen quha brewes aill to be sauld"—it is said:—"Gif she makes gude ail, that is sufficient; bot gif she makes evill ail, contrair to the use and consuetude of the burgh, and is convict thereof, she sal pay ane unlaw of aucht shillings, or sall suffer the justice of the burgh—that is, she sal be put upon the cock stule, and the ail sal be distributed to the pure folk."

Gay makes mention of the ducking stool in his Pastorals—

"I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool
On the long planks hangs o'er the muddy pool—
That stool the dread of every scolding quean."

In addition to scolding wives and "Browsters," the "Barrators," or those gossips who made mischief between neighbours, received the punishment of the stool. The ways of our ancestors were rough-and-ready, and one can but regret that the punishment has not been retained for those backbiters and slanderers who are the curse of the neighbourhood in which they live.

Lysons, in his "Environs of London," and Brayley, in his "History of Surrey," give at full length a bill of expenses for making one of these machines, copied out of the churchwardens' and chamberlains' account books.

From local tradition we learn that the stool was not quite disused till very near the end of the last century. From the frequent entries relating to it in the parish books, it would seem that Kingston must have enjoyed a rather proud pre-eminence in respect of scolds and shrews, if we may judge from the sums of money laid out in the work of "taming" them. The cucking-stool was sometimes applied also to women who brewed and sold bad ale.

The antiquary Cole, in one of his MS. volumes, to be seen in the British Museum, gives a graphic sketch of this, or another, instance of the punishment. He writes:—"In my time, when I was a boy, I lived with my grandmother in the great corner house at the bridge foot, 'neath Magdalene College, Cambridge, and rebuilt since by my uncle, Joseph Cook. I remember to have seen a woman ducked for scolding. The chair was hung by a pulley fastened to a beam about the middle of the bridge, in which [he means the chair, of course, and not the bridge] the woman was confined, and let down under the water three times, and then taken out. The bridge was then of timber, before the present stone bridge of one arch was built. The ducking-stool was constantly hanging in its place, and on the back of it was [were] engraved devils laying hold of scolds, &c. Some time afterwards a new chair was erected in the place of the old one, having the same devices carved upon it, and well painted and ornamented. When the new bridge of stone was erected, in 1754, this chair was taken away; and I lately saw the carved and gilt back of it nailed up by the shop of one Mr. Jackson, a whitesmith, in the Butcher's Row, behind the Town Hall, who offered it to me, but I did not know

what to do with it. In October, 1776, I saw in the old Town Hall a third ducking-stool of plain oak, with an iron bar in front of it to confine the person in the seat, but I made no inquiries about it. I mention these things, as the practice of ducking scolds in the river seems now to be totally laid aside." Thus far Mr. Cole, who did not long survive this curious entry, as he died in 1782.

The Kingston scolds usually received the ducking from the old wooden bridge, but occasionally from Clattern Bridge, near the Surbiton entrance to the town. The practice of displaying a ducking stool against the residence of a notorious scold appears to have prevailed some years after the punishment by immersion or exposure had fallen into desuetude. The etymology of the name Clattern, or Clattering, may have some connection with the cucking-stool which was affixed to this bridge. This bridge is a brick structure of three arches, and was improved in appearance a few years ago by the substitution of an open iron railing, in imitation of Saxon workmanship, in lieu of the old brick parapet which formerly existed.

The Clattern Bridge spans the narrow river called the Hog's Mill, or, as it is now more generally styled, the New River, by the side of which, near the middle of the town, and not far from the market place, stands an ancient mill, the same which, in all probability, supplied the inhabitants with corn as far back as the Middle Ages. Tennyson's lines seem so appropriate that we must not omit them here :—

"The brimming wave that swam
Through quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still ;
The meal-sacks on the whitened floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door
Made misty with the floating meal."

The Thames here, especially in summer, is as fair to look upon as anywhere below Windsor and Maidenhead ; and the broad reach which runs from the bridge past Surbiton, and up to Hampton, is one of the favourite haunts of the amateur sculler and of the disciples of Izaak Walton. The banks are on both sides low, generally bordered with rushes, with occasional "aits," on which grow the "sallys," which supply so many of the basket-makers of London. The views in some parts might be aptly described in the lines of Tennyson :—

"On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley or of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky ;
And through the field the road runs by ;

And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow,
Round an island there below ;
Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river."

The Portsmouth road, which leaves Kingston by the Clattern Bridge, winds to the south-west, by the river-side, on its way towards Thames Ditton and Esher. Pursuing our course by this road we pass on our left the houses and other buildings forming the pleasant suburb of Surbiton, the Italian Roman Catholic church, with its tall cross-surmounted campanile tower, forming a conspicuous object by the road-side. A broad esplanade, or public promenade, ornamented with grass-plats and flowering plants and shrubs, and separated from the roadway by a light railing and row of venerable elms, overlooks, on the right, the silvery-flowing Thames, on the opposite side of which stretches the broad acres of the park attached to Hampton Court Palace, with its avenues of stately trees.

At the far end of the esplanade are the reservoirs and filtering-beds, and the extensive ranges of buildings forming the works of the Chelsea and Lambeth Waterworks Company. The buildings are of light-coloured brick, and have tall campanile smoke and ventilating shafts. The locality in which the waterworks are placed is called "Seething Wells." The hot spring at Seething Wells was once thought an almost infallible remedy in certain cases of ophthalmia.* At Hampton, on the opposite side of the river, and just visible in the distance, are the pumping works of the Grand Junction, the West Middlesex, and the Southwark and Vauxhall Waterworks Companies. These companies, together with those at Kingston, have Parliamentary powers to draw from the Thames 100,000,000 gallons of water a day.

Kingston Church is cruciform in plan, and stands in the centre of the town, in the middle of a large churchyard. It is dedicated to All Saints. Its interior consists of chancel and a nave, with north and south aisles, from which it is separated by four pointed arches supported by low octangular columns. Outside it is in a most deplorable condition so far as taste is concerned, having been largely altered, and re-built from about the level of the window sills in the churchwardens' style of the eighteenth century. Inside, however, a wonderful revolution has taken place, the Gothic features of the building having been well brought out in the

* *Vide* Mr. S. C. Hall's "Book of the Thames."

restoration. The groining of the central tower is low, thus intercepting the view of the church from west to east; it stands at the intersection of the transepts with the main body. The spire, having twice been injured by lightning and wind, has not been rebuilt.

On Candlemas Eve, February 1st, 1444-5, the steeple of this church was fired by lightning in a storm which, considering the season of the year, was remarkably extensive, for at the same time the churches of Baldock, in Hertfordshire, Walden and Waltham, in Essex, and that of St. Paul's, in London, were also damaged.*

The peal of bells, ten in number, is very fine and sweet of tone. Near the vestry is a small piscina, and on the south side of the south chancel is another of a more imposing character beneath a Gothic canopy. There is also a third immediately adjoining the entrance to the tower staircase, where was originally a chapel.

The only part of the structure which exhibits a specimen of the antiquity of the whole is the south aisle of the chancel, which is built of chalk, irregularly intermixed with flints. Although probably no part of the present building is older than the fourteenth century, there is reason to suppose that a church was founded in this town during the very earliest existence of Christianity among the Saxons. There is mention in the "Domesday Book" of a church at Kingston.

The church can boast of many fine monuments, including a statue of the Countess of Liverpool, by Chantrey—very beautiful, although not very ecclesiastical. The ruthless Vandalism of the Cromwellites defaced or swept away some of the most ancient and interesting tombs and tablets, and almost all the brasses, of which, judging from the marks on the floor, there must have been many. Of those still remaining, that of Robert Skern and Joan, his wife, now placed beneath the wall near the north entrance, having been removed from the communion rails, by which it was partly covered, is well worthy careful inspection, on account of its execution and representation of the costume.

Some careful sexton would seem to have placed considerable value on this monument, for it has escaped alike the ravages of time and fanaticism which have destroyed other monuments. Robert Skern lived at Down Hall, on the banks of the Thames. His wife was a daughter of Edward III. and Alice Perrers. Against the south wall, under an arch, is the altar-tomb of Sir Anthony Benn,

formerly Recorder of Kingston, and at the time of his decease Recorder of London, who died on the 29th September, 1618. He is represented by a recumbent figure of alabaster, in his official gown, with a large ruff, and his head reposing on an embroidered cushion. In the nave of the church is an inscription to the memory of Thomas Cranmer, M.D., who died in August, 1748, John Cranmer, who died in 1723, and others of that family. Here, too, lie buried Thomas Agar, once mayor, and twelve times bailiff of Kingston, who died in 1703, aged 94; John Haywarde, ensign to Captain North, brother to the Lord North who died in Sir Walter Raleigh's last voyage, and Thomas Hayward, who died in 1655. The last-named is honoured by the following epitaph:—

"THOMAS HAWARD.

"Ashes on Ashes lie, on Ashes tread,
Ashes engrav'd these words, which Ashes read,
Then what poor thing is Man, when every gust
Can blow his Ashes to their kindred Dust?
More was intended, but a wind did rise,
And fill'd with Ashes both my mouth and eyes."

Dr. Bate, physician in succession to Charles I., Oliver Cromwell, his son Richard, and Charles II., also lies in Kingston Church, together with his wife, Elizabeth, whose death was accelerated by the Great Fire of London. The doctor appears to have had a happy facility for—not to put too fine a point upon it—adapting himself to circumstances.

Dr. Edmund Staunton, who was Vicar of Kingston, had ten children interred in the south chancel, with the following epitaph inscribed on a slab of brass:—

Here ly ye Bodies of

Frances	Richard	} Children which ye Lord gave to EDMVND STAUNTON, Dr. of D., late Minister of Kingsto-vpon-Thames, now Presit. of Corpus Christi Colledge, Oxon; by Mary, his Wife, Daught. of Rich. Balthorp, Servant to ye late Qveene Elizab.
Richard	Edmvnd	
Mary	Edmvnd	
Mathew	Sarah	
Mary	Richard	

Ten Children in one grave! A dreadful sight.

a Job 1. 2. Seven Sons and Daughters three, Job's number *a* right

b Eccl. 11. 10. Childhood *b* and Youth are vaine, Death reigns ouer all:

c Rom. 5. 14. Even those who never sin'd like Adams *c* fall:

d Rom. 5. 12. But why over all. In the first *d* Man every one Sin'd and fell, not He himselfe alone

e 1 Cor. 15. 22. } Out hope's *e* in Christ. The second Adam:
i Tim. 1. 21. } He

f Mat. 1. 21. } Who saves *f* the Elect from sin and Misery.
Rom. 5. 9. 10. } What's that to Vs poore Children? This our Creed,

g Gen. 17. 7. God is *g* a God to th' faithfull and their seed.

*Mr. G. R. ... the ... of this ... a person die ... the ... of this ... a part which he ... there.

h 1 Thes. 4. 14. Sleepe *h* on deare Children, never that you wake
i Rev. 20. 12. Till Christ doth raise *i* you and to Glory take.

The church contains some fine modern stained glass windows.

It is well known that in the olden times many holiday diversions, and even occasionally fairs, were held within the precincts of our parish churches. For instance, in the registers at Winchester there is to be seen a copy of a mandate from William of Wykeham, which forbids juggling, the performance of loose dances, ballad-singing, the exhibiting of profane shows and spectacles, and the celebration of other games, in the church and even in the churchyard of Kingston-on-Thames, on pain of excommunication. It would appear, however, that even this strong measure did not prevent the origin, or at all events the practice, of another ancient custom, of which little or nothing is known except that it is thought to have been peculiar to Kingston, but which was carried on in the church itself, even during the time of divine service, down to the end of the last century, if not to the beginning of this. The congregation, strange as it may sound, used to crack nuts during service on the Sunday next before the eve of St. Michael's Day. Hence that Sunday was called "Crack-nut Sunday." The custom was not restrained or confined to the younger branches of the congregation, but was practised alike by young and old; and it is on record that the noise caused by the cracking was often so loud and so powerful as to oblige the minister to break off for a time his reading or his sermon until silence was restored.

The above custom is thought by one or two antiquaries to have been connected in some way or other with the choosing of bailiffs and other members of the corporate body on Michaelmas Day, and with the usual feast which attended that proceeding. Readers of Goldsmith, however, will not perhaps have forgotten a passage in the fourth chapter of the "Vicar of Wakefield," in which the good vicar, speaking of his parishioners, says: "They kept up the Christmas Carol, sent true-love-knots on St. Valentine's morning, ate pancakes at Shrove-tide, shewed their wit on the first of April, and religiously *cracked nuts* on Michaelmas Eve." It would be curious to learn whether this custom prevailed in other parts of the country, or whether Oliver Goldsmith made acquaintance with it in his wanderings through the south-west suburbs of London.

The churchwardens' and chamberlains' books here contain the earliest known allusion to the

Morris Dance and its characters—Robin Hood, Maid Marian, Friar Tuck, &c. They range through the two last years of Henry VII. and the first of his successor.* The custom of acting plays in churches probably originated with the religious plays, or "mysteries," which were performed in the churches or churchyards more frequently than not on the Sunday, the subjects represented being usually the lives and miracles of the saints, or some of the leading events of Scripture. The practice was ultimately so abused, that in the reign of Henry VIII. Bonner, Bishop of London, issued a prohibition against "common plays, games, and interludes" in the churches.

The registers of Kingston preserved at the parish church commence in the year 1542. Among the entries frequent mention is made of individuals to whom were granted begging licenses, or briefs—permission, that is, to gather money for private distress, accorded to distressed persons and families by Queen Elizabeth. Amongst these entries is the following, dated 1571, by which we may see that history, and in particular the history of the sister isle, does but repeat itself:—"Sunday was here two women, mother and daughter, owte of Ireland, to gather upon the dethe of her husband, who was slayne by the Wild Iryshe, he being captain of the Gallyglasses."

Under date of March 10, 1673-4, is an entry of the burial of "Three Male Children, and one Female, unbaptized, of George Dennises." The birth of these children was particularly recorded in a tract, which is supposed to have been written by Partridge the astrologer, entitled "The Fruitful Wonder; or, a strange relation from Kinston-upon-Thames of a Woman who on Thursday and Friday, being the 5th and 6th days of this instant March, 1673-4, was delivered of Four Children at one Birth, viz., three Sons and one Daughter, all born alive, lusty children, and perfect in every part, which lived 24 hours, and then dyed, all much about the same time, &c. Published by J.P., Student in Physick. 4to. 1674." The following instances occur of extraordinary longevity:—

"Frances Phillips, widow, 110 years ould, buried Feb. 26, 1677-8."

"Winifred Woodfall, Gent., widow, aged 108 years, buried Oct. 24, 1690."

Mention of another very prolific family is also to be found in Kingston Church, Mary Morton being interred there, widow of George Morton, and mother to three famous sons: Sir Robert Morton, sometime captain in the Netherlands, Sir Thomas

Morton, Knt. and colonel, and Sir Albert Morton, Knt., Principal Secretary of State to King Charles. Of Mrs. Morton's mother, Mrs. Honeywood, of Charing, in Kent, we are told that she was "the wonder of her sex and this age, for she lived to see near 400 issued from her loynes."

Dr. Nicholas West, vicar of Kingston in 1502, was a scholar of Eton and Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. He was consecrated Bishop of Ely in 1515, and died in 1533.

The Rev. Edmund Staunton was another distinguished vicar of Kingston. He was the son of

General. He had retired from the bench about ten years before his death.

Besides the parish church, there are no less than eight other Protestant places of worship in or near the town. The church of St. John the Evangelist, Spring Grove, on the outskirts of the town, was built in 1873. It is constructed of Kentish rag, with Bath stone dressings, in the Early English style, and is cruciform in plan, with an apsidal chancel. Christ Church, in King Charles's Road, dates its erection from 1863, at which time the new ecclesiastical parish of Berrylands was formed.



KINGSTON MARKET PLACE.

Sir Francis Staunton, Knt., of Woburn, Beds., where he was born about 1600. Educated at Oxford, he became Fellow of Corpus Christi College, and proceeded D.D. in 1634, at which time, however, he was under suspension for refusing to read the declaration for allowing sports and pastimes to the people on Sunday. Rev. Richard Mayo, who succeeded Dr. Staunton as vicar of Kingston, was, like him, ejected on the passing of the Act of Uniformity. Dr. Thomas Willis, another vicar, was at one time chaplain to Charles II.

The Right Hon. Sir Robert Graham, one of the Barons of the Exchequer, who died in 1836, was buried at Kingston. He was a cadet of the noble house of Montrose, and was born at Dalston, Middlesex, in 1744. He was a great favourite with the Prince Regent, who made him his Attorney-

The church is built of brick, in the mixed or modern Gothic style, and most of the windows are of stained glass. In 1847 a cluster of dwellings which had sprung up close by the Robin Hood Gate, on the south side of Richmond Park, was formed into an ecclesiastical parish from the mother parish of Kingston. The church, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, is situated in Kingston Vale. It was erected in 1861, and is a small building, in the Early English style, consisting of nave and aisle and an apsidal chancel. The Nonconformists are also well provided with chapels and meeting-houses in the town and its outlying districts.

The Rev. John Townsend, the projector and partly founder of the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, was pastor of the Independent Chapel, in Eden Street, during rather more than three years.



THE "BALD-FACED STAG."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES (*continued*).

"A praty town by Tamise ripe."—LELAND.

The Coronation Stone—Monarchs crowned here—The Town Hall—Historical Reminiscences of the Market Place—The Drinking Fountain—The Assize Court—Old Houses in the Town—The Drill Hall and Barracks—Public Free Library and Literary Institution—Cleave's Almshouses—Healthy Situation of the Town—Railway Communication—New Kingston Modern Improvements—The Cemetery—St. Mary's Chapel—The Free Grammar School—Fairs—Public Amusements—The Fairfield—Thames Angling—Surbiton—St. Mark's Church—St. Andrew's—Roman Catholic Church of St. Raphael—Norbton—Churches and Charitable Institutions—Residence of Lord Liverpool—Coombe Wood—Jerry Aber-hawe the Highwayman and the Doctor.

THE coronation stone, upon which seven—some say nine—of our Anglo-Saxon monarchs sat during the high ceremony by which their reigns were inaugurated, is by far the most interesting relic preserved at Kingston. All honour has been done to it by the Kingstonians, who have within the last thirty years given it a conspicuous position opposite the assize courts. It stands on a foundation of granite, and is surrounded by a handsome but massive railing, the granite pillars of which are surmounted by Saxon spear-heads. The seven sides of the base are inscribed with the names and dates of the kings crowned here. Previously to being set up in its present position, the stone had been preserved for ages in the church.

The date of the venerable relic is uncertain. It is quite possible that it was placed here during the Saxon Heptarchy; but if it is over a thousand years

old, it may be two thousand years old, for all that is known to the contrary, and be a relic of the Roman occupation of this country. If so, the probable solution is that it was connected with the worship of the god Terminus, and used to mark a boundary. Thus Ovid writes:—

"Termine, sive lapis, sive es defossus in agro
Stipes, ab antiquis sic quoque nomen habes."

"The Tounish men," writes Leland, "have certain knowledge of a few kinges crownid ther afore the Conqueste." In his commentary on the *Cygneia Cantio*, he gives the names of Ethelstan, Eadwin or Edwy, and Ethelred, as having been crowned here; and adds:—"I have been told that this was done in the midst of the market-place, a lofty platform being erected, that the ceremony might be seen from afar by a multitude of people: which,

however, I do not state as a fact known with certainty."

According to Brayley and other historians, the earliest of the Saxon monarchs recorded to have been crowned here is Edward the Elder, son of Alfred the Great, A.D. 900; but the town must have obtained its present designation even previously to that, for in 838, before Egbert's death, a council was held here, at which that prince, his son and successor Æthelwulph, and many prelates, abbots, and nobles, were present, including Ceolnoth Archbishop of Canterbury, who presided. In the acts of that council it is stated to have been held "*in loco famoso vocato Kyningestun.*" If the records of this council be authentic, it is evident, therefore, that Kingston must have been so called before the middle of the ninth century, and that its name could not have been imposed on account of coronations there of the Saxon kings after the termination of the Heptarchy. If so, then Kingston must mean the King's Town, not the King's Stone.

The following list of sovereigns crowned here is given by Lysons, on the authority of William of Malmesbury, Henry of Huntingdon, Roger Hoveden the Saxon chronicler, Holinshed, &c.:—"Edward the Elder, crowned A.D. 900; his son Athelstan, in 925; Edmund, in 940; Eldred, or Edred (said to have assumed the title of King of Great Britain), in 946; Edwy, or Edwin, in 955; Edward the Martyr, in 975; and Ethelred, in 978. Edgar, who succeeded to the throne in 959, is said to have been crowned either at Kingston or at Bath."

In an elaborate paper read before the annual meeting of the Surrey Archæological Society, held in Kingston, June 30th, 1854, Dr. W. Bell, dwelling at considerable length on the significance and early use of this and corresponding memorials in various and widely-distant countries, remarks that as stones must necessarily, in the earliest ages of society, have served as seats, so some of a particular form or in a peculiar situation were gradually elected from the mass as the royal throne of princes and kings, whence, when the pontiff and kingly power were united, they were deemed holy, and afterwards shed the halo of their sanctity on everything around or in contact with them, thus tracing the natural and gradual march of the human intellect from things common to select—from select to sacred and divine. In the East, for instance, the two ideas of stones and worship, or divinity, became almost identical, the terms being frequently synonymous, particularly with the Hebrews, whom we find giving the name of stone or rock to kings and princes—even to God Himself, as the Rock of Israel, where the stone metaphor was

intended to convey as much of sanctity as of security or endurance.

By a comparison of numerous Druidical stone circles in various parts of Europe, Dr. Bell assumes the probability that the above stone formed one of a smaller circle of thirteen, the latter, however, having all vanished before the requirements of an increasing population and the improvements in the construction of dwellings. But a reverence deeply seated in the minds of the people must have kept the principal and kingly stone from profanation or destruction.

The present Town Hall was built in the year 1840, at the expense of the Corporation, and at the cost of nearly £4,000. It is built of light-coloured brick with stone dressings, in the Italian style. At each angle, rising above the side pediments, is an ornamental turret; and over an embowered balcony in the south front is affixed a leaden statue of Queen Anne. It stands on the site of a much older building of the same kind, which, in its turn, no doubt, succeeded a still more ancient "*Moot*," or Town Hall. The venerable brick building, with its oak posts and frames, which gave place to the modern structure, was of Elizabethan style and date, although repaired and enlarged in the reign of Queen Anne. The arms of the maiden queen are still preserved in the Justices' Room; they were originally affixed to the eastern wall of the old building.

The hall also possesses a unique heraldic window, in which the arms and insignia of Roman emperors, heathen Britons, Christian Britons, Saxon, Danish, and Norman kings, Kings of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, are exhibited with the more modern emblems of the Prince of Wales and the royal arms of England, as borne by Charles II. and James I. The lower and open portion of the building is devoted to the purposes of the markets, which are held here on Thursdays and Saturdays.

The corporation of Kingston is one of the oldest in England, its first charter having been dated by King John. The most valuable records of the town, from an antiquarian point of view, are still in existence in the Corporation muniment room. The civic regalia consist of a handsome silver-gilt mace of some antiquity; and also an elaborate SS collar, chain, and badge, worn by the mayor, which were presented to the Corporation by the senior member for the county, Sir Henry W. Peek, Bart.

It was in the market-place here, "when both parties were preparing for an appeal to the sword," that in January, 1641-42, the first attempt to assemble an armed force in the time of the Civil War

was made by Colonel Lunsford and other Royalist officers for the purpose, as surmised, of seizing the "magazine of arms" then deposited in the town, and afterwards proceeding to Portsmouth to secure that fortress for the king. "Whatever was the actual design," observes Brayley, "it was defeated by the promptness of the Commons, who caused Lunsford to be arrested, and accused the Lord Digby of high treason, it having been given in evidence at the bar of the House that he came to Kingston 'in a coach and six horses from Hampton Court,' to which place his Majesty had retired from his palace of Whitehall a day or two previously to the meeting, 'and conferred with them a long time, and then returned again thither.'"

George Withers' libel on Sir Richard Onslow, entitled *Justiciarius Justificatus*, was ordered by the House of Commons, in August, 1646, to be publicly burnt in the market-place here on the market-day, as well as at Guildford.

In 1882 a drinking-fountain was set up in the market-place to the memory of Mr. Henry Shrubsole, who had been thrice in succession elected Mayor of Kingston, and who died while holding that official position.

Kingston is included in the Home Circuit, and both the Lent assizes and the Michaelmas sessions were formerly held in the Town Hall, but the inconveniences experienced were so great that it was deemed necessary to erect a new court-house. This was accordingly carried out, the new building being erected at a cost of about £10,000. This court-house stands at the lower end of the market-place, on the Surbiton side. The winter assizes are always held here. The two courts in which the Crown and *Nisi Prius* cases are tried are spacious and well lighted, and conveniently fitted up. In the Assize Court at Kingston was tried George Barnewell, the apprentice, for the murder of his uncle at Camberwell.*

Adjoining the law courts is a large mansion belonging to the Corporation, called Clattern House, in which the judges reside on their circuit in this town.

At one time Kingston must have been rich in old mansions. In the market-place there is a shop, kept by Mr. Chilcott, a tailor and draper, which looks as if it had been built since her Majesty's accession. Its walls and beams, however, are certainly as old as the reign of Elizabeth, though the panelling of the former is concealed by paper. The ground-floor rooms, now converted into a shop, are very low, and such is the case with

the drawing-room, which contains a finely-carved oak chimney-piece. The glory of the house, however, is its staircase, a really noble specimen of late Elizabethan or early Jacobean work. It is broad and massive, and much resembles that in the former palace of the Howards at the Charterhouse,* though far richer in its details. The banisters are of the finest and most solid black oak, the handrails being carved with grotesque figures of beasts, birds, &c., and of children riding outside Bacchanalian casks or tuns. From this, and from the frequent recurrence of the initials E. B., I. B., C. B., &c., it is conjectured that the above figure is a "rebus," and that the house belonged to a family named "Boy-tun," or "Boy-ton." A part of the banisters represents an old castellated mansion, and may be intended as a representation of the original front.

In the centre of the town there still remain a few other quaint old houses with heavy beams of timber, massive timber mantelpieces, and richly-carved staircases; but their number is diminishing gradually. Many of them have been re-fronted, so that, like ladies of a certain age, they disguise their antiquity. Many of the courts in the old part of the town still retain the quaint look which they wore, doubtless, in the days of the Stuarts.

The House of Correction was closed in 1852, on the completion of the county prison at Wandsworth. Additional buildings were subsequently erected for the accommodation of the Third Royal Surrey Militia. The drill hall, a spacious building, capable of accommodating between 2,000 and 3,000 persons, is occasionally used for public entertainments. It is the head-quarters of the 12th Surrey (Kingston) Rifle Volunteers. The interior is suitably decorated with banners, armorial shields, &c. Kingston is now a military dépôt, and the head-quarters of the 31st Regimental District (East Surrey Regiment). The barracks are situate adjoining the King's Road, between Richmond Park and the Richmond Roads.

Kingston has its public free library and its literary institution. The latter is a handsome building, situated in Thames Street, and forms a conspicuous object in the approach to the town from the bridge. It is built of bricks of different colours, and consists of two storeys, surmounted by a stone coping, which partially conceals the roof. The institution was first established in 1839, and many useful lectures on various branches of art, science, and literature, have been delivered here.

Among the most important institutions of Kings-

* See "Old and New London," Vol. VI., p. 280.

* See "Old and New London," Vol. II., p. 323.

ton are the almshouses founded by Mr. William Cleave, an alderman of London, who died in 1667, and who bequeathed certain property in this parish for the maintenance for ever of six poor men and six poor women "of honest life and reputation." The almshouses originally consisted of twelve distinct dwellings, but from the accumulation of funds belonging to the charity, it was decided by the trustees, in 1880, to erect additional houses for four more inmates, two men and two women. Each house consists of an upper and a lower room under one roof, and in the centre of the row is a common hall, over the doorway of which are the founder's arms, with an inscription recording the erection of the building in 1668. The arms of the founder, engraven on a plate of silver, are worn on the sleeve by each inmate.

Though it lies so low, yet Kingston would seem to be a very healthy place. The soil generally is of a gravelly nature, and the wild thyme which grows abundantly around is a sure and certain proof of the excellence of its atmosphere. In December, 1883, an old woman in one of the almshouses died a centenarian—not the first centenarian of Kingston, as we have seen already.

Kingston-on-Thames is the terminus of Jonas Hanway's tour from Portsmouth, Southampton, &c., as recorded in his "Journal of an Eight Days' Journey," which he published in 1757, along with his celebrated "Essay on—or rather, in dispraise of—Tea," an essay which Dr. Johnson attacked with all the sledge-hammer force of an inveterate tea-drinker in a review in the *Literary Magazine* of that year.

The station on the South-Western line at Surbiton is the nearest railway approach on the south side of the town; but close to the north end of the town is the "New Kingston Station," on what is called the New Kingston line, which adjoins at Twickenham the Windsor branch of the London and South-Western Railway, and is worked in connection with the North London Railway. This line is carried on a high embankment through the lower part of the town to New Malden, where it joins the main line. The approach to Kingston by the North London line is through Richmond and Hampton Wick. By these several lines there is rapid and easy railway communication with almost all parts of London, from Waterloo terminus on the south side of the Thames, to Ludgate Hill and Moorgate Street stations on the north. Another line is in course of formation to connect Putney with Kingston and Surbiton, and to be continued to Cobham, and thence to Guildford.

The modern town of New Kingston rose into

being, mushroom-like, immediately on the opening of the railway-station here. At first the building speculations were not successful; but since the extension of the South-Western Railway to Cannon Street it has been brought into such proximity to the City that it has become a favourite resort for merchants, whose charming residences add to the attractiveness of the place and neighbourhood. Indeed, within the last thirty years great and important improvements have taken place both in the town and its immediate neighbourhood. The green fields and lanes of Norbiton and Surbiton have given way to innumerable villas, streets, and thoroughfares, while the general aspect of the town has undergone a marked alteration through the removal of many antiquated buildings, and the substitution of handsome and substantial erections more in accordance with the modern idea of architectural arrangement.

The cemetery, on the north side of the town, is about fourteen acres in extent, and is tastefully laid out, and well planted with trees and shrubs. The two chapels are connected by an archway surmounted by a spire, which, owing to the elevated situation of the ground, is visible at a considerable distance. Sir William Bovill, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who died in 1873, is buried here.

On the north side of the London road, to the east of the town, are the ruins of an old chapel, called St. Mary's, which for many years formed part of the grammar-school. In 1878 the school was removed to a new site on the other side of the road.

In this chapel were formerly to be seen the portraits of the Saxon kings who were crowned here, and also one of King John, from whom the town received its first charter of privileges as a body corporate. The windows and doors had long been boarded up, and the entire structure shored up to prevent it from falling, when, in 1882, it was decided to restore the building and once more utilise it as a chapel for the new school.

It is said, and traditionally received, that Dunstan placed the crown of England on the weak head of the youthful Ethelred, in A.D. 979, within the walls of St. Mary's Chapel. In the "Pictorial History of England" * is a view of St. Mary's Chapel as it must have appeared early in the present century; but it is clearly a Norman, not a Saxon structure, and could not, therefore, have been the building whose walls witnessed that ceremony.

After standing for eight centuries, part of the

* Vol. I., p. 173.

building fell down. The particulars of the catastrophe are related in a letter among Dr. Rawlinson's MSS., in the Bodleian Library, dated "Kingston-on-Thames, March 4th, 1729-30." The sexton, who was digging a grave at the time, was killed on the spot, and his daughter, who was buried with him for three hours, was saved by the falling of a column over the grave in which she was helping her father. She subsequently succeeded him in his office. The portion of stone to which she owed her deliverance is still extant in the church, inscribed: "Life Preserved, 1731." The portrait of the sextoness is in existence, representing a masculine female standing outside the church in a waistcoat and hat, with a pickaxe across her shoulder and her hand on a skull.

In the year 1540 the Chapel of St. Mary, with all its endowments, became forfeit to the Crown through the attainder of Charles Carew, the last warden or custos. The king shortly afterwards leased the site to Richard Taverner, Esq., of Norbiton Hall, for twenty-one years, at a reserved rental of £12 12s. Queen Elizabeth, always liberal and ready in the cause of learning, in the third year of her reign founded, by charter, upon the ground once occupied by the chapel, a Free Grammar School, of which the bailiffs of Kingston were, then and for ever, to be governors. Three years later the queen endowed the school with "lands, tenements, and rents" yielding an income of £19 5s. 11d., and the bailiffs and freemen of the town were to pay annually twenty marks for the support of the masters. The endowment, since increased, amounts now to £200 per annum.

The school-room was, in point of fact, the interior of the ancient chapel, and is forty feet in length, twenty feet in breadth, and thirty feet in height. It is built in the Pointed style, and has a large and elegant east window. It is proposed to restore this fine room, which is said by competent judges to be the finest of any chantry in England with the exception of that at Wakefield.

William Walworth, the famous Lord Mayor of London during the rebellion of Wat Tyler, added to the endowment of the ancient chapel of St. Mary by gifts of lands and rents to support an additional chaplain. Walworth was said to be the apprentice of John Lovekyn, son of the founder, Edward Lovekyn. John was four times Lord Mayor of London. He rebuilt the chapel and adjoining mansion. His father was a native of Kingston; hence the interest of both in the town.

We gather the following particulars of this school from Brayley's "Surrey":—"It was established by Queen Elizabeth on the site of the ancient

Chapel of St. Mary Magdalen, founded in 1305 by Edward Lovekyn (a native of Kingston), in conjunction with his brother Richard, and endowed with ten acres of arable land, one acre of meadow, and five marks annual rent, for the support of a chaplain to pray for the souls of the founders and their relations. This benefaction was confirmed by letters patent of Edward II., dated 1309. John Lovekyn, fishmonger, four times Mayor of London, rebuilt the chapel, augmented the endowment for the maintenance of a second chaplain, and made regulations for its government, directing that one of the chaplains should be invested with the chief authority, and be styled the warden or custos. Lovekyn's charter relative to the donations and statutes for the support of the chapel, ratified by himself in 1355, was confirmed by William, Bishop of Winchester. William Walworth, the famous Mayor of London in the reign of Richard II., said to have been the apprentice of John Lovekyn, added to the income of the establishment by the gift of lands and rents for the support of a third chaplain.

"The revenues of this chapel were valued at £34 19s. 7d. in 1534, and in 1540 escheated to the Crown, through the attainder of Charles Carew, the last master or warden. Not long afterwards the king granted the site with its appurtenances to Richard Taverner, Esq., of Norbiton Hall, for twenty-one years, at a reserved rent of £12 12s. Soon after this property had reverted to the Crown, Elizabeth, by charter, founded a Free Grammar School here, and appointed the bailiffs of Kingston and their successors to be the governors. She also endowed the school with lands, tenements, and rents, yielding an income of £19 5s. 11d., in addition to which the bailiffs of the town were to pay twenty marks annually for the support of a master and an under-master."

Various endowments have since been added, and the funds at present derived from the Grammar School estate amount to about £200 per annum. In 1873 a new scheme for the management of this institution, was issued under the auspices of the Endowed Schools Commission, and under which the income is now regulated.

The new Grammar School accommodates one hundred boys, and not less than twelve boarders, at certain fixed fees. In 1878-9 two other schools were built in connection with the above scheme, each containing accommodation for 150 scholars, together with residences for the master and mistress.

William Burton, B.C.L., the author of several learned works, including a commentary on the "Itinerary" of Antoninus, so far as relates to

Britain, and who excelled as a critic, philologer, and antiquary, was master of the old school for some years prior to 1655.

The poet Hayley, Gibbon the historian, Lovibond the poet, George Alexander Stevens, author of the popular "Lecture upon Heads," George

to the south of the London road; but although allowed by charter to be continued for eight days, it has dwindled down to three days, the last being devoted exclusively to what is known as the pleasure fair. It is supposed that the fair was at an early period held in the church, since various enter-



ST. MARY'S CHAPEL.

Keate, George Charles Cholmondeley, and his relative the late Marquis of Cholmondeley, were all distinguished scholars of Kingston school; and to their names may be added others conspicuous for talent and learning.

Formerly three fairs were held yearly at Kingston—namely, on the Thursday in Whitsun week, on the 2nd of August and following day, and on the 13th of November and seven following days. The latter, locally termed the Great Allhallowtide fair, is now the only one kept up. It is held in a broad open space called the Fairfield, which lies

to the south of the London road; but although allowed by charter to be continued for eight days, it has dwindled down to three days, the last being devoted exclusively to what is known as the pleasure fair. It is supposed that the fair was at an early period held in the church, since various enter-

tainments as well as "miracle plays" were given in the building; but the proceedings were stopped by William of Wykeham in all churches in his diocese of Winchester. Kingston is now, however, in the diocese of Rochester.

Kingston-on-Thames has always been a place famous for its amusements. To this Butler refers in the second part of "Hudibras":—

"Thus they pass through the market-place,
And to the town green hie apace,
Highly fam'd for its Hocktide games,
Ye'leped Kingston-upon-Thames."

It appears that Lilly used to ride over from his house at Hersham to Kingston every Saturday to play the quack among the market people.

Amongst the entries in the chamberlain's accounts are two or three concerning an extinct game called "the Kyngham," which would seem to have been of considerable importance. "Be yt in mynd," says the old chronicle, "that ye 19 yere of Kyng Harry ye 7, at the geving out of the Kynggam by Harry Bower and Harry

in those days. It seems to have been a distinct thing from the May games, and to have been held later in the summer. Holinshed says that the young folks in country towns, in the reign of Edward II., used to choose a summer king and queen to dance about May-poles. The contributions to the celebration of the same game in the neighbouring parishes show that the Kyngham was not confined to Kingston.

Their favourite game of football will lose nothing



COOMBE HOUSE.

Nicol, chercwardens, amounted clearly to £4 2s. 6d. of that same game." And again:—"23 Henry VII. Paid for whet and malt, and vele and motton and pygges, and ges and coks for the Kyngham, £0 33s. od." "Paid to Robert Neyle for goying to Wyndesore for Maister Doctor's horse ageynes the Kyngham day, 4s. od.; for baking the Kyngham brede, os. 6d.; to a laborer for bering home of the geere after the Kyngham was don, 1s. od."

The Kyngham appears to have been an annual game or sport conducted by the parish officers, who paid the expenses attending it, and accounted for the receipts. The clear profits, 15 Henry VIII.—the last time it is mentioned in the record—amounted to £9 10s. 6d., a very considerable sum

in the estimation of school-boys—normally a combative, not to say savage, race—by the tradition that it owed its origin to the celebration of a victory over the Danes by the townsmen of Kingston during the celebration of their Shrovetide or Hocktide sports, when a finer edge was put upon the enjoyment of the occasion by kicking the head of the Danish captain from one to another of the people. The tradition is supported by Dr. William Roots, whose opinion as an antiquary deserves great weight, and who quotes Salmon, the historian, on his side. Salmon says:—"Hock Tuesday is the day on which the Danes are said to have been generally massacred throughout England;" adding that "it is very reasonable to suppose a connection between the head of the Danish

chief who had been slain by townsmen of Kingston, and the football sport at the same time."

The spacious Fairfield, where cricket, football, &c., are almost daily played, is about twenty acres in extent. The lower portion—about thirteen acres—is held on lease from various proprietors by the Corporation, and devoted to the purpose of recreation. The upper portion of the field is used for the cattle fair in the month of November, and is cultivated in small plots at other times.

Kingston has long been attractive to anglers—pike, barbel, roach, perch, chub, dace, and gudgeon, being abundant at this point in the Thames. Bream are also occasionally met with, and trout of a fair size are sufficiently plentiful. At a charge of ten shillings a day experienced fishermen with their punts will always be found who will supply every requisite, and thus save the angler coming from a distance the necessity of bringing with him a heavy burden, which, on a hot summer's day, is no small advantage. The river in this locality is strictly preserved by the Thames Angling Preservation Society, being under the immediate supervision of its officers, who are careful to prevent any infringement of the regulations.

Angling from the river bank is, of course, a favourite amusement, especially with the working classes. It may be mentioned as a singular incident that on a recent occasion a trout weighing no less than 7lbs. jumped voluntarily into a boat in which a boy happened to be sitting.

A curious contest, which at one time threatened to be serious, took place on a recent occasion between the officers of the Thames Conservancy and some members of the Kingston Corporation. The Conservancy desired to move the floating swimming baths, at present moored just above the "Anglers" Inn, to a site opposite the tan-yard; the Corporation, on the other hand, considered the site objectionable, and desired that the bath should remain where it is now fixed. An official, acting presumably on instructions from the Thames Conservancy, in command of the steam-tug *Queen*, attempted forcibly to remove it, and a scuffle ensued, in which an alderman received a severe thrust with a hitcher. After a *fracas* which lasted about an hour and a half the officers of the Thames Conservancy decided to give up the attempt, and withdrew their forces on board the tug, which steamed away amid the jeers of a large crowd attracted to the river-side by the extraordinary incident.

Surbiton (originally the South Barton), which stands on the high ground to the south of the town, is an extensive and somewhat fashionable

suburb of Kingston, reaching westwards as far as Thames Ditton, southward to Long Ditton, and eastwards nearly as far as New Maldon. It was separated from Kingston by a private Act of Parliament, "The Surbiton Improvement Act," in 1855. It is scarcely old enough to have a history, and it is not even mentioned in Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary," as being originally only a hamlet in the parish of Kingston.

About the year 1845 a large plot of ground near the railway station was taken up by a speculative builder, who covered the greater part with houses, the name of Kingston New Town being given to the newly-formed district. The buildings, as fast as they were erected, were mortgaged, in order to obtain means for carrying out the designs; but the scheme not proving successful, the mortgagees took possession of the entire property. The unfinished houses were completed, others raised, a large space fronting the crescent was planted with trees, and a spacious church, St. Mark's, was erected on Surbiton Hill, near the bridge over the railway; and it was then decided that this increasing neighbourhood should in future be called Surbiton, it being wholly in that district.

The view from the top of the hill is one of great beauty. Looking eastward are to be seen Norwood and the Crystal Palace districts; descending the hill and looking northward over the town of Kingston, through the trees which form a beautiful margin to the landscape, the Hampstead and Highgate hills complete a very pleasing view.

There is a station here on the main line of the London and South-Western Railway, whence diverges a branch line for Hampton Court, with an intermediate station at Thames Ditton.

Surbiton is composed almost wholly of villas of the modern type, mostly standing in their own grounds; and the district is intersected by shady paths in every direction, and is peculiarly rich in woodland shrubs and wild flowers.

On the slope of the hill leading down to Kingston is an old wayside hostelry, a relic of other days, with the sign of the "Waggon and Horses," which has been a house of call for carriers for a couple of centuries or more.

The main street of Surbiton is composed of detached residences, and a few shops on each side of the high road. The first noticeable building is a fine red-brick Wesleyan chapel, which prominently shows the strength of the Dissenting element in the town; indeed, there are new churches and chapels in abundance.

St. Mark's Church, mentioned above, was built in 1845, on a site given by Lady Burdett-Coutts.

It is constructed chiefly of stone, and consists of a nave and chancel, short transepts, and a square tower rising from piers at the intersection. The aisles are separated from the nave by Pointed arches springing from octagonal columns. The ceiling is panelled, and ornamented with bosses; the pulpit is of stone, and is entered from the vestry, and most of the windows are filled with stained or painted glass.

In 1872 the church of St. Andrew, in Maple Road, was built as a chapel-of-ease to St. Mark's. It is a brick building, in the Italian style, and consists of chancel, nave, transepts, and a campanile.

On the western side of the town, close by the river, and opposite to the grounds of Hampton Court Palace, stands the Roman Catholic church dedicated to St. Raphael. It was built, in the Italian style, in 1846-7, at the expense of the late Mr. Alexander Raphael, of Surbiton Place, some time M.P. for St. Albans, on whose estate it stands. It consists principally of nave, aisles, and chancel, with a square tower of three storeys projecting from the centre of the west front. The external walls are chiefly of Bath stone, and the pulpit and font are of Sicilian marble. The door of the tabernacle is an ancient carved-oak panel, representing the Crucifixion, and supposed to date from the fourteenth century.

Norbiton is probably another suburb cut off from Kingston-on-Thames, and called *Norbiton* in contrast to *Surbiton*, from lying to the north, as the latter lies south of the parent town. It lies on the road towards London *viâ* Wimbledon, but, like the locality just described, it is scarcely old enough to have a history.

Norbiton was formed into a separate ecclesiastical parish in 1842. The church, dedicated to St. Peter, built by Sir Gilbert Scott, is a brick building, consisting of chancel, nave, and aisles, and a tower. The district of St. Paul's, Kingston Hill, was formed out of St. Peter's in 1881. The church, which is situated in Queen's Road, is of stone, and of Gothic design.

In this neighbourhood are several charitable institutions. The Children's Convalescent Institution, Kingston Hill, is one of the philanthropic features of this locality. It is in connection with the Metropolitan Convalescent Institution at Walton-on-Thames, and has for its object the relief of poor children recovering from serious illness, or suffering from complaints which require change of air and rest for their removal, and was erected from the design of Mr. Henry Saxon Snell, the architect. It contains 150 beds, and is open for children of either sex between the ages of two and fourteen, of whom more than 1,000 are admitted yearly.

Patients are admitted on the recommendation of annual and life subscribers only.

The Royal Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows, situated on the brow of a hill on the Cambridge estate at Norbiton, was opened in February, 1854. It is the only institution which provides for the soldier's widow, and was founded in memory of the late Duke of Cambridge. The Queen, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the royal family, are among its patrons; the Duchess of Cambridge is lady president, and the Duke of Cambridge, president, whilst many noblemen, ladies, and officers of distinction, assist in its management. The foundation-stone was laid by the late Prince Consort. The widows must be those of non-commissioned officers and privates of the army, not less than fifty years of age. Each widow has a furnished room, and receives 7s. weekly, besides a monthly allowance of 2s. 6d. for coals. The house has been enlarged, and is now capable of containing seventy widows. The building is of brick, in the Italian style, from a design by Mr. Thomas Allom, architect; and a chapel, detached from the main building, has been added. The funded income of the charity yields only £550, with an additional £50 from the Princess Mary's Fund for Nurses, to meet an estimated expenditure of £3,000 per annum. The inmates are admitted by election, the governors and subscribers voting by ballot for the election of candidates.

Not far off on the high ground stands Coombe House, the favourite residence of Lord Liverpool during his long premiership. Here he was frequently visited by the Prince Regent during the progress of the war against Napoleon. Here the Duke of Wellington dined and slept—in August, 1814—on his way to the Netherlands and to the field of Waterloo. The Prince Regent, the Emperor Alexander of Russia, the King of Prussia, and Generals Blucher and Platoff, were also hospitably entertained by the Earl here on their way to Portsmouth, in the same year. Here, too, in December, 1828, died the Earl of Liverpool, after lying ill from paralysis for about two years. His first wife has a monument in Kingston church. Lord Liverpool was Prime Minister of England under the Regency, and for the first seven years of the reign of George IV., and he divided his time at his country residence here and Fife House, Whitehall. He had lived, in his earlier days, at Addiscombe, near Croydon.

Coombe Wood is the name of a rather extensive property here, between Wimbledon, Richmond Park, and Kingston-on-Thames, belonging to His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. Around

it is a small park, surrounded by preserves, where the duke often entertains his friends with a day's pheasant shooting. The house is small and unpretending, but the grounds are well laid out. Coombe Warren belongs to Mr. W. B. Currie, whose refined taste in antiquarian and artistic matters is well known.

Here the Empress Eugénie lived for a few months, after leaving Chislehurst in 1881, before she could settle down into her new home at Farnborough.

Here also Mr. Gladstone found rest and change of air during the Parliamentary session of 1884.

Adjoining Coombe Springs, the seat of Sir Edmund Du Cane, are the gardens of Lord Londesborough, with a very extensive range of hot-houses, containing, amongst other choice productions, one of the best collections of orchids within the kingdom.

The united districts of Coombe and New Malden, which lie about two miles to the east of Kingston, were formed into an ecclesiastical parish in 1867. At New Malden is a junction of the Kingston branch line with the South-Western Railway. Close by the railway station stands Christ Church, which was built in 1866 on a site given by the Duke of Cambridge; it is in the Early English style, and consists of chancel, nave, and north aisle.

The principal nurseries of Messrs. Veitch and Sons, the well-known horticulturists, are also in this neighbourhood. From the summit of Coombe Warren, a pleasant stroll on a summer day from Kingston, is gained a fine view of the Surrey hills, including Banstead and Epsom Downs, the chalk hills which divide the county into two parts, Paine's Hill, St. George's, St. Ann's, and the Marlow hills, with Windsor in the foreground—as pleasant and extensive a picture as any in the county.

On the Wandsworth approach to Kingston, a mile or two out, is a house which was formerly an inn called the "Bald-faced Stag," a hostelry well known in former times as having been the haunt and place of refuge of the notorious footpad, Jerry Abershaw, who long kept this part of the country in constant fear. There is a story related of this daring character that, on a dark and inclement night in the month of November, after having stopped every passenger on the road, being suddenly taken ill, he found it necessary to retire to the "Bald-faced Stag," and his comrades deeming it advisable to send to Kingston for medical assistance, Dr. William Roots (then a very young man) attended. Having bled him and given the necessary advice, he was about to retire home, when his patient, with much earnestness, said: "You had better, sir, have some one to go back with you, as it is a very dark and lonesome journey." This, however, the doctor declined, observing that he had "not the least fear, even should he meet with Abershaw himself," little thinking to whom he was making this reply.

It is said that the ruffian frequently alluded to this scene afterwards with much comic humour. His real name was Louis Jeremiah Avershawe. He was tried at Croydon for the murder of David Price, an officer belonging to Union Hall, in Southwark, whom he had killed with a pistol shot, having at the same time wounded a second officer with another pistol. In this case the indictment was invalidated by some flaw; but on being again tried, and convicted for feloniously shooting at one Barnaby Turner, he was executed at Kennington Common in 1795, and his body afterwards hung in chains at Wimbledon, the scene of his marauding exploits.*

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HAM AND PETERSHAM.

"Ham's embowering walks,
Where polished Cornbury woos the willing muse."—THOMSON.

Situation and Boundaries of Ham-with-Hatch—Its Etymology—Descent of the Manor—Anne of Cleves—John Maitland, Earl of Lauderdale, and Lady Dysart—Ham House—The Interior of the Mansion—The "Cabal" Ministry—The Gardens and Grounds—Walpole's Description of the House—Queen Charlotte's Impression of the Mansion—Lady Dysart and Bishop Blomfield—Ham Walks—The Village and Church—National Orphan Home—Peterham—The Church—The Misses Berry—Gay's Summer-House—Catherine Hyde, Duchess of Queensberry—Peterham Lodge—Stallrocks.

LEAVING the Vale of Kingston, with Norbiton, Kingston Hill, and Coombe Warren away to the right, we now break fresh ground by taking the road due north, and following partly the bend of the

river in its course towards Richmond. The village of Ham is located about midway between Kingston

* See "Old and New London," Vol. VI., pp. 474, 493.

and Richmond, between the Richmond road and the Thames, and adjoins Petersham. In official documents the place is called Ham-with-Hatch (derived from the Saxon word *house, vill, or home*), and Hatch, a *gate*.* It formerly constituted a subordinate manor in Kingston parish, but has in recent times been made into a "district chapelry." Lysons, quoting as his authority a charter in the British Museum, states that King Athelstan, in the year 931, granted lands at Ham to his minister Wulfar.

At the time of the "Domesday" Survey, as we learn from Brayley's "History of Surrey," this estate was included in the royal manor of Kingston; and Henry II. bestowed certain lands in Ham on Maurice de Creon, or Creoun, who, in 1168, was "charged with the sum of 43s. 4d. for his estate here, in aid of the marriage of Matilda, the king's daughter." The property eventually passed from this family to Sir Robert Burnell and his heirs, and from the latter it eventually devolved upon the Lords Lovel, in right of their maternal descent from Maud Burnell, whose first husband, John, Lord Lovel of Tichmarsh, died in 1315. Francis, the last heir male of the Lovels, was created a viscount by Edward IV., and he afterwards held the office of Lord Chamberlain of the Household to Richard III., and was constituted Chief Butler of England. After the battle of Bosworth Field, Lord Lovel sought refuge in Flanders, but as he was attainted of high treason by Henry VII., in his first Parliament in 1485, all his estates became forfeited to the Crown. With reference to this seizure of his inheritance by the king, Banks writes, in his "Dormant and Extinct Peerages":—"Aggrieved by this injustice, Lord Lovel espoused the cause of Lambert Simnel, and in 1487 he returned to England with the Earl of Lincoln and other Yorkists, accompanied by an army of two thousand foreign mercenaries, under the command of a German officer of talent, named Martin Schwartz. Met by the king's troops at Stoke, near Newark, a battle ensued, in which the invaders were completely defeated and most of the leaders slain. It was at first supposed that Lord Lovel had been killed, but the body not being found, it was concluded that he had been drowned in attempting to cross the Thames on horseback. From the discovery, however, about 1708, of the skeleton of a man in a secret chamber at Minster Lovel, in Oxfordshire, in a mansion belonging to the family, it has been since conjectured, with great probability, that this unfor-

tunate nobleman had sought an asylum at that place, and either through accident or treachery, had perished there from starvation."

But to return to Ham. Here the uncrowned queen, Anne of Cleves, spent part of her years, Ham, Petersham, and Shene having been among the manors settled on her by Henry VIII. on her divorce. All these manors subsequently reverted to the Crown, and were granted by James I. to his eldest son, Henry, Prince of Wales, and on his decease, in 1612, to his next son, Prince Charles. On the accession of the latter to the throne, this property was held by different persons on lease until 1671, when Charles II. granted the lordship of Petersham and Ham to John Maitland, Earl of Lauderdale, who in that year had married the Countess of Dysart, the then owner of Ham House. Lord Lauderdale was created Duke of Lauderdale, in Scotland, and Baron Petersham and Earl of Guildford, in England, in 1672. He was one of the confidential ministers of Charles II., and is known in history as one of the five obnoxious persons forming the "Cabal." He had been a Royalist in the time of the Civil War, and was present at the battle of Worcester, where he was taken prisoner. By his marriage with Elizabeth, Countess of Dysart, this estate, with other landed property, became vested in the heirs of that lady, and it has since remained in the possession of that family.

Ham House—the manor house—is located in Petersham parish, but belongs by position to Ham. It is situated on low ground near the banks of the Thames, opposite to classic Twickenham, and one of its avenues extends to Ham Common. Of this place Leigh Hunt observes, in his "Table Talk":—"Old trees, the most placid of rivers, Thomson up above you, Pope near you, Cowley himself not a great way off; I hope here is a nest of repose, both material and spiritual, of the most Cowleyan and Evelynian sort. Ham, too. . . is expressly celebrated both by Thomson and by Armstrong; and though that infernal old Duke of Lauderdale, who put people to the rack, lived there in the original Ham House—he married a Dysart—yet even the bitter taste is taken out of the mouth by the sweets of these poets, and by the memories of the good Duke of Queensberry, and his good Duchess (Prior's Kitty), who nursed their friend Gay there when he was ill." Lytton-Bulwer writes of Ham House that it is "girt with stateliness of eld;" and it is probably this mansion that Tennyson speaks of as

"A Tudor-chimneyed balk
Of mellow brick-work on an isle of flowers."

* See Vol. I. p. 308.

The long avenues of majestic elms surrounding the mansion, in some places intertwining their branching arms, like the fan-traceried aisle of a cathedral, together with the grove of dark Scotch firs within the grounds, give the demesne a marked and peculiar character; and the house itself, from almost every distant view, appears to be enshrouded in foliage. The Petersham avenue is about one-third of a mile in length; the Ham walk, leading from the large folding iron gates which once formed

there are also arcade gradations between the central doorway and the inner side of the wings. In this front appears a range of busts (cast in lead, but painted stone colour), placed within oval niches constructed in the brickwork, between the basement and the first storey, and also in the side walls, which bound the lawn and extend to a gravelled terrace with iron gates, and a ha-ha separating the gardens from the adjacent meadows. On the middle of the lawn, raised upon a rocky pedestal



HAM HOUSE.

the main entrance, but are now disused, is almost a mile long, and terminates on Ham Common. The other avenues, which skirt the garden wall on the eastern side, and extend across the meadows near the Thames, are of a more limited range, but include many noble trees. In the fore-court forming the present entrance (near the stabling and out-buildings) are several time-worn and rugged elms of vast size.

The mansion is constructed of red brick, and has two fronts, along each of which a block cornice is continued the entire length, immediately below the parapet. The principal front faces the river, and at each end is a short projecting wing, with semi-hexagonal terminations extending to the roof;

(on which is a small shield of the City arms), on steps, is a colossal statue of the Thames, sculptured in stone, and leaning upon a watery urn.

Tennyson's lines well describe the entrance to the mansion :—

"So by many a sweep
Of meadow smooth from aftermath we reached
The griffin-guarded gates, and passed through all
The pillared dusk of sounding sycamores,
And crossed the garden to the gardener's lodge,
With all its casements bedded, and its walls
And chimneys muffled in the leafy vine."

Built for Henry, Prince of Wales, elder brother of the ill-fated King Charles, the residence of the haughty Duchess of Lauderdale, and during her second husband's lifetime the head-quarters of the

"Cabal," the appointed asylum for the deposed James II., and the birthplace of the great statesman and general, John, Duke of Argyll, Ham well merits a prominent place in the rank of England's historic houses. It is full of memories, and its peaceful aspect on a bright summer's day, with the sunny meadows in front stretching down to the Thames, cannot fail to fill the beholder with a sense of mysterious longing to know the tales which its dark red walls enclose, and to recall the

high walls, except where an apparently open space is guarded by some very handsome old iron gates, of admirable design and of great massiveness; and even were they opened—an operation which has not been effected for many long years—a sunk fence still prevents all access from the front. A small side door, however, answers the purpose, and admits the visitor who is fortunate enough to have his passport into the gravelled court.



TWICKENHAM FERRY.

powerful minds and stately figures who moved amid the shade of the trees which surround it, and soften while they throw out the bold and graceful outlines of the time-worn building. And yet Time's ruthless hand has here done less to mark its flight than in many another structure; the house has not been suffered to fall into decay, and the proofs of the magnificence of the period in which it was erected remain undisturbed and yet untarnished, for the work was well and solidly done, down to the minutest details.

The house does not stand high, and it is only on a near approach that its beauty is seen to advantage, and then it appears—as, indeed, it is—most difficult of entrance, for it is quite surrounded by

It was built in the beginning of the seventeenth century by Sir Thomas Vavasour, and though said to have been designed as a residence for Henry, Prince of Wales, it does not appear that he ever inhabited it—owing, possibly, to his early death, at the age of nineteen. The house would appear to have been finished in 1610, as that date, with the words "VIVAT REX," form a part of the ornamental carvings on the principal door. Sir Thomas Vavasour held the post of Marshal of the Household to James I., and in 1611 he was appointed judge of the then newly-constituted Marshal's Court, conjointly with Sir Francis Bacon, then Solicitor-General, and afterwards Lord Chancellor. From Sir Thomas Vavasour it passed into the

hands of the Earl of Holderness, whose family sold it to William Murray; and on the 22nd of May, 1651, it was surrendered to the use of Sir Lionel Tollemache, who had married Elizabeth, daughter of William Murray, who was created Countess of Dysart in her own right. From that day to this it has remained in the family of the Tollemaches, Earls of Dysart, who, as above stated, still retain it.

After the death of Sir Lionel the house underwent great alterations, and many additions were made to it by his widow, on whom the peerage was conferred; but it was furnished at great expense in the taste of the time of Charles II., and the parquet flooring in one at least of the drawing-rooms bears the monogram of this lady, in the double L, which formed her initials as Duchess of Lauderdale. The house and grounds, in fact, had at this time acquired some celebrity. Evelyn, in his "Diary," under date of 27th August, 1678, writes:—"After dinner I walk'd to Ham, to see the house and garden of the Duke of Lauderdale, which is indeede inferior to few of the best villas in Italy itselfe; the house furnish'd like a great prince's; the parterres, flower-gardens, orangeries, groves, avenues, courts, statues, perspectives, fountaines, aviaries, and all this at the banks of the sweetest river in the world, must needs be admirable."

Lady Dysart possessed great political influence even during Sir Lionel's life, through the intimacy existing between herself and the then Earl of Lauderdale, for, according to Burnet, "their correspondence was of an early date, and had given occasion to censure. For when he was a prisoner after the battle of Worcester, in 1651, she made him believe that he was in great danger of his life, and that he saved it by her intrigues with Cromwell. Upon the king's restoration, she thought the earl did not make her the return which she expected, and they lived for some years at a distance; but after her husband's death she made up all quarrels, and they were so much together that the earl's lady was offended at it, and went to Paris, where she died three years after. The Lady Dysart gained such an ascendancy over him at length, that it lessened him in the esteem of the world, for he delivered himself up to all her humours and caprices." They were married in 1671, and then "she took upon herself to determine everything. She sold all places, and was wanting in no methods that would bring her money, which she lavished with the most profuse vanity. They lived at a vast expense, and she carried all things with a haughtiness that would not have been easily borne from a queen, and talked of all people with such ungoverned freedom, that she grew at length to be universally hated. She was a woman

of great beauty, and of far greater parts. She had a wonderful quickness of apprehension, and an amazing vivacity in conversation. She had studied not only divinity and history, but mathematics and philosophy. She was violent in everything she set about: a violent friend, but a much more violent enemy. She had a restless ambition, was ravenously covetous, and would have stuck at nothing by which she might compass her ends." Such is the description of her in the pages of Burnet.

As scandal declared her to have been the duke's mistress long before he married her, and as before that she is said to have been the favourite of Oliver Cromwell, we need not wonder to find her not very creditably immortalised in a lampoon of the time:—

"She is Besse of my heart, she was Besse of Old Noll,
She was once Fleetwood's Besse, and she's now of Atholl."

It was during the lifetime of her second husband that Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, and Arlington met here, and in the house of their host—whose initial gave the last necessary letter to the notorious Cabal—formed those iniquitous schemes which have procured for Charles II.'s ministry the infamous reputation they have so long and justly borne.

On entering the house, the first of its many treasures that meets the visitor is a beautiful portrait, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of a Countess of Dysart, so unfortunately placed that every time the hall door is opened wide its handle adds to the size of a hole which it has already made in a prominent part of the picture. The large hall in which it hangs contains several other good pictures. It occupies the whole of the centre of the house, and has round it a gallery, the upper walls of which are ornamented with more portraits: amongst them, one of General Tollemache, a stern-looking warrior, who was killed at Brest in 1694. Thereby hangs a tale which, if true, tarnishes the fame of the Duke of Marlborough. Tradition says that the great duke was jealous of the talents of this officer, whom he hated, and on whose ruin he was determined. When he summoned a council of war to consider the question of an attack on Brest, General Tollemache warmly opposed it as totally impracticable, which the duke, in his heart, also believed it to be; still he upheld the project, overruled the objections, and finally appointed General Tollemache himself to the command of the expedition in such a manner that he could not, consistently with honour, decline the proffered post. The duke, by this manœuvre, secured his defeat at least, and fortune granted even more, for not only was the attack completely

repulsed, but the general himself died of a wound received during the fight.

Adjoining the hall is, perhaps, the very smallest chapel ever seen. Evidently the duchess, however large in most of her ideas, in spite of her divinity studies did not consider a chapel as an appendage of much importance to her mansion. Still it contains its point of interest, for the prayer-book was the gift of King Charles. Near the chapel door, in a sort of vestibule at the bottom of the staircase, hangs a large picture of the battle of Lepanto. A quaint and extraordinary picture it is. The name of the artist is unknown, which is unfortunate, as it does credit to his imagination and originality, if not to his truth and consistency. The broad stairs possess very handsome balusters of walnut wood, and up and down them the ghost of the Duchess of Lauderdale has been seen to walk, clad in the rustling silks and gorgeous fashions of Charles II.'s luxurious days. The large open hall is surrounded by suites of apartments, filled with beautiful furniture of the seventeenth century, and with rare cabinets; one of remarkable fineness is of ivory, and lined with cedar. Many of the chairs are of handsome carved wood, and the cushions are covered with old cut velvet of rich dark colours, and in all possible corners lurks the double L already mentioned. The ceilings are all painted, and by Verrio, and one of the rooms is hung with tapestry, remarkable for all the figures, in various fanciful dresses, having black faces and hands. There are many cabinets and shelves filled with a large quantity of china, chiefly of French make, and of no particular value, but even on them some double L's are to be found. One cabinet, however, contains a greater treasure, kept with care under lock and key—a crystal locket, and in it a lock of the hair of the Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth's ill-fated favourite. In a small room at the end of one of the suites is a recess, and in this recess stand the two arm-chairs of the Duke and Duchess of Lauderdale—not the easy low chairs of the present day, but solid and stiff uncompromising arm-chairs, with straight backs and carved wooden legs.

On the west side of the house is a gallery ninety-two feet long, and full of pictures, chiefly family portraits, looking grim and solemn in their dark dresses and total solitude. In a charming large window at one end it requires but little imagination to fancy the five ministers of Charles II. seated in the luxurious quiet of the country, concocting their three secret treaties with Louis of France, and devising means of replenishing their

monarch's dissipated funds—a work in which, doubtless, they were ably assisted by the quick brain and ready wit of the duchess, their unscrupulous hostess. And there it was, no doubt, that the iniquitous scheme of shutting up the Exchequer was first conceived by Clifford or by Ashley—a measure which may have answered for the time, as it placed at the disposal of the ministers £1,300,000 of ready money: but surely this was dearly purchased by the loss of honour and reputation which it involved.* And the panic which it caused the commercial world, and the numbers of widows and orphans who were reduced to beggary, must have brought anything but a blessing on the heads of this council of five.

There they sit—Arlington,† originally Sir Henry Bennett, with his graceful, easy manner, ready flow of courtly language, covering the deepest cunning with the most insinuating address. That dark scar in his face, from a sabre cut, must have marred the beauty of his handsome countenance as much as his want of boldness detracted from his brilliancy of parts. He was a contrast to the man whom his patronage had raised to a level with himself; for Clifford, a privy councillor, treasurer of the household, and commissioner of the treasury, was brave, generous, and ambitious, constant in his friendship, and open in his resentment; a minister with clean hands in a corrupt court, and endued with a mind capable of forming, and a heart ready to execute, the boldest and most hazardous projects. Next to him sits the pleasure-loving, extravagant Buckingham. One can fancy the duchess leaning over his chair with a serious and abstracted air, devising some fresh festivity for the evening, or arranging between them the shade of velvet for a gorgeous robe for the next fancy ball at court; while bold and sneering Lauderdale himself recalls the duke's attention to the business of the state, and attracts the observer's attention by his boisterous manner and ungainly appearance, to which even the rich materials of his dress and its massive gold embroidery fail to give the air of a gentleman. Arbitrary, sarcastic, and domineering, he was a bold man who stood in the duke's path, for he was never known to fail in attaining his object, be the means what they might.

Lastly comes Sir Anthony Ashley, soon to be made Earl of Shaftesbury, for some time a favourite of the king, who delighted in his singular fertility of invention, and sympathised but too strongly in

his reckless contempt of principle, and yet said of him, in a moment when he perhaps consulted his anger as much as his judgment, that he was "the weakest and wickedest man of his age." He it was who, from conceit of his own figure, insisted on riding on horseback in the procession to Westminster Hall on the occasion of his installation as Lord Chancellor, and further obliged all the law officers and the several judges to proceed in the same manner, instead of using the cumbrous carriages which they were accustomed to occupy, to the great annoyance of those reverend personages, one of whom, Mr. Justice Twisden, by the curvetting of his horse, was laid prostrate in the mire.*

They had but little religion amongst them—all five—for while Buckingham scoffed openly at the subject, he was the only one who so much as called himself a Churchman. The others were Protestant or Roman Catholics, according to the fashion of the times, Ashley belonging to no Church whatever.

The haughty old Duchess of Lauderdale survived her husband by many years, and died in 1698. She was succeeded in her estates, and in her title of Dysart, by her eldest son by her first husband, Lionel, Lord Huntingtower. Her second son, General Thomas Tollemache, has already been mentioned as the victim of the Duke of Marlborough's hatred. The third son entered the navy, and having killed his opponent, the Hon. W. Carnegie, in a duel, died in the West Indies; while her eldest daughter, Elizabeth, married the first Duke of Argyll, and was the mother of the great Duke John, who, as before mentioned, was born at Ham in 1678. This duke was the victor of Sheriffmuir, and being no less distinguished in the council than in arms, is thus immortalised by Pope:—

"Argyll, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field."

He bore the English title of Duke of Greenwich, which ceased with him, for he died without children in 1743, when he was succeeded in his Scottish honours by his brother Archibald, who was also born at Ham House.

At the meeting of the peers which took place at Windsor in December, 1688, the ultimate destination of the king (James II.) was discussed. It was deemed advisable that he should be sent out of London. "Ham," writes Lord Macaulay, "which had been built and decorated by Lauder-

dale, on the banks of the Thames, out of the plunder of Scotland and the bribes of France, and which was regarded as the most luxurious of villas, was proposed as a convenient retreat." But circumstances arose which prevented the design from being carried out.

Before taking leave of this place, we must mention the quiet beauty of the old-fashioned garden, where the large trees cast a welcome shade over the wide green terrace, enlivened by the side of the house with large beds of flowers—wild tangled beds, in keeping with the date of the house, for they speak of a far earlier period than the trimly-regulated lines of colour, disposed in the form of brilliant mosaics of the present day. Masses of roses and lavender, enormous pink peonies, and sweet mignonette, run at their own will over the space, and fill the air with fragrance. The sound of the jarring world is so completely shut out, that one can fancy oneself two hundred years back in the world's history, surrounded for miles with peaceful country scenes, meadows and fields sloping down to the river, which, fresh and pure, untainted by steam and the busy traffic of commerce, flows on to the great city of London, to bear on its bosom the barges of the great and noble, and the gay and voluptuous beauties and gallants of the time, some to jousts and revelry, some, more sadly and solemnly, to the Tower and the scaffold. But the river rolls on, caring little for the panorama of life that flows on along its banks, telling not a word of all that it has seen and known, taking no heed of all that is now passing before it, rolling steadily onwards into the future, to the time when we shall all be dust, and when Ham House and all its treasured memories will be forgotten.*

Horace Walpole, in a letter to Montagu, dated June 11, 1770, thus describes a visit which he paid to Ham House, when his niece, Charlotte Walpole, had become its mistress through her marriage with the Earl of Dysart:—

"I went yesterday to see my niece in her new principality of Ham. It delighted me and made me peevish. Close to the Thames, in the centre of all rich and verdant beauty, it is so blocked up, barricaded with walls, vast trees, and gates, that you think yourself a hundred miles off and a hundred years back. The old furniture is so magnificently ancient, dreary, and decayed, that at every step one's spirits sink, and all my pas-

* For much of the above description of Ham House and its history we are indebted to an account of it which appears in the *Quarterly Magazine* (Vol. III., No. 1), a volume which is now in the possession of the writer.

* See Lingard's "History of England."

sion for antiquity could not keep them up. Every minute I expected to see ghosts sweeping by—ghosts that I would not give sixpence to see, Lauderdales, Tollemaches, and Maitlands. There is one old brown gallery full of Vandycks and Lelys, charming miniatures, delightful Wouvermans and Poelemburghs, china, japan, bronzes, ivory cabinets, and silver dogs, pokers, bellows, &c., without end. One pair of bellows is of filagree. In this state of pomp and tatters my nephew intends it shall remain, and is so religious an observer of the venerable rites of his house, that because they were never opened by his father but once, for the late Lord Granville, you are locked out and locked in, and after journeying all around the house, as you do round an old French fortified town, you are at last admitted through the stable-yard, to creep along a dark passage by the house-keeper's room, and so by a back door into the great hall. He seems as much afraid of rats as a cat, for though you might enjoy the Thames from every window of three sides of the house, you may tumble into it before you guess it is there."

Macaulay mentions this house as a symbol of wealth derived from dishonest statesmanship. He writes in his "History of England" * in the chapter which he devotes to a general view of the state of England in 1685: "The sumptuous palace to which the populace of London gave the name of Dunkirk House,† the stately pavilions, the fish-ponds, the deer park and orangery of Euston, the more than Italian luxury of Ham, with its busts, its fountains, and its aviaries, were among the many signs which indicated what was the shortest road to boundless wealth."

In the "Extracts of the Journal and Correspondence of Miss Berry" (Vol. II., p. 423) appears the following description of a visit to Ham House, and of the impression it made upon her, by Queen Charlotte, in a letter to one of her own family:—"The Rain having ceased, Ldy. Caroline wished to show me from Ham walks the View of the River, and likewise that of Lord Dysart's Place; and as She has been favoured with a Key, She offered to carry us there. We walked, and most delightfull it was there, and saw not only the House, but all the Beautifull Old China, which a Civil Housekeeper offered to show us. It is so fine a Collection, that to know it and admire it as one ought to do would require many hours; but when all the Fine Paintings, Cabinets of Excellent Workmanship, both in Ivory and Amber, also attract yr. Notice. Days

are required to see it with Advantage to oneself. The House is much altered since I saw it by repairing, and tho' the old Furniture still remains, it is kept so clean, that even under the Tattered State of Hangings and Chairs, One must admire the good Taste of Our forefathers, and their Magnificence. The Parqueté Floors have been taken up with great Care, cleaned, and re-laid, and in order to preserve them the Present Lord has put Carpets over them, but of Course not Nailed down. I saw this time also the Chapel, which is so dark and Dismal that I could not go into it. Upon the whole, the Place remaining in its old Stile is Beau-full and Magnificent, both within and without, but truly Melancholy. My Lord is very little there since the Death of His Lady, for whom he had the greatest regard and attention."

Lady Dysart died here in 1840, not far short of being added to the list of centenarians.

The following amusing story in connection with Ham House has been often told, but is worth repeating:—In 1829 old Lady Dysart asked Bishop Blomfield to dine here to meet the Duke of Clarence, afterwards King William IV. The duke, being offended with the bishop for having voted in favour of Catholic Emancipation, was so rude that he would hardly speak to him. At the end of the evening, however, the good dinner and the port wine had so far mellowed his feelings that he had quite condoned the offence; and afterwards, when he came to the throne, few prelates stood higher with his Majesty than the Bishop of London.

The avenues and groves which occupy the meadows between Ham House and the river, extending as far as Twickenham Ferry, have long been known as "Ham Walks," under which name they have been celebrated by writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The poet Thomson speaks of them, in his "Seasons," as

"Ham's umbrageous walks."

The spot was a favourite resort of Swift, Pope, and Gay. In our account of Twickenham * we have quoted from the *Daily Post* of June 4, 1728, the advertisement wherein Pope draws attention to a "scandalous paper cried about the streets under the title of 'A Pop upon Pope,'" intimating that he had been "whipt in Ham Walks on Thursday last," and notifying that he did not stir out of his house at Twickenham on that day, at the same time adding that the paper in question was "a malicious and ill-grounded report." Gay was often here whilst he lived in the house of the Duchess of Queensberry, close by. The Duchess herself lived here till 1777.

* "History of England," Chapter III.

† See "Old and New London," Vol. IV., p. 274.

* Vol. I., p. 11.

Ham is a retired place, with a population of about 2,000. The village proper comprises a street of irregularly-built, commonplace houses, with a few of a better class, and several small cottages clustering round the sides of an extensive common, on the north side of which is one of the gateways of Ham House. Among the seats in the neighbourhood is Morgan House, which was some time the residence of the Duc de Chartres. The church, dedicated to St. Andrew, stands upon the common.

that fearful malady. It was rebuilt in 1861, and has been since enlarged. The object of this institution, which is under the patronage of the Duke of Cambridge, is "to receive orphan girls, without distinction as to religion, into a home where they can obtain a plain English education and practical instruction in the kitchen, house, and laundry, to fit them for domestic service." The charity is almost entirely dependent on voluntary donations and annual subscriptions.



PETERSHAM CHURCH.

It is a poor specimen of modern Gothic, being built of yellow brick, with stone dressings, in the Decorated style, and was first opened in 1832, but was considerably enlarged thirty years later. Close by are schools, which were built more recently.

On Ham Common Lord Mount Edgcumbe had a villa during the early part of this century, and Lady Brownlow records in her "Reminiscences of a Septuagenarian," her recollection of the volunteer corps that used to be drilled there in 1805, when the country was alarmed by the threatened invasion of "the great Napoleon."

The National Orphan Home was established on Ham Common in 1849, the "cholera year," to provide for orphan girls who had lost their parents by

Petersham adjoins Ham Common on the east and north, and is separated from the Thames by Ham Walks and the grounds of Ham House, whilst on the east it is bounded by Richmond Park. In "Domesday Book" the place is styled "Patricesham"—that is, the home or dwelling of St. Peter, it having belonged to the Abbey of Chertsey, of which St. Peter was the tutelary saint. The manor formed part of the original endowment of that institution, and it remained in the possession of the cloistered fraternity until early in the fifteenth century, when it was conveyed by Thomas, Abbot of Chertsey, to Henry V. The manor, as stated above, formed part of the estates granted to Anne of Cleves, who resigned the whole to Edward VI.

The property afterwards passed in the same way as the manor of Ham, already described.

Petersham gives its second title to the Stanhopes, Earls of Harrington; the previous Barony of Petersham, which formed one of the titles of the Duke of Lauderdale, having become extinct on the death of his Grace without issue, was revived in their favour in 1742.

The late Earl of Harrington was better known as Lord Petersham. He was a dandy of the first water under the Regency, and gave his name to the Petersham coat, which figures so constantly in George Cruikshank's and other comic sketches of life in the West End of London.

The church, dedicated to St. Peter, dates partly from the beginning of the sixteenth century. It is

of land (Lysons.) The church was, as it is said, rebuilt in 1505. No doubt the roof of the chancel, the buttresses, and the windows, were renewed at that date, while the lancet windows, blocked up by a Jacobean monument, are remnants of the older structure, with probably most of the old walls of the chancel." The patronage was for several centuries attached to that of Kingston; but on the death of the Rev. Daniel Bellamy, in 1788, the chapelries of Kew and Petersham became a distinct vicarage: the livings are now disunited. One of the rectors here was the Rev. Caleb Colton, the author of "*Lacon* ; or, Many Things in Few Words," a work so popular at its first appearance, in 1820, that six editions were published in a twelvemonth. He was an Etonian, and took his



PETERSHAM LODGE. (From a Contemporary Print.)

built chiefly of brick, and consists of a nave and chancel, the latter being rough-casted over; a low tower at the western end forms the entrance. The chancel is the only part which dates back to mediæval times, the original nave having been superseded in the last century by a building placed transept-wise, extending north and south.

According to Brayley's "Surrey," there was a church here at the time of the Norman Conquest, and although the manor then appertained to Chertsey Abbey, and continued long in the possession of that house, the church belonged subsequently to Merton Priory. "In 1266, divine service having been discontinued in the Chapel of Petersham, an agreement was made between the Prior of Merton and the inhabitants of this parish that a chaplain should officiate there every Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday, on the following terms:—That the prior and convent should allow him a certain portion of grain annually out of the tithes, and that the parishioners, on their part, should give him a bushel of rye for every virgate, or ten acres

degree at King's College, Cambridge. Colton was an eccentric character. He is described by Alaric Watts as living in a miserable room over a rag-shop, and yet able on occasion to produce a bottle or two of old Johannisberg for a guest if the occasion seemed to require it. Debts forced him to leave England, and he resided for some time in America and in Paris, where he was so successful a gamester that in two years he realised £25,000. In spite of thus finding himself once more "set upon his legs," he died by his own hand at Fontainebleau in 1832. We shall have more to say about him on reaching Kew.

Among the monuments that crowd the interior of Petersham Church, we may point out those of the following persons of rank and note:—namely, Vice-Admiral Sir George Scott, of Gala, who died in 1841; Sir Thomas Jenner, serjeant-at-law, who died in 1706, and who was the son of that high Tory judge in the reign of James II., Sir Thomas Jenner—the same who was excepted out of the Act of Indemnity in 1690. On the north side of

the chancel, and partly within an arched recess flanked by Corinthian columns, and ornamented by cherubim, &c., are recumbent statues of George Cole, Esq., of the Middle Temple, and Frances, his wife : the former, who died in 1624, is habited in a long black gown, and has a roll of parchment in his hand. His wife, who is in the dress of the time, died in 1633. It appears from Cole's "Escheats" (Harleian MSS., No. 758) that the above George Cole died seized of a manor in Kingston parish called Harlington, held of the king *in capite* by the fortieth part of a knight's fee. It was afterwards enclosed in the new park at Richmond; and Lysons, in his "Environs," says that "the proof of such a place having existed had considerable weight in determining the right of a public footpath through the park."

Captain George Vancouver, who made a voyage round the world, and whose name is immortalised in Vancouver's Island, was interred here in 1798; he is commemorated by a monument erected by the Hudson Bay Company. Sir Charles Stuart, the conqueror and governor of Minorca, fourth son of John, Earl of Bute, lies buried here, as also does his wife, Louisa, the daughter and co-heiress of Lord Vere Bertie. In the churchyard there is a handsome tomb, erected to the second Earl of Mount-Edgumbe, with this inscription:—"Richard, Earl of Mount-Edgumbe, is buried here, who, during a great part of his life, chose this neighbourhood for a residence, and dying at Richmond, desired that his mortal remains should not be borne to the distant tomb of his ancestors, but be deposited in this churchyard. Let us hope that his immortal part may mingle thus with rich and poor in that abode prepared by Christ alike for all who trust in Him." The date is 1839. On a tomb in the chancel, in memory of Lady Frances Caroline Douglas, daughter of the Marquis of Queensberry, are these lines:—

"Dear as thou wert, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee;
One thought shall check the starting tear:
It is that thou art free,
And thus shall Faith's consoling pow'r
The tears of Love restrain.
Oh, who that saw thy parting hour,
Would wish thee here again?"

"Triumphant in the closing eye
The hope of Glory shone
Joy breathed in thy expiring sigh
To think thy fight was won.
Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustained by Grace Divine,
Oh, may such grace on me be shed,
And make my end like thine."

Poor Mortimer Collins was buried here; and here also lie two celebrated literary characters, Agnes and Mary Berry, whom we have mentioned in our account of Twickenham as friends of Horace Walpole.* During the last twenty years of their lives the two sisters, Mary and Agnes Berry, spent the summer regularly in what they called their "retirement" at Petersham. In July, 1836, being at Paris, Miss Berry writes in her "Journal":—"It is now that I figure Petersham and our quiet garden there as everything on earth that I most covet, and from which I no longer desire to wander. There, in the immediate neighbourhood of a friend more my child than any other can be—there I feel that I can patiently wait for the last stroke which is to send me to the neighbouring churchyard, where I have long intended to have my bones deposited." Some years, however, passed after this entry was made before the remains of Miss Berry were laid in the tomb. The grave of the two sisters is in the north-east part of the churchyard, and the inscription, from the pen of Lord Carlisle, runs as follows:—

"Mary Berry, born March, 1763; died Nov., 1852.
Agnes Berry, born May, 1764; died Jan., 1852.

"Beneath this stone are laid the remains of these two sisters, amidst scenes which in life they had frequented and loved. Followed by the tender regret of those who close the unbroken succession of friends, devoted to them with fond affection during every step of their long career."

These venerable and excellent ladies were among the last survivors of the literary set who had frequented Strawberry Hill in its palmy days, and worshipped at the shrine of its founder. Their diaries give an excellent picture of London society in the latter half of the Georgian era. They were the daughters of Mr. Robert Berry, a Yorkshire gentleman of fortune, and they and their father were Walpole's literary executors, so that it was under their friendly supervision that his works were introduced to the world of readers.

Walpole first became acquainted with them about the year 1780, when he met them, as is generally believed, at Lord Strafford's seat in Yorkshire, Wentworth Castle. Soon after, becoming his regular correspondents, they made a journey to Italy, and finally returned to the neighbourhood of London and Richmond, in order to be within reach and call of the prince of letter-writers. Both Mason and Lord Harcourt, it seems, were jealous of their influence over the Lord of

* See Vol. I., p. 123.

Strawberry Hill, who called them his "two wives," and seemed resolved to repeat in his own person the flirtations of Pope with Martha and Theresa Blount. The writer of the biography of Miss Berry in the *Gentleman's Magazine* remarks:—"He would write and number his letters to them, and tell them stories of his early life, and what he had seen and heard, with ten times the vivacity and minuteness which he employed towards his other friends. The ladies listened, and it was Walpole's joy

'Still with his favourite Berrys to remain.'

"Delighted with what they heard, they began to take notes of what he told them, and soon induced him, by the sweet power of two female pleaders at his ear and in his favourite 'Tribune,' to put in writing those charming 'Reminiscences of the Courts of George the First and his Son,' which will continue to be read with interest as long as English history is read."

When Walpole died, he left to these ladies, in conjunction with their father, the greater part of his papers and letters, and the charge of collecting and publishing his remains. The edition of his works, which appeared in five quarto volumes, was edited in 1768 by the father, who lived with his daughters at Twickenham and in South Audley Street for some years after Walpole's death. He died at a great age at Genoa, in 1817; but the daughters lived on in London, and for upwards of half a century entertained at their houses in South Audley Street and in Curzon Street, or at their summer residence near Richmond, two generations of literary men. "They loved the society of authors and of people of fashion also, and thought at times, and not untruly, that they were the means of bringing about them more authors of note, mixing in good society, than Mrs. Montagu or Lady Blessington, or any other 'Queen of Society,' had succeeded in drawing together."

It would have been strange if, with all their love and admiration for Horace Walpole, both or either of the Miss Berrys had escaped figuring as an authoress. Agnes escaped the infection, but Mary Berry was not equally fortunate. In 1840 she edited the sixty letters which Walpole had addressed to herself and her sister. It is much to her credit that her last literary undertaking was a vindication of his memory from the sarcasms of Lord Macaulay in his well-known article in the *Edinburgh Review*. Her scattered writings were collected by herself, in 1844, into two octavo volumes, entitled "England and France: A Comparative View of the Social Condition of both Countries from the Restoration of Charles the

Second; to which are now added Remarks on Lord Orford's Letters, the Life of the Marquise du Deffand, the Life of Rachel, Lady Russell, and Fashionable Friends: a Comedy." "In these miscellanies—for by that name they should have been called"—writes Sylvanus Urban, "are to be found many keen and correct remarks on society, and on men and manners, with here and there a dash of old (*i.e.*, antiquarian) reading, and every now and then a valuable observation or two on the fashions and other minute details of the age in which Horace Walpole lived. . . . In his late years Walpole makes no better appearance than he does in his letters to Mary and Agnes Berry. He seems to have forgotten the gout, and Chatterton, and Dr. Kippis, and the Society of Antiquaries, and to have written like an old man no longer soured by the world, but altogether in love with what was good."

It will be seen that Mary Berry survived her sister only a few months. She is said to have felt her loss severely. For a time after the death of Agnes she was observed

"To muse and take her solitary tea;"

but she rallied again, and continued to cultivate the society of her living friends, as well as to dwell with pleasure on the reminiscences of that vanished society which she had once enjoyed, and of which she was the last survivor.

The celebrated Lady Dysart who afterwards became Duchess of Lauderdale, though she was both married and buried in Petersham Church, has no monument to her memory here. The following is the entry in the register referring to the marriage:—"The ryght honorable John, Earl of Lauderdale, was married to the ryght honorable Elizabeth, Countesse of Desert, by the Reverend Father in God (Walter) Lord Bishop of Worcester, in the church of Petersham, on the 17th day of Februarie, 1671—2, publicly in the time of reading the common prayer, and gave the carpet, pulpit-cloth, and cushion."

Dr. Charles Mackay, in his "Thames and its Tributaries," writes thus, describing the scenery along the banks of the river between Ham Walks and Richmond:—"Among the most conspicuous of the places we pass there is a neat little rural hut, called 'Gay's Summer-house,' where, according to tradition, that amiable poet wrote his celebrated 'Fables' for the infant Duke of Cumberland, currying court favour, but getting nothing but neglect for his pains. 'Dear Pope,' he wrote to his brother poet, 'what a barren soil have I been striving to produce something out of! Why did

I not take your advice, before my writing fables for the duke, not to write them, or rather to write them for some young nobleman? It is my hard fate—I must get nothing, write for or against them.’ Poor Gay,” he continues. “Too well he knew, as Spenser so feelingly sings in his ‘Mother Hubbard’s Tale’ :—

“What hell it was in suing long to bide,
To lose good days that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent ;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow ;
To fret the soul with crosses and with cares,
To eat the heart through comfortless despairs,
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.’

“Yet one cannot help thinking, after all, that it served him right ; for, according to his own confession, he was ready to wield his pen either for or against the court, as might be most profitable. Who is there but must regret that a man of his genius should ever have been reduced to so pitiful an extremity? Who but must sigh that he should, even to his bosom friend, have made such a confession?”

Gay’s summer-house is (or used to be), observes Mr. Thorne, in his “Environs,” pointed out by Thames boatmen to visitors as the place in which “Gay wrote Thomson’s ‘Seasons!’” It is a low-thatched, semi-circular or octagonal building.

On the north side of the parish, close to Petersham Lane, where the ground begins to slope up to Richmond Hill, there was in former time an estate and mansion called Petersham Lodge, which was sold to Charles I. by Gregory Cole, son of George Cole, whose monument in the church close by we have described. A lease of the property was granted by James II. to his nephew, Edward Hyde, Lord Cornbury, whom we have lately mentioned as the grandson of the great Lord Chancellor Clarendon ; and it subsequently became the residence of his cousin, Henry, second and last Lord Rochester. Whilst in his possession, in 1721, the house was burnt down, and much of its rich furniture, family pictures, books, and manuscripts, including the valuable library which had belonged to the Chancellor, were destroyed. William Stanhope, who subsequently owned the property, and who was afterwards created Viscount Petersham and Earl of Harrington, rebuilt the lodge on the site of the former house, from the designs of Lord Burlington. The grounds were well planted with trees, among them being some fine cedars, many of which, still flourishing on the declivity of the hill, mark the site of the estate.

It is to this second Petersham Lodge that Thomson alludes when speaking of

“—the pendant woods
That nodding hang o’er Harrington’s retreat.”

Lord Harrington’s mansion in the middle of the last century was a great place for aristocratic *réunions*. Mrs. Montagu, who was among its frequent visitors, writes that “she could turn Pastorella here with great pleasure”—no doubt when she was tired of London.

Catherine Hyde, Duchess of Queensberry—Prior’s “Kitty, beautiful and young,” and Gay’s “great protectress”—lived for many years at Petersham, whither she removed her share of the fine pictures which formerly belonged to her brother, Lord Clarendon. This collection, formed by the famous Lord Chancellor Edward Hyde, was known by the name of the Clarendon Portraits. They were about 100 in number, and on the sale of Clarendon* House, were removed to Cornbury House, in Oxfordshire, where, whilst in the possession of his lordship’s son, Lord Cornbury, they were considerably reduced in number by executions and forced sales ; but they were eventually saved from further dispersion by the purchase of the house and its contents by Lord Cornbury’s brother, Lord Rochester. On the death of Henry, the fourth earl, in 1752, his will, in which he had bequeathed his pictures, plate, and books, as heirlooms to the possessors of the estate, was contested by his surviving sister, the Duchess of Queensberry, and the bequest was set aside as far as related to the pictures. These were ordered to be divided between the Duchess and Lord Clarendon’s eldest daughter, Lady Essex. The pictures selected by the duchess were taken first of all to her seat at Amesbury, in Wiltshire, but afterwards brought hither. On the death of the last Duke of Queensberry, in 1810, the pictures passed to Archibald, Lord Douglas, who removed them to Bothwell Castle, in Lanarkshire.

The following anecdotes, which we quote from the *Court Circular*, will be sufficient to justify the title of “witty and eccentric” which has been applied to the Duchess of Queensberry :—“Her Grace had been confined on account of mental derangement ; and her conduct in married life was frequently such as to entitle her to a repetition of the same treatment. She was, in reality—to say the least—most terribly eccentric, though the politeness of fashionable society and the flattery of her poetical friends seem rather to have attributed her extravagances to an agreeable freedom of

* See “Old and New London,” Vol. IV., p. 273.

carriage and vivacity of mind. She was no admirer of Scottish manners. One habit she particularly detested—the custom of eating off the end of a knife, which is still too prevalent in this ‘nation of gentlemen.’ When people dined with her, and began to lift their food in this manner, she used to scream out, and beseech them not to cut their throats; and then she would horrify the offending persons by sending them a silver spoon or fork upon a salver. When in Scotland, she always dressed herself in the garb of a peasant girl. This she seems to have done in order to ridicule and put out of countenance the stately dresses and demeanour of the Scottish gentlewomen who visited her. One evening some country ladies paid her a visit, dressed in their best brocades. She proposed a walk, and they were, of course, under the disagreeable necessity of trooping off in all the splendour of full dress, to the utter discomfiture of their starched-up frills and flounces. Her Grace, at last pretending to be tired, sat down upon the dirtiest dunghill she could find at the end of a farmhouse, and invited the poor draggled ladies to seat themselves around her. They stood so much in awe of her that they durst not refuse. She had the exquisite satisfaction of spoiling all their silks. Let womankind conceive (as only womankind can) the rage and spite that must have possessed their bosoms, and the battery of female tongues that must have opened upon her Grace as soon as they were free from the restraint of her presence!

“When she went out to an evening entertainment, and found a tea-equipage paraded which she thought too fine for the rank of the owner, she would contrive to overset the table and break the china. The forced politeness of her hosts on such occasions, and the assurances which they made to her that no harm was done, delighted her exceedingly.

“Her custom of dressing like a *paysanne* once occasioned her Grace a disagreeable adventure at a review. On her attempting to approach the duke, the guard, not knowing her rank or relation to him, pushed her rudely back. This put her into such a passion, that she could not be appeased till he assured her that the men had been all flogged for their insolence.” The story, if literally true, does not speak much for the tenderness of her heart.

“An anecdote scarcely less laughable is told of her Grace, as occurring at Court, where she carried to the same extreme her attachment to plain dealing and plain dressing. An edict had, it seems, been issued, forbidding the ladies to appear at the drawing-room in aprons. This was disregarded by the duchess, whose rustic costume would have been

by no means complete without that piece of dress. The lord-in-waiting stopped her when she approached the door, and told her that he could not admit her in that guise, when she, without a moment’s hesitation, stripped off her apron, threw it in his lordship’s face, and walked on, in her brown gown and petticoat, into the brilliant circle!”

William, the third earl of Harrington, who succeeded to the property in 1779, shortly after sold it to Thomas Pitt, first Lord Camelford, from whom it subsequently passed by sale to the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., who occasionally resided here. The estate was afterwards sold to Lord Huntingtower, the eldest son of Lady Dysart, who died in 1833. In the following year his executors sold the property to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. All the buildings have since been pulled down, and the grounds have been annexed to Richmond Park.

Sudbrooke, close by, is mentioned as a hamlet of Petersham in a MS. of the thirteenth century preserved in the British Museum, but for nearly three centuries it has been reduced to a single building. In the time of George I. it was the property and seat of John, Duke of Argyll, from whom it descended to his eldest daughter and heiress, Lady Catherine Campbell, created Baroness of Greenwich in 1767, on whose death, in 1794, the estate was inherited by Henry, third Duke of Buccleuch, her son by her first husband, Francis, Earl of Dalkeith. Later on the mansion became the property of Sir Robert Wilmot Horton, formerly Governor of Ceylon, who made it his residence. The property was afterwards purchased by the Crown, and the greater part of the grounds annexed to Richmond Park. Sudbrooke House itself, a large three-storeyed building, has long been converted into a hydropathic establishment.

Bute House, near the village, was formerly the seat of Lord Bute, and is now a boarding-school. In the avenue leading to Ham House is Douglas House, at one time the residence of Lord Kerry, the eldest son of the third Lord Lansdowne. Here lived Gregory Cole, mentioned by John Evelyn as his “near kinsman,” and whose monument is described among those in the church. This family are recorded as residents here in the old histories of Surrey. Here, too, Charles Dickens, flushed with the first success of “Nicholas Nickleby,” enjoyed the quiet and repose of a rural cottage in the summer of 1839, where, to use the expression of Mr. John Forster, “the extensive garden-grounds admitted of much athletic competition.” Here “bar-leaping, bowling, and quoits were . . . carried on with the greatest ardour; and in sus-

tained energy, in what is called keeping it up, Dickens certainly distanced every competitor. Even the lighter recreations of battledore and shuttlecock were pursued with relentless activity; and at such amusements as the Petersham races, in those days rather celebrated, and which he visited

daily while they lasted, he worked much harder than the running horses did." This is probably an exaggeration; but it may be recorded that whilst residing here Charles Dickens much amused the children of the neighbourhood by starting a fire-balloon club for the benefit of the juveniles.



IN RICHMOND PARK.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

RICHMOND.

"Say, shall we ascend
Thy hill, delightful Sheen? Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape: now the raptur'd eye
Exulting, swift to huge Augusta send;
Now to the sister hills that skirt her plain;
To lofty Harrow now; and now to where
Majestic Windsor lifts its princely brow."—THOMSON.

Change of the Name from Sheen to Richmond—Situation of the Town—Its Boundaries and Extent—Beauty of its Surrounding Scenery—Descent of the Manor of Sheen—Earliest mention of the Palace—Death of Edward III.—The Palace Restored by Henry V.—Interview between Edward IV. and the "King-maker"—Camden's Account of the Palace—Vicissitudes of the Palace—A Royal Hoard—Visit of the Emperor Charles V.—The Princess Elizabeth entertained here by Queen Mary—Queen Elizabeth at Richmond—Her Death—Habits of the Queen—Her Burial at Westminster—Henry, Prince of Wales, son of James I., resident at Richmond Palace—Settlement of the Palace on Queen Henrietta Maria—A Survey of the Palace by Order of the Parliament—Decay and Demolition of the Palace—Asgill House—George III. and the Gatekeeper—The Monastery of Sheen—The Head of James IV., King of Scotland—The Convent of Observant Friars.

THE name of Richmond is suggestive of pleasant pictures, of shining green meadows and silver streams, of royal splendour and gentle poesy, of

"Star and Garter" feasts and dainty "Maids of Honour," of four-in-hands, and summer sunshine, and buoyant holiday spirits. Which of us has not

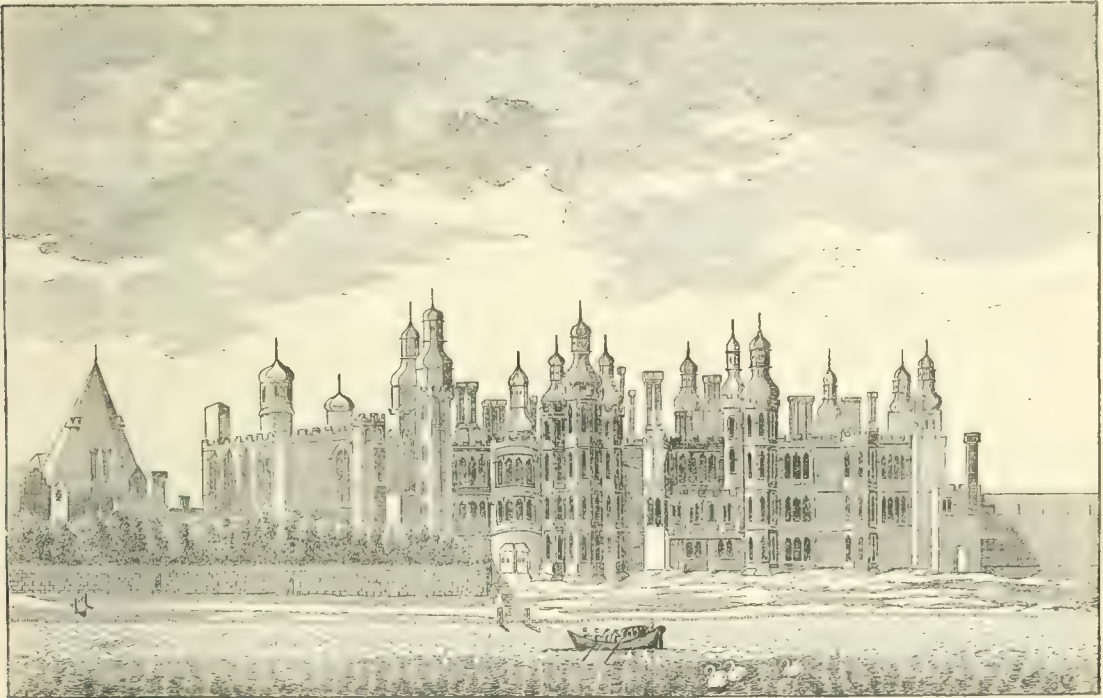
some such pleasant or happy associations with the beautiful village on the banks of the Thames?

The place was anciently called Shene, or Sheen, the Saxon equivalent of brightness or splendour. The name was changed to Richmond in compliment to Henry VII. (Henry of Richmond), during whose residence here the palace was partly destroyed by fire. On its restoration the new style was adopted.

Richmond is beautifully situated on the banks of the Thames, by which it is bounded on the west, whilst it adjoins Kew and Mortlake on the

"Richmond Park," says the Vicomte d'Arlingcourt, in his work on "The Three Kingdoms," "is renowned for its scenery." This is a strong testimony from a Frenchman, who could hardly help contrasting it unfavourably with the far greater beauties of St. Cloud; whilst Cote, in his "Impressions of England," writes with enthusiasm of the spot.

"The English," he says, "though a proud people, are really very moderate in their appreciation of the manifold charms of their incomparable isle.



OLD RICHMOND PALACE, AS BUILT BY HENRY VII.
(From a print Published by the Society of Antiquaries, 1765.)

north, Mortlake on the east, and Petersham on the south. The soil is generally sandy, although some parts are clay and gravel.

The parish of Richmond contains about 1,200 acres, of which by far the larger proportion belongs to the Crown, comprehending a part of Kew Gardens and the paddocks adjoining, bounded by the river.

The beauty of the scenery in and around Richmond is celebrated in song and story. Alaric A. Watts thus sings of it:—

"Let poets rave of Arno's stream,
And painters of the winding Rhine,
I will not ask a lovelier dream,
A sweeter scene, fair Thames, than thine:
As 'neath a summer sun's decline,
Thou 'wanderest at thine own sweet will,'
Reflecting from thy face divine
The flower-wreathed brow of Richmond Hill."

When I surveyed the river view from Richmond Hill, I recalled the glorious waters of my own dear country, and many a darling scene which is imperishably stamped in my mind's eye, and asked myself whether indeed this was more delightful to the sight than those. I was slow to admit anything inferior in the scenery of the Hudson and Susquehanna, when I compared them with so diminutive a stream as the Thames, and I even reproved myself for bringing them into parallel; but over and over again was I forced to allow that

'Earth has not anything to show more fair'

than the rich luxuriance of the panorama which I then surveyed. A river whose banks are old historic fields, and whose placid surface reflects, from

league to league of its progress, the towers of palaces and of churches which for centuries have been hallowed by ennobling and holy associations; which flows by the favourite haunts of genius, or winds among the antique halls of consecrated learning; and which, after sweeping beneath the gigantic arches, domes, and temples of a vast metropolis, gives itself to the burthen of fleets and navies, and bears them magnificently forth to the ocean: such an object must necessarily be one of the highest interest to any one capable of appreciating the mentally beautiful and sublime; but when natural glories invest the same objects with a thousand independent attractions, who need be ashamed of owning an overpowering enthusiasm in the actual survey?"

Charles Dickens also gives his testimony—less full and free, it is true, than the foregoing. "We grant," says he, "that the banks of the Thames are very beautiful at Richmond and Twickenham, and at other havens, often sought, though seldom reached, by cockney excursionists."

"The royal parks of Richmond and Bushey," we find in "Picturesque Europe," "furnish convincing illustrations of the manner in which art judiciously applied may be made to assist nature. The tangled brakes, plenteous ferns, flower dells, tastefully-bestowed shrubs, and trees great and small, are an untold boon to the City-pent thousands of the metropolis, and an attraction to visitors from every clime. In Richmond Park there is a marvellous intermingling of the old and new. By the sides of irregular groups of time-worn giants of the forest, carrying us back to those very early times indicated by the mention, in the reign of Henry VIII., of certain portions as 'the new park,' there stand vigorous plantations of maturing and matured trees that prove the fostering care of more recent guardians. It is possible, taking care that the keeper's eye is not upon us, to wander away into absolute solitude, where the thick under-wood conceals hare, rabbit, and pheasant, and where the graceful hind and fawn repose in undisturbed confidence, with rare and luxuriant ferns and mosses as their carpet. . . . Ivy and lichens conceal the deep wrinkles of age upon the knotted pillars which uphold the latter; and in its season the foliage is sufficiently dense to provide unbroken shade. It may truly be said of all woods and forests that, as a rule, 'distance lends enchantment to the view;' and, happily for the visitor, the public pathways which intersect Richmond Park seem to have been specially designed to show off the wooded portions to the best advantage."

Another author writes:—"The amateur painter

may also here find abundance of subjects on which to exercise his pencil or gratify his taste for nature and art: admiration of the former and knowledge of the latter being alike called into action by the scenery around him. The placid stream verifying Denham's description—

'Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full'—

presents on one side emerald turf of the finest texture and brightest verdure, lofty elms, interspersed with chestnuts, poplars, acacias, and all the lighter shrubs, shading noble mansions with hanging gardens, and elegant cottages *ornée*; while on the other is seen the ancient village of Richmond, rising terrace-wise, and exhibiting every form of stately and of rural dwelling. A peculiar air of cheerfulness everywhere pervades the scene, which is alike remote from the noise and confusion attendant on the metropolis, and the sequestration which belongs to isolated dwellings in more remote districts. The pleasures of society and the tranquillity of retirement are nowhere better combined and completely enjoyed than in this beautiful village and its vicinity."

The poet Thomson, who resided for some years at Richmond, thus sang its praises in "The Seasons":—

"Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?
The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse?
All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
Along the streams, or walk the smiling mead?
Or court the forest glades? or wander wild
Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
While radiant summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful Shene? Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape: now the raptured eye,
Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send;
Now to the sister-hills* that skirt her plain;
To lofty Harrow now; and now to where
Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the silver Thames first rural grows.
There let the feasted eye unwearied stray;
Luxurious there, rove through the pendant woods
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
And stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retired,
With her the pleasing partner of his heart,
The worthy Queensberry yet laments his Gay,
And polished Cornbury woos the willing muse.
Slow let us trace the matchless vale of Thames;
Fair winding up to where the muses haunt
In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
The healing god; to royal Hampton's pile,
To Clermont's terraced height, and Esher's groves,
Where, in the sweetest solitude, embraced
By the soft windings of the silent Mole,

* Highgate and Hampstead.

From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.
 Enchanting vale ! beyond whate'er the muse
 Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung !
 O, vale of bliss ! O, softly-swelling hills !
 On which the *Power of Cultivation* lies,
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

Heavens ! what a goodly prospect spreads around
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
 And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
 The stretching landscape into smoke decays."

The scenery of Richmond Hill has been the subject not only of much poetry, but also of many a *bon mot*. Thus, a certain French traveller, less magnanimous than the Vicomte d'Arlingcourt, once contemptuously observed that the Thames is merely "a little stream, which might be easily drained," a remark for which he was smartly reprimanded in the *Quarterly Review*. It is said that another foreign coxcomb, who had come to England for the special object of seeing this prospect, after gazing at it with an air of indifference, turned on his heel, saying : "Pretty enough, to be sure ; but, after all, take away the water and the verdure, and what is it ?"

The manor of Shene appears to have been comprehended in that of Kingston, which belonged to the Crown at the time of the Domesday Survey. Henry I. gave it to one of the family of Belet, to hold by the service, or sergeantry, of officiating as chief butler to the king. In the reign of Edward I. this property belonged to Robert Burnell, Bishop of Bath and Wells. The subsequent descent of the manor until it became vested in the Crown is rather uncertain.

"Both Lysons and Manning have asserted," says Brayley, "that the manor of Shene belonged to the Crown in the latter part of the reign of Edward I. ; but this seems inconsistent with the statements still existing in an ancient record relative to the holding of the manor by subjects in the reigns of Edward II. and Edward III. For though the first of our kings who held the entire manorial estate was Edward III., it appears that his father and grandfather occasionally resided at Shene, either as tenants of the lords of the manor or as owners of some portion of the property. A palace is said to have been erected by Edward III. on his manor of Shene ; and although some doubt is thrown upon the statement, it is certain that a royal mansion existed here in his time, for it was at the palace or mansion of Shene that death terminated his long and victorious reign, in 1377."

Baker, in his quaintly-worded "Chronicles," gives the following particulars of the death of Edward III. :—"The King, besides his being old and worn with the labours of War, had other causes

that hastened his end : his grief for the loss of so worthy a Son, dead but ten months before ; his grief for the loss of all benefit of his Conquests in *France*, of all which he had little now left but only *Callice*. And oppressed thus in body and minde, he was drawing his last breath, when his Concubine, Alice Pierce, packing away what she could catch, even to the Rings of his Fingers, left him, and by her example other of his attendants, seizing on what they could come by, shift away ; and all his Counsellours and others forsook him when he most needed them, leaving his Chamber quite empty. Which a poor Priest in the house seeing, he approaches to the King's Bed-side, and finding him yet breathing, calls upon him to remember his Saviour, and to ask mercy for his offences, which none about him before would do. But now moved by the voice of this Priest, he shews all signs of contrition, and at last breath he expresseth the name of Jesus. Thus died this victorious King at his Manor of *Sheene* (now Richmond), the 21 day of *June*, in the year 1377, in the 64 year of his age, having reigned fifty years, four months and odd dayes. His body was conveyed from *Sheene* by his four Sons and other Lords, and solemnly interred within *Westminster* Church, where he hath his Monument, and where it is said the Sword he used in Battel is yet to be seen, being eight pound in weight, and seven foot in length."

His grandson and successor, Richard II., may be supposed to have passed much of his time at this place during the life of his first queen, Anne of Bohemia, for, as historians inform us, on her death, which happened at Shene in 1394, he was so violently afflicted, "that he, besides cursing the place where she died, did also for anger throwe downe the buildings, unto which former kings, being wearied of the citie, were wont for pleasure to resort."

The palace remained in ruins during the reign of Henry IV. ; but Henry V., soon after he ascended the throne, restored the edifice to its former magnificence. Thomas Elmham says it was "a delightful mansion, of curious and costly workmanship, and befitting the character and condition of a king." The second palace stood a little further from the river than the former had done.

Edward IV. was fond of the chase here, and it is at Sheen that Bulwer, in "The Last of the Barons," lays the scene of the stormy interview between Edward IV. and the "King-maker" relative to the betrothal of the king's sister, Margaret. In the previous chapter will be found a picturesque description of the scene presented by the Court assembled in the park :—"A space had been

cleared of trees and underwood, and made level as a bowling-green. Around this space the huge oaks and the broad beeches were hung with trellis-work, wreathed with jasmine, honeysuckle, and the white rose trained in arches. Ever and anon through these arches extended long alleys, or vistas, gradually lost in the cool depth of foliage; amidst these alleys and around this space numberless arbours, quaint with all the flowers then known in England, were constructed. In the centre of the sward was a small artificial lake, long since dried up, and adorned then with a profusion of fountains, that seemed to scatter coolness around the glowing air. Pitched in varied and appropriate sites were tents of silk and of the white cloth of Rennes, each tent so placed as to command one of the alleys, and at the opening of each stood cavalier or dame, with the bow or cross-bow—as it pleased the fancy or best suited the skill—looking for the quarry, which horn and hound drove fast and frequent across the alleys."

"King Henry's palace," says Fuller, in his "Worthies," is "most pleasantly seated on the Thames." "The palace of Shene," writes Camden, "stood a little east of the bridge, and close by the river-side, and was chiefly used as a nursery for our princes and princesses." Some of them, however, were confined here as well as cradled; and during a portion of Mary's reign it served as the prison-house of her sister Elizabeth. Very solemn, too, were the circumstances under which death made his visits to crowned heads at Shene—epics of history, they tell the touching moral of humanity stronger than state—of natural sorrow breaking down the artificial defences of rank, and forcing kings to find their level in affliction, like common clay upon the lap of Nature. Here Edward III. died of grief for the loss of his warlike son—he of the chivalrous heart and sable armour, whose gauntlets and surcoat still moulder above his tomb in the cathedral at Canterbury. "Here also," to quote Camden again, "died the beautiful and entirely-beloved Anne, queen of Richard II., daughter of the Emperor Charles IV., and sister to Wencislaus, King of Bohemia. Upon this event he had the palace rased to the ground, as if to revenge the misery he had suffered there, or to blot out (if it may be) the reminiscences the pile awakened; but Henry III. restored it. It is said that this queen first introduced the side-saddle into England, before which period ladies sat their horses as peasant girls in the interior of Spain continue to do their mules, *en cavalier*. Her death occurred in 1394."

The palace was much enlarged by Henry VII.

Lord Bacon, in his "History" of that king, tells us that Henry here gave splendid entertainments after giving public thanks at St. Paul's for the victory of the Spaniards over the Moors in capturing Grenada, and that a knight named Parker was accidentally killed in a tournament held on that occasion in the park.

The palace seems to have undergone various vicissitudes, for in 1498 Brayley relates how the king (Henry VII.) being at Shene, a fire broke out in his lodging in the palace, about nine o'clock in the evening, and continued till midnight, a great part, especially of the old buildings, being destroyed, together with hangings, beds, apparel, plate, and many jewels. Immediate orders were given for the restoration of the edifice; and in 1501, when much of the new work was finished, the king ordained that it should in future be styled "Richmond." Another fire occurred in the king's chamber in 1506-7, when "much rich furniture was consumed"; and in July following a new gallery, in which the king and his son Prince Arthur had been walking a short time previously, fell down, but without injuring any person. In the same year (1503), Philip I. of Spain, who had been driven on the coast of England by a storm, was entertained by King Henry at Richmond, where many notable feats of arms were proved. Here Henry died, six years later, in April, 1509; and Baker tells us, in his "Chronicle," how his dead body was brought out of his "privy chamber" into the "great chamber," and thence into the hall, and finally into the chapel, in each of which places it remained for three days, whilst solemn dirges and masses were said, preparatory to its final journey, by land, to Westminster Abbey. To him might well be applied the lines of Gray, though they refer to his ancestor, Edward I. :—

"Mighty victor! mighty lord!
Low on his funeral couch he lies;
No pitying heart, no eye afford
A tear to grace his obsequies."

He left unparalleled treasure in money, jewels, and plate, locked up in its cellars and vaults. Indeed, the hoard amassed by Henry, and "most of it under his own key and keeping, in secret places at Richmond," is said to have amounted to near £1,800,000, which, according to conjectures, would be now equivalent to about £16,000,000: an amount of specie so immense as to warrant a suspicion of exaggeration in an age when there was no control from public documents on a matter of which the writers of history were ignorant. Our doubts of the amount amassed by Henry are considerably warranted by the computation of Sir W.

Petty, who, a century and a half later, calculated the whole specie of England at only £6,000,000. This hoard, whatever may have been its precise extent, was too great to be formed by frugality, even under the penurious and niggardly Henry. Henry VIII. spent the Christmas after his accession to the throne at Richmond Palace, where his eldest son, Henry, was born and died, in 1511. Fuller remarks, in his "Worthies," that the king "allcadged his untimely death with that of another son by the same queen, as a punishment for begetting them on the Body of his brother's wife." If so, one of the causes which, in the event, brought about the change of religion in England must be for ever connected with Richmond.

The Emperor Charles V., when he visited England, in 1522, was lodged at Richmond. After this date the king seems to have ceased to like Richmond; at all events, his visits to the palace became few and brief, though he "lay" there occasionally for a night. It was here that Anne of Cleves was waited on by the royal commissioners, informing her that her divorce from the tyrant Henry had been confirmed by the Parliament; and, as was only natural, she became greatly terrified, fainted, and fell to the ground. And before the commissioners departed, we are told she took off her wedding ring, to be given back to the king, whom henceforth she was to regard as a brother. Lucky, instead, that she had not to regard him as her executioner!

Ultimately she fell in with the new arrangement, for little love was lost on either side: her figure not pleasing that fastidious monarch, and she equally despising his character. She bade her attendants tell the king there should be no "womanishness" about her, and that inconstancy could not be laid to her charge, for not the whole world should alter her. Her brother, the Duke of Cleves, was very wroth at the king's proceedings, and would no doubt have made trouble for his Majesty, had not the Lady Anne, so calm and pleasant throughout this disagreeable affair, begged of him to let her "precious adopted brother" live in peace, if not for her sake, at least out of regard for his own.

Anne continued to reside here and at Chelsea after her divorce, devoting her time to rural sports and recreations, and living an easy, quiet life, free from the cares of politics and courts. She would remark to her friends, "There is no place like this England for feeding right well." She could speak no language but Flemish; she knew nothing of music or singing; and how could she expect to suit the taste of a man such as Henry VIII.?

She was still living when Edward VI. and Mary were on the throne, and during those seventeen years received honour and respect from all who knew her, and was much beloved by the princesses Mary and Elizabeth. After the divorce had been satisfactorily settled, Henry paid her a visit, and was so "delighted by her pleasant and respectful reception of him, that he supped with her merrily, and not only went often again to see her, but visited her at Hampton, whither she went, not at all troubling herself that another was playing the queen." Very possibly she was of opinion that

"When evil men hold sway
The post of comfort is a private station."

In 1554 Queen Mary, with her newly-wedded consort, Philip of Spain, removed from Windsor to the palace at Richmond.

"During the summer of 1557," writes Miss Lucy Aikin, "Queen Mary invited her sister Elizabeth to an entertainment at Richmond, of which some particulars are recorded. The princess was brought from Somerset House in the queen's barge, which was richly hung with garlands of artificial flowers, and covered with a canopy of green sarcenet, wrought with branches of eglantine in embroidery, and powdered with blossoms of gold. In the barge she was accompanied by Sir Thomas Pope and four ladies of her chamber. Six boats attended, filled with her retinue, habited in russet damask and blue embroidered satin, tasseled and spangled with silver, their bonnets cloth of silver, with green feathers. The queen received her in a sumptuous pavilion in the labyrinth of the gardens. This pavilion, which was of cloth of gold and purple velvet, was made in the form of a castle: in allusion, perhaps, to the kingdom of Castile; its sides were divided in compartments, which bore alternately the *fleur-de-lis* in silver and the pomegranate, the bearing of Grenada, in gold. A sumptuous banquet was here served up to the royal ladies, in which there was introduced a pomegranate tree in confectionery work, bearing the arms of Spain. . . . There was no music or dancing, but a great number of minstrels performed. The princess returned the same day to Somerset House: striking indications of the preference given by Mary to the country of her husband and of her maternal ancestry over that of which she was a native and a queen in her own right. There was no masking or dancing, but a great number of minstrels performed. The princess returned to Somerset Place the same evening, and the next day to Hatfield."

It was on an occasion of less honour that

the princess was brought hither from the Tower in the charge of Sir Henry Bedingfield, her harsh custodian, to Richmond, and here she received the offer of her freedom, on condition of exiling herself from England by marrying the Duke of Savoy—an offer which she had the firmness to refuse, preferring the reversion of the English crown. On this refusal being communicated to Queen Mary, the poor princess was ordered to be removed to Woodstock. "On crossing the river at Richmond on this melancholy journey," writes Lucy Aikin, "she descried from the other side certain of her poor servants who had been restrained from giving their attendance during her imprisonment, and were anxiously desirous of seeing her again. 'Go to them,' she said to one of her men, 'and say these words from me: *Tantum oris*, like a sheep to the slaughter.'"

Richmond was a favourite residence of Queen Elizabeth, who here entertained Eric IV., King of Sweden, when he visited England to make her a proposal of marriage. Whilst the king was in England he paid frequent visits to Dr. Dee, the astrologer, at Mortlake, whom he employed as a spy, and of whom we shall have more to say presently, when we reach that place.

An amusing and characteristic anecdote is told of Elizabeth in connection with Richmond. A carter had three times been at Richmond with his cart, to carry away, upon summons of a removal from thence, some part of the stuff of Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe; and when he had repaired thither once, twice, and the third time, and they of the wardrobe told him the third time that the removal held not, the queen having changed her mind, the carter, clapping his hand on his thigh, said, "*Now I see that the queen is a woman as well as my wife*," which words being overheard by her Majesty, who then stood at the window, she said, "*What a villain is this!*" and so sent him three angels to stop his mouth.

The well-known story of Queen Elizabeth's jest with her cousin, Henry Cary, which we have recorded in our account of Hampton Court,* is sometimes said to belong to Richmond Palace.

It is well known that Elizabeth was so vain that no ambassador or courtier succeeded in his suit with her except by addressing her as a goddess. Anthony Rudd, Bishop of St. David's, incurred her displeasure by preaching before the Court at Richmond, in 1596, on the infirmities of old age, and at the same time applying his remarks to the queen, observing how "time had furrowed her face, and

besprinkled her hair with meal." Even then, at the age of sixty-two, Elizabeth did not dislike to be complimented on her personal charms; and she never forgave those who accused her of growing old. Bishop Rudd was never promoted.

In a note in Walpole's "Royal and Noble Authors," however, we read an anecdote, which it is to be hoped for the queen's sake is true, in part at least:—"The Archbishop of Canterbury, who attended the queen in the last moments of her life, endeavoured to console her by saying that she had everything to hope from the mercy of the Almighty for her piety, her zeal, and the admirable work of the Reformation which she had so happily established. The queen, who had turned to the other side of the bed, interrupted the archbishop by saying, 'My lord, the crown which I wore for many years made me sufficiently vain while I lived; I beg you will not now increase my fault in that respect.'"

It is much now-a-days to find any one who believes that Queen Elizabeth was ever young, or who does not talk of her as if she was born about seventy years of age, covered with rouge and wrinkles. It may be safely said, however, that as to the beauty of this woman there is a greater mass of testimony—and from the very best judges, too—than there is of the beauty of any personage in history; and yet it has become the fashion now to deny even that.

After Mary Stuart—perhaps, indeed, not second even to her—there is no female character in English history surrounded by such a halo of interest and fascination as Elizabeth. Every inch a queen, and every inch a woman—in her strength and in her weakness—the maiden queen appeals to our chivalry, our sentiment, and our admiration. There are writers who maintain that in mere personal beauty, in her youth and middle age, she was able to hold her own against her beautiful cousin and rival.

Charles Kingsley says:—"The plain facts seem that she was very graceful, active, accomplished in all outward manners, of a perfect figure, and of that style of intellectual beauty, depending on expression, which attracted—and we trust always will attract—Britons, far more than that merely sensuous loveliness in which, no doubt, Mary Stuart far surpassed her. And there seems little doubt that, like many English women, she retained her beauty to a very late period in life, not to mention that she was, in 1592, just at that age of rejuvenescence which makes many a woman more lovely at sixty than she had been since she was thirty-five. No doubt, too, she used every artificial means to pre-

* See Vol. I., p. 151.

serve her famous complexion ; and quite right she was. This beauty of hers had been a talent—as all beauty is—committed to her by God ; it had been an important element in her great success ; men had accepted it as what beauty of form and expression generally is, an outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace ; and while the inward was unchanged, what wonder if she tried to preserve the outward ? If she was the same, why should she not try to look the same ? And what

her death at last ; and this no sooner was supposed to be mortal, than her courtiers hastened from her palace to make their court to the King of Scots, her presumptive heir. This threw her into a deep melancholy ; and in the beginning of March, not only her limbs, but her speech, failed her very much, which made her so peevish, that she could bear nobody near her but the Archbishop of Canterbury, who gave her due attendance in prayer and exhortations. When death seemed to draw very



REMAINS OF THE OLD PALACE, RICHMOND.

blame to those who worshipped her, if, knowing that she was the same, they too should fancy that she looked the same—the Elizabeth of their youth—and should talk as if the fair flesh, as well as the fair spirit, was immortal ? Does not every loving husband do so when he forgets the grey hair and the sunken cheek, and all the wastes of time, and sees the partner of many joys and sorrows not as she has become, but as she was, ay, and is to him, and will be to him, he trusts, through all eternity ? ”

It was at Richmond that the long life and splendid reign of Elizabeth came to a close, on the 24th of March, 1603. “At the end of January, 1603,” says an old chronicle, “Elizabeth began to feel the first attacks of a distemper, which proved

near, her Council deputed the Lord Admiral to pray her to name her successor : to whom she faintly answered, ‘That she had already said her throne was the throne of kings, and she would have no mean person to succeed her.’ But being further desired by the Secretary to declare her pleasure more plainly, ‘I will,’ said she, ‘that a king succeed me. And who should that be but my nearest kinsman, the King of Scots ? ’ ”

If she was not forgotten in her life, at all events in her death she was deserted by all the friends who had fawned on her Majesty, and basked in the sunshine of her royal face. Death showed to her the hollowness of earthly friendships and courtly adulation.

So true are Tennyson's words :—

" Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widowed of the power in his eye
That bowed the will."

And again he writes in the same tone :—

" ' O cruel heart ! ' she changed her tone,
' And cruel love, whose end is scorn ;
Is this the end, to be left alone,
To live forgotten and die forlorn ? ' "

In fact, as early as the close of the previous year, another account states, she was in ailing health, but she was able to visit the Lord Admiral at Chelsea in the January, and thence she removed to Richmond, never to leave it again alive. Her distress on account of the death of Essex was so keen that she refused to take food or rest, and a fixed melancholy settled upon her, which none of her courtiers could dispel. She would not go to her bed, but sat upon cushions piled on the floor of her chamber, uttering such groans—so her kinsman, Robert Cary tells us, in his "Memoirs"—as had never before been heard from her since the death of Mary, Queen of Scots. Miss Lucy Aikin draws a picture of the Archbishop of Canterbury and her chaplains praying by her bedside, and of her raising her hand to them in token of her wish that James of Scotland should succeed to her throne.

"Between one and two o'clock of the Thursday morning, he that I left in the cofferer's chamber brought me word that the queen was dead," writes Robert Cary. There is a romantic anecdote, often told, but first published in Osborn's "Traditionary Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth," which is confirmed by Maurier's "Memoirs," where it is given on the authority of Sir Dudley Carleton, the English ambassador to Holland, who related it to Prince Maurier. It is to this effect :—The Countess of Nottingham, who was a relation, but no friend, of the Earl of Essex, being on her death-bed, entreated to see the queen, declaring that she had something to confess to her before she could die in peace. On her Majesty's arrival, the countess produced a ring which, she said, the Earl of Essex had sent to her after his condemnation, with an earnest request that she would deliver it to the queen, as the token by which he implored her mercy ; but that, in obedience to her husband, to whom she had communicated the circumstance, she had withheld it, for which she entreated the queen's forgiveness. At the sight of the ring Elizabeth instantly recognised it as one which she had herself presented to her unhappy favourite, with the tender promise that of whatever offences he might be accused, or even guilty, on his returning to her that

pledge she would either pardon him or admit him to justify himself in her presence. Transported at once with grief and rage at learning the cruel duplicity of which the earl had been the victim and herself the dupe, the queen is said to have shaken the dying countess violently as she lay on her bed, and to have flung herself out of the room. This was the cause of the melancholy which seized her on returning to her palace, and no doubt hastened her death.

"The ceremonial of Elizabeth's Court at Whitehall, at Hampton, at Richmond," writes Miss Lucy Aikin, "rivalled the servility of the East ; no person of whatever rank ventured to address her otherwise than kneeling, and this attitude was preserved by all the Ministers during their audiences of business, with the exception of Burleigh, in whose favour, when aged and infirm, she dispensed with its observance." Hentzner, the German traveller whom we have already quoted,* and who visited England towards the end of her reign, relates that as she passed through the several apartments from the chapel to the dining-hall, wherever she turned her eye he observed the spectators throw themselves upon their knees. He also further relates that the officers and ladies whose business it was to arrange the dishes and give tastes of them to the Yeomen of the Guard, by whom they were brought in, did not presume to approach the royal table without repeated prostrations and genuflexions.

Bohun, in his "Character of Queen Elizabeth," thus describes her habits whilst at her palace at Richmond :—"First in the morning she spent some time at her devotions ; then she betook herself to the despatch of her civil affairs, reading letters, ordering answers, considering what should be brought before the Council, and consulting with her Ministers. When she had thus wearied herself, she would walk in a shady garden or pleasant gallery, without any other attendance than that of a few learned men. Then she took her coach, and passed in the sight of her people to the neighbouring groves and fields, and sometimes would hunt or hawk. There was scarce a day but she employed some part of it in reading and study. . . . She slept little, seldom drank wine, was sparing in her diet, and a religious observer of the fasts. She seldom dined alone, but more commonly had with her some of her friends. At supper she would divert herself with her friends and attendants, and if they made her no answer, would put them upon mirth and pleasant discourse with great civility. She would then admit Tarleton, a famous comedian

* See *ante*, p. 231.

and pleasant tattler, and other such men, to divert her with stories of the town and the common jests and anecdotes. . . . She would recreate herself with a game of chess, dancing, or singing. She would often play at cards and tables, and if at any time she happened to win, she would be sure to demand the money. She was waited upon in her bedchamber by married ladies of the nobility—the Marchioness of Winchester, widow, Lady Warwick, and Lady Scrope; and here she would seldom suffer any to wait on her but Leicester, Hatton, Essex, Nottingham, and Raleigh. Some lady always slept in her chamber; and, besides her guards, there was always a gentleman of good quality and some others up in the next chamber, to wake her if anything extraordinary happened." The same authority, Bohun, states that she was "laudably watchful over the morals of her Court," which is good news to hear. The ladies of her Court, however, were taught to employ their minds and their hands in useful studies and accomplishments, some of them learning to write and speak both the dead and modern languages, whilst the younger ones practised the "lutes, citharnes, prick-songs, and all kinds of music," and the elder ones became "skilful in surgery and the distillation of waters."

In a curious old memoir, published in 1732 by Pierre de l'Etoile, grand audencier de la Chancellerie de Paris, and called "*Journal du Règne de Henri Quatre*," I find the following article at the period of the death of our Queen Elizabeth:—"Il y a trois choses, dit le Roy, que le monde ne veut croire, et toutefois elles sont vraies et bien certaines: Que la Reine d'Angleterre est morte fille; que l'Archiduc est un grand capitaine; et que le Roy de France est fort bon Catholique." This tribute to our virgin queen from Henri IV. is singular, to say the least.

The queen was carried to London, and buried at Westminster Abbey on the 28th of April following. "At which time," writes Stow (Howe's editions verify), "the cittie was surcharged with multitudes of all sort of people in their streets, houses, windows, leads, and gutters, that came to see the obsequie; and when they beheld her statue or picture lying upon the coffin set forth in royal robes, having a crown upon the head thereof, and a ball and sceptre in either hand, there was such a generall syghing, groaning, and weeping as the like hath not been seene or knowne in the memorie of man, neyther doth any historie mention any people, time, or states to make like lamentation for the death of their soverayne."

There is a tradition that the room over the

remaining gateway is that in which Queen Elizabeth died; but it is too small and poor to have been her chamber. Another story connected with this upper chamber over the gateway is manifestly untrue: viz., that it was the room in which the Countess of Nottingham confessed her treachery to Elizabeth. The countess died at Arundel House, London, in 1603, as appears from the parish register of Chelsea, where she was buried.

In the autumn of 1603, the year in which Queen Elizabeth died, the Courts of Law were removed to Richmond, on account of the plague.

The palace was to some extent a rival of Nonsuch, which has been so recently described in these pages. Grotius, who visited England in A.D. 1615, wrote four Latin epigrams on the four suburban palaces of the English king, "Nonswich," "Hamptincourt," "Windsoor," and "Riche-mont;" and another traveller, Abraham Golnitz, in his "*Ulysses Belgico-Gallicus*," published some fifteen years later, draws a curious comparison between Fontainebleau and our insular palaces, reflecting sadly on the want of ordinary care in our interior and domestic arrangements, instancing cobwebs, unpolished beams and panelling, and walls scarcely water-proof.*

The furniture and decorations of the old palace are said to have been of a most lavish and costly description, "exhibiting in gorgeous tapestry the deeds of kings and of heroes who had signalised themselves by their conquests throughout France in behalf of their country.

Mrs. Goodhall, of Bridgefield, Twickenham, just over Richmond Bridge, tells me that in the winter of 1883, on some wainscoting being removed at the old palace, some dresses of Queen Elizabeth were found in a chest behind it. No details have transpired in the neighbourhood, but it is supposed that the queen has claimed them.

In 1610, the manor, palace, and park of Richmond, were settled on Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of James I., who was residing here in 1605, and again also in 1612, the year of his death. The king, however, liked Theobalds† better than Richmond, and spent most of his time there. In 1617 the royal estate was vested in trustees for Charles, Prince of Wales. He often lived here, both before and after his accession to the throne, and collected a large number of pictures in the palace. Ten years later, the manor, mansion, and old park, were included in the settlement made on the queen, Henrietta Maria, as part of her dower.

* See article by W. Bates, D.A., in *Notes and Queries*, Feb. 2, 1884.

† See Vol. I., p. 361.

"After the execution of the king, in 1649," writes Brayley, "a survey of the palace was taken by order of the Parliament, which affords a very minute description of the buildings as then existing. There was a spacious hall, with a turret, or clock case, at one end of it. The privy lodgings, three storeys high, were ornamented with fourteen turrets. There was a round edifice, called the 'Canted Tower,' with a staircase of one hundred and twenty-four steps; and a chapel, with 'cathedral seats and pews.' Adjoining the privy garden was an open gallery (portico) 200 feet in length, with a covered gallery over it. The materials of the palace were valued at £10,782 19s. 2d."

Most of the palace was pulled down in 1649 by order of the Parliament, though enough of it remained to give a home—such as it was—for a time to the widowed queen of Charles I.

To the palace here the infant son of James II., and his consort, Mary of Modena, was sent, when only a few days old, to be brought up by hand. His life hung by a thread, and it was only by the help of a wet nurse, when his recovery had been despaired of, that he was brought through. From Richmond he was removed to Windsor.

A curious and interesting view of the royal palace as it was in 1638 is to be seen among the etchings of Hollar. It shows a forest of towers and spires rising out of the garden walls. In the distance are the houses on Richmond Green, and the parish church beyond. The view is taken from the Middlesex side of the river, moored to which is a covered pleasure-boat, a sort of "Folly." In the front is a group of nine persons, of whom the two boys, who alone are covered, would seem to be the young princes Charles and James, and who have evidently come across the river to enjoy themselves *al fresco*.

Strype, in 1720, speaks of Richmond Palace as being "now decayed, and parcelled out in tenements." The palace was situated outside of the town, to the north-west of Hill Street, and between the Green and the river. On the Green, near the gateway, and almost fronting the theatre, was formerly the ivy-clad stump of a venerable elm-tree, which is said to have been planted by Queen Elizabeth. Its remains were removed a few years ago.

The fragment of the palace still standing bears a strong resemblance to St. James's Palace, though built on a smaller scale. A gateway still bears the royal arms of the Tudors, though now scarcely decipherable, owing to the wearing away of the stone; besides this gateway, some of the offices

remain among residences built on the Crown lands. A part of what once formed the stables is now, by a strange irony, the *dépôt* for the London Parcels Delivery Company.

Besides the gateway, a small portion of the out-quarters of the palace remains, a low-looking building on the left hand, but it has in it nothing remarkable. The more modern building, which stands at right angles to it, and faces the river, is thought to stand on the site of the old Guard House. It is known as the Trumpeters' House, on account of two statues of figures blowing trumpets which once adorned its portico. It is built very much in the style of the more ornamental parts of Kensington Palace, and is fronted by one of the loftiest and most magnificent of stone porticos, which harmonises admirably with the fine red brick of the walls. One large and long room on the ground floor, now used as a drawing-room, has a ceiling exquisitely adorned with light sculptured panels, showing portraits of our national poets. This house was built by Mr. Richard Hill, brother to Mrs. Masham, Queen Anne's favourite, to whom a lease of the ground, forming part of the site of the old palace—had been granted by the queen. In the gardens is a fine cedar of Lebanon.

The house was for some years the residence of Mr. Charles Lee Mainwaring, whose collection of pictures, works of art, antique furniture, &c., including specimens of the work of Rembrandt, Teniers, Ruysdael, and other great artists, was dispersed by the hammer of the auctioneer in 1875.

In the garden behind this house, close to the river-side, is a summer-house of modern appearance, but far older than it looks. On its gates is some fine scroll-work of iron, with the Tudor rose repeated upon it. Most probably it was made in one of the forges in the Weald of Sussex. A small garden between this summer-house and Asgill House is the traditionary site of the earliest palace erected at Sheen. Between the palace and this summer-house is a raised terrace planted with yews under which Queen Elizabeth may have walked. It commands a charming view of the river, looking up to Richmond Bridge.

At the river-side, just below the old palace, stands Asgill House, the seat of Mr. James B. Hilditch. It derives its name from Sir Charles Asgill, Bart., Alderman of London and Lord Mayor in 1758, for whom it was built by the distinguished architect, Sir Robert Taylor. It stands on a raised ascent at a short distance from the river-side, and is of the Tuscan order: "remarkable for its chaste and simple elegance." Externally it is heavy, though grand, somewhat in the style of Chiswick House,

The rooms inside are lofty and handsome, and irregular in plan, some of them being octagonal. They have magnificent doors and lintels, copied from those in the Mansion House, London. The principal sitting-rooms are adorned with magnificent mantelpieces of Italian marble, carved in bold relief; and one of the rooms on the first floor has its panels painted with figure subjects of classical and Italian type. In the grounds, which stretch down to the river from the palace, are one or two fine yews, a standard plum-tree of fabulous age, and a fine cedar of Lebanon, which is mentioned in the parliamentary return in the reign of Charles I.

In connection with this part of the town is told a good story, which shows that modern sovereigns cannot always get their own way in their own dominions, and even in their own neighbourhoods. All those who are acquainted with Richmond must know Asgill House, must remember the iron turnstile near it, and the swinging gate at the opposite corner, at the entrance to the path leading by the river-side to Kew. The path was formerly available to travellers on horseback; but as they were found to interfere in a manner very inconvenient with the towing-line of the barges, &c., George III. issued an order that for the future the path should be restricted to the use of foot passengers only; and, for the rigid enforcement of this order, he caused some iron turnstiles and swing gates to be set up, and a man was appointed to guard them.

It happened one day that the king himself, accompanied by one of the princes, forgetful of his own commands, rode along the path from Kew Palace towards Richmond, and coming to the gate, called out to the watchman to open it.

"Can't open this gate, sir; can't let nobody through o' horseback."

"Can't open! can't open! Then, how are we to get out?" exclaimed his Majesty.

"Which way did you come in, sir?"

"Came in at Kew, came in at Kew, to be sure."

"Then you must please to get out again that way, sir; can't let you out this."

"What! what! what! not let me out, eh? Do you know who I am?"

"No, sir; but if you were the king himself I couldn't open the gate for you. I've got my orders, and I stick to 'em."

"King! king! king! look, my good fellow, I am the king!"

"Oh, to be sure," said the man, with a knowing grin; "no doubt o' that; but I can't let you through, notwithstanding."

"I assure you, my fine fellow," said the prince, "this is the king, and I am the——"

"Ay, ay, sir, and you are the Emperor of *Chany*; no doubt of that, neither; but if you were the Emperor of *Rooshey* into the bargain, my orders are not to open this gate to nobody whatsoever o' horseback; so it don't signify to me."

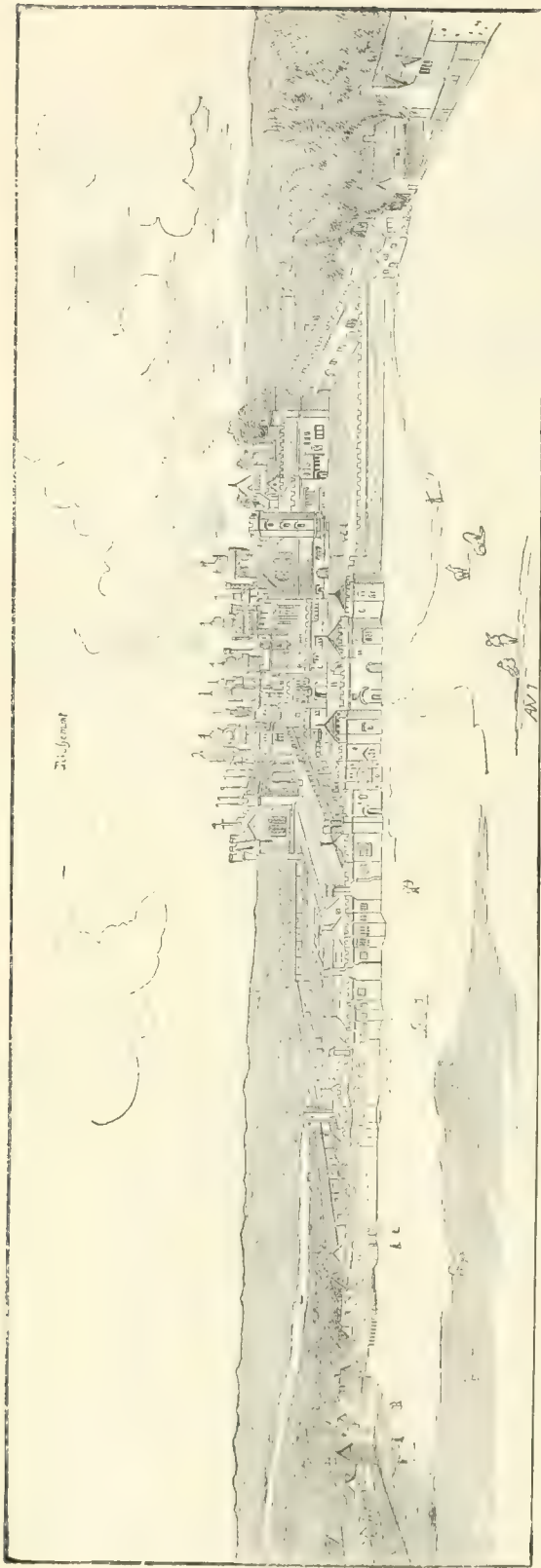
The king, perceiving that no impression was to be made upon this rigid disciplinarian, was about to return, when a gentleman, coming up at the moment, took off his hat on recognising his Majesty, and stood respectfully still, just whispering to the gate-keeper, "The king, the king." The man, alarmed for the consequences of what he now conceived to be his misconduct, trembling and awe-struck, opened the gate.

"No, no, no; won't go through, won't go through," answered the good-natured king. "Do your duty, quite right. Home—home (giving the man a guinea); here's a picture of the king for you, that you may know him when you see him again; but don't let him go through, don't let him go through." So saying, his Majesty returned by the way he came, congratulating himself probably that he had, at all events, one faithful subject.

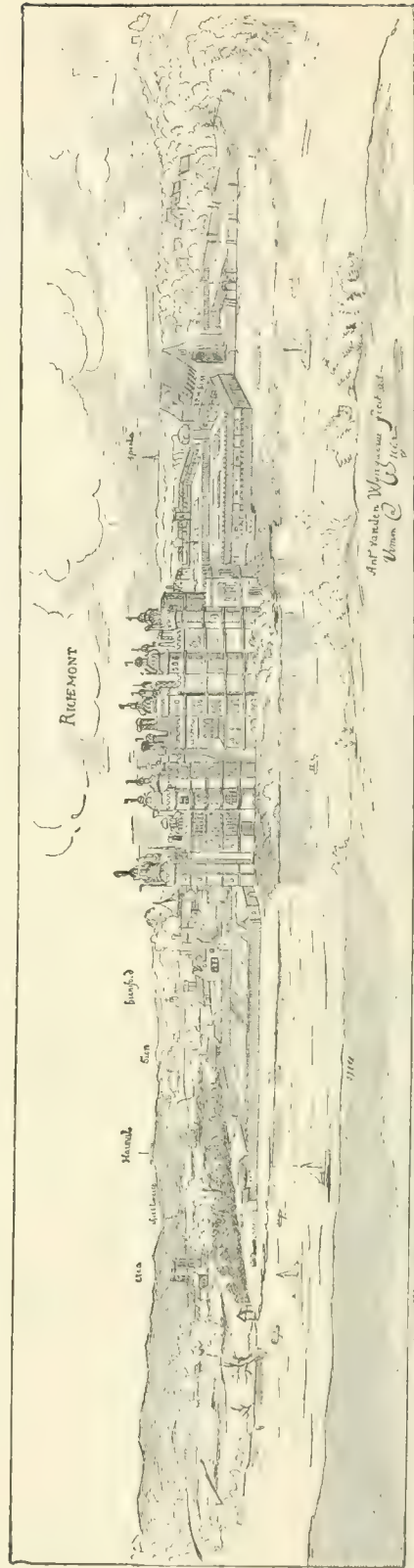
In the Park, near the present Observatory, at a short distance north-west of the palace, stood the monastery of Sheen, a convent of Carthusian monks, instituted by Henry V. in the year 1414. The buildings were of considerable extent, and around them grew up in course of time the hamlet called West Sheen, which has long since been swept clean away.

The history of the convent is short, but impressive. At this place King Henry, with the view of expiating the murder of Richard, by which his family had mounted the throne of England, founded the priory here for forty monks, which he denominated the "House of Jesus of Bethlehem." And upon the same principle he also founded at Sion, now the seat of the Duke of Northumberland, on the opposite side of the Thames, a convent for sixty nuns of the order of St. Bridget.* An old account in the British Museum tells us, that in these convents, by order of the royal founder, a constant succession of holy exercises was ordained to be kept up night and day to the end of time. Anthony Wood, following Beccalett, says that "at seven years of age, Cardinal Pole was sent to the monastery at Shene, to be trained up in religion and grammar amongst the Carthusians there"; and he afterwards, when about the age of twenty-five or twenty-six, "retired to his old

* See Vol I., p. 11.



BACK VIEW OF OLD RICHMOND PALACE.



OLD RICHMOND PALACE, FROM THE RIVER. (From *Vues by Antony van den Wyngaerde, 1562.*)

habitation at Sheen, where, by the leave of the king, he had granted to him the apartment which Dr. John Colet, the founder of St. Paul's School, had a little before built (for the exercising of his learning and devotion), where he spent two years with very great delight."

The Priory was renowned for its holiness; and Protestants of these latter ages can have but a faint conception of the pomp with which Catholic worship was conducted within its walls. Perkin Warbeck made it his asylum, and Cardinal Wolsey and Dean Colet were both inmates of the Carthusian House during part of their declining years; Dean Colet, according to Wood, died at his lodgings in this monastery in 1519, of the sweating sickness. Henry V. also founded at Sheen a second house, that of the Celestines, and the son dissolved it along with sundry other priories. Cobbett, in his "History of the Reformation," states that at the dissolution of the Carthusian monastery in the reign of Henry VIII., its revenues amounted to £1,000—a large sum—now equal to £19,250. An illuminated Bible given to the convent of Sheen by Henry V. was to be seen at Paris in 1849 in the Tuileries. Queen Mary, in 1554, reinstated at Sheen the Carthusian monks who had been expelled from their house in London; but they were expelled by Elizabeth, and fled to Belgium, whence, in 1783, they migrated to Spain or Portugal.

Waller Hylton, a monk of this priory, was the author of "Scala Perfectionis" printed in English by Wynken de Worde, and of other "Pious Contemplations" in English verse.

It is stated by some authors that the head of James IV., King of Scotland, who fell, as was supposed, at the battle of "Flodden Field," fought in the reign of Henry VIII., was buried here, but this has been warmly disputed by others. "According to the generally-received account, the body of the king was found upon the field, and was conveyed to the monastery of Sheen, where it remained until the dissolution. The monastery was plundered at that epoch; and Stow says the king's corpse, "wrapped in lead," was placed in a waste room amongst old timber and other lumber, and that he saw it there. When it was in this situation, some of the workmen cut off the head, and Launcelot Young, master glazier to Queen Elizabeth, liking the sweet scent that proceeded

from the medicaments with which it was embalmed, took it with him to his house in Wood Street; but, becoming careless of possessing it, afterwards gave it to the sexton of the church now under consideration, in order that he might bury it. The Scottish writers, however, contend that James was not killed at that battle, and that this head, therefore, could not be his, but was that of an individual who fought during the day in habiliments similar to those worn by the king, in order to draw off the attention of the English from James; and one writer asserts that the king escaped to Jerusalem, and died here some time afterwards. Weever, however, is quite positive that Sheen *was* the place of James's burial."*

After the dissolution the convent was granted to the Earl of Hertford, afterwards Duke of Somerset; but it seems to have carried with it a curse, for Spelman tells us in his "History and Fate of Sacrilege," that in a hundred and forty years it went to nine possessors in succession, and each of a different family, thus never once descending from father to son. This convent owned, among other properties, the manor of what is now Gray's Inn.†

A convent of Observant Friars was founded close to the southern end of the Palace at Sheen by Henry VII., about 1499. The suppression of this religious house is mentioned by Holinshed to have taken place in 1534. In the Survey of Richmond in the Augmentation Office, a building is described as adjoining to the palace called "The Friars, containing three rooms below stayrs, and four handsome rooms above stayrs." A lane, still called Friar's Lane, leads from Richmond Green to the Thames. The building here referred to is thought to have been the priory or convent of Observant Friars, which Henry VII. is said to have founded near the palace in the year 1499, and which was suppressed in 1534.

Edward II. founded a convent of Carmelite Friars "near his manor of Sheen," and endowed it with 120 marks per annum out of his exchequer. They had been settled in this convent only two years when the king caused them to be removed to Oxford.

* Godwin and Britton's "Churches of London."

† See "Old and New London," Vol. II., p. 557.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

RICHMOND (*continua*)—THE ROYAL PARKS, ETC.

"Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are eyed
Vales, spires, meandering streams, and Windsor's tow'ry pride."—A. POPE.

Earliest Record of a Park at Richmond—The Lodge in the Little Park—It becomes a Royal Residence in place of the Old Palace—A Lease of the Lodge granted to the Duke of Ormonde—Mackay's Description of the Building—Bishop Atterbury and the Sceptic—Reception of the News of the Death of George I. by the Prince of Wales—Queen Caroline's Fondness for Richmond—George the Second's Partiality for Punch—The King and the Gardener—The Lodge Settled on Queen Charlotte—The Gardens and Ornamental Buildings—Description of Merlin's Cave—The Character of Merlin—Stephen Duck Appointed Keeper of the Grotto and Library—The Hermitage—Clarence House.

AFTER the death of Bishop Burnell, in 1292, a survey was taken of the fee of Richmond on behalf of his heirs, and in that document we find the earliest mention of a park in this locality, situated on the north-west of the present village of Richmond; it is now incorporated with the pleasure-grounds at Kew.

In the reign of Henry VIII. there were two parks at Richmond, known as the Great and the Little Park. It was in the lodge of the latter (called also the Old Park) that Cardinal Wolsey occasionally resided after he had surrendered the palace of Hampton Court to the demand of his imperious master.*

It is probable that the two parks were afterwards united, one only, which adjoined Richmond Green, and was 349 acres in extent, being mentioned in the survey made in 1649. It was this park which, with the manor, was settled on the queen of Charles I. in 1627. After the execution of the king it was valued at £220 5s. per annum, and sold to William Brome, gent., of London, for £7,048—that is, at thirty years' purchase. The lodge, described as "a pleasant residence for a country gentleman," appears to have been afterwards in the possession of Sir Thomas Jervase, and the park in that of Sir John Trevor, and on the demolition or abandonment of the Old Palace as a royal residence, its mantle of glory seems to have descended upon this building. William III., in 1694, granted to John Latton, Esq., of Esher Place, a lease of the lodge, together with the stewardship of the manor. In 1707 Queen Anne granted a lease of it for three lives to James, Duke of Ormond, who rebuilt the house.

In 1715 Ormond was impeached, attainted, and his estates confiscated. Mackay, in his "Journey through England," thus describes the lodge:—"It is a perfect Trianon. Everything in it and about it is answerable to the grandeur and magnificence of its great master."

At the duke's table, Dr. King tells us, in his "Anecdotes of his Own Time," there arose a dispute concerning short prayers. Sir William Wyndham said that the shortest prayer he had ever heard was that of a common soldier just before the battle of Blenheim: "O God, if there be a God, save my soul—if I have a soul!" This was followed, most indecorously, by a general laugh. But Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, who was present, addressed Sir William, saying: "Your prayer, sir, is very short; but I remember another as short, but much better, offered up likewise by a poor soldier in the same circumstances: 'O God, if in the day of battle I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me.'" This, pronounced by Atterbury with his usual grace and dignity, was a very gentle, polite, and well-timed reproof, and was felt to be so by the entire company. The sceptic was silenced, and the Duke of Ormond, who, we are told, was "the best bred man of his day," turned the conversation to another subject.

At the Duke of Ormond's forfeiture the house was sold to the Prince of Wales, and it was here that he received the news of his father's death. Of this event Thackeray writes, in his caustic essay on "The Four Georges":—"On the afternoon of the 14th June, 1727, two horsemen might have been perceived galloping along the road from Chelsea to Richmond. The foremost, cased in jackboots of the period, was a broad-faced, jolly-looking, and very corpulent cavalier; but by the manner in which he urged his horse, you might see that he was a bold as well as skilful rider. He speedily reached Richmond Lodge, and asked to see the owner of the mansion. The mistress of the house and her ladies said he could not be introduced to the master, however pressing the business might be. The master was asleep after his dinner; he always slept after his dinner, and woe to the person who disturbed him! Nevertheless, our stout friend of the jackboots put the affrighted ladies aside, opened the forbidden door of the bed-room, wherein upon the bed lay a little gentleman; and here the eager

* See Vol. I., p. 142.

messenger knelt down in his jackboots. He on the bed started up, and, with many oaths and a strong German accent, asked who was there, and who dared to disturb him. 'I am Sir Robert Walpole,' said the messenger. The awakened sleeper hated Sir Robert Walpole. 'I have the honour to announce to your Majesty that your royal father, King George First, died at Osnaburg on Saturday last, the 10th instant.' '*Dat is one big lie!*' roared out his sacred Majesty King George Second; but Sir Robert Walpole stated the fact, and from that day until thirty-three years after George, the second of the name, ruled over England."

Queen Caroline, wife of George II., was very fond of the Richmond residence, and so was the king up to the date of his death, in 1760. When he reviewed the Guards here, in 1727, we are told that the three eldest princesses were present in riding-habits, with hats, feathers, and periwigs.

Walpole, speaking of the latter years of George II., says:—"Every Saturday in summer he carried a party, consisting of Lady Yarmouth, two or three of the queen's ladies, and as many of the most favoured officers of his own household, to dine at Richmond. They went in coaches and six in the middle of the day, with the heavy Horse Guards kicking up the dust before them; dined, walked an hour in the garden, returned in the same dusty parade; and his Majesty thought himself the most gallant and lively prince in Europe."

A stag hunt in the New Park, at which the king, queen, and the princesses were present—some on horseback and some in carriages—and which ended in the buck being brought to bay and killed in "the Great Pond," is described at length in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1728, under date August 17.

George II. was also a frequent visitor and guest at Sir Robert Walpole's house on Richmond Hill. Here, too, it is recorded that the king indulged his partiality for punch to such an extent that the Duchess of Kendal enjoined the Germans who usually accompanied him to restrain him from drinking too much; but they went about their task with so little address, that the king took offence, and silenced them with the coarsest epithets in their mother tongue.

This prince seemed to have none of that love of individual and distinct property which has marked the character of many sovereigns. His Majesty came one day to Richmond Gardens, and finding them locked while some decently-dressed persons were standing on the outside, called for the head gardener, and told him, in a great passion, to open

the door immediately. "My subjects," said his Majesty, "walk where they please." On another occasion the same gardener was complaining that some of the company, in their walk round the gardens, had pulled up flowers, roots, and shrubs; the king, shaking his cane, replied, "Plant more, then, you blockhead!"

"On the marriage of George III., in 1762," remarks a writer in *Notes and Queries*, "the Lodge was settled upon Queen Charlotte. In 1768 the king built the observatory close to it; and shortly afterwards the queen had the lodge pulled down, intending to rebuild it. Richmond and Kew, which join, have enjoyed the favour of royalty for several centuries, and have been noted for many palaces or royal residences, the greater part of which have now passed away. It is, perhaps, worth while to observe that Frederick, Prince of Wales, in 1730 took a long lease of Kew House, which, after his death there, in 1751, became the residence of the princess. This was pulled down in 1803, and a large stone castellated palace was built for George III., which, however, was never completed, and was in turn destroyed in 1827 by George IV. When the observatory was built in 1768, and the queen's lodge pulled down, the king used the 'old Dutch house' at Kew as a royal nursery, and there George IV. was educated as a boy, and his mother died in 1818. It is not uncommon to find these old houses spoken of as the palace.* The exact site of the lodge is shown in Rocque's large map of Surrey, 1762, and also, though not quite so well, in his map of London and surrounding country, 1745. Rocque likewise published a plan of the royal gardens in 1748, and there is an interesting account of them in 'London and its Environs,' published by Dodsley in 1761."

In 1729 the Duke of Grafton had a hunting seat near here; but it would seem to have been a poor, tumble-down sort of place, for in the Wentworth Papers his Grace excuses himself on that ground from receiving the queen and prince, who had threatened him with a chance visit.

Queen Caroline had a dairy and a menagerie in the park; and there were also in the gardens adjoining the park several ornamental buildings, including one known as Merlin's Cave. Of this latter structure we glean the following particulars from the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1735, where, under date of June 30, it is stated that "Her Majesty has ordered Mr. Risbrack to

* See Lyson's "Environs of London," Brayley and Britton's "History of Surrey," and Dr. Evans's "Richmond and its Vicinity."

make the Busto's in Marble of all the Kings of England from William the Conqueror, in order to be placed in her New Building in the Gardens at Richmond. . . . A subterraneous Building is, by her Majesty's Order, carrying on in the Royal Gardens at Richmond, which is to be called Merlin's Cave, adorned with Astronomical Figures and Characters." Under date of August 21, we read:—"The Figures her Majesty had order'd for Merlin's Cave were placed therein, viz., (1) Merlin at a Table, with Conjuring Books and Mathematical Instruments, taken from the face of Mr. Ernest, page to the Prince of Wales; (2) King Henry VII.'s queen; and (3) Queen Elizabeth, who came to Merlin for knowledge, the former from the face of Mrs. Margaret Purcell, and the latter from Miss Paget's; (4) Minerva, from Mrs. Poyntz's; (5) Merlin's secretary, from Mr. Kemp's. one of his R.H. the Duke's Grenadiers; and (6) a witch, from a tradesman's wife at Richmond. Her Majesty has order'd also a choice collection of English books to be placed therein, and appointed Mr. Stephen Duck to be cave and library keeper, and his wife necessary woman there."

The following amusing description of a visit to the royal gardens, with fuller details of the Cave, appears in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1735, quoted from the *Craftsman*, No. 491. Commencing with a humorous account of the journey up the river as far as Richmond, the writer proceeds:—"Coming to a certain place with iron palisades, my cousin so insisted upon showing us a fine garden, which he said was well worth our seeing. Being admitted at the gate by one of the gardeners, he conducted us up an avenue, leading to a house of no extraordinary appearance, and which, it seems, had nothing within to engage our attention. We were afterwards led through a great number of close alleys, with clipt hedges, without any variety or prospect, except a beautiful terras towards the river. Not having walked so much for several years, I grew weary, and expressed some impatience to be gone. But our guide told us we had not yet seen the chief curiosities of the place, which were the Hermitage and the Cave. He then led us to the first, which I found to be a heap of stones, thrown into a very artful disorder, and curiously embellished with moss and shrubs, to represent rude nature. But I was strangely surpris'd to find the entrance of it barr'd with a range of costly gilt rails, which not only seemed to show an absurdity of taste, but created in me a melancholy reflection that luxury had found its way even into the Hermit's Cell. The inside was adorned with the heads of several wise

men, who have been formerly famous in their generation. As we were conducted thence to the other piece of curiosity, I observed something like an old haystack thatch'd over, and enquired of our conductor what it was. 'That, Sir, is the Cave,' said he. 'What! a cave above ground? This is still more absurd than the other. However, let us see what it is within.' We then went through a gloomy passage with two or three odd windows, which led to a kind of circular room, supported with wooden pillars. In this, too, as well as the Hermitage, are placed several hieroglyphical figures, male and female, which I cannot pretend to interpret."

In *Fog's Journal* for December 6, 1735, quoted in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, appear the following particulars concerning "Merlin and his Cave":—"Most nations form themselves upon the model of their princes; vice and virtue, as well as arts and sciences, flourish in proportion as the Court either practises or encourages them. For the taste of the Court is always the standard of everything but liberty to the rest of the nation. The great concourse of people that have lately flocked to view that celebrated edifice called Merlin's Cave, the universal applause it has met with, and the several humble imitations of it carrying on in different parts of the kingdom, prove the truth of this maxim, and give us reason to hope that taste in building will, from this pattern, be soon brought to its utmost perfection. I therefore thought it would not be disagreeable to your readers if I presented them with a short history of that great man to whose memory this cave is sacred, together with an account of the other figures which attend him.

"Merlin lived in the reign of Vortigern, and by his means was begot the famous King Arthur, a just and brave prince, but whose great qualities were eclipsed by his uxoriousness for his Queen Guiniver, so called, as Geoffry of Monmouth informs us, from her inordinate love of *guineas*. This avaricious and ambitious princess, after having for a long time left the king, her husband, but the shadow of power, resolved at the last to deprive him of that, too, accordingly shut him up in a cage,* and placed him to watch her chest of gold. Notwithstanding which, an old historian observes that a Prince of Wales found means to get at the treasure, and to distribute in acts of generosity what had been acquired by oppression and avarice.

"Chaucer, in his 'Wife of Bath,' gives us a remarkable instance of this queen's predominant love of power. In order to satisfy this passion,

*See "Don Quixote and the Knights of the Round Table."

she made use of our Merlin, whose arts and enchantments well seconded her influence over her husband, and paved the way to his future confinement. The first service by which he recommended himself to her Majesty was by his fountain, that changed love into hatred and hatred into love, so celebrated in that great poet Ariosto. He gave her a large provision of these waters, which she took care to make the king drink of on proper occasions, so that in a little while he was observed to hate all those he had loved and to love all those he had hated. The consequence of which was that he had not one friend left, those whom he loved now hating him still for his having hated them once, so that he became the helpless slave of his wife and minister.

"We have no authentic account of the birth and family of Merlin, only that he had been born a Welshman, and it is to be supposed that he was a gentleman; but of his great skill in magic history he gives us many examples; and that he had several inferior sprites at his command appears from Spencer. From which it is plain that his art was of the black, malignant kind, and employed only in wicked purposes, and that the sprites made use of by him were only of the infernal sort, but none of them geniuses to execute good designs. He was likewise a great dealer in brass, and proposed making a wall of brass for the peace and security of the nation; but though such immense sums were raised upon the people under this pretence, yet it was always doing, and never done. Having thus explained the character of the famous Merlin, and those merits which have entitled him to a place in the royal garden of Richmond, we shall now give what account we are able of the other figures. When we consider where and by whom this singular edifice is erected and these extraordinary figures placed, we cannot imagine the whole to be a mere useless ornament, nor reflect without some indignation on the indecency of those who tract it as no better than an idle whim, a painter's fancy, a gardener's gaw, a *Salmon's Waxwork*, a Savoyard's box, a puppet show, a raree show, a pretty show, &c. On the contrary, we doubt not but that, like the works of the ancient Egyptians, frequently placed in their royal gardens and palaces, it is only hieroglyphical, emblematical, typical, and symbolical, conveying artful lessons of policy to princes and ministers of State.

"After Merlin, the first figure that presents itself is the Amazon, Britomartis, by whom (as the name seems to imply) we suppose is meant for the marshal spirit of Britannia, as we see her repre-

sented on some of our coins, half soldier half woman, formidably armed, but encumbered with petticoats. She seems to be in a very declining condition, and (being no conjurer herself) comes in the most anxious and submissive manner to enquire her fate from the mouth of that enchanter who by his skill in the black art had brought it to depend upon him. This Britomartis, or Britannia, is led by a lean elderly lady, whose name is not absolutely agreed upon, some styling her Glauce, mentioned by Spencer, others Melissa, from Ariosto, and others Mother Shipton, famous in British story; but her character and office are better known, being allowed by all to be a sort of a witch, or cunning woman, and something between a dry-nurse and governess to Britomartis, employed by Merlin in the blackest of his art, *viz.*, as his priestess, or Pope Joan. She is likewise a great pretender to sciences and diver into mysteries. Before Merlin is seated as his secretary a great boy with a pen in his hand, submissively looking up to his master for orders and instructions. A busy, dull perplexity appears in his countenance; he seems distrustful of his master's purposes, but without sense enough to understand them, or courage enough to dispute them. The next figure, which, by an unaccountable mistake, has been vulgarly called Queen Elizabeth, can by no means be supposed to have been intended for her, not only because the face is taken from a young and very beautiful lady, but because it is impossible that in the present nice and critical conjuncture of affairs a person so obnoxious to Spain should be so openly avowed and distinguished in that place."

Merlin's Cave was one of Queen Caroline's favourite "conceits," which has not survived the age of improvement and the sweeping of new brooms:—

"To Richmond come; for see, untutor'd Brown
Destroys those wonders which were once thy own;
Lo! from his melon-ground the peasant slave
Has rudely rush'd, and levell'd Merlin's Cave,
Knock'd down the waxen wizard, seiz'd his wand,
Transform'd to lawn what late was fairy-land,
And marr'd with impious hand each sweet design
Of Stephen Duck and good Queen Caroline."

The above is from a poem in the *London Review* (1773), containing some curious satire on Sir W. Chambers's Dissertation on Oriental Gardening, and especially exposing the absurdity of the Chinese style, to which Sir William was strangely partial.

But how did the Queen contrive to pay for all this private and personal indulgence—this "improvement of her garden"? Walpole shall tell us in his "Reminiscences." He writes:—"The

king believed that she paid for it all out of her own money; nor would he ever look at her intended plans, saying that he did not care how she flung away her own revenues. He little suspected the aids that Sir Robert Walpole furnished to her from the Treasury. When she died she was indebted

eccentric man of letters, the Rev. Stephen Duck, who was her Majesty's librarian here. Born in humble life about 1700 at Charlton, in Wiltshire, and having worked as a day labourer till fourteen years of age, he taught himself grammar and a smattering of history and science, and began to



*Such was the glassy globe, that Merlin made,
And gave unto King Byence for his guard,
That never sees his kingdom might invade,
But he is known at home, and then debar'd.*

Spent: Fair Queen.

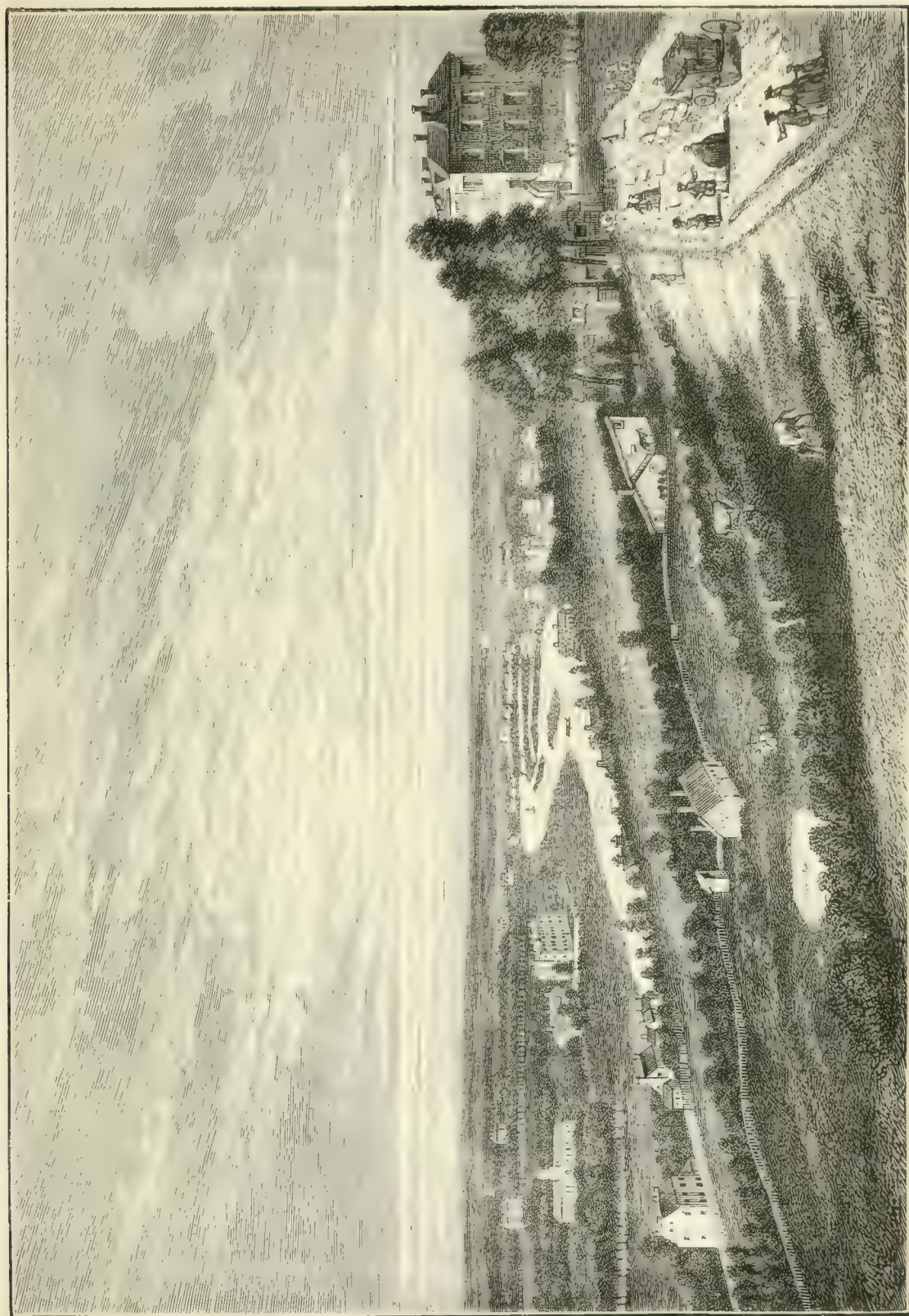
*Fair Britomart, to strange love a slave,
Glance her Narve conveys to Merlin's Cave;
The Martial Bradamant, a prisoner made
Was thence relax'd by sage Melisse's aid*

FROM MERLIN'S CAVE.

£20,000 to the king." In all probability the patient British taxpayer really defrayed the entire cost of Merlin and his companions in the cave. Be this as it may, however, the cave and grotto furnished fruitful themes for aspirants for poetical fame in the earlier half of the last century, and even the scholars of Eton and Westminster did not disdain to issue their effusions in compliment to the royal taste in elegiac and lyric Latin verses.

The Stephen Duck above alluded to was that

write poetry. At thirty he had made the acquaintance of the Rev. Mr. Spence, who helped him to publish his effusions, which, happening to hit the fancy of Queen Caroline, led her to settle on him a small pension, and to procure his admission into holy orders. Having held the librarianship at Richmond for a few years, he was appointed to the living of Byfleet, where he proved a zealous and able country clergyman. There he rhymed and wrote sermons, and poems also, "Cæsar's Camp,"



VIEW FROM RICHMOND HILL IN 1752. (From a Drawing by A. Hæckel.)

"Alrick and Isabel," &c. Swift indulges in much humour at the expense of Duck's poetical pretensions. His end, however, was a sad and tragic one. He fell into low spirits, and drowned himself in 1756. Though they enjoyed great popularity in his day, his poems are long since forgotten. Spence edited his poems anew, adding a memoir of his life; and his biography will be found among Southey's "Lives of Uneducated Poets."

The following caustic epigram on this reverend gentleman immortalises him with all who read the poems of Dean Swift:—

"The thrasher Duck could o'er the queen prevail;
The proverb says 'No fence against a flail';
From thrashing corn he turns to thrash his brains,
For which her Majesty allows him grains,
Though 'tis confessed that those who ever saw
His poems think them all not worth a straw.
Thrice happy Duck! employed in thrashing stubble
Thy toils were lessen'd and thy profits double."

The Thames at this spot is thus apostrophised by Matthew Green, in his poem, "The Grotto":—

"Say, Father Thames, whose gentle pace
Gives leave to view what branches grace
Your flowery banks, if you have seen
The much-sung Grotto of the queen.
Contemplative, forget awhile
Oxonian towers and Windsor's pile,
And Wolsey's pride (his greatest guilt),
And what great William since has built;
And flowing fast by Richmond scenes
(Honoured retreat of two great queens),
From Sion House, whose proud survey
Browbeats your flood, look cross the way,
And view from highest swell of tide
The milder scenes of Surrey side."

The reference to "Wolsey's pride," and also the following line, both allude, of course, to Hampton Court Palace. Green then proceeds to apostrophise the grotto itself in the following high-flown style, which, we suppose, is allowable in a poet:—

"Though yet no palace grace the shore,
To lodge that pair you should adore,
Nor abbeys, great in ruin, rise,
Royal equivalents for vice,
Behold a grot, in Delphic grove,
The graces and the muses love
(Oh! might our laureate study here,
How would he hail the new born year,)!
A temple from vain glories free,
Whose goddess is Philosophy.

* * * * *

The only pilgrimage I know
Which men of sense would choose to go,
Which sweet abode, her wisest choice,
Urania cheers with heavenly voice,
While all the virtues gather round
To see her consecrate the ground."

The Grotto and Stephen Duck became the subject of much versifying and rhyming about the time when the above verses were written. They are sarcastically mentioned by Pope, in his "Imitations of Horace," in the following couplet:—

"Lord! how we strut through Merlin's Cave, to see
No poets there, but Stephen, you and me."

In the Hermitage, another of Queen Charlotte's fanciful buildings here, were busts of Adam Clark, Newton, Locke, and other learned persons. These busts appear to have had some merit or virtue: at all events, they inspired Mrs. Catharine Cockburn (*née* Trotter) with some verses of high merit, published at length in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1737.

The following epigram is to be found in "Elegant Extracts":—

"Lewis, the living genius, fed
And rais'd the scientific head;
Our queen, more frugal of her meat,
Raises those heads that cannot eat."

This is followed by a repartee, or "A Conclusion drawn from the above Epigram":—

"Since Anna, whose bounty thy merits had fed
Ere her own was laid low, had exalted your head,
And since our good queen to the wise is so just
To raise heads for such as are humbled in dust,
I wonder, good man, that you are not envaulted;
Pry'thee, go and be dead, and be doubly exalted."

To this repartee the dean wittily rejoins:—

"Her Majesty never shall be my exalter;
And yet she would raise me, I know, by—a halter."

In 1785 the king was empowered by Act of Parliament to unite Richmond Old Park and its gardens with Kew Gardens, by means of shutting up a long lane, or footway, called Love Lane, which had separated the park grounds from those of Kew. The entire estate now constitutes the royal demesne known as Kew Gardens. At the same time a new road a little further to the east was made by order of the king.

The entrance to the north park is in Kewfoot Lane, not far from the railway station. In this narrow thoroughfare stands Clarence House, a small and unpretending mansion of the age of William III., which was inhabited for some years by the Duke of Clarence, afterwards King William IV. Mrs. Jordan shared the house with him. The court in front of it is now occupied by an iron chapel, and small cottages have been built round it on every side, so as almost to obscure it from the view of passers-by. It has now come to be

vulgarised into the "Chapel House," and is let out in tenements to the working-classes, and a charwoman occupies what once was, doubtless, the bed-room of royalty.

When the Duke of Clarence came to live here, in 1789, he became so popular that, had the place been a borough town and he had cared to offer himself as a candidate, it is said that he would have been sure to have been elected. It is amusing to learn, on such good authority that the future King of England at that time, when twenty-

four years of age, "paid his bills regularly himself, locked up his doors at night that his servants might not stay out late, and never drank but a few glasses of wine." It may also interest our readers to learn that even at the early date just mentioned, and slender as his chances of the throne must then have been, the duke used to tell his brothers that he should one day be king.

The old deer-park is very level as it stretches away towards Kew Gardens, and it is occasionally used for football matches.

CHAPTER XL.

RICHMOND—THE NEW PARK.

"Miraturque novas frondes."—VIRGIL, *Georg.* ii.

The New or Great Park—Its Enclosure in 1637—The Park Seized by the Commons in the time of the Civil War, and given to the Citizens of London—It is given back to the King at the Restoration—The Park given to the Hyde Family—A Lawsuit respecting the "right of way" through the Park—The Rangership—Extent and General Appearance of the Park—Its Natural History—Pembroke Lodge—Lord Russell—Thatched House Lodge—White Lodge.

THE present park of Richmond—called, by way of distinction, the New Park and the Great Park—is situated in the seven several parishes of Richmond, Petersham, Ham, Kingston, Putney, and Mortlake. It comprises more than 2,000 acres, and was enclosed by Charles I. That prince, like his father, being extremely fond of hunting, wanted an extensive park, well stocked with deer, in the immediate neighbourhood of Richmond and Hampton Court. But amongst the wide wastes and woods here belonging to the Crown were mingled estates of private persons and common lands belonging to different parishes, and many of the proprietors refused absolutely to give up their lands. Charles, persisting in his undertaking, carried it through, in spite of strenuous and violent opposition. Lord Clarendon relates that a great outcry was, in consequence, raised against the king, who was charged with an intention to take away the estates of his subjects at his own pleasure—though, at the worst, he did only what Harry the Eighth had done wholesale before him. "The pertinacity of the king," says Clarendon, "gave great umbrage to the people." Laud, the Archbishop, Juxon, Bishop of London, treasurer, and Lord Cottington, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, were all opposed to the king's design, "to make a great park for red as well as fallow deer" at Richmond; and this not only for the "murmur of the people, but because the land and the making of a brick wall about so large a parcel

of ground (for it is near ten miles about) would cost a greater sum of money than they could easily provide, or than they thought ought to be sacrificed on such an occasion. The Lord Cottington—who was more solicited by the country people and heard most of their murmurings—took the business most to heart, and endeavoured by all the ways he could, and by frequent importunities, to divert his Majesty from pursuing it, and put all delays he could well do in the bargains which were to be made, till the king grew very angry with him, and told him he was resolved to go through with it, and had already caused brick to be burned, and much of the wall built upon his own land; upon which, Cottington thought fit to acquiesce." Many little compromises were, however, made in order to please the murmuring people. Roads were left open through the park for foot passengers, the right of the poor to gather firewood where they had been formerly allowed to take it was fully recognised, and the landowners were duly remunerated for the property ceded by them to the Crown.

The enclosure was completed in 1637, and Weston, Earl of Portland, was made Ranger. At the conclusion of the Civil War, the House of Commons seized on the park, as well as on other landed possessions of the Crown. In 1649 a vote was passed by the House giving the new park at Richmond to the citizens of London. On the Restoration of Charles II. the metropolitan

corporation presented to him Richmond Park as a peace-offering, with the declaration—sincere or insincere, who knows?—that “the City had only kept it as stewards for his Majesty.”

In the reign of Queen Anne the park was given to the Hyde family; but George II. was prevailed upon by Sir Robert Walpole to buy out the Hydes, and present the Rangership to his (Walpole's) son. But it could scarcely have been then of any great value. At all events, Lord Orford, in his “History of George II.,” describes it as being at that time “a bog, and a harbour for deer-stealers and vagabonds! Sir Robert Walpole drained it, and expended great sums of money upon it; but to obtain more privacy and security, he took away the ladders on the walls, and shut up the gates, but settled keepers at them, who were to open to all foot passengers in the day-time, and to such carriages as had tickets, which were easily obtained.”

Now commenced another conflict between the inhabitants of Richmond and the reigning family; but this time the people got the best of it. Lord Orford thus continues:—“Princess Amelia succeeded his son, Lord Orford, but preserved no measures of popularity. Her brother William had incredibly disgusted the neighbourhood of Windsor by excluding them from most of the benefits of the park there. The princess shut up entirely the New Park [Richmond], except by giving very few tickets. Petitions were presented to her—she would not receive them. They were printed in the public newspapers, but had as little effect. Subscriptions were formed, conferences were held, to no purpose. At last the cause was brought to trial. Sir John Phillips and the younger Beckford presented themselves, as tribunes of the people, to plead the cause, but instead of influencing the court, they confounded the rest of their counsel. The princess carried her cause against a road for coaches and carts; but some few years afterwards lost a suit commenced against her for a footway, on which she abandoned the park. The children of the crown in England have no landed appendages; they naturally covet them; rangerships for life are the only territories the king has to bestow. Both the Duke [of Cumberland] and his sister entered more easily into the spirit of prerogative than was decent in a family brought hither for the security of liberty.”

This last-mentioned cause, which was tried at Kingston in April, 1758, was brought about by a Mr. John Lewis, a brewer, of Richmond, brother of Dr. Lewis, a well-known physician in his day, and author of “The Philosophical Commerce of

Arts.” The incidents which led up to this action are thus amusingly told in a publication which was issued soon after the events took place:—“The beauty and convenience of this terrestrial paradise were essentially impaired by having the footway shut up through Richmond Park to Wimbledon, East Sheen, and Kingston, and no passage allowed without a ticket. Lewis takes a friend with him to the spot, waits for the opportunity of a carriage passing through, and when the door-keeper was shutting the gates, interposed, and offered to go in. ‘Where is your ticket?’ ‘What occasion for a ticket? anybody may pass through here.’ ‘No, not without a ticket.’ ‘Yes, they *may*; and *I will*.’ ‘You sha’n’t.’ ‘I will.’ The woman pushed; Lewis suffered the door to be shut upon him, brought his action, and was triumphant.

“The cause was tried at the Surrey Assizes, before that upright judge Sir Michael Foster. After the decree in his favour, Lewis was asked whether he would have a step-ladder to go over the wall or a door. He hesitated for some minutes, but reflecting that strangers might not be aware of the privilege of admission through a door, which could not stand open on account of the deer; considering, also, that in process of time a bolt might be put to this door, and then a lock, and so his efforts gradually frustrated; sensible, too, that a step-ladder, at the first inspection, would signify its use to every beholder, he preferred that mode of introduction. In mere spite, the steps of this ladder were set at such a distance from each other as rendered it almost useless. At a subsequent period, when the same judge happened to go the Home circuit, Lewis complained again to the court. ‘My lord,’ says he, ‘they have left such a space between the steps of the ladder that children and old men are unable to get up it.’ ‘I have observed it myself,’ says this honest justice; ‘and I desire, Mr. Lewis, that you would see it so constructed that not only children and old men, but old women too, may be able to get up!’”

In 1727 George II. conferred the rangership on Robert, Lord Walpole, who passed much of his leisure at this place, amusing himself with his favourite exercise of hunting. He spent £14,000 in re-building the great lodge, and making improvements here. He was, from his youth, fond of field sports, and retained his attachment to them until prevented by age from following them. He was accustomed to hunt in Richmond Park with a pack of beagles. Upon receiving a packet of letters, he usually opened that from his gamekeeper first; and in the pictures taken of him, he preferred being drawn in his sporting dress.

In 1751 the appointment of Ranger was given to the Princess Amelia. Subsequently the office was held by the venerable Lord Sidmouth, more recently by the Duke of Cambridge, and now by the Duke of Teck.

The park has a circumference of nearly ten miles, and there are entrances to it in each of the six parishes above named, called according to their location. The principal entrance, or, at all events, the one most frequented by visitors to Richmond, leads direct from the far-famed Richmond Hill and Royal Terrace, so named from its having been a favourite promenade of George III.'s. The lodge and gates here were built from the designs of "Capability" Brown in 1798, and the latter bear the initials of George III. and Queen Caroline.

This gate opens upon two good carriage roads : that to the right, leading past Pembroke Lodge, and finally terminating on the Kingston Road, by Kingston Hill ; the path to the left leads to the Roehampton Gate, and so on to Putney. There is great variety, both of surface and scenery, within the park itself ; near the centre are two large sheets of water, called the Pen Ponds, occupying about seventeen or eighteen acres. When the new poor-house, which stands at a little distance from the park wall, was built by George III., he also directed that one of the springs near the Bog Lodge should be laid on for the use of the inhabitants on Richmond Hill, where water was then scarce.

The road to the right, on entering the park from Richmond Hill, leads more immediately to some of the most beautiful vistas and rural scenery, and within a short distance of the gate conveys the stranger's steps to the New Terrace, made in the reign of William IV. This extends about a quarter of a mile, and from it is obtained one of the most delightful views in the neighbourhood. Hence "the blending of nature and art is exquisitely grand, interspersed here and there by woods and groves, hills and dales, ever and anon catching, through some umbrageous oak or luxuriant elm, thorn or ash, chestnut or maple, the liquid current of Old Father Thames, some ancient or modern edifice or church tower here, a-turreted roof there, even to the extended distance of Windsor, whence may be seen on a clear day its kingly castle, and the royal standard floating in the breeze." The foreground of this position, although originally appertaining to and within the enclosure, was for some legitimate reason sold, and was considered Petersham Park. This occurred, as we have seen in the previous chapter,* in the reign of George I. Imme-

diately adjoining, and bearing more towards Ham, is another portion of Crown land, called Sudbrooke Park, a new purchase in the present reign of about 300 acres, a tenth of which originally belonged to Richmond Park, but which, like Petersham Park, had been let or granted upon similar terms. This part of the park is richly overgrown with ferns, brambles, thorn-bushes, and horn-beams.

The view from the high ground in the park, at night-time, looking eastward, may well recall Tennyson's lines :—

" And at night, along the dusky highway near and nearer
drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary
dawn."

The timber in the park is principally oak. There are some very old and picturesque thorns, and the later plantations consist of oak, elm, beech, fir, ash, alder, poplar, and Spanish chestnut.

Mr. Edward Jesse, who, when Crown Surveyor of the parks at Richmond, resided at the farmhouse to the left, belonging to the private farm of George III., gives, in his "Gleanings," many interesting circumstances connected with natural history in respect to Richmond Park. "An amazing number of eels," he tells us, are bred in the two large ponds, sufficiently evident from the very great quantity of young ones which emigrate from these ponds every year. The late respectable head-keeper of that park assured me that at nearly the same day in the month of May vast numbers of young eels, about two inches in length, contrive to get through the pen-stock of the upper pond, and then through the channel leading into the lower pond, and thence through another pen-stock into a watercourse falling into the river Thames. They migrate in one connected shoal, and in such prodigious numbers, that no guess can be given as to their probable amount.

In the reign of George II. a large stock of wild turkeys was regularly kept up as part of the stock of Richmond Park, and some of the old turkey cocks are said to have weighed from 25 lb. to 30 lb. They were hunted with dogs, and made to take refuge in trees, where they were frequently shot at by the king. The whole stock was destroyed about the end of his reign, in consequence of many serious affrays between the keepers and the poachers on their account.

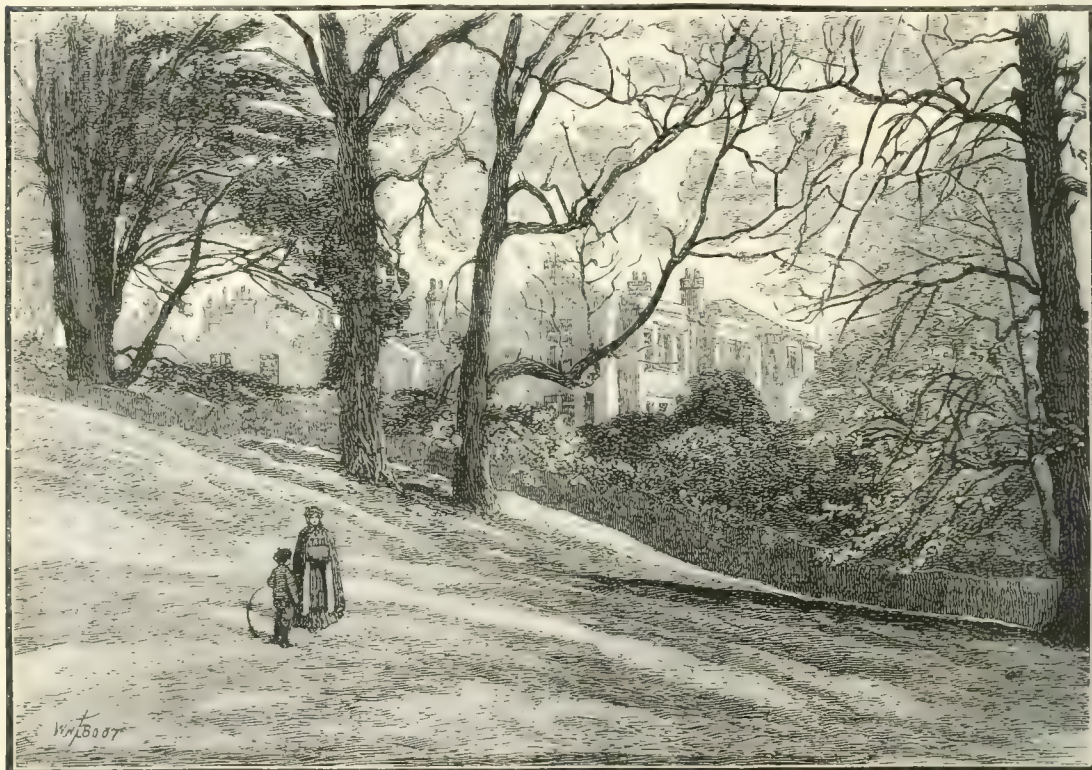
Squirrels were formerly very numerous in the park, but they also were gradually destroyed, in consequence of the serious fights which occurred in squirrel hunts between large parties of unauthorised persons and the keepers. In addition to the herd of fallow deer, numbering above 1,600, usually

* See *ante*, p. 329.

kept in the park, there is generally a stock of from forty to fifty red deer, which add to the beauty of the park and forest scenery. The red deer are sometimes very difficult to hunt, but the sagacity of a fine breed of buckhounds belonging to the park is a great assistance in their capture.

At certain times of the year an assemblage of fifty or sixty herons takes place within the park, yet their stay is never permanent. In the loamy parts of the soil the black mole is abundant, but

A good story is told in "Joe Miller," *apropos* of Richmond Park. Some years ago, when his Majesty used to hunt frequently in it, such crowds of people flocked thither, that orders were given to admit none when the king was there himself but the servants of the household. A fat country parson having on one of these days a great inclination to make one of the company, Captain Bodens promised to introduce him; but coming to the gate, the keepers would have stopped him,



PEMBROKE LODGE.

a nest of cream-coloured moles has been taken near Robin Hood Gate. Both the cuckoo and the titlark abound in the park.

The park is celebrated for nightingales. Wordsworth has contrived to combine in a few lines a record of the act, with a touching allusion to the poet Thomson. He writes :—

“The choirs of Richmond Hill,
Chanting with indefatigable bill,
Strains that recall to mind a distant day,
Where haply under shade of that same wood,
And ever conscious of the dashing oars,
Plied steadily between those willowy shores;
The sweet-souled poet of the Seasons stood,
Listening, and listening long, in rapturous mood,
Ye heavenly birds! to your progenitors.”

by telling him that none but the household were to be admitted. “Why,” said the captain, “don’t you know the gentleman? He’s his Majesty’s hunting chaplain.” Upon which the keepers asked pardon, and left the reverend gentleman to his recreation.

Several houses on the borders of the park belonging to the Crown have been given rent free to statesmen and men of science. Thus Pembroke Lodge was bestowed by her Majesty on Lord John Russell, and a house near Upper Sheen on Sir Richard Owen.

The grounds of Pembroke Lodge, which almost adjoin the New Terrace, are tastefully and skilfully laid out in such a way as to appear more

extensive than they really are. Forming part of the pleasure-grounds is a little artificial hill, known as King Henry the Eighth's Mount, on which it is said that monarch stood to see the signal gun fired from the Tower of London which announced the execution of Anne Boleyn. Tradition also asserts that it was from this elevated spot that Oliver Cromwell viewed one of the battles between his troops and the Royalists. In 1834, as some of the park labourers were digging gravel near this mound, they discovered the skeletons of three persons, who had been buried side by side, about three feet below the surface.

The house itself, or rather, its predecessor, was originally known as Vermin Killer's Lodge, until it became the residence of the Dowager Countess of Pembroke, who was one of the Court favourites of George III. Since that time it has been called Pembroke Lodge. On the death of Lady Pembroke, the house was given by William IV. to one of his daughters by Mrs. Jordan, the Countess of Erroll.

The lodge was, for the last few years of his life, the residence of the distinguished statesman, John, Earl Russell, who died here in 1878. The youngest son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, his lordship—who was better known as Lord John Russell—was born in London in 1792, and was educated at Westminster School and at Edinburgh University. At the age of twenty-one he entered the House of Commons as member for Tavistock, of which borough his father had the disposal; and “faithful to the hereditary Whiggism of the House of Bedford, he attached himself at once to the Opposition, who were then maintaining Whig principles, against the powerful ministry of Liverpool and Castlereagh.” He soon acquired a leading position among the Whig politicians, and took a foremost part in bringing about parliamentary reform. Lord Brougham, after speaking of the great services rendered to the cause of reform at that time in Parliament by Lord Grey, Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Durham, and others, says:—“But no one did more lasting and real service to the question than Lord John Russell, whose repeated motions,

backed by the progress of the subject out of doors, had the effect of increasing the minority in its favour, in so much that, when he at last brought it forward in 1826, Mr. Canning [then Castlereagh's successor as Foreign Secretary in the Liverpool Cabinet], finding that he could only defeat it by a comparatively small majority, pronounced the question substantially carried. It was probably from this time that his party perceived the prudence of *staying* a change which they could not *prevent*.” The Bill, the proposal of which had this important effect, was one for disfranchising certain rotten boroughs, and for enfranchising large and important towns in their place. At this time Lord John was no longer member for Tavistock, but for Huntingdonshire, which he had represented since 1820.

In 1830 Lord John Russell (who had vacated his seat for Huntingdonshire, and now sat for Bandon Bridge) accepted a not very arduous office as Paymaster of the Forces in the ministry of Earl Grey. Parliamentary reform was now the one question of paramount interest, and the new ministry had been formed expressly because the country wished them to carry it, and upon



EARL RUSSELL.

Lord John Russell devolved the main portion of the work in framing the Bill. This, the first Reform Bill, was introduced in March, 1831. After debates of unparalleled violence, it passed the second reading by a majority of *one*; on going into committee, however, the Bill was thrown out by a majority of eight, and a fresh appeal to the country became necessary. In this general election Lord John Russell was returned for Devon, and with the new Parliament the passage of the Bill through the House of Commons was at once triumphant, but it was rejected by the Lords on its second reading. A vote of confidence in the Commons, however, saved the ministry the necessity of resigning, and this was followed by a sharp conflict between the Lords and Commons; but the former yielded, and on the 7th of June, 1832, the Reform Bill became the law of the land. In 1835 Lord John Russell took office as Home Secretary in the Melbourne Administration, and

with it became the ministerial leader in the House of Commons; four years later he exchanged the post of Home Secretary for that of Colonial Secretary, which he held while the ministry lasted. His lordship had in the meantime been returned for Stroud, which borough he represented till 1841, when he was elected as one of the representatives of the City of London. In 1846 his lordship assumed the reins of government, as the successor of Sir Robert Peel, and he held the office of Premier till March, 1852, when his administration was shipwrecked by his paltry Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. In the following December Lord John took office as Foreign Secretary in the Aberdeen Coalition Cabinet, but resigned it shortly afterwards. In 1854 he accepted the post of Lord President of the Council, and in that year he introduced a fresh Reform Bill, which, however, he was obliged to abandon, in consequence of the breaking out of the Crimean War. After serving for a short time under Lord Palmerston as Colonial Secretary, and having gone on a mission to the Vienna Conferences, whilst the Russian war was in progress, his lordship retired from office in June, 1855, but on the return of Lord Palmerston to power, in 1859, he resumed office as Foreign Secretary, with a seat in the cabinet. His lordship remained as one of the representatives of the City of London in the House of Commons till 1861, when he was raised to the peerage as Earl Russell. After the death of Lords Lansdowne and Palmerston, he became "the Nestor" of the old Whig party. Pembroke Lodge had been allotted to him by her Majesty as a residence as far back as 1847, and here, in peace and retirement, he spent the declining years of his eventful life. His lordship is not unknown to fame as an author. Between 1819 and 1829 he wrote a "Life of William, Lord Russell, with some Account of the Times in which he Lived"; "An Essay on the History of the English Government and Constitution, from the Reign of Henry VII. to the Present Time"; "Don Carlos, or Persecution, a Tragedy in Five Acts"; "Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht." Later on he published a "Selection from the Correspondence of John, Fourth Duke of Bedford"; "Memorials of Charles James Fox"; and the "Memoirs and Correspondence of Thomas Moore." Lord Russell lies buried in the family vault of the Duke of Bedford at Chenies, in Buckinghamshire. It is to be regretted that there is not as yet a stone or a tablet erected to commemorate the public services of Lord Russell, though several years have passed since his remains were carried to their last resting-

place. Perhaps the Russells, as having been the leaders of the popular party in the State for three centuries, consider, like Pericles, that "the whole earth is the tomb of illustrious men," and when asked to point out the memorials of their forefathers, would exclaim with good old Sir Christopher Wren, "Si monumentum requiris, circumspice."

Beyond Pembroke Lodge the road leads through some forest-like scenery on the one hand, and open on the other, until it arrives at cross-roads and a public footpath from Richmond to Kingston. The road to the right leads to Ham Gate, passing through one of the most picturesque and charming nooks in the park. The left-hand road is a direct route to the Robin Hood Gate, in the Kingston and Wandsworth Road; other roads branch off to East Sheen and Roehampton. The road, going straight forward to Kingston Gate—gradually ascends, and winds through a very wild and romantic part of the park. A little to the right stands the Thatched House Lodge, a building which, in Richardson's "Survey of the Park," is described as Burkitt's Lodge, after a former occupant, a Mr. Burkitt, who held some appointment connected with the park, either as a forester, ranger, or keeper, and who died there in 1769. After Burkitt's death the Thatched House Lodge was held by appointment by Mr. Medows, grandson of the last Duke of Kingston (whose father was then Deputy Ranger). Later on the lodge was occupied by Sir Charles Stuart (afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothesay, and a well-known diplomatist of the present century). Upon the death of his widow, Thatched House Lodge became the residence of General Sir Edward Bowater, who died here in 1861.

Leaving Kingston Gate to the right, and following the line of roadway to the left, we soon arrive at the highest point of land in the park, namely, Bloomfield Hill and plain. The footpath which crosses just here, and terminates but a few yards to the right by a ladder-stile opening upon Kingston Hill, is the "right of way," which was fully established by one Lewis, a brewer, of Richmond, as above mentioned, in the law proceedings which he instituted against the Princess Amelia, the then Ranger. The road now passes on the descent through some fine old oaks, &c., towards the Robin Hood Gate, leading to Coombe, Kingston, Wimbledon, and Putney.

The Roehampton Gate opens upon private property, and for the privilege of using this entrance the authorities of the park pay a quit-rent, or compensation, in the form of venison. At the corner of the cross-roads near here there is a

flourishing plantation of trees. The road to the right leads direct to East Sheen Gate and Mortlake. From the first-mentioned gate there is a right of way by a footpath to Ham.

The White Lodge—the favourite residence of Queen Caroline—is situated near the middle of the park, at the end of a splendid avenue, nearly a mile in length, called the Queen's Walk, from its having been Caroline's favourite promenade, and which opens upon the gateway forming the entrance to the park from Richmond Hill.

The White Lodge was the scene of very many of her munificent acts. Her favourite walk was along the path leading to Richmond. Hither, as readers of Sir Walter Scott's works will remember, the confident yet trembling steps of the heroine of the Heart of Midlothian—"Jeannie Deans"—were directed. It was to Richmond that the kind Duke of Argyll took Jeannie Deans in his carriage, when she walked from Scotland to London to plead the cause of her sister, Effie Deans, and to save her from the gallows; and we are introduced by Sir Walter Scott, in the twelfth chapter of his novel, to Richmond Park. They entered it by a "postern door" in the brick wall, passed through a small iron gate, the door of which was kept carefully locked. Inside they found themselves in a "deep and narrow valley, carpeted with the most verdant and close-shaven turf," and "screened from the sun by the branches of lofty elms . . . like one of the narrow side aisles of a Gothic cathedral." Here, thanks to the good offices of the duke, she was brought to the presence of Queen Caroline, who was attended by "her good Howard," Lady Suffolk. There Jeannie Deans pleaded her sister's cause with such native eloquence that the queen's heart was touched, and she promised to intercede with the king on her behalf—with how much success is known to all readers of the "Wizard of the North." At the end of the interview the duke and his Scotch *protégée* left the park by the same postern gate, they entered the duke's carriage, and returned to the great metropolis.

In the year 1760 the rangership of the park was bestowed on the Earl of Bute, who retained the office and resided in the White Lodge till his death, in 1792, when the king gave the appointment of Deputy Ranger to the Countess of Mansfield. When Mr. Addington (afterwards Lord Sidmouth) accepted the office of Premier, in 1802, the king gave him the post of Deputy Ranger, which he enjoyed for forty years. It was at the White Lodge that Pitt had his last interview with Lord Sidmouth, in September, 1805, little more than three months before his own death. Lord Sidmouth was

the son of a physician at Reading, who attended the family of Lord Chatham, and was brought forward into public life by Mr. Pitt. He first entered Parliament in 1784 as member for Devizes, and in 1789, through the friendship of Mr. Pitt, was elected to succeed Mr. Grenville as Speaker of the House of Commons. His talents were moderate, but his good luck was great, as, having been for a short time Speaker, he at last held the office of Prime Minister, when Pitt quitted the helm to make way for the negotiations of peace in 1802. When the war was resumed, Pitt found himself unable to displace his own nominee without the aid of the Grenvilles; this, however, was then accomplished, and Addington was raised to the peerage. At that time the following epitaph was made for him:—

"Sous ce marbre, passant, le Sieur Addington gît,
Ministre soi-disant, Médecin malgré lui."

The allusion in the concluding words, of course, is to the fact that he was the son of a physician, and was called in to prescribe for the Constitution on the retirement of William Pitt. Even at that date he was ridiculed in the papers and squibs of the day as "The Doctor."

Lord Sidmouth subsequently filled several important offices, especially that of Secretary of State for the Home Department, which he held from 1812 until 1824, when he retired from active life. He died here in 1844. We shall see Lord Sidmouth's tomb when we come to Mortlake, but it is almost needless to add that we shall not find the above inscription upon it. A portrait of his lordship, painted in water-colours by George Richmond, may be seen in the National Portrait Gallery.

From about the time of the appointment of Lord Sidmouth to the Rangership the present improved condition of the park takes date; and upon the death of his lordship, the White Lodge was given to the Duchess of Gloucester, who succeeded as Ranger. Before his marriage, the lodge was for some time a residence of the Prince of Wales. It is now occupied by the Duke of Teck and the Princess Mary.

The White Lodge contains some fine pictures, which are regarded as heirlooms. Among them are portraits of George III. on horseback, and of Queen Charlotte, presented to Lord Sidmouth by the king himself. Here also (says Brayley) is preserved with much care a small table, upon which in an after-dinner conversation, whilst taking wine with Lord Sidmouth, and shortly before resuming his command of the noble fleet which achieved the battle of Trafalgar, Lord Nelson traced with his

finger his plan of attack, and the manner in which he proposed to break the enemy's line.

The Bog Lodge, the residence of the head-keeper of the Park, has no fewer than six good springs near it, although its site is perfectly dry. A short distance to the south of White Lodge, at the foot of a gentle slope called Spanker's Hill, was the original head-keeper's lodge. That building was enlarged by the addition of wings for the occupation of Sir Robert Walpole, and from that period known as the Ranger's Lodge. The house, however, was taken down about the year 1840. Its site is marked by two fine oak-trees, which stood on the lawn before it. The situation was not perhaps so good for a house as that of the White Lodge, but it nevertheless commanded a fine view, the beauty of which was heightened by the two large sheets of water known as the Penn Ponds.

Another lodge, towards East Sheen, was formerly the head-gamekeeper's lodge, and was at one time the residence of Sir Frederick Adam. Another house, nearly adjoining this, has been for the last quarter of a century, by royal favour, the residence of Professor (now Sir Richard) Owen.

A native of Lancaster, Sir Richard Owen was born in 1804, and at the age of twenty-two became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London. He was appointed Hunterian Professor and Conservator of the Museum of the College in 1835. He was an active member of the commission of inquiry into the health of towns, as well as of the metropolis, which resulted in the appointment of a Sanitary Commission; and also of the commission of inquiry into Smithfield Market, which resulted in the abolition of the latter nuisance. Professor Owen served as president of one of the

juries of the Great Exhibition of 1851, and, at the request of the Government, he went to Paris and acted as president of the jury of the same class of objects in the Universal Exhibition of 1855. Professor Owen has been President of the Microscopical Society, of which institution he was one of the founders; and he is a fellow or associate of most of the learned societies and scientific academies at home and abroad. He has also been lecturer on palæontology in the Government School of Mines, in Jermyn Street, Vallerian Professor of Physiology in the Royal Institution of Great Britain, and was for many years Superintendent of the Natural History Department in the British Museum. On his retirement from the last-named post, in 1883, he was nominated a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath. Besides preparing the "Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue of the Specimens of Physiology and Comparative Anatomy," for the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, and also the "Catalogue of Natural History," that of the "Osteology," and that of "The Fossil Organic Remains" preserved in the Museum, Sir Richard Owen is the author of several books and lectures on palæontology and comparative anatomy. Of his larger works may be mentioned his "History of British Fossil Mammals and Birds," "History of British Fossil Reptiles," "Odontography," "Memoir on a Pearly Nautilus," "Memoir on a Gigantic Extinct Sloth," and "Principles of Comparative Osteology." He has also communicated numerous papers to the Transactions of the Royal, Linnæan, Geological, Zoological, Microscopical, and other learned Societies. Professor Owen has long been held in the highest esteem by his learned and scientific brethren, to whom he has become endeared by his kindly manners.

CHAPTER XLII.

RICHMOND (*continued*)—THE TOWN

"Loveliest of hills, that rise in glory round,
With swelling domes and glittering villas crowned."—MAURICE.

Railways &c.—Population—The Green—The Free Public Library—The Theatre—Edmund Kean—George Colman the Younger—Richmond Wells—The Original Theatre at Richmond—Remains of the Old Palace—Fitzwilliam House—Sir Matthew Decker—John James Heikewer—Almshouses—The Parish Church—Thomson's Monument—Eminent Persons buried at Richmond Church—Extracts from the Parish Register—St. John's Church—Holy Trinity—Christ Church—Roman Catholic and Independent Chapels—The Cemetery—Wesleyan Theological Institution—The Hospital—Societies and Public Institutions—Drainage and Water Supply—Richmond Bridge—Regattas—Devonshire Cottage—The Vineyards—Richmond Hill—The Terrace—The Wick—The Duke of Buccleuch's House—The Lass of Richmond Hill—The "Star and Garter"—Sir Joshua Reynolds's Retreat—The King and the Card-maker—Duppa's Almshouses—Ancaster House—The Wells House—"Maid of Honour."

THE town of Richmond in itself, notwithstanding the world-wide reputation of the beauty of its situation and its surrounding prospect, has but

little to attract the visitor apart from its historical associations. Its public buildings are few and unimportant, and its shops are of the ordinary kind

to be met with in country towns of moderate size. It has the advantages of good railway communication with the metropolis by way of the South-Western line to Waterloo, and also by way of Hammersmith. The North London Railway has also a station here, with running powers over a portion of the South-Western line; the town can also be reached by the London and North-Western, the Midland, and the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway branches. Croydon excepted, there is probably no other town near London which has such frequent communication with the metropolis; and then there are omnibuses constantly in summer. There is also the silent highway of the Thames, which, in the summer months, becomes a crowded thoroughfare for pleasuring folk.

In 1845 an Act of Parliament was passed authorising the construction of a railway from the terminus at Nine Elms to Richmond, with power to raise a capital of £260,000 in £20 shares, and it was opened for public use about twelve months later. At that time the railway had a separate proprietary, which has since been amalgamated with the South-Western Company. The intermediate stations are Vauxhall, Wandsworth, Putney, Barnes, and Mortlake.

Access to London by the railway, or even by road, it need hardly be said, is now far more speedy than it was in the reign of Henry VIII., when we read that Cardinal Wolsey did his Majesty a mighty good service by carrying some dispatches abroad with extraordinary speed. Having taken leave of the king at Richmond about noon, he reached London at four o'clock the same day, in time to proceed to Dover the same evening, and so to catch the next day's passage boat to Calais.

Of late years the population of the town has largely increased. According to the census returns for 1871, its inhabitants then numbered about 15,000, which had increased to over 19,000 during the next decade.

The main thoroughfare, George Street, runs north to south for about a mile, and the town is nearly a mile in width, sloping gradually up the side of the famous hill, on whose summit is the entrance to the park, and also the well-known "Star and Garter" Hotel.

The Green, in the north-west corner of the town, was in former times an important adjunct to the old palace, for on its broad smooth surface jousts and tournaments were wont to be held. Here, in 1492, Henry VII. held a grand festivity, lasting about a month, the entertainments being carried on sometimes within the palace, and some-

times "upon the Greene, without the gate of the said manor. In the which space," as we learn from Stow's "Annals," "a combat was holden and doone betwyxt Sir James Parker, Knt., and Hugh Vaughan, Gentleman Usher, upon controversie for the arms that Garter gave to the sayde Hugh Vaughan; but he was there allowed by the king to beare them, and Sir James Parker was slain in the first course."

Philip I., King of Castile, during his sojourn in England in 1506, after having visited Windsor Castle and London, was entertained by the king with great magnificence at Richmond, "where," as Holinshed, writes in his "Chronicles," "were many notable feates of armes proved both at the tylt and at the tourney and at the barriers."

In the statement drawn up by the Parliamentary Commissioners in the time of the Commonwealth the Green is described as containing "20 acres more or less . . . well turfed, level, and a special ornament to the place." It is also added that there were "113 elm trees, 48 whereof stand altogether on the west side, and include in them a very handsome walk." The old elms have greatly diminished in number, but of late years fresh trees have been planted in their place.

On the Green, Horace Walpole tells us, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Bath, and other members of the West End London clubs took a house where they could play cards in quiet on the dull English Sundays, which bored them so much.

The Green is now a large square, nearly surrounded by houses as well as lofty elms, which form a wide avenue on the north side. Its centre, a wide turf, marked by cast-iron posts, and bearing the initials of William IV., is used for cricket matches, bowls, &c. It is evident, from Lillywhite's "Cricket Scores," that Richmond had a good cricket club as late as 1827. Matches were still played in 1839, in which year Mitcham Union Club played East Sheen at cricket on Richmond Green.

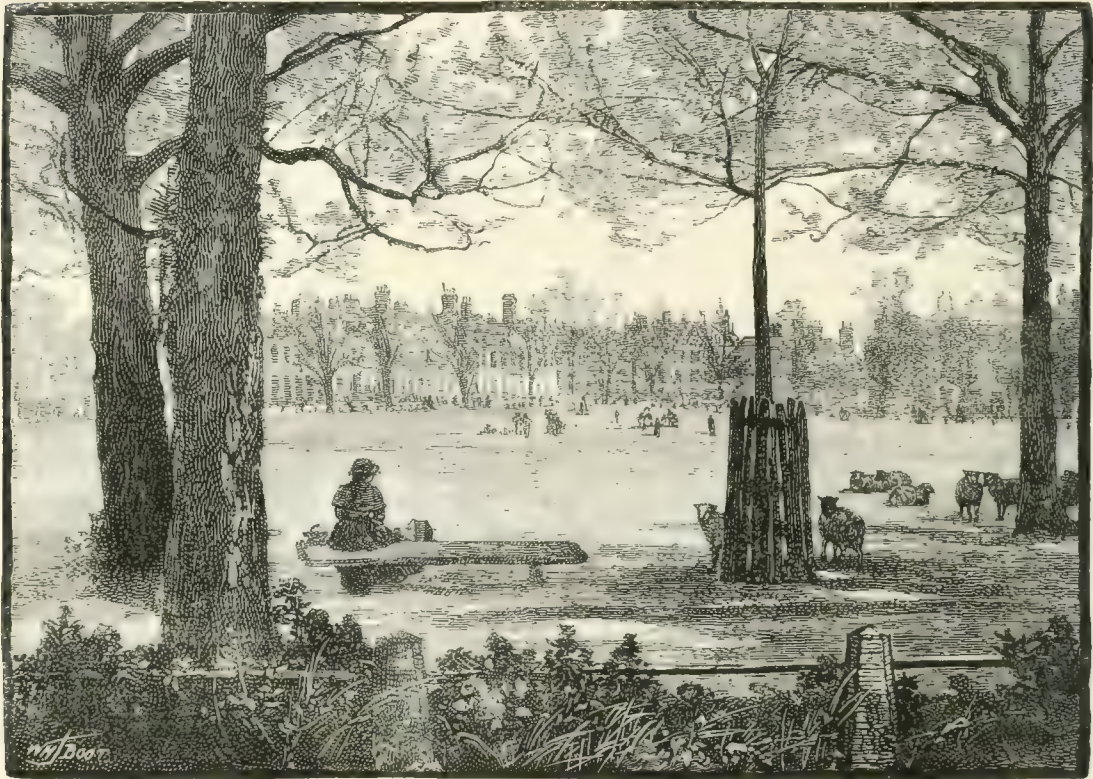
On the Green is one of the Russian guns captured in the Crimea in 1855.

Richmond has its Free Public Library on the Green. It is a handsome building, and contains several thousand volumes. It may perhaps be worthy of note that this library, which was founded in 1881, was the first Free Public Library instituted within the area of "Greater London," and that its success has been so great that within the first three years of its existence five neighbouring towns have followed suit, and availed themselves of the Public Libraries Act, and many more are about to do likewise.

The library was publicly inaugurated and opened in June, 1881, by the widow of Lord Russell, whom we have mentioned as residing in Richmond Park. A bust of the earl himself looks down upon the readers as they sit poring over the books of reference, history, travels, and biography; and a medallion of Lord Beaconsfield on another wall serves to remind them that literary toilers of all and every shade of politics are equally welcome. In the interior all the various

library."* It certainly is one of which the good people of Richmond may well feel proud. That they appreciate it is proved by the fact that in proportion to the population of the town the Richmond Library can boast of a larger issue of books and attendance than any other library in the kingdom, the issue averaging 350, and the readers in the news-rooms over 1,200 daily.

At the north-west corner is the theatre, built in 1766, under the superintendence of Garrick, by



RICHMOND GREEN.

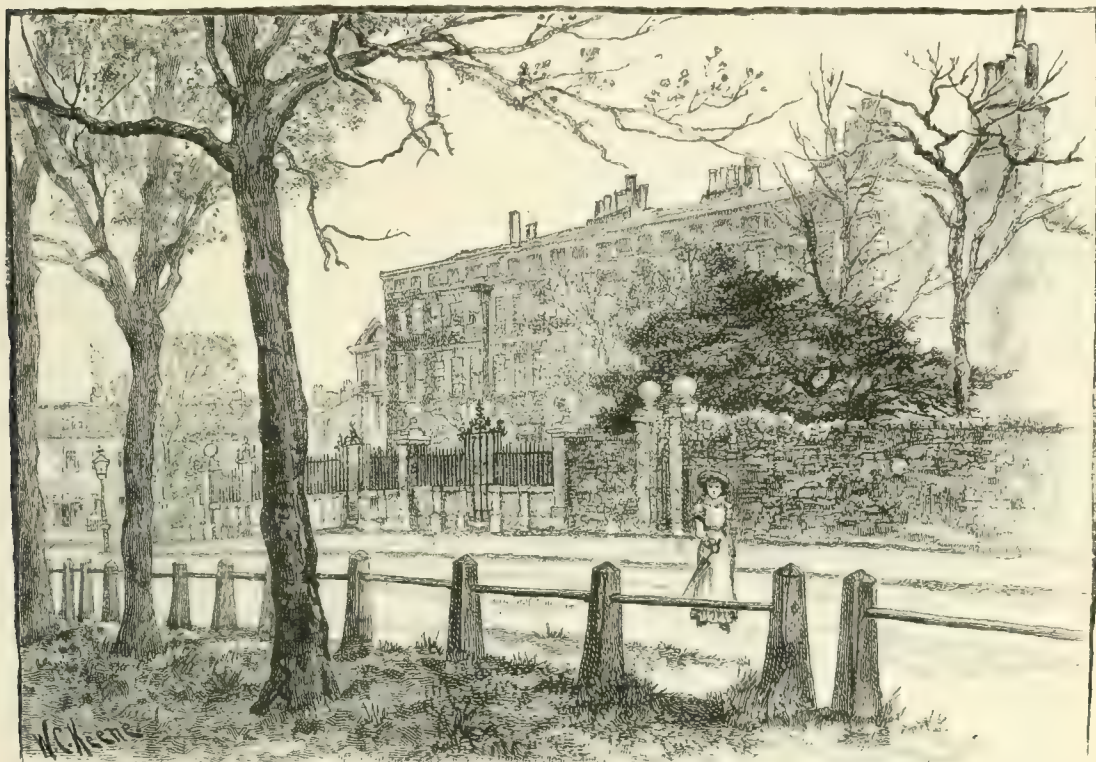
departments have been furnished with the latest approved fittings and appliances. An indicator, the invention of the librarian, Mr. A. Cotgreave, and now used in many public and private libraries, shows at a glance what books are in or out, saving much time and trouble both to the borrowers and the staff. This ingenious contrivance reveals in a moment the dates of issue and return of each book borrowed, the several persons who have borrowed it, the books taken out by every borrower, and those overdue; so that Professor Stanley Jevons was scarcely guilty of any exaggeration when, in speaking of the *rationale* of Free Libraries in his Essay on "Methods of Social Reform," he called this place "the beautiful little

Mr. Horne, for his relation, James Dance, the celebrated Falstaff of his day, who played under the name of Love. Quick, Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Siddons, Kean, and many other celebrated actors, have performed here. George III., when living at Kew, sometimes honoured this theatre with his presence. It was here that Charles Mathews the elder made his *début* as an actor, in September, 1793, in the character of "Richmond" in *Richard III.* Edmund Kean—the greatest of our tragic actors since the days of Garrick—in his later years was lessee of this theatre, and it was in a small room attached to it that the great actor died.

* See *Contemporary Review*, March, 1881.

Kean had one weakness common to the members of his precarious profession: he was often heard to declare that he was born upon St. Patrick's day (*i.e.*, 17th March), 1787. Yet, latterly, he as positively affirmed that his birth took place in November, 1790! His parentage was also continually questioned by himself; and he frequently, to many persons who were not particularly in his confidence, affirmed his belief to be that Mrs. Carey was not his mother, but that he owed his

reciting Satan's "Address to the Sun," and occasionally acting "Shylock," &c., but who concluded his efforts by a failure in "Richard III." at Covent Garden Theatre, in September, 1815. Edwards was only five or six years older than Kean, and the "boy" was so much "elder than his looks" that they became constant companions. Edwards to his death affirmed that "he had taught Kean all he knew:" this was but the idle expression of a clever but disappointed man; how-



"MAID OF HONOUR ROW."

existence to a lady who through life assumed the title of his aunt; that lady was, towards the end of the last century, under the protection of the Duke of Norfolk, and was introduced by him to Garrick, who gave her an introduction to the then managers of Drury, where she appeared soon after the death of the British Roscius.

About 1800, at the Rolls Rooms, Chancery Lane, young Kean, then described as "the infant prodigy, Master Carey," gave readings; amid other things, he actually read the whole of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." Many of the persons who were then stage-struck were attracted by the singularity of a child making such an attempt; among others, one Edwards, who at one time appeared at various benefits in the metropolis,

ever, it is worthy of remark that Edwards, in common with all others who knew Kean intimately as a boy, always declared that he was then "a splendid actor, and that many of his effects (at the age of fourteen) were quite as startling as any of his mature performances." Byron, who mingled at the time in all ranks of theatrical society, says, "Kean began by acting 'Richard the Third' when quite a boy, and gave all the promise of what he afterwards became." * That such was the case there is abundant evidence. Cobham, an actor long known at the minor theatres, who was a playmate of Kean, remembered hearing all the amateur or private actors of the time (1802) say that "Carey

* See Moore's "Life of Byron."

was the best amateur then extant." He had little means of bearing part in the expenses, yet the *leading characters* were assigned to him at a private theatre then existing in Lamb's Conduit Street: this is an extraordinary fact when the reader is told that in these places he who pays the highest price (*maugre* his incapability) has the right of playing first-rate parts. Mr. Roach, an old theatrical bookseller, who lived many years in the court running from Brydges Street to Drury Lane, often spoke of Kean's acting "Richard" in his (Roach's) garret, with a Scotch lassie for his Lady Anne; her *patois* was a terrible grievance to little Kean, who was teaching her English, and mimicking her Scotch from morning to night. In requital for his initiating her into the mysteries of the vulgar tongue, he made her teach him the dialect of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, a part in which he appeared for a few nights at Drury towards the close of his career. I think it was considered to be a failure by his best friends.

In the year 1833 Edmund Kean was engaged at Drury, and played "Othello" to Macready's "Iago." He had promised to play "Iago" also, and had a new dress made for it. About this time he had the Richmond Theatre, and played there three nights per week. For his last benefit he acted there "Penruddock" and "Paul." Being in embarrassed circumstances, he requested a loan of £500; this, it was said, the management of Drury Lane hesitated to advance, and he engaged himself at Covent Garden. On the 25th March, 1833, he appeared as "Othello"; "Iago," Mr. Charles Kean; "Cassio," Mr. Abbott; "Desdemona," Miss Ellen Tree. The elder Kean came to the theatre in company with Mr. John Lee and Dr. Douchez; it was with difficulty he made up for the character, the nauseous process of browning his face occasioning sickness. He went languidly through the first two acts, but rallied in the third; he spoke the "Farewell" exquisitely, but at the passage—"Villain! be sure thou prov'st my love," &c., his energy failed him; he essayed to proceed, and then sank on the shoulder of his son. Mr. Payne, who played "Ludovico," came on, and, with Mr. C. Kean, assisted the great actor from the stage, which he never again trod. It was singular that he should end his career in the arms of his son, and that that son's future wife should be "Desdemona." He was taken to the "Wrekin Tavern," Broad Court, too weak to even bear the operation of having the paint removed. In a few days he sufficiently recovered to go to Richmond; here he was sedulously attended by Mrs. Tidswell, said to be his aunt. Mr. Lee, Mr. Hughes, and

Dr. Douchez, were constantly with him. He flattered himself that he was recovering, commenced studying "Master Walter," and was underlined for it at the Haymarket, but his memory had gone for ever. On the 15th May, 1833, he expired. Kean did not know his birthday; though he kept it on the 17th of March, many of his early friends affirm that he was born in November. The year, as well as day, is doubtful. Kean himself said 1787. Mrs. Carey, who claimed to be his mother, died in the same week in the same house.

"On the 25th of March in this year" (1833), writes Mr. J. R. Planché, in his "Recollections," "I had witnessed at Covent Garden the closing scene of a great genius. I was present at the last performance of Edmund Kean. He acted 'Othello' to the 'Iago' of his son Charles. In the third act, having delivered the fine speech terminating with, 'Farewell; Othello's occupation's gone!' with undiminished expression, and, having seized 'Iago' by the throat with a tiger-like spring, he had scarcely uttered the words 'Villain, be sure!' when his voice died away in inarticulate murmurs, his head sank on his son's breast, and the curtain fell, never to rise again upon that marvellous tragedian. He expired at Richmond on the 15th of May following."

The above-mentioned mystery about the parentage of Edmund Kean is thus solved by a writer in *Notes and Queries*:—"The descent of Edmund Kean from the great Lord Halifax is well known. The latter left an illegitimate son, who, as Henry Carey, became famous as the author of operas, ballads, and pantomimes. His lyric, 'Sally in our Alley,' is still held in estimation. The authorship of 'God save the King' is also assigned to him, but upon no very satisfactory evidence. To Henry Carey was born a son, George Savile Carey, who chose the stage for a profession, and, in conjunction with Moses Kean, delivered imitations of popular actors, and a series of lectures upon mimicry. This Carey had a daughter Nancy, from whose intimacy with Edmund, the brother of her father's theatrical partner, resulted the birth of the tragedian. At his first appearance at Sadler's Wells, in June, 1801, he is described in the bills as Master Carey."

Richmond has been the home of other actors besides Edmund Kean.

There George Colman the younger was living in 1797, and from his house here he addressed the following humorous invitation to dinner to a friend: it is given by Mr. Planché, in his "Recollections"—

"Come to Richmond to-morrow to dinner, or you will have lost your *Kew* for pleasing everybody here.
"G. C."

"The dinner's prepared and the party is met,
The dishes all ranged—not one is for show ;
Then come undismayed, your visit's a debt ;
A debt on demand, and we won't take a 'No.'

"You'll fare well, good sir, you can't fear a *dew*,
Contented you'll sleep, 'twill be better for you,
And sleeping, we know, is the *rest* of our lives,
And this way we'll try to please both of our wives.

Garrick is said to have superintended the construction of Richmond Theatre, and it enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best little theatres in the kingdom ; for many years, however, it has had but a precarious existence, and it has been at various times considerably altered in appearance.

"In the early part of the last century," writes Dr. Evans in his book on Richmond, "there was a place of entertainment here much frequented, called Richmond Wells. The following advertisement is copied from a newspaper of the year 1730 :—'This is to give notice to all gentlemen and ladies that Richmond Wells are now opened, and continue so daily, where attendance is given for gentlemen and ladies that have a mind either to raffle for gold chains, equipages, or any other curious toys, and fine old china ; and likewise play at quadrille, ombre, whist, &c. And on Saturdays and Mondays during the summer season there will be dancing as usual.'—*Craftsman*, June 11. Penkethman also, of facetious memory, opened a 'new Theatre' at Richmond, June 6, 1719, and spoke a humorous prologue on the occasion, alluding to the place having been formerly a *hovel for asses* ! This theatre was probably the same that stood on the declivity of the hill, and was opened in the year 1756 by Theophilus Cibber, who, to avoid the penalties of the Act of Parliament against unlicensed comedians, advertised it as 'a Cephalic Snuff Warehouse !' *The General Advertiser*, July 8, 1756, thus announces it :—'Cibber and Co., *Snuff Merchants*, sell at their Warehouse at Richmond Hill most excellent *Cephalic Snuff*, which, taken in moderate quantities (in an evening particularly), will not fail to raise the spirits, clear the brain, throw off ill humours, dissipate the spleen, enliven the imagination, exhilarate the mind, give joy to the heart, and greatly invigorate and improve the understanding ! Mr. Cibber has also opened at the aforesaid Warehouse (late called the Theatre) on the Hill, an *histrionic* academy for the instruction of young persons of genius in *the art of acting* ;

and purposes, for the better improvement of such pupils, and frequently with his assistance, to give public rehearsals—without hire, gain, or reward !"

"Last night," writes Horace Walpole to Lord Strafford, under date August 12th, 1790, "the Earl of Barrymore was so humble as to perform a buffoon dance, and act the part of 'Scaramouch' in a pantomime at Richmond, for the benefit of Edwin, jun., the comedian ; and I, like an old fool, but calling myself a philosopher that loves to study nature in all its disguises, went to see the performance."

Dr. Evans, in 1824, speaks of the present theatre as having "a neat appearance, with the king's arms in front blazing forth with all the splendour of royalty ;" and adds :—"Mr. Klanert, the respected manager, has exerted himself to please by introducing good actors, and even the novelties of the London theatres, the house is frequented by the inhabitants of Richmond and its vicinity far and near, as well as by their royal highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Clarence, his Majesty's box having been elegantly fitted up for their reception. The theatre has undergone great improvements. Towards the close of the season (from July to November) the boxes are lined with scarlet moreen curtains bordered with velvet, which adds to the beauty of the house, whilst it greatly augments the comfort of the audience."

The theatre has become the very picture of decay and desolation, and has lately been purchased by a private resident. It never could have been a handsome structure ; but now, with its tiling loose, its old porch, and its windows blocked and boarded up, and notices pasted over its walls to the effect that the place is to be sold or let, there can be no doubt that it will soon be taken down, and pass away out of mind. Alas, for the memory of Edward Kean !

Near the theatre is the entrance gateway to the Wardrobe Court of the old palace, which has now the appropriate appellation of Old Palace Yard, and from the lower end a narrow roadway, called Palace Lane, leads to the water-side. In the adjoining grounds is an old yew-tree, mentioned in the report of the Parliamentary Commissioners in 1649. It is still in vigorous growth ; the trunk is upwards of ten feet in circumference, and the branches occupy an area of from sixty to seventy feet in diameter.

Fitzwilliam House, which stood on the site now occupied by Pembroke Villas, close by the Green, was, when first built, the seat of Sir Charles

Hedges, Secretary of State to Queen Anne, and was afterwards the residence of Sir Matthew Decker, Bart. "At the commencement or early part of the last century," writes Mr. Crisp, in his "History of Richmond," "this gentleman was one of the founders of the parochial school in this town, and until a comparatively recent period the boys in the said school wore Sir Matthew's livery. There was in the mansion a fine suite of apartments leading from one to the other, after the style of those in the palace of Hampton Court; one of these, a noble room, had been erected by Sir Matthew Decker for the purpose of receiving and entertaining in it his Majesty George I. A kitchen of extraordinary dimensions was likewise built at the same time, which, with its enormous range for cooking, and other accompaniments in the same proportion, would have put to shame the insignificant-sized offices for similar purposes in the present day. It was in the large apartment above referred to that George II. was dining with Sir Matthew on the day when he was being proclaimed king throughout the country.

A part of the royal entertainment above referred to consisted of a pine-apple, of which there is a painting, mentioned by Lysons, with a Latin inscription beneath it, stating that "this pine-apple, though worthy of a royal feast, was raised at the expense of Sir Matthew Decker, and produced by the skill of Theodore Netscher, Esq." It has often been said that this was the first fruit of the kind raised in England, but this is erroneous, for Lord Orford, at Strawberry Hill, had a most curious picture of Rose, the royal gardener, presenting the first pine-apple raised in England to Charles II., who is standing in a garden.* Mackay, in his "Tour through England," about 1724, says that "in Sir Matthew Decker's garden was the longest, the largest, and the highest hedge of holly that he ever saw."

"The courtyard of this old mansion," observes Mr. Crisp, "was of very considerable size, and was paved in a rather singular fashion throughout, being laid with Dutch bricks in the form of an immense star, encircled by smaller stars, somewhat similar to an ancient Roman pavement; it presented a remarkable appearance, and was at one time considered a great curiosity. It was in this courtyard that the Richmond Volunteers of the period were allowed to exercise, by the permission of the noble owner of the house.

"The Lord Fitzwilliam who for many years was a resident here was an eccentric, but kind-hearted and humane man. He had ever been a most liberal patron of the fine arts; he had travelled much, and consequently had enjoyed frequent opportunities of making selections from the old masters of various schools, of which his house on the Green became the depository. This valuable collection was, by his lordship's permission, at all times open for inspection, and was very frequently visited by the neighbouring nobility, gentry, and all whose taste or inclination led them to do so. . . . This nobleman lived for nearly the last twenty years of his life in the most perfect seclusion; he would see none but certain members of his own household, and during this period refused even to receive the king, who, as he always held his lordship in high respect, called frequently to make inquiries after his health, but the interview was always avoided by Lord Fitzwilliam, on the plea of nervous affection. Strange to say that from this retired and secluded life he suddenly emerged, and resumed the keeping of a splendid equipage with four horses, in which he generally travelled. This was not more than two years prior to his death, which took place February 5th, 1816. His lordship was buried in the family vault close to the tower of the old Richmond Church, in which lie the remains of his ancestor (relative), Sir Matthew Decker. His lordship's library was, equally with his collection of pictures, of a rare and costly character, consisting of nearly 8,000 volumes, 600 volumes of valuable prints, and 140 fine old missals, curiously and elegantly illuminated. It was to the University of Cambridge that this magnificent collection of pictures and scarce volumes was bequeathed, along with the sum of £100,000 in South Sea Annuities, to erect a building in which they might be stored, and for the purpose of maintaining and supporting it in perpetuity. The museum to which we refer at Cambridge bears his lordship's name." Lord Fitzwilliam's proof prints were upwards of 10,000, and drawn by the first artists; his library included a very scarce and curious collection of ancient music, among which were the original "Virginal book" of Queen Elizabeth and many of the best compositions of Handel in his autograph. His house here was pulled down about the year 1840.

It is said that when the Prince and Princess of Wales (afterwards George II. and Queen Caroline) were living at Richmond, they found that there was but scanty accommodation for the ladies about the Court, and that in consequence this row

* It is said that the first pine-apple was grown at Dorney Court, near Windsor, the seat of the Palmers, where there is a duplicate of this picture.

of houses, called Maid of Honour Row, was built for their reception by command of the king.

The last house in Maid of Honour Row, before we reach the gateway of the palace, is that which was occupied, in the early part of the last century by John James Heidegger, Master of the Revels to George I. and II., and who died here in 1749. Heidegger was born at Zurich in 1659, and came to England in 1708, when, obtaining the direction of the Italian Opera and its masquerades, the ingenious Swiss (who, by the way, wrote operas with wonderful facility) contrived to derive from it a fortune of £5,000 per annum. The lover of pleasant gossip will perhaps remember Heidegger's magnificent masquerade at the opera-house, described in *Mist's Weekly Journal*, February 5th, 1718. When Heidegger grew rich he took on lease the manor-house at Barn Elms, which stood in a small paddock at some distance from the Thames; and here he got up the famous surprise *fête* of light out of darkness, at which the second Guelph "laughed heartily."

Heidegger was extremely liberal to artists for the opera; and he commissioned his best scene-painters to decorate his house after his removal to Richmond. Under his direction they painted the panels of the principal room, or hall, with a series of views in Italy and of Heidegger's native country, Switzerland, including Mount Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples, the Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, and the curious bridge at Basle, which are extremely accurate; the whole are beautifully executed, and, although painted some 150 years since, they are in perfect preservation, the house having been in the possession of persons of taste, who did not object to the appropriation of a large room, that the pictures might remain intact. The general ornamentation of the room is likewise pleasing, and the paintings are well worth the inspection of the curious.

Heidegger died at the great age of ninety. He was noted for being the ugliest man of his day, which earned his features commemoration by Mrs. Salmon, of wax-work celebrity. However, the Master of the Revels left a more enduring fame than many of Mrs. Salmon's beauties could boast of: he was a benevolent, hospitable, and charitable man, and made his way in the world to wealth and good society; and any memorial of so estimable a character is worthy of record and respect.

Besides those in Maid of Honour Row, many other houses on the Green are fine specimens of the style of Queen Anne, as attested by their carved cornices and lintels externally, and by their

panelled walls and fine staircases within. Among the finest are those near the corner of Friars Lane, which are built on the old grounds of the Friary: notably Abbotsdene, the residence of Mr. John Cockborn, and the adjoining house on either side. Mr. Cockborn has on the walls of his billiard-room two copies of the old palace in its glory under Henry VIII. They are taken from an engraving in the Bodleian Library by Van den Wyngaerde, and dated 1562. These views, kindly lent to our pages by Mr. Cockborn, giving respectively the river front and that looking towards the Green, show the palace to have been quadrangular, turreted and embattled, and surmounted by short spires, not unlike those represented in our illustration of Nonsuch. At either end of the palace is a garden, laid out in formal flower-beds and gravel paths; on the south side the walls are lined internally with a series of low apartments, little more than "lean-tos," evidently for the servants and guards.

The front towards the Green is low and meagre in appearance, quite in keeping with the central gateway, which remains, and which opened into the courtyard fronting the palace itself. In this drawing the arms over the gateway are distinctly shown. A glance at this drawing will serve to show the most poetical and romantic of visitors that Queen Elizabeth could not have died in the small portion which still stands quite distinct from the central structure. The rooms in the remaining portion of the palace are low, but comfortable in the extreme. The floors are of oak, almost black with age, and some portion of the dark oak panelling and, above all, a magnificent oak staircase may well serve to remind us of the days of the Tudors. Two of the attics still go by the name of the pages' rooms; but apparently the pages in those days were not as well lodged as servant-maids are now. There can be little doubt that it is only the poetic imagination which has identified the room over the old gateway with that in which the interview took place between the Virgin Queen and the Countess of Nottingham. It is a small, narrow apartment, with a modern bow-window thrown out.

The garden is small; in it many traces of old walls and other fragments of the building can be discerned.

The Green and the rest of the lower parts of the town are subject to floods. As Akenside writes:—

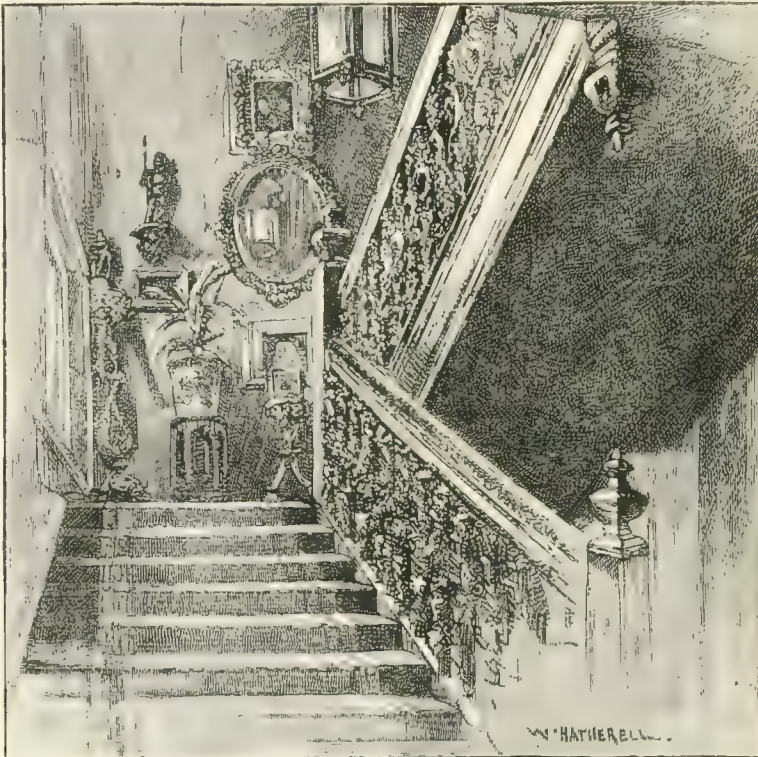
"With sordid floods the wintry urn
Hath stained fair Richmond's level green,
Her naked hill the Dryads mourn."

There are at Richmond four or five churches belonging to the Establishment, and several

Dissenting chapels, besides a Wesleyan Collegiate Institution of an important character.

The living, anciently a chapelry to Kingston, was, in 1769, constituted, together with Kingston and the hamlets of Ham and Hatch, a separate and distinct vicarage, "by the name of the Vicarage of Kingston-upon-Thames and Sheen, otherwise Richmond." The increase of population which has taken place since that time, however, has made it necessary to build a district church in

£2,000 was spent upon it in improvements and embellishment. The interior, which is low, but spacious, comprehends nave, with side aisles and chancel. There are four Doric columns on each side, and the nave opens to the chancel by a wide Tudor arch, over which is a large gilt carving of the royal arms, and the initials G. R. At the west end is a fine organ, built by Knight in 1770, the expense being jointly defrayed by their Majesties George III. and Queen Charlotte,



STAIRCASE IN PALACE GATEWAY.

each of the places above-mentioned. The patrons are the Provost and Fellows of King's College, Cambridge, to whom the right of presentation was sold by George Hardinge, Esq., the lay impropriator, in 1786.

The old church, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, stands in a central situation between George Street and old Paradise Row. A chapel at "Schene" is mentioned in a record of as remote a date as 1339, but it was probably built much earlier, the tower being evidently of more ancient construction. It is very massive, embattled, of stone and flints, and has a clock and good peal of eight bells. The body of the church, which is of brick, has been erected at different periods. It was much enlarged in 1750, and in 1823

and by a subscription of the parishioners. The church was restored in 1866, at a cost of £4,000. The registers, begun in 1583, are said to be perfect from 1682, except that of marriages from 1751 to 1754.

The monuments are very numerous. Amongst the most interesting are, on the north side of the chancel, a mural monument inscribed in memory of "the late virtuous and religious ladie, the Lady Dorothy Wright, wife to Sir George Wright, Knt., who died in 1631"—the "ladie" and her husband are represented by small figures, under an arch, kneeling at a desk, over bas-reliefs of their three sons and four daughters; a tablet to the memory of the Rev. George Wakefield, "nine years Vicar of Kingston, and minister of this

parish," father of the Rev. Gilbert Wakefield, who is buried in the churchyard, with a memorial affixed to the east wall of the south aisle, and who was eminently distinguished for his attainments in biblical and classic literature, as well as for his exertions in the cause of religious and civil liberty during a time of feverish excitement consequent on the revolutionary war with France. He was imprisoned for two years in Dorchester gaol for his "Reply to the Address of the Bishop of

"In the earth below this tablet are the remains of James Thomson, author of the beautiful poems entitled 'The Seasons,' 'The Castle of Indolence,' &c., who died at Richmond, Aug 22nd, and was buried here the 29th, 1748, O. S. The Earl of Buchan, unwilling that so good a Man and sweet a Poet should be without a Memorial, has denoted the place of his interment for the satisfaction of his admirers, in the year of our Lord 1792.



RICHMOND CHURCH.

Llandaff to the People of Great Britain." His health suffered so much during his incarceration that he died shortly after his release. Thomas Wakefield, his brother, who, "for thirty years" was "the minister, guide, and friend" of the parishioners of Richmond, is also interred here.

Thomson was buried in the north-west corner of the church, "just where the christening-pew now stands." He was followed to the grave by his friend Robertson, by the actor Quin, and his brother poet, David Mallet. A plain stone was the only memorial of his grave till Lord Buchan, in 1792, put up a brass tablet, with an inscription, to mark the spot. It is affixed to the wall at the west end of the north aisle, and is thus inscribed:—

"Father of Light and Life ! thou good Supreme!
Oh ! teach me what is good. Teach me Thyself !
Save me from Folly, Vanity, and Vice,
From every low pursuit, and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious Peace, and Virtue pure :
Sacred, substantial, never-fading Bliss."

Of Thomson we shall have more to say presently, when we come to his house in Kew Foot Lane.

It would appear that they who knew Thomson best loved him most. "He was one of the best and most beloved of my friends," writes Lord Lyttelton to Doddridge. "I was as much shocked at his death as if I had known and loved him for a number of years," writes Shenstone, who, though his acquaintance with him

was but slight, erected an urn to his memory at the Leasowes.

A bust and tablet on the south side of the church commemorate Mr. Robert Lewis, "a Cambro-Briton, and a barrister-at-law," who died in 1649, not "from length of days," as the inscription (in Latin) somewhat whimsically states, "but from being such a studious lover of peace, that when a contention sprung up between life and death, he immediately yielded up his spirit to end the dispute."

Mrs. Mary Ann Yates, the celebrated tragic actress, who died in 1787, is buried here, together with her husband, Mr. Richard Yates, a comedian of considerable talent. Manning says that Mr. Yates "died of passion, in consequence of disappointment of his dinner."

Amongst the monuments against the outer walls is a large one near the entrance on the north side, in memory of Richard Viscount Fitz William,* who died in 1776; the father of Richard, seventh Viscount, the munificent founder of the Fitz William Museum at Cambridge, was also interred in the same vault in 1816. At the west end, near the tower, is a handsome tablet of white marble, in memory of the inimitable actor, Edmund Kean, who, as already stated,† died at his house, adjoining the Richmond Theatre—of which he was then proprietor—in 1833, and was buried here with great solemnity. For many years no "storied urn or animated bust" recorded his talents or his name. His son Charles, however, with filial piety, at length, in 1839, caused tablets to be placed on the walls of the church. The Rev. Mr. Richardson, in his amusing "Recollections," tells a story of the members of a dramatic club, "The Owls," endeavouring to put up a rival inscription, which was rejected by the vicar of the parish on the score of bad grammar and worse taste.

Joseph Taylor, an eminent actor, who died in the year 1652, is said by Wright, in his "Historica Histrionica," to have been buried at Richmond. According to Downes, he was instructed by Shakespeare to play "Hamlet," which he did "incomparably well." He was appointed Yeoman of the Revels to Charles I. in 1639.

Another person of much note in the same profession was also interred in a vault in the churchyard, namely, Heidegger,‡ Master of the Revels to George I., and for many years Director of the Italian Opera. Mr. James Fearon, of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, also lies here. He died in 1789.

In the new burying-ground is interred Dr. John Moore, who died at Richmond in 1802. He was the author of "Zeluco" and other novels, which were favourites in their day. In early life he had been an army surgeon, and afterwards was surgeon to the Embassy at Versailles. Dr. Moore was a voluminous writer: "Views of Society and Manners in Italy, France, Switzerland, Germany, &c.," "Journal of a Residence in France," &c. He was the father of the gallant general, Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna.

The accomplished Lady Di (Diana) Beauclerc, wife of the Hon. Topham Beauclerc, the friend of Dr. Johnson, who died at Richmond in 1808, is also buried in the new ground. She was the eldest daughter of the second Duke of Marlborough.

Mrs. Barbara Hofland, one of the most prolific of authoresses, and the friend of James Montgomery, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Mitford, died at Richmond in November, 1844, from the effects of a fall. She was the author, *inter alia*, of the letterpress account of the Duke of Marlborough's description of his gardens at White Knight's, near Reading, and she was never paid by the duke for her labours.

According to Brayley's "Surrey," the registers of this church date from the year 1583, and are said to be perfect from 1682, with the exception that the entries of marriages between 1751 and 1754 are missing. Among the baptisms, under the date of 1605, is entered that of "Thomas, son of Sir Charles Lyttelton, and Dame Anne, his wife," of West Sheen. He succeeded to the title, and was one of the Commissioners of the Admiralty, and father of George, the first Lord Lyttelton. Among the burials are noted those of "Sir William Segan, buried in 1633"—he had been appointed Garter King-at-Arms in 1606; "Edward Gibson, painter, living in the Savoy le Strand, in 1701;" and "William Gibson, gent., of the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, in 1703." The former was supposed by Walpole to be the son of Richard Gibson the dwarf, a pupil of Sir Peter Lely, who taught Queen Anne to draw; the latter, his nephew, was an excellent copyist of Lely, but chiefly practised in miniature: he bought a great part of Sir Peter's collection.* The following extraordinary instance of longevity is also recorded:—"Susanna Waterman, aged about 103, mother to the parish clerk, buried in 1803." There are many other entries of the burials of persons aged from ninety to ninety-seven years. The baptism of Swift's Stella, namely, "Hester, daughter of Edward

* See *ante*, p. 364.

† See *ante*, p. 362.

‡ See *ante*, p. 363.

* Walpole's "Anecdote of Painting," Vol. III., p. 69.

Johnson," is recorded in one of the old registers, under the date of "March 20, 1680-1."

From Crisp's "Richmond and its Inhabitants" we glean the following quaint and singular extracts from the register:—"July 24, 1596. Laurence Snow was buried, w^{ch} Laurence was executed at Kingston, and by his wife brought to Richmounte to be buried." "Nov. 12, 1599. Mrs. Elizabeth Ratcliffe, one of the maides of honor, died, and her bowells buried in the Chancell at Richmond." "July 24, 1600. Sir Anthony Paulet, Knight, died at Kew, whose bowells were interred at Richmounte." In 1624 the number of "Christianings" amounts to sixty-nine. Under date of February 25 of that year are recorded the names of "Nazareth, the base-born daughter of Joane Maskall; Joane, the base-born daughter of Ann Franklin; and Will Evans, sonne of Ryce Evans, a travailing stranger, whose wife lay in at Sheene, christened May 8th." Under date of November 13th, 1634, we learn of the death of "John Smyth, y^e Bird-catcher;" and in 1671 is recorded the fact that "Matthew, a Blackamoor," was "buried May 20." In 1636 and 1637 are recorded the deaths of two "crisom" children; and the register for 1654 tells us how that one "William Sauley and Mary Austin had y^e publicacon of their marriage published on the 12th, y^e 19th, and y^e 26th day of February, and were marryed by Richard Graves, Esqr., y^e 26th day of March, 1654, in y^e presence of Walter Symmes, Robert Warren, and others."

In 1839 the new ecclesiastical parish of St. John's was formed. The church, situated in the Kew Road, was built a few years previously, having been begun in 1831, and finished in 1836. It was erected from the designs of Mr. Lewis Vulliamy, architect, of London. It is built of brick, with stone dressings, in the modern Gothic style, enriched with buttresses, pinnacles, quatrefoils, and other ornaments, but it is a poor structure at the best.

Above the principal entrance, in the centre of the western front, is a large window of three lights, with flowering tracery above, and on the gable of the roof is an ornamental bell and clock turret.

The Church of St. Matthias, situated on the hill at the end of Friars' Stile Road, is a chapel of ease to the parish church, and was built in the year 1858, from the designs of Sir Gilbert Scott. It presents a fine contrast to the meagreness of St. John's. It is a handsome stone building, and has a spire nearly 200 feet in height. Holy Trinity is an ecclesiastical parish, formed in the year 1870.

The church situated in Marshgate Road was

built at a cost of about £5,000. It is a plain stone building, consisting of chancel, transepts, nave, and aisles. Christ Church, in Parkshot, was formerly a Nonconformist meeting-house, but is now licensed by the Bishop of Rochester as a place of worship for members of the Established Church.

The Roman Catholic and Independent chapels stand peacefully and lovingly near each other, on the hill, in the district called the "Vineyard." The former, which is dedicated to St. Elizabeth, was opened in the year 1824, having been built by Mrs. Elizabeth Doughty, a friend and connection of the Tichborne family, who long resided on the Terrace. It is a large brick building in the Italian style, and an open tower or turret, surmounted by a large gilt cross, crowns the roof. The interior is handsomely fitted up, and the altar window is enriched with a beautiful painting of the Annunciation.

The Independent Chapel was erected in 1830, from the designs of Mr. John Davies, architect, of London. Its total cost was over £2,500. There are several other chapels and meeting-houses for different denominations of dissenters in different parts of the town.

The cemetery, which is on the south-east side of the town, consists of about four and a half acres; it was laid out in the year 1855, and has two mortuary chapels.

Important for its size, and not for its size alone, the Wesleyan Theological Institution is a building that would not discredit either of our universities. It stands near the upper part of Richmond Hill, on ground sold to the Wesleyan body by the executors of the late Mr. Thomas Williams. The entire plan is two hundred and forty-eight feet by sixty-five in its greatest depth, and that portion of the front which is between the wings is one hundred and sixty-five feet. The chief or public rooms are on the ground floor, and are very lofty. Besides class-rooms and some others on this floor, are the refectory and lecture-room, and the governor's apartments. Beyond the entrance-hall, which has a groined ceiling, is the principal staircase, branching off right and left. This leads to the library, which is the only public room on the first floor, all the rest of it being divided into studies or separate sitting-rooms for the pupils. The library is lighted by a lofty oriel over the entrance. The next floor consists entirely of sleeping-rooms for the students, corresponding with their sitting-rooms on that beneath it; and of each sort of rooms there are from sixty to seventy in number. At the top of the building is another room, intended to

be used as an observatory, and commanding a singularly fine prospect, including Windsor Castle in one direction and Greenwich and Shooter's Hill in another. Upon the ground floor there yet remains to be noticed the corridor, or ambulatory, extending nearly the entire length of the building, forming a walk two hundred and thirty feet in extent. The wings contain several additional rooms, on a mezzanine floor over the ground one. The exterior is of Bath stone.

The College stands in grounds of about thirty acres, and is shut out from view by the houses on Richmond Hill and its Terrace. The dining-hall is a very fine room, adorned with portraits of John Wesley, and also of several presidents of the Wesleyan Conference and other friends of the cause. Here stands the pulpit originally occupied by Wesley himself when he preached at the Foundry, in Moorfields—an honoured and treasured relic, as may be supposed; for the worship of relics, in some shape or other, is a part of the poetic nature, and will assert itself in one shape or another. Up-stairs on the first floor are the sitting-rooms of the students, and above their little bed-rooms, all plainly furnished, though some slight room is allowed for individual tastes. Each student has a sitting-room and a bed-room to himself. The students are generally about seventy in number, and they do not enter here until they are twenty-two or twenty-three years of age—in fact, until they have been “accepted” as preachers by one congregation or another. Adjoining the college are houses for the principal and his assistants; and there is a chapel also, in the Gothic style, within the grounds.

When the Wesleyan societies had existed one hundred years, “it was resolved by the Conference, at their annual meeting, held in Bristol, to celebrate their original foundation, in 1739, under the instrumentality of the venerated John Wesley, whose name, in association with the Scriptures, will descend from age to age, ‘until time shall be no more.’”

The primary object of this celebration was religious and devotional, and solemn public services were held in all the chapels throughout England and Ireland, and at the stations occupied by their foreign missions. In connection with the primitive design, it was deemed expedient that a general pecuniary contribution should be made, both in the congregations and personally, or in families, as a practical thank-offering to the Almighty for the benefits which the Christian world had derived from the labours of Mr. Wesley, his coadjutors and his successors, during the century

then ended. The result was unexpected, the total sum collected amounting to nearly £220,000. A part of this sum was devoted to the founding of two colleges, with appropriate establishments, for the training of the rising Wesleyan ministry. One of these was built at Didsbury, near Manchester, but is different in its style of architecture from the institution at Richmond, which is a Decorated composition, partly in the Pointed or Perpendicular Gothic, and partly in the Elizabethan style.

Richmond is apparently well off for almshouses. Besides those of Queen Elizabeth and Bishop Duppa, and Michel, in the Vineyard, there are three—the Church, Hickey's, and Houblon's—in Marshgate Road; altogether accommodating upwards of seventy inmates. Hickey's almshouses enjoy an income of over a thousand pounds yearly. A small chapel is attached to Hickey's almshouses, to which the public are admitted.

The Hospital, in Kew Foot Lane, was formerly the residence of the poet Thomson. We shall have occasion to speak of it more at length presently. It is a large institution, to which the Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, opened new wards in 1882. The new buildings form a block 70 ft. in length and 30 ft. in width—exclusive of separate wings for lavatories, bath-rooms, &c.—and rise to a height of over 40 ft. On the ground floor is a male ward, containing seventeen beds, and on the first floor a female ward of similar dimensions. The greatest care has been taken with regard to the sanitary and ventilating arrangements.

The inhabitants of Richmond, however, on the whole enjoy the blessings of good health; witness Dr. Armstrong, who in his poem entitled “Health”—recommending a salubrious place of residence—has these lines:—

“See! where enthroned in adamantine state,
Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits;
There choose thy seat in some aspiring grove
Fast by the slowly-winding *Thames*—or where
Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats—
Richmond that sees a *hundred villas* rise
Rural or gay!”

It would seem that Richmond is a public-spirited place, or at all events that its inhabitants know how to combine in order to promote athletics, art studies, and social improvement. At all events, the town has its cricket, bicycle, football, bowling, and rowing clubs, and an archery and lawn-tennis club; its school of art, in connection with South Kensington Museum; its philanthropic, musical, piscatorial, and horticultural societies; its Vocal Union, its Church Choral Association; its

Rifle Volunteer Corps; its "afternoon dances," the latter held during the winter every other Saturday at the "Star and Garter" Hotel; its Dispensary, and, as we have shown above, even its Hospital. Its Public Free Library has been already mentioned. Richmond can also boast of a coffee palace, several branch banks, a permanent benefit building society, and a Liberal and a Conservative Association. The Baths and Washhouses Act having been adopted by the vestry, a swimming-bath has been opened in Parkshot. Richmond has also a public and a private club, the latter, of course, rather exclusive. A Mechanics' Institute was established here in 1838. The building, consisting of a theatre, or lecture-room, for 300 persons, a museum, a library, &c., is in the Italian style. The cost was defrayed by donations of the gentry of Richmond, and by subscriptions from the members.

The civic and municipal affairs of Richmond are managed by a "Select Vestry," of which the vicar and the local magistrates are *ex-officio* members. They divide themselves into committees for roads and drainage, for the regulation of schools, fire brigade, recreation grounds, public library, buildings, burial grounds, &c.

"Great bodies," however, proverbially "move slow;" and perhaps that is the reason why the vestry has now spent seven years and upwards of seventy thousand pounds upon a well without yet having come to water. This is all the more strange, perhaps, seeing that the first artesian well dug at Richmond, in the grounds of the Duke of Buccleuch, where the boring was chiefly through a hard blue clay, the water was met with at a depth of 254 feet. Opposite Spring Grove stands an ancient conduit, whence the town was partly supplied with water during difficulties with the Waterworks Company a few years ago.

One of the penalties of the rapid growth of Richmond, one of the most increasing suburbs of London, has lately been a deficiency in the water supply. The artesian well was already pierced to a depth of 1,279 feet, or 845 feet below the original boring. The deficiency is ascribed to a reduction in the amount of rainfall, and the large quantity of water used for trade purposes. Measures have, however, been taken to supply the deficiency.

Richmond, in fact, in common with other London suburbs, has suffered for some time from a deficiency in the water supply. The monopoly of the companies on the one hand, and the incompetency of local authorities on the other, have brought it to such a pass that for days together the supply entirely ceased, and that in the hottest part

of summer. The Southwark and Vauxhall Company have offered to provide water at a high charge, but it is full time that measures should be taken by Government to prevent the recurrence of such an event. Mr. Frederick Senior, the vestry clerk, in a letter to the *Times*, in March, 1884, with reference to the water-supply of Richmond, writes:—"The vestry, when they undertook the water-supply of the town, had to purchase premises and erect pumping machinery and a reservoir, and lay mains, &c., which works cost altogether some £46,000; but the parish derives an income of nearly £6,500 per annum therefrom (being the produce of a 1s. water rate, assessed on the rateable value of the houses supplied, and certain minor receipts), whereof £2,500 per annum defrays all working expenses, &c., and the £4,000 per annum balance goes in repayments of the principal and interest of the money borrowed on the authority of the Local Government Board to construct the works, and repayable in thirty years; while in other respects Richmond rates are now as follows:—Poor rate, 1s. 6d. per annum; highway and general rate, including free library and every other expense, 2s. 2d. per annum—grand total, 3s. 8d. per annum."

The drainage system of the town was perhaps quite adequate to the wants of the population when it was first carried out; but the speculative builders have done their best to spoil this once charming suburb by erecting so many houses, that the underground arrangements for the carrying away of the sewage are already too small for the requirements of the place.

Of water, however, under other circumstances, the inhabitants of Richmond have sometimes enough and to spare. They are occasionally in the case of the *Ancient Mariner*, with

"Water, water, everywhere,
And not a drop to drink."

We read in one of the daily papers that "the Surrey side of the Thames, between Richmond and Kew, was considerably overflowed by the tide of this morning, and hundreds of yards of the raised footpath was half carried away into the ha-ha of the Old Deer Park, which now resembles a lake, over one hundred acres being under water." That Richmond is subject to these floods is a well-known fact.

Richmond Bridge, which connects this shore with that of Twickenham, consists of five semi-circular stone arches, and is an elegant and substantial structure. It was built from a design by Paine, was finished in 1777, and cost £26,000. The river here is about 300 yards in breadth. The average rise of the spring tides here is about

three feet ten inches ; at Kew it is seven feet, and at Teddington only one foot four inches. The time of high water here is about an hour and a quarter later than at London Bridge. The bridge itself stands nearly sixteen miles by water above London Bridge, and about twelve above Chelsea Hospital.

There was originally on the spot a ferry belonging to the Crown, as an appendage to the manor of Richmond. The increase of population rendered this mode of passage extremely inconvenient, and

as seen from the railway bridge, has a charm and richness peculiarly its own. The mansions, mingled with lofty trees and sloping gardens, are set off by all the garniture of rural scenery. Maurice, in his admirable poem, gives the following lines on Richmond Bridge :—

“ Mark where yon beauteous bridge, with modest pride,
Throws its broad shadow o'er the subject tide,
There Attic elegance and strength unite,
And fair proportion's charms the eye delight ;
There, graceful while the spacious arches bend,



RICHMOND BRIDGE.

an application was made to Parliament in 1773, and an Act obtained for building the bridge.

A view of the bridge was painted by Turner whilst he lived at Twickenham. The picture is in the possession of Mr. Ruskin, who tells us that Sandycombe Lodge, on the Twickenham side of the bridge, was bought by Turner in 1808, and that he resided there till 1827.

From many points in the surrounding country the bridge forms an impressive feature, and the views from it, both looking up and down the river, are very beautiful.

The view up the river, however, is especially charming ; we see it dotted with its willow-clad eyots, and with Richmond Hill and the groves of Ham in the distance. The view of the hill, also,

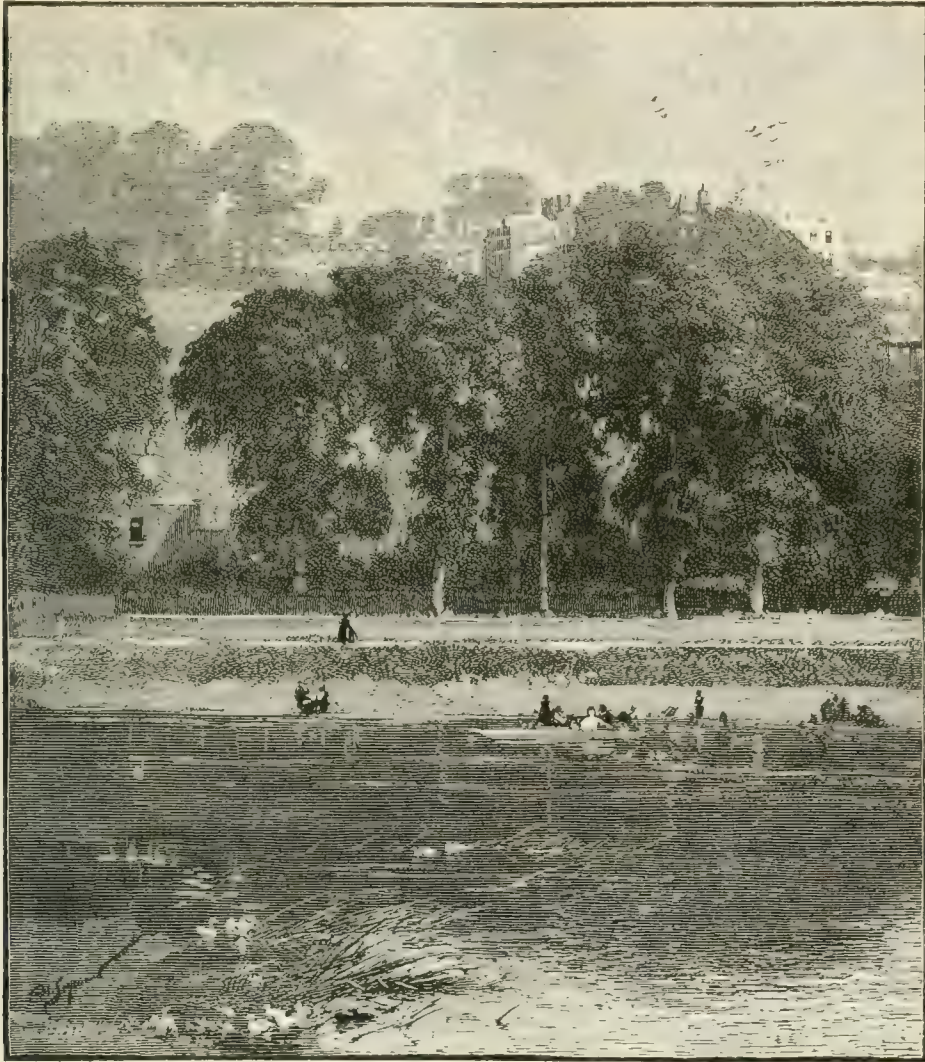
No useless glaring ornaments offend ;
Embowered in verdure heaped unbounded round,
Of every varied hue that shades the ground.
Its polished surface of unsullied white,
With heightened lustre beams upon the sight :
Still lovelier in the shining flood surveyed,
'Mid the deep masses of surrounding shade !
Glittering with brilliant tints and burnished gold,
Above the cars of luxury are rolled,
Or commerce, that upholds the wealthy Thane,
Guides to Augusta's towers her cumbrous wain ;
Below, refulgent in the noontide ray,
While in the breeze the silken streamers play,
A thousand barks, arrayed in gorgeous pride,
Bound o'er the surface of the yielding tide."

There was no bridge at Richmond, or probably we should find more about its park and scenery in Pope's letters, for he was on friendly terms with

both Thomson and Gay; its surroundings, however, were as bright and sylvan then as now, for, as Pope writes to a friend—"I have seen no scenes of Paradise, no happy bowers, equal to those on the banks of the Thames."

What a delightful ornament to a country is the

of the ancients (the modern Po) has been celebrated by Virgil, Claudian, and Lucan; Denham and Pope have immortalised the Thames; and even the rivers in savage climes, that roll their immensity of waters through vast solitary wilds, have neither been neglected nor unsung by descriptive poets.



THE TERRACE, FROM THE RIVER.

winding course of a river! How much more exquisitely enchanting does it render the most beautiful landscape! And of what an unspeakable variety of benefits is it productive to the countries through which it flows! Hence rivers, in all their diversities of scenery, ever appear a favourite theme in poetical composition. Homer seldom mentions the country of any of his great personages without introducing the principal river that waters it by some distinguishing characteristic. The Eridanus

The river hereabouts, in summer time, is in high favour alike with lovers of aquatic amusement and with that soberer and more pensive class who love quiet English scenery.

Horace Walpole describes a regatta on the Thames here in August, 1776:—"I have since been at the regatta at Richmond, which was the prettiest and the foolishlest sight in the world, as all regattas are. The scene, which lay between the Duke of Montagu's and Lady Cowper's, is so

beautiful, that with its shores covered with multitudes, and the river with boats, in the finest of all evenings, nothing could be more delightful. The king and queen were on a stage on their own terrace."

Collins thus refers to our river in his "Ode on the Death of Thomson":—

"Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest."

Wordsworth, again, composed "upon the Thames near Richmond," in 1789, the following lines in "Remembrance of Collins":—

"Glide gently, thus for ever glide,
O Thames! that other bards may see
As lovely visions by thy side
As now, fair river, come to me,
O glide, fair stream! for ever so,
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
Till all our minds for ever flow
As thy deep waters now are flowing."

It is said that Richmond has the credit of having invented those modern pleasure canoes which now flit about the Thames on every reach from Oxford to London. General Rigaud, in *Notes and Queries* for 1884, writes:—"More than forty years ago Mr. Julius, the son of a gentleman living in the Old Palace Yard, Richmond, was the champion sculler, and held the prize known as the 'diamond sculls' for some seasons. This gentleman," he adds, "built the first light pleasure canoe that I ever saw or heard of." There is nothing new under the sun, and the canoe of the reign of Queen Victoria is but a revival, with some modifications, of the coracle of our British and Saxon ancestors.

At a short distance below the bridge, at the eastern boundary of Kew Gardens, the Thames is spanned by a railway-bridge on the Windsor and Staines branch of the South-Western line. During the summer months the space between the two bridges, and also for some distance "above bridge," towards Twickenham and Kingston, is alive with gay boats of "all sorts and conditions," that float upon the surface, or continue moored for the purposes of angling. The anglers are well provided for here; at all events, the Station Hotel, and the "White Cross," and the "Three Pigeons" all lay themselves out specially for the accommodation of the disciples of Isaac Walton.

When races are rowed here, the courses usually chosen are from Sion House to Richmond Bridge—a little under two miles, or from Cross Deep, Twickenham, to the same, about a mile and a

half; but generally the favourite course is from Mortlake to Richmond.

Adjoining the premises of the Richmond Waterworks stands a large embattled mansion, enveloped in ivy. This was inhabited by William IV. when Duke of Clarence. The grounds slope to the river, and are tastefully planted. A small white house beyond this, built in the Gothic style, was once tenanted by the celebrated Madame de Staël.

On the lower side of the Petersham Road, adjoining the meadows, is Devonshire Cottage, once the abode of the celebrated beauty and queen of society, Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. It was previously the home of Lady Diana Beauclerc, whose accomplishments were so highly eulogised by Lord Orford. Lady "Di," as she was familiarly styled, was the wife of Topham Beauclerc, Dr. Johnson's friend and correspondent.

We will now wend our steps to Richmond Hill, the praises of which have been sung in book and ballad. The approach to it is by a gentle rise from the western end of the town, near the bridge, the roadway leading upwards to the park gates, close by the "Star and Garter" Hotel, which stands at the top of the hill. On the slope of the hill, on the left hand as you ascend, lies a district called the Vineyards—doubtless from the fruit of the vine having been successfully cultivated here, as in many other parts of the southern counties, in the olden time. Here the Roman Catholic chapel and the Independent chapel stand side by side.

Another house on the hill belonged for many years to the Marquis of Lansdowne. It was occupied in the summer of 1851 by the two Miss Berrys, whose grave we visited so lately in Petersham Churchyard.* At other times they lived in Mr. Lamb's house here.

The upper part of the town, with its splendid terrace, always looks gay and cheerful, even in winter, and is thought to wear something of the appearance of a foreign boulevard. What with the carriage folk who drive from every village round to enjoy the prospect, the ladies sitting basking in the sun or screening themselves under the elms and evergreens, and the nursery-maids and children strolling about in delightful confusion, Richmond Terrace, on a fine day, is about the most enjoyable place, and one of the prettiest suburbs of London.

On this terrace lives a Mr. Cook, whose gallery of paintings and other art treasures is a sight to

* See ante, p. 356.

be envied. Almost adjoining is a house which was long occupied by Mrs. Fitzherbert whilst she was privately married to George, Prince of Wales.

From the terrace which surmounts the meadow steep, formerly overgrown with brushwood, and called Richmond Common, the view begins to open in all the beauty so poetically described by Thomson. The terrace is a fine gravelled walk, furnished with seats, and is separated from the road by an avenue and row of fine elms.

The picturesque scenery of Richmond Hill must have increased in beauty since Thomson sang of it. Drawings not one hundred and thirty years old represent the land as divided into open fields, where now it is covered with masses of beautiful foliage. This may account, possibly, for the fact that no allusion to the scenery of Richmond is made by Shakespeare—who must often have been here with the court of Elizabeth—by his contemporaries, or the earlier poets, unless, indeed, we fix upon Sheen as the locality to which Chaucer was indebted for some descriptive passages in his poem of "The Flower and the Leaf." Other poets also, besides Denham and Thomson, have sung the praises of the Thames at Richmond; among others, Thomas Maurice, early in the present century, and Charles Crawford, towards the close of the last.

The scene around, as viewed from the terrace, is thus described by Sir Walter Scott in "The Heart of Midlothian." The Duke of Argyle and Jeannie Deans were on their way to see Queen Caroline at the lodge in the old park:—"The carriage rolled rapidly onwards through fertile meadows, ornamented with splendid old oaks, and catching occasionally a glance of the majestic mirror of a broad and placid river. After passing through a pleasant village [Petersham], the equipage stopped on a commanding eminence, where the beauty of English landscape was displayed in its utmost luxuriance. Here the duke alighted, and desired Jeannie to follow him. They paused for a moment on the brow of a hill, to gaze on the unrivalled landscape which it presented. A huge sea of verdure, with crossing and intersecting promontories of massive and tufted groves, was tenanted by numberless flocks and herds, which seemed to wander unrestrained and unbounded through the rich pastures. The Thames, here turreted with villas and there garlanded with forests, moved on slowly and placidly, like the mighty monarch of the scene, to whom all its other beauties were but accessories, and bore on his bosom a hundred barks and skiffs, whose white sails and gaily fluttering pennons gave life to the whole. The

Duke of Argyle was, of course, familiar with this scene; but to a man of genius it must be always new. Yet, as he paused, and looked on this inimitable landscape with the feeling of delight which it must give to the bosom of every admirer of nature, his thoughts naturally reverted to his own more grand, yet scarcely less beautiful, domains of Inverary. 'This is a fine scene,' he said to his companion, curious perhaps to draw out her sentiment. 'We have nothing like it in Scotland.'"

Well might Vancouver, after making the round of the known world, have been entranced at the loveliness of this prospect, and exclaim, as he is said to have exclaimed, "I have travelled over the world, and this is the most beautiful place that I have ever seen." He added, "Here I will live, and here I mean to die." A tablet in the parish church at Petersham, which we have so lately visited, shows that the grand old voyager was "as good as his word."

The house now known as the Wick, at the end of the Terrace, stands on the site of an old ale-house, called the "Bull's Head," which was surrounded by a tea-garden. The inn was pulled down about 1775.

The Duke of Buccleuch's house, between the terrace and the water-side, was built for the Duke of Montagu, and passed to the family of the present owner towards the end of the last century. It is often thought, because his Grace is Duke of Queensberry as well as of Buccleuch, that this house came to him from "Old Q;"* but such was not the case. The site of the Duke of Queensberry's house is still immortalised by Queensberry House, a common-place looking villa between the old palace and the bridge. The present mansion was built by Sir William Dundas, Bart., son of Sir David Dundas, Sergeant-Surgeon to his Majesty George III., partly with the materials and on the grounds attached to the villa of the Duke of Queensberry. In front are two or three low terraces, with flights of steps.

The Duke of Buccleuch's house came to him by descent or bequest from another ducal connection, the "merry" Duke of Montagu. It was at this delightful summer residence that the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch gave a magnificent entertainment to her Majesty Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, in 1842. Amongst the company were the King and Queen of the Belgians, the Dowager Queen Adelaide, the Duchess of Kent, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, with their children, Prince George and Princess Augusta, several

* See "Old and New London," Vol. IV., pp. 286, 334.

German princes, and other persons of exalted rank and fashion.

Maurice thus immortalises this favoured spot :—

“ Loveliest of hills that rise in glory round,
With swelling domes and glittering villas crowned,
For loftier tho’ majestic Windsor tower,
The richer landscape’s thine, the nobler bower,
Imperial seat of ancient grandeur, hail !
Rich diamond ! sparkling in a golden vale,
Or vivid emerald ! whose serener rays
Beam mildly forth with mitigated blaze,
And ’mid the splendours of an ardent sky
With floods of verdant light refresh the eye :
Richmond ! still welcome to my longing sight,
Of a long race of kings the proud delight !
Of old the sainted sage thy groves admired,
When with Devotion’s hallowed transports fired,
From Sheen’s monastic gloom thy brow he sought,
And on its summit paused in raptured thought,
Stretched to the horizon’s bound his ardent gaze,
And hymned aloud the great Creator’s praise.”

A Frenchman who was brought by some patriotic John Bull to gaze at and admire the view is said to have exclaimed in a depreciating tone, “Take away the trees and the villas, and it would be hardly worth gazing at.” This view is never more beautiful than when, as Tennyson sings—

“ The charmed sunset lingers low a down
In the red west.”

From this point, amongst others, was flashed the announcement of the approach of the Invincible Armada. According to Macaulay :—

“ The sentinel on Whitehall Gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o’erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light.”

There is a quaint comic drawing of Richmond Hill as it was about 1770-80, by Bunbury. It shows the character of the conveyances in vogue, as well as the costumes of the visitors, male and female.

Richmond Hill is so closely, though wrongly, associated with one of our most favourite popular songs, that it seems a pity not to make mention of it here. The following stanza is known to almost every one, but its meaning is a matter of dispute.

“ On Richmond Hill there lives a lass
More bright than the May morn,
Whose charms all other maids surpass,
A rose without a thorn.
This lass so neat,
With smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good will.
I’d crowns resign
To call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.”

Many speculations are extant as to the origin of

this favourite ballad. It has been declared that Mrs. Fitzherbert, the once beloved, thoughmorganatic, wife of a Prince of Wales, was the heroine of the song, and there is some degree of probability attaching to this idea in the couplet—

“ I’d crowns resign
To call her mine.”

But the lines would equally apply, however, to the account given in Leigh Hunt’s “Court Suburb,” in which Lady Sarah Lennox is stated to be the original lass, and another Prince of Wales to be implicated in the authorship.

Again, it is stated that a wealthy London merchant, named Croft, residing at Mansfield House about a hundred years since, had a beautiful and highly-accomplished daughter, who, having formed an attachment for a young cavalry officer, gave her father some uneasiness from apprehension that she might elope with him. Being closely confined, she was brought to a state of despair, and precipitating herself from an upper window of her father’s house, gave rise to a melancholy interest which has taken the above lyrical form.

Maurice, in his “Richmond Hill,” alludes to this young lady in the following melancholy strain :—

“ Well, Richmond, might thy echoing shades bemoan
Their glory darkened and their pride o’erthrown ;
For she was fairer than the fairest maid
That roams thy beauteous brow or laurel shade.”

Dr. Evans, in his “Richmond and its Vicinity,” gives the following as the story of the “Lass of Richmond Hill” :—“The tale. . . is said to be founded on a narrative of facts well known in the neighbourhood of Richmond. A young lady, equally accomplished in mind and body, the daughter of a merchant of immense wealth resident on Richmond Hill, had consented to receive the addresses of a young officer of exemplary character and respectable parents, but—*poor!* He belonged to a regiment of cavalry quartered at Richmond. But his offers were rejected by her father on account of that poverty. Apprehensions of a clandestine marriage being entertained, the officer was forbidden the house, and the young lady was strictly confined within its walls. Continued grief led her, in a fit of despair bordering on insanity, to precipitate herself from an upper window of her father’s house, and she was dashed to pieces on the stone steps that led up from the garden into the house ! The unfortunate young man afterwards served in America, and was shot at the head of his company.”

Who was the "Lass of Richmond Hill," and who composed the song and the words of it, are questions which have been often asked, and not very satisfactorily answered, although many versions have been given, especially by some of the old inhabitants of Richmond. Among others, Mr. Edward Jesse tells us, in an article on the subject in *Once a Week*, a certain pretty Miss Smith, who lived on Richmond Hill, and was herself a writer of poetry, was thought to be the *Lass*, and for this reason: having one day made some purchases at a shop in Richmond, she was asked where they should be sent. She gave her name and address, but added, "I am better known as the 'Lass of Richmond Hill,'" an answer probably arising from a little poetic vanity.

"The lass of Richmond Hill," adds Mr. Jesse, "was one of the most popular of songs in the days of our grandfathers, and it has been ascribed to various authors—amongst others, to the Prince of Wales, who is said to have composed it in praise of Mrs. Fitzherbert, then a resident in this charming suburban neighbourhood. But, independent of the absurdity of calling a woman of thirty, and a widow to boot, a lass, there are plenty of inconsistencies in the story itself. Firstly, the real scene of the ballad was not Richmond in Surrey, but Richmond in Yorkshire. Secondly, the heroine of the ballad was not a wealthy and fashionable widow, but a plain country damsel in her "teens," a certain Miss F'Anson. Thirdly, the author and composer was not the heir to the British crown, but a briefless Irish barrister, who had only half-crowns, and perhaps but a few of them, to give to or for the object of his worship."

The following anecdote, related by Sir Jonah Barrington, in his "Personal Sketches," is amusing enough, but it must be added that what he tells us is not always to be depended on. If it were so, he has cleared up the difficulty as to the identity of the Lass of Richmond Hill. He informs us that on the trial of Roger O'Connor, on a charge of robbing a mail coach, a distinguished Irish barrister was engaged, Mr. Leonard McNally, author of a work on the "Law of Evidence," and also of the song of "The Lass of Richmond Hill." He was a great poetaster, and having fallen in love with a Miss F'Anson, the daughter of a very rich attorney, of Bedford Row, London, he wrote on her the celebrated song of "The Lass of Richmond Hill," her father having a house in that place. The young lady could not withstand this, and returned his flame. She was absolutely beautiful, but quite a slattern in her person. She likewise had a turn for versifying, and was therefore altogether well

adapted to her lame lover, particularly as she never could spare time from her poetry to wash her hands—a circumstance in which McNally was sympathetic. Her father, however, notwithstanding all this, refused his consent, and consequently McNally took advantage of his dramatic knowledge by adopting the precedent of Barnaby Rudge, and bribed a barber to lather old F'Anson's eyes as well as his chin, and with something rather sharper than Windsor soap. Slipping out of the room whilst her father was getting rid of the lather and the smart, this Sappho and her limping Phaon (for McNally was lame) escaped, and were united in the holy bonds of matrimony the same day. She continued making, and McNally correcting, verses till they were called out of this world. This curious couple conducted themselves both generally and towards each other extremely well after their union. Old F'Anson partly forgave them, and made some settlement on their children.

"We regret," adds Mr. Jesse, "that only a portion of this anecdote is true. Mr. F'Anson certainly had a house at Richmond, and Mr. McNally married his daughter, but the rest of the story may be considered as the result of the propensity of Sir Jonah Barrington to substitute fiction for truth—a second Sir Nathaniel Wray. The fact is that Mr. Upton wrote the song of 'The Lass of Richmond Hill,' and the music of it was composed by Mr. Hook, the father of Theodore Hook, although it was for a long time popularly ascribed to George IV., then Prince of Wales, who was a fine musician."

The name of Mr. McNally is known in the sister island as the advocate of the Irish rebels in '98, and as the author of "The Claims of Ireland," and also of a comic opera, "Robin Hood," and some ten or dozen forgotten plays and fugitive poems.

The "Star and Garter" Hotel is too prominent a feature of Richmond not to be treated with due importance. The house occupies a fine position on the summit of the hill, near Richmond Park, on the edge of an open piece of common land, nearly covered with forest oaks and underwood.

Its history may be briefly stated as follows:—Of old, although they flocked to Richmond in great numbers, visitors had to be contented with way-side inns, which does not say much for the enterprise of the time. The High Walk on the Green was the favourite promenade, to which all the fashionables flocked, the hill being then an open spot, with one or two unpretending little inns dotted about it, one of which was the "Star and Garter," which we will now describe.

Early in the eighteenth century a portion of Petersham Common was leased to John Christopher by the Earl of Dysart, lord of the manor; and it was on this ground, the rental of which was forty shillings a year, that the original "Star and Garter" was built, in 1738. It had a common wooden pent-house, as it is termed, for the entrance doorway, and a sign-post, with a large sign attached to it, standing in front of the inn, which sign-post and board were plainly visible from any part of Cholmondeley Walk by the river-side, so perfectly

hotel. In course of time the house was rebuilt in a substantial manner, and we find that in 1780 it possessed two storeys, with a porticoed entrance, while next door, on the west side, was a house which was afterwards added to the hotel.

In 1803 a large piece of ground, on which a part of the hotel was long afterwards built, was leased to Richard Brewer by the Earl of Dysart, at a rental of sixty shillings a year, on condition that the view from Sir Lionel Darell's house opposite, or from the lodge at the new Park gate, should not



THE "STAR AND GARTER."

destitute of trees was all that part of Richmond commencing from the present bridge and walk in the direction of the Duke of Buccleuch's to its summit at the entrance of the park; and it is recorded that so limited was the accommodation at the old "Star and Garter" that at no time could a visitor stay the night there, for the simple reason that not the slightest accommodation in that way was ever attempted by the proprietor!

The fact that the house was well known, and constituted a landmark of the time, is attested by the circumstance that an important view of Richmond, dated 1794, is officially described as "taken from the sign of the 'Star and Garter' on the hill." A drawing, by Hearne, of the original comparatively insignificant building is still kept, and shown at the

hotel. No legal agreement, however, was made to this effect, and the condition was found not to be obligatory. Crisp, in his work on Richmond, remarks that this evasion must be deplored by every inhabitant; but, as a local enthusiast, he can scarcely be trusted to represent the views of the visitors. The sharp practice of Brewer, however, seems to have brought its retaliation in due course, for we find that he was shortly obliged to close the hotel, and that it remained shut up for five years.

In Miss Berry's "Diary," under date "Sunday, June 12th, 1808," is the following entry:—

"The door of the 'Star and Garter' (now shut up as an hotel) being open, we walked in, and a civil quondam servant of the house showed us the rooms.

Dismal history from the woman of the foolish man who made these great additions to the former house, ruined himself, and died in prison! His wife, seeing that all was going wrong, became insane, and died before him."

When the deserted house was at its worst, and there was hardly a whole pane of glass left in any of the windows, Christopher Crean, cook to the Duke of York, took it, and after renewing its appearance, he opened the hotel with some *éclat*

"Garter" left untouched the new hotel towards the park, and also the large dining-room towards the town, now turned into a grand concert hall. For several years afterwards the site was a mass of ruins; in 1872, however, all this was cleared away, and an important building, the Pavilion, was reared, uniting this hall to the Hotel. The Pavilion is 116 ft. by 70 ft., and has for its principal feature a ball-room, 80 ft. by 61 ft., with windows facing the terrace and river on one side, and the

main road on the other, and affording dancing or dining accommodation to 400 persons. It is 33 feet high in the centre, and has a counter-ceilings of ground glass, from which depends a gas chandelier of 96 lights. At a height of 16 ft. from the floor an open loggia runs round the hall, opening out of which are thirteen rooms for private parties, all having a charming prospect.



THE OLD "STAR AND GARTER."

in 1809. After Crean's death, his widow continued the business, and the fame of the place being high, it became unpleasantly noted for the extravagance of its charges. Indeed, it is said that a visitor paid half-a-sovereign for the privilege of looking through one of its windows. In 1822 it passed into the hands of a Mr. Joseph Ellis, in whose family it remained till 1864, when it was turned into a limited liability company. The new company at once erected a large building, from the designs of Mr. E. M. Barry, R.A., by the side of the old hotel, which still remained. In February, 1870, the whole of the original "Star and Garter" was destroyed by fire, and now a palace has arisen upon its site. The hotel has been for many years the favourite resort of all classes, and there are few persons but have found themselves at some time under its roof. Its nearness to London and the beauty of its situation has pointed it out as a peculiarly suitable place for wedding-parties and for the dinners of the Bank of England directors, as well as for those of all the great City companies.

The fire which destroyed the original "Star and

There is also an orchestra for a band of fifty performers.

An octangular vestibule forms a junction with the hotel, and, fitted up with ferns and plants, affords a pleasant lounge. The entrance next the large banquetting-hall can be closed off from the restaurant, so that two public dinners or private parties are frequently held at the same time without in any way interfering with each other.

The new Pavilion is Italian Romanesque in its architecture; it has two storeys of open loggias towards the road, while towards the gardens it has three storeys, the basement being occupied by a central kitchen, &c. On this lower floor is a billiard and smoking room, opening out upon

a level with the terrace gardens. The ample kitchen and other accommodation will enable as many as 1,000 persons to dine in the several parts of these vast buildings, in separate or large parties, at the same time without inconvenience.

The hotel proper is essentially the residential portion of the establishment, and is, in fact, the occasional *séjour* of, it might almost be said, the entire aristocracy of the country.

It would be impossible to recount in half-a-dozen pages the celebrated persons who have dined at the "Star and Garter" in their day, and who are described at greater length in almost every book of anecdote and of social life in England. There have been bucks and dandies innumerable, M.P.'s, Lord Tomnoddies, Sir Mulberry Hawks, country parsons up in London for a spree, popular actresses, to whom a "Star and Garter" dinner is a votive offering from sighing admirers, and maiden aunts, who think it slightly wrong, but like it all the same. Many royal and other distinguished personages have not merely dined but lived here for longer or shorter periods. For instance, Marshal Soult was here in 1838, when he came over to England to represent France at her Majesty's coronation; and the Princess Lieven took up her residence in the hotel for some time. She was visited by the fashionable and official worlds, and many a piece of political intrigue was concocted in her apartments. Louis Philippe lodged here, with all his family, for six months in 1848-9, and was visited here, by the Queen, and by Guizot and others of his friends. He was about to spend a second visit here when death struck him down. The ex-king had great faith in the healthiness of Richmond, and when his system needed restoration he was glad to seek change of air upon its lovely hill. After her husband's death, Queen Amelie stayed at the "Star and Garter" for a time; and among other visitors to the hotel we may mention Victor Emanuel when King of Sardinia, Napoleon III., the Archduke Maximilian before he went to Mexico as Emperor, the Crown Prince of Prussia, the Duc d'Aumale, the Empress of Austria, the Empress Eugenie and the lamented Prince Imperial, Prince Leopold, the King and Queen of the Netherlands, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, besides the greater part of the entire aristocracy, the *personnel* of the foreign embassies, and the *élite* of the foreign visitors of each London season. At one time the original "Four in Hand" Club made a practice in the summer of driving down from town every Sunday, and dining at the "Star and Garter"; and many

celebrated historical characters have been as fond of it as Vancouver, who, as before stated, came to anchor hard by after all his travels.

Even in its former state the hotel is thus mentioned in Evans's "Richmond and its Vicinity" (1825):

"A little beyond the terrace is the renowned tavern and hotel, the 'Star and Garter,' more like the mansion of a nobleman than a receptacle for the public, looking down with stately aspect upon the adjoining valley, and seen to advantage from every part of the horizon. Hither, in the summer season, crowd visitants from the overgrown metropolis, to inhale the pure air and exhilarate their spirits by contemplating a wide-spreading circumference of rural scenery!"

The terrace at the back of the house, from which the view was to be seen, led to a plantation which opened out upon Petersham Common, and thus an agreeable walk was always within reach of the visitors. Mr. Ellis built largely on the descent of the hill, so that the hotel contained much greater accommodation than appeared at first view.

From the western windows of the hotel is a splendid view over the intervening flat country to the distant height of Stokenchurch, Maidenhead Thicket, Windsor Forest and Castle, Cooper's Hill, St. Anne's Hill, and other points. The grounds at the back of the house are well arranged in gravelled terraces, interspersed with flowering plants and evergreens. Connected with the establishment there is an artesian well made at an outlay of £2,000, the source of which is 495 feet from the surface. The water is raised by a steam-engine of two horse-power, likewise employed in giving motion to machinery for various other domestic operations.

The sign of "Star and Garter," more frequently abridged into the "Garter," and so designated by Shakespeare in his "Merry Wives of Windsor," refers to the insignia of the Order of the Garter, and therefore most naturally we should expect to find it in the neighbourhood of a place which has been the residence of the Court. There was actually a "Garter" Inn at Windsor, on the site of the present "Star and Garter": this is proved by Mr. J. O. Halliwell in the second volume of his folio Shakespeare. The "Star and Garter" at Richmond, however, as we have seen, can boast no such venerable antiquity; it dates only from the early part of the last century. There was also a "Star and Garter" in Pall Mall, and another in "the Five Fields, near Chelsea," now better known as Belgravia.

In spite of its lying off any of the longer and greater high roads of the kingdom, Richmond would seem always to have had its fair share of inns and hostleries, as the "Feathers," the "Red Lion," the "Castle," the "Talbot," the "King's Arms," and the "Rose and Crown," have all, like dogs, had their day. The "Star and Garter," however, owes its superiority to them all to its attractive and commanding position.

About the year 1825, when the late Mr. Ellis proposed to widen Black Horse Lane—then quite a country lane—into a road, the inhabitants strongly objected to his design, as they thought that visitors would come down from London, and make their way to the "Star and Garter" and the terrace, without going into the town at all. This, however, has proved not to be the case, though Black Horse Lane has now blossomed into the "Queen's Road."

The house next to the "Star and Garter," on the same side of the road, but cut off from it by a piece of common, was originally built by Sir William Chambers for Sir Joshua Reynolds, the site chosen by the painter being occupied by a small cottage. In 1769 he employed Thomas Hickey, the Irish attorney, who is immortalised in Goldsmith's "Retaliation," to purchase the ground for him, and one of the few landscapes he ever painted was a view from the window of his drawing-room. The house has been much altered and enlarged since Sir Joshua's time.

The favour with which the summit of the hill has always been regarded has caused the historic associations so to gather, that we cannot hope to do justice to the interest with which they abound. One of the houses on the terrace, for instance, was that which elicited the *bon mot* of George III. "Whose house is that?" inquired the king, when, one fine morning, he was riding past it on horseback. The gentleman appealed to informed him that it had been built by Blanchard, his Majesty's "card-maker." "Blanchard the card-maker," said the king; "why, all his cards must have turned up trumps!"

Bishop Duppa's Almshouses, which were built in 1661, stood on ground now used as a kitchen garden to Downe House until a few years ago, when they were pulled down and re-built in the Vineyard. It was at this Downe House that Sheridan once lived.

Opposite to the "Star and Garter," and close by the park gate, is a large, heavy, and dull-looking house, which was formerly the shooting-box of the Duke of Ancaster, and still bears his name. It is now the residence of Sir Francis Burdett. It was

for many years the residence of Sir Lionel Darell. George III. made a practice of coming over every week to stay here, and the hotel stables were fitted up to hold ten of the king's horses. If his Majesty were still among us he could scarcely be presumed to recognise the old "Star and Garter" of his acquaintance in the present palatial pile, where he could with ease be accommodated with stabling for a hundred and fifty.

Ancaster House was given to Sir Lionel by the king, who staked out the ground himself. Miss Darell, Sir Lionel's daughter, lived in the house for nearly sixty years after her father's death. She kept Sir Lionel's room closed, and when it was opened, everything was found just as the old baronet had left it. There, on the table, was his cocked hat, and a copy of the *Times* newspaper for 1804, ready for his perusal.

There was once a well at Richmond, but it never became fashionable, and little is known about its medicinal properties. It still exists in the grounds of Cardigan House, on the slope of the hill. Adjoining the well, in 1730, were a house and assembly-room for music, card-playing, dancing, and raffling, "gold chains, equipages, or any other curious toys, and fine old china," being put up as prizes. Lysons says that "Assemblies were advertised here as lately as 1755, but the place was then much on the decline." The premises were eventually purchased and annexed to the Cardigan estate in order to get rid of the noise and tumult attending a resort of the kind, the Wells house having been pulled down in 1774 or 1775.

A visit to Richmond would be incomplete if the pilgrim should not turn into a confectioner's shop, and lunch on the delicious cheesecakes for which it is so famous, called "Maids of Honour," though the early history of the delicacy is lost, like the Earldom of Mar, in the haze of a venerable antiquity. It is said that either George II. or George III. so named the cakes because they were introduced to the royal table by some of the queen's maids of honour. George III. had his tables at Windsor and Kew regularly supplied with these cheesecakes. Probably they have reigned at Richmond longer than the House of Brunswick.

The report that a thousand pounds was asked, and given, for the recipe for making these delicacies created some sensation, and gave occasion to the wags of the time to air their wit, as may be judged from the following epigrams:—

"Some recipes are rather dearly bought,
Such as quack remedies for all diseases;
Powders and pills with such rare virtue fraught,
That no man needs to die unless he pleases.

"But let us speak of him, that man of sweets,
Of buns and tarts, preserves, and patties savoury,
Who gives the folks at Richmond luscious treats ;
He really must have been a man of bravery.

"For lo ! he gave for one small recipe—
And sure he must be deemed a splendid donor—
A sum that well might solace you or me :
One thousand pounds to make a *maid of honour*."

Another writer expresses his opinion in the following strain :—

"Who can believe that this bright scene
Of seeming loveliness and joy,
Has in it men of horrid mien,
Who follow most unbliss'd employ ?

"Men of good reputation, too—
At least, regarded so by many—
Who sell, ye gods ! it is too true,
A *maid of honour* for a penny !"

It is well known to every reader of Theodore Hook's novel of "Gilbert Gurney," as well as to every visitor to the place, that the cheesecakes here are called "Maids of Honour ;" and the former, at all events, will not forget the amusing pages which describe Daly's hoax on the poor lady who is a stranger to Richmond. "Don't you know that this is so courtly a place, and so completely under the influence of state etiquette, that everything in Richmond is called after the functionaries of the palace ? for instance, a capon here is called a 'Lord Chamberlain,' a goose is a 'Lord Steward,' a gooseberry tart an 'Usher of the Black Rod,' and so forth." The lady convulsed the whole party presently by asking the servant, in the blandest of tones, to bring up an "Usher of the Black Rod," if they had one cold in the house.

"The Maids of Honour" have been for a couple of centuries the subjects of numerous jests and riddles. Among the best of these is a conundrum by Lord William Lennox :—"Where would a soldier choose to be quartered at Richmond ? Answer : "At Billet's, for there he would be sure to meet with an excellent *Billet* among the Maids of Honour."

The institution of maids of honour dates from the Tudor times. They figure largely in Gram-

mont's "Memoirs." They were a riotous lot under the Stuarts, and once or twice there was a talk of abolishing the office. In fact, it was abolished in France, and their place was supplied by "Dames d'honneur."

The post of a "maid of honour" is the height of ambition to most young ladies who happen to have been placed by the accident of birth among titled families ; but at all events, in the days of our great-great-grandparents the position was not universally coveted, and it was acknowledged that there were two sides to the question. For example, in discussing the matter with a fair correspondent, Pope writes, certainly with a little banter, and perhaps with a little exaggeration :—"We all agreed that the life of a maid of honour is of all things the most miserable, and wished that every woman who envies it had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham of a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and, what is worse a hundred times, with a red mark on the forehead from an uneasy hat : all this may qualify ladies to make excellent wives for fox-hunters, and to bear abundance of ruddy-complexioned children. As soon as they can wipe off the sweat of the day, they must simper an hour, and catch cold in the princess's apartment. From thence, as Shakespeare has it, to dinner with what appetite they may, and after that till midnight, walk, work, or think, which they please."

The Richmond "Maids of Honour" may be supposed to have been a favourite with the ladies of the Tudor court, and they are manufactured at almost all the confectioners' shops in the town. It is not certain now who became possessed of the original patent or recipe for their composition, but whoever was the fortunate inheritor two centuries ago, the patent appears now to be thrown open to the enterprise of all the *cuisinières* of the town, and it is "quite the correct thing" for a visitor not to leave Richmond without tasting one of these little delicacies. At all events, they conspire with "Maid of Honour Row" upon Richmond Green to keep alive the memory of the bygone glories of the place.

CHAPTER XLIII.

RICHMOND (*continued*)—EMINENT RESIDENTS.

" See! sylvan scenes, where art alone pretend
To seek her mistress, and disclose her charms;
Such as a Pope in miniature has shown;
A Bathurst o'er the widening forest spreads;
And such as form a Richmond, Chiswick, Stowe."

Sir Robert Dudley—The Duke of Clarence—The Duchess of Queensberry—The Duke of Queensberry, "old Q."—James Thomson the Poet—Thomson's Alcove—His Character—His Death and Burial—Rosedale House—Pagoda House—The Selwyn Family—The Herveys—Lord Marchmont—Nicholas Brady—Bishop Duppa—Lichfield House—Mrs. Maxwell (Miss Braddon)—Egerton House.

AMONGST the natives of Sheen, or Richmond, who have obtained celebrity was Sir Robert Dudley, son of Lady Douglas Howard, the widow of John, Lord Sheffield, by the Earl of Leicester, the great favourite of Queen Elizabeth. He was born in 1575. The connection between his father and his mother was of a mysterious nature, in consequence of the earl's wish to keep his alleged marriage a secret from the queen. He always treated his son as illegitimate, and when he was about five years old Leicester openly married Lettice, Dowager-Countess of Essex. The youth seems, however, to have been treated by him with kindness and attention, and at his death, in 1588, he bequeathed to him the reversion of Kenilworth Castle and other estates, after the death of his uncle, the Earl of Warwick. He was distinguished in his youth for his learning and accomplishments, and he more especially studied mathematics and navigation. Anthony Wood, in enumerating his numerous accomplishments, says:—"He was the first who taught a dog to sit in order to catch partridges." Soon after attaining his majority he was anxious to undertake a voyage of discovery, and being refused assistance from the Government, he fitted out a squadron at his own expense, and cruised, with some success, against the Spaniards off the coasts of South America. He afterwards served with credit under Lord Essex, at the capture of Cadiz. In 1605 he made an attempt before the Star Chamber Court to establish his legitimacy, and obtain possession of the titles and estates of his father, but he was opposed by his stepmother, and was unsuccessful. Disgusted with this result, he obtained permission to travel, and went to Florence, where he was well received by Cosmo II., the Grand Duke of Tuscany, in whose service he remained for the rest of his life. He produced a plan for draining a morass between Pisa and the sea, and projecting the free port of Leghorn. The Duke of Tuscany rewarded him with a pension and the title of a Duke of the Holy Roman Empire and he was ennobled by Pope Urban VIII. He

built for himself a noble palace at Florence, where he lived in magnificent style. He had also a castle near that city, where he died in 1649, and was buried at Boldrone. He wrote an account of his voyage to the Isle of Trinidad and the coast of Paria in 1594, and a work on hydrography, besides tracts on politics and finance. Sir Robert Dudley married Alice, daughter of Sir Thomas Leigh, who remained in England when he emigrated, and was created by Charles I. Duchess of Dudley for life.* The legitimacy of her husband was avowed in the patent. She died in 1679.

Horace Walpole records in a letter to the Miss Berrys, dated September 4th, 1789, the fact of the Duke of Clarence having just taken Mr. Henry Hobart's house at Richmond, "point blank over against Mr. Cambridge's, with Mrs. Jordan as the Eve of his paradise." Mrs. Jordan afterwards became Mrs. Ford, and died in France in great distress in 1816, though she was the mother by the Duke of Clarence, afterwards King William IV., of a large family, the late Earl of Munster and the rest of the Fitz-Clarences.

The Duchess of Queensberry lived at Richmond till 1777. She was by birth Lady Katharine Hyde, and she "set the world on fire" by marrying his Grace. Her sister, Lady Jane Hyde, of whom Prior makes her jealous, married the Earl of Essex. She is thus mentioned by Pope:—

"Yonder I see the cheerful duchess stand,
For friendship, zeal, and blithesome humour known."

The *coterie* of which their Graces of Queensberry formed the centre, as Goldsmith writes, in his "Vicar of Wakefield," would "tattle of nothing but high life and high-lived company, with other fashionable topics, such as pictures and taste."

Here for several years lived the simple poet Gay, making his home in the house of his warm-

* See "Old and New London," Vol. III., p. 150.

hearted friends and patrons—the Duchess, as need hardly be added here, being, in the well-known words of Prior,

“Kitty, the beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untamed.”

A higher compliment surely was never paid by one poet to another than that to Gay by Pope:—

“Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man; simplicity a child;
With native humour temp’ring virtuous rage,
Formed to delight at once and lash the age;
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted ev’n among the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblamed thro’ life, lamented in his end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mixed with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies Gay.”

And again—

“Blest be the great! for these they take away,
And those they left me, for they left me Gay:
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb.
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My verse, and Queensberry weeping o’er thy urn!”

Another noted individual who had a villa here was the Duke of Queensberry, the “old Q.” who is commemorated in the pages of OLD AND NEW LONDON. He had, however, no eye for the beauties of nature and fine scenery. Mr. Wilberforce tells us how, when a young man, he once dined here with his Grace in the company of Pitt, George Selwyn, and other men of rank and fashion. “The dinner was early, in order that some of the party might be ready afterwards to attend the Opera. The views from the villa were enchanting, and the Thames in all its glory; but the duke looked on with perfect indifference. ‘What is there to make so much of,’ he said, ‘in this Thames? I am quite tired of it. There it goes, flow, flow, flow, always the same.’” The jaded old sinner was always on the look-out for change, even in his pleasures.

Here, in a house with a garden, long known as Rosedale, and constantly visited by the admirers of his poetry, James Thomson resided after he had become famous by his poem on “The Seasons.” The house is in Kew Foot Lane, a thoroughfare leading from the Green to the Kew Road. It has since been converted into the Richmond Hospital.

The author of “The Seasons” was the son of a minister of the Kirk of Scotland, and was born in 1700. He was intended for the ministry, but

the professor of Divinity objecting to his poetical style, he gave up all thoughts of that career, and came to London, where, he was told, “merit is almost sure of meeting its reward.” The sale of his “Winter” was his first means of supplying his necessities, the most urgent of which was a pair of shoes! He obtained twenty guineas from the gentleman to whom it was dedicated; and so modest was the poet, that he declared to a friend, “the present was larger than the performance deserved!” “Winter” was published in 1726. “Summer” and “Spring” were published in the two succeeding years. “Autumn,” which completed “The Seasons,” did not appear till 1730.

Thomson travelled in Italy with the son of Lord Chancellor Talbot, and on his return published a poem upon Liberty. His tragedy of “Tancred and Sigismunda” was produced in 1745. His latest poem was the “Castle of Indolence.”

In May, 1736, just after the publication of his poem on “Liberty,” Thomson removed from London hither, finding himself in such easy circumstances as to be able to have a country residence. “He established himself,” writes his biographer, Mr. Robert Bell, “in a cottage in Kew Foot Lane, looking across to the Thames, and commanding the distant landscape, with a pretty garden behind. The cottage has long since been absorbed into a handsome villa, of which what was once the poet’s sitting-room now forms the principal part of the entrance-hall. His writing-table, with an inscription, is still shown, and the alcove in the garden, removed to the extremity of the grounds, under the spreading branches of a chestnut-tree, has been carefully preserved, with poetical tributes hanging on the walls, and a tablet to inform the pilgrim visitor here that—

‘Here Thomson sang “the Seasons” and their change.’

This is not quite correct, as ‘The Seasons’ were all published six years before he went to live at Richmond. Here, however, he revised and enlarged them, and carried them through three successive editions, in 1738, 1744, and 1746; so that the above may, with propriety, be said to be associated with the work.” He was occasionally visited by Pope whilst engaged in this revision.

Evans, in his “Richmond and its Vicinity” (1830), describes a visit to Rosedale House and its alcove, and adds: “The table formerly belonging to the poet, and on which he is said to have completed the ‘Seasons,’ being old and decayed, is placed in the summer-house, its place in the alcove being supplied by another of rustic form. On a board suspended over the back seat is the annexed memorial.

"Within this pleasing retirement, allured by the music of the nightingale, which warbled in soft unison to the melody of his soul in unaffected cheerfulness, and genial, though simple elegance, lived James Thomson. Sensibly alive to all the beauties of nature, he painted their images as they rose in review, and poured the whole profusion of them into his inimitable "Seasons." Warmed with intense devotion to the Sovereign of the Universe, its flame glowing through all his compositions, animated with unbounded benevolence, with the tenderest social sensibility, he never gave one moment's pain to any of his fellow creatures, save by his death, which happened at this place on the 27th of August, 1748."

The summer-house stood in an 'alcove' in the garden. It was a plain semi-circular structure, painted green, with white pillars, but had no very striking features.

Here Thomson passed the latter part of his life in his own house, reading in his garden, writing in his summer-house, communing with nature, and listening to the song of the nightingale. He was constitutionally so indolent that "he was often seen" (says Leigh Hunt) "eating peaches off the trees whilst his hands were in his waistcoat pockets. But his indolence did not hinder him from writing. He had the luck to obtain the occupation of which he was fond; and no man perhaps in his native country, with the exception of Shakespeare, has acquired a greater or more enviable fame. His friends loved him while he lived, and his readers love his memory."

Thomson was naturally very indolent. He was once found in bed at two o'clock in the day, and upon being asked why he was in bed at that hour, "Mon," he replied, in his Scotch accent, "I had no motive to rise." In Watkins's "Anecdotes" it is recorded that Thomson was occasionally embarrassed in his circumstances, and with his disposition, it would be a wonder if he were not. At one time he was in a spunging-house, from whence he was relieved by Quin, the actor.

The following is the picture of the poet as drawn by his barber, one William Taylor: "He had a face as long as a horse, and he perspired so much that I remember after walking one day in the summer, I shaved his head without lather by his own desire. His hair was as soft as a camel's. . . and yet it grew so remarkably, that if it was but an inch long, it stood upright on end from his head, like a brush. He was corpulent, and stooped rather forward when he walked, as though he were full of thought. He was very careless and negligent about his dress, and wore his clothes remarkably plain. He always wore a wig, and very extravagant he was with them. I have seen a dozen at a time hanging up in my master's shop, and all of them so big that nobody else could wear them. I suppose his sweating to such a degree made him have so many, for I have known him spoil a new one in walking from London to Richmond." It is well known that, whilst careless in the rest of his costume, Thomson was always very particular in the cut and appearance of his wig, in respect of which he was as great a dandy as any young lordling could have been. "He was also a great walker," continues



JAMES THOMSON.

the barber. "He used to walk from Mallock's (Mallet's) at Strand-on-the-Green, near Kew Bridge, and from London, at all hours of the night; he seldom got into a carriage, and never on horseback. He kept much company with persons 'of the writing sort.' I remember Pope, and Paterson, and Mallock (Mallet), and Lyttleton, and Dr. Armsbury, and Andrew Millar, the bookseller, who had a house near him in Kew Lane. Pope visited him very often, and so did Quin and Paterson. When he was writing in his own house, he frequently sat with a bowl of punch before him, and a large one, too. He sat also much in his garden, in an arbour at the end of it, where he used to write in summer-time. I have known him lie along by himself on the grass near it, and talk away as if three or four people were with him. His papers used to lie in a loose pile upon the table in his study. . . . He was very

affable in conversation, very free in his conversation, and very cheerful, and one of the best-natured men that ever lived. He was seldom overburdened with cash. . . . but when he had money, he would send for his creditors, and pay them all round." Though soft, and even foolish, Thomson was a truly "honest man."

The same barber is our authority for the cause of the poet's death. "He had had a 'batch' of drinking with Quin, when he took a quantity of cream-of-tartar, as he frequently did on such occasions, which, with a fever, carried him off."

From what has been said, it may readily be inferred that Thomson was inclined to be social in his habits. His friend Mr. Robertson said that he "used to frequent the 'Old Orange Tree' in Kew Lane with Parson Cromer, and Taylor, his wig-maker;" and he remembered the poet's house-keeper expressing her regret at the late hours which Quin, the actor, induced him to keep, for they would both come home from the "Castle" together at daybreak. The truth is that the easiness of his simple nature made him conform to the habits of the company in which he chanced to find himself.

Collins, the author of the well-known ode of the "Death of Thomson," Hammond, the author of some Love Elegies—

"Hammond, the darling pride,
The friend and lover of the tuneful throng—"

and David Mallet, were among Thomson's frequent visitors. Pope often came over from Twickenham to see him, and was always admitted, whether Thomson had other company or not, but he was never a very cordial friend. In his youth Thomson was considered handsome, but as he grew in years he became fat, and stooped, and his portrait may be seen in his own "Castle of Indolence."

Dr. Johnson has done but scanty justice to Thomson in his "Lives of the Poets." He says that Savage "lived much with Thomson;" and on his authority adds that he was "a great lover, a great swimmer, and rigorously abstinent." In all probability, however, the learned doctor here has formed a rash judgment, for though Savage lived for a short time in or near Richmond, being a sort of literary jackal to Pope, and therefore had doubtless opportunities of meeting Thomson, yet his name is "nowhere to be found among the associates and visitors of the poet of the Seasons;" and his erratic habits render it very unlikely that any constant or frequent intercourse took place between them. "Poor Mr. Savage," Thomson writes to his friend, Mr. Aaron Hill, "would be happy to pass an evening with you, but where to

find him requires more intelligence than is allotted to mortals."

Dr. Joseph Warton's character of Thomson and his writings is well worth transcription in this place:—

"Thomson was blessed with a strong and copious fancy; he hath enriched poetry with a variety of new and original images, which he painted from Nature itself, and from his own actual observations: his descriptions, therefore, have a distinctness and truth which are utterly wanting to those of poets who have only copied from each other, and have never looked abroad on the objects themselves. Thomson was accustomed to wander away into the country for days and for weeks, attentive to 'each rural sight, each rural sound;' while many a poet who has dwelt for years in the Strand has attempted to describe fields and rivers, and generally succeeded accordingly. Hence that nauseous repetition of the same circumstances, hence that disgusting impropriety of introducing what may be called a set of hereditary images, without proper regard to the age, or climate, or occasion, in which they were formerly used. Though the diction of the 'Seasons' is sometimes harsh and inharmonious, and sometimes turgid and obscure, and though in many instances the numbers are not sufficiently diversified by different pauses, yet is this poem, on the whole, from the numberless strokes of Nature in which it abounds, one of the most captivating and amusing in our language, and which, as its beauties are not of a transitory kind, as depending on particular customs and manners, will ever be perused with delight. The scenes of Thomson are frequently as wild and romantic as those of Salvator Rosa, varied with precipices and torrents, and 'castled cliffs,' and deep valleys, with piny mountains and the gloomiest caverns!"

Lord Lyttelton's testimony to Thomson is expressed most truthfully in the following lines, which he "laid like a garland of bays on his own copy of the 'Seasons:':"

"Hail, Nature's poet! whom she taught alone
To sing her works in numbers like her own;
Sweet as the thrush that warbles in the dale,
And soft as Philomela's tender tale.
She lent her pencil, too, of wondrous power
To catch the rainbow, and to form the flower
Of many-mingling hues; then smiling said—

* * * *

"These beauteous children, though so fair they shine,
Fade in my seasons; let them live in *thine*.
And live they shall, the charm of every eye,
Till Nature sickens and the seasons die."

Sweeter stanzas were never penned in the English tongue than those written on Thomson by Collins.

The scene of the following stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond :—

"In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave,
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
To seek its poet's sylvan grave.

"And oft as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

"But thou, lone stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crowned sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend.

"The genial meads assigned to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom !
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

"Long, long thy stone, and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes,
'Oh, vales and wild woods,' shall he say,
'In yonder grave your Druid lies !' "

It is said that Thomson married in early life a domestic servant, but that when he became intimate with Lady Hertford and other titled folks, he would not acknowledge her as his wife, though he kept her in his house as a drudge. But the story, though told by George Chalmers, "lacks confirmation." *

One summer evening it is recorded, having overheated himself, Thomson took boat, by which he caught a cold that threw him into a fever; he recovered from the first attack, but imprudently exposing himself to the evening dews, brought on a relapse, which carried him off on the 27th August, 1748.

After Thomson's death his cottage was purchased by a Mr. George Ross, who enlarged both it and the grounds; it afterwards passed into the hands of the Hon. Frances Boscawen, who put up the inscription relating to the poet. It afterwards became the property of the Earl of Shaftesbury, and received the name of Rosedale House—originally Rossdale—after Thomson's successor. The old Countess of Shaftesbury died here in August, 1865, in her ninety-first year. It was converted into the Richmond Hospital, in 1866, under the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary of Teck, as stated above. †

As may be supposed, the house has undergone great changes. A large wing has been built on to

the north side, and the garden has been cut in two, the lower part being almost entirely built over. The lawn on which Thomson's summer-house once stood is there, and a pleasant place it is for the convalescents to walk about upon; but, alas! the treasure is gone. When the house was purchased for a hospital from the executors of Lady Shaftesbury, it was agreed to buy the summer-house also; but some of the roughs of the town made an entry into the garden by night, carried it off, and sold it for firewood! The poet's table, however, is still preserved as a precious relic by Lord Shaftesbury.

One of the rooms on the ground floor and another on the first floor are shown as those which tradition ascribes to the poet's use; but the mantelpiece and fireplace of the upper room have been altered and modernised; the Dutch tiles which lined its hearth are no longer *in situ*; and even the brass plate on the door which marked the room as Thomson's own has disappeared. The dining-room, drawing-room, and entrance-hall, remain pretty much as they were in Lady Shaftesbury's time; and the floors of the finest polished oak show that the house was substantially built. It now looks bright and cheerful; and it is satisfactory to note that the institution is very generally supported by the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood; but we understand that with larger funds it could easily enlarge its sphere of work. It overlooks the old Deer Park, and its gardens formerly reached quite down to the high road between Kew and Richmond, which is now traversed by a tramway. The room in which Thomson died, on the left as you enter the hospital, is now the surgeon's room; his sitting-room was on the right. It was small, and apparently well suited to a poet's means; and the house in his time had no wings, and was not larger than an average country vicarage. The garden was beyond the lawn, on which stood a fine spreading cedar. At that time there was *no* carriage-road from Richmond to Kew.

There is a second Rosedale near the hospital; it was formerly a school, and the house, though old, has no pretence to having been connected with Thomson.

Near the new church in the Kew Road is Pagoda House, the seat of the Selwyn family. Of this family was George Augustus Selwyn, the celebrated wit.* His father, Colonel John Selwyn, aide-de-camp to the great Duke of Marlborough, was treasurer both to Frederick, Prince of Wales,

* See *Notes and Queries*, July 16th, 1881, p. 46.

† See *ante*, p. 370.

* See "Old and New London," Vol. IV., p. 177.

and the Duke of Cumberland, as well as to the Princesses Amelia and Caroline. Another member of the family was Mr. William Selwyn, Q.C., a man of high legal and social standing in his time. The Prince Consort read Constitutional Law with him on his first arrival in this country. Mr. Selwyn died in 1855. He was the father of Dr. George Selwyn, the first Bishop of New Zealand, and afterwards Bishop of Lichfield, and also of the late Lord Justice Selwyn. The judge lived at Pagoda House; but the outlying grounds of the estate towards Kew have been laid out since his death for building purposes, under the name of Selwyn Court, and have been spoken of in a Society journal as one of the most charming estates, the villas being pitched in the midst of orchards, and having apple, pear, and plum trees standing, not only in the front gardens, but in the very highways of the estate. At the junction of the Mortlake and Kew Road is a drinking-fountain erected to the judge's memory.

"It was at Richmond," write Grace and Philip Wharton, in their "Queens of Society," "that Lord Hervey first met his wife, the charming Lepel, among the brilliant, rather than respectable, ladies who thronged about the Princess of Wales, such as Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Selwyn, Miss Bellenden, and Miss Howe. With these ladies Pope,

'The ladies' plaything and the Muses' pride.'

as Aaron Hill wrote of him, was a great favourite. The Herveys became intimate with him, and thus with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. This fashionable circle, as we have seen, gradually moved its centre a little higher up the Thames and on the opposite bank, Lady Mary becoming at Twickenham what the Princess of Wales had been at Richmond.

Another noted resident of Richmond in former times was Lord Marchmont, the friend of Pope, who lived to be eighty-six, and had such physical health and strength that he rode on horseback less than a week before he died. Sir John Sinclair, who knew him well, once asked him for a receipt for longevity, and what do our readers think was his prescription? Simple enough, he "never mixed his wines," but stuck to the same bottle. For many years before his death he drank a bottle of claret daily; after eighty he exchanged claret for Burgundy.

Nicholas Brady, the joint author, with Tait, of the

well-known metrical version of the Psalms, lived for some time at Richmond, and at the solicitation of the parishioners, served as their curate in 1696. Dr. Brian Duppa, Bishop of Winchester, chaplain to Charles I. and tutor to his children, lived here occasionally. After the execution of his royal master, Bishop Duppa retired hither, and lived in retirement. After the Restoration, he was promoted to the above see, and also made Lord Almoner. He died at Richmond in 1662, having been visited when on his death-bed by Charles II. In the year before his death he founded an almshouse for ten poor women, unmarried, and of the age of fifty and upwards, for whose support he settled the rental of a farm and other premises at Lower Halliford, by Shepperton, Middlesex. In addition to lodging, each of the almswomen is allowed £1 monthly, and a further £1 at Midsummer and Christmas, "together with a gown of substantial cloth, called Bishop's blue, every other year." They have each also "a Christmas repast of a barn-door fowl and a pound of bacon" secured to them by the lease of the farm at Shepperton. The original almshouse, an old-fashioned pile of building, of red brick, stood by the side of the road, near the terrace, with the following inscription on a stone tablet over the entrance, "*Votiva Tabula*. I will pay my vows which I made to God in my trouble." The house was taken down a few years ago, and a new one erected in the Vineyard.

Lichfield House, on the north side of Marshgate Road, which leads into the Upper Road to Sheen and Mortlake, is so called from having been the abode of a former bishop of Lichfield. It is now the residence of Mrs. Maxwell, the novelist, better known by her former name of Miss Braddon. On the opposite side of the road is Egerton House, the name of which also calls back associations of a noble family, by which it was once occupied. Heron Court, in Hill Street, was for some time the residence of the distinguished diplomatist and author, Lord Dalling. Spring Grove, in Marsh Gate, was built at the beginning of the last century by the Marquis of Lothian. He resided there for some years.

By way of a conclusion to this chapter it may be added that Richmond figures in the "Index Vilaris," published in 1700, as a place which contains the seats of a baronet, a knight, and more than three "gentlemen of coat armour."

CHAPTER XLIII

KEW.

"So sit enthroned, in vegetable pride,
Imperial Kew, by Thames's glittering side,
Obedient sails from redds unfurrowed bring
For her the unnamed progeny of Spring." DARWIN.

Situation and Soil of Kew—Its Etymology—The Village—Suffolk Place—Kew House—Sir Henry Capel's Orangery—Kew House taken as a Royal Residence—Its Demolition, and a New Palace built, which was also pulled down—The Present Palace—Bubb Doddington at Kew—News of the Death of George I. brought to the Prince of Wales—Feud between the King and the Prince of Wales—Death of George II.—Seclusion of George III.—Queen Charlotte's Christmas Trees—The King's Insanity—The King and the Artist—Death of Queen Charlotte—Attempt to Assassinate the Duke of Cumberland—Marriage of the Duke of Clarence and the Duke of Kent—Kew Observatory—The Parish Church—The Graves of Zoffany, Meyer, and Gainsborough—The Rev. Richard Byam—Stephen Duck—Caleb Colton—Granville Sharpe—Sir Arthur Helps—Francis Bauer—Sir John Puckering—"The Pilgrim" Inn—The River Thames—Kew Bridge.

"How fresh the meadows look above the river," writes Tennyson; and nowhere are his words more true than here. The Thames takes a sweep from Barnes to Richmond, which produces a peninsula of meadow-land, at the extremity of which is the pleasant village of Kew. Kew was formerly a hamlet belonging to Kingston, but included within the royal manor of Richmond. In 1769 it was constituted by Act of Parliament a distinct parish. It is bounded on the north and east by the River Thames; on the south-east by Mortlake, and on the south and west by Richmond. The soil is chiefly a light porous sand, and the greater part of the land is occupied by the Royal Gardens, the remainder being appropriated to the purpose of raising asparagus and other vegetables for the London markets.

Its name has been variously spelt as Kayhough, Kayhoo, Keye, and Kewe, whence, as Lysons observes, "its situation near the waterside might induce one to seek for its etymology in the word Key, or Quay." Kew has to contend with all the disadvantages of a flat surface; like Versailles, too, the soil was once swampy and ungrateful: the wealth of a nation drained and fertilised both.

The village itself consists of a collection of shops and private houses, with one or two inns of moderate size, built about the margin of a green some dozen acres in extent, near the centre of which stands the parish church, and, close by, on the west side, the principal entrance to the gardens. A large number of houses have been built of late years on the Richmond Road, which runs southward from the corner of the green, and forms all along the eastern boundary of the gardens. The houses hereabouts have been mostly built since the opening of the Kew Gardens railway station, from which there is access to Ludgate Hill, Waterloo, and nearly all the other London termini. Just over the bridge is the station for

the South-Western loop line trains. The area of the parish is about 350 acres, and the population, according to the latest census returns, is about 1,700, showing an increase of 700 during the preceding decade. Kew has its local institutions, its fire brigade, its cricket club, its Kew Gardens Public Rights Defence Association, and its Educational Institute, &c.

Leland, in his *Cyanea Cantio* ("Itinerary," Vol. IX.), notices Kew as the abode of the Dowager Queen of France, the Princess Mary of England, widow of Louis XII. of France, and the sister of Henry VIII. She married, *en secondes nocces*, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, whose third wife she was. Leland describes Kew as a handsome town or village—"villa elegans."

A mansion called Suffolk Place is mentioned in a court roll of Queen Elizabeth as having been pulled down and destroyed. This was probably the place of residence of the Duke of Suffolk. Leland says that the duke's house was erected in the reign of Henry VII., not many years before he wrote, and, according to report, by a steward of the royal household.

The original Kew Palace figures constantly in "Bubb Doddington's Diary" as the head-quarters of the party who hung about Frederick, Prince of Wales; the prince lived there chiefly when in the "country," and not at Leicester House or Carlton House, and the princess resided there in her widowhood, and here she brought up her son, afterwards George III., and his brother, Prince Edward. Here the young king and his brothers were taught riding and fencing by Signor Angelo.

The royal family were very fond of the place, and took a keen interest in laying out the grounds. Doddington writes in February, 1749:—"To dinner at Kew . . . worked in the new walk at Kew. All of us, men, women, and children, worked at the same place—a cold dinner." On another occasion he records having walked with the

princess and her ladies in attendance round Richmond Park Gardens, as well as those of Kew. "Plays," says Bubb Dodington, "were acted here every evening."

The Richmond Lodge, where, as we have related in a previous chapter, * George II., then Prince of Wales, was living when news was brought to him of the death of his father, George I., was really in Kew. Domestic affection was decidedly not this prince's strong point. He was living in alienation from, and even in hostility to, the king, his father; the two courts of Kew and St. James's maintained no communication with each other, and it was with

It is stated as a fact that when the prince died, a messenger was sent to inform the king of the circumstance. He was at the time playing at cards with a large party at the palace; with true German *sang froid*, he continued the game to the end, and then communicated the intelligence to his mistress, the Duchess of Kendal, who was playing at another table, calmly telling her that Fritz was dead, but made no motion to interrupt the amusements; the duchess, however, with more feeling and delicacy, broke up the assembly. The following letter was given to me as one in the handwriting of the king, but I have reason to



OLD KEW PALACE (THE DUTCH HOUSE), SHOWING ALSO PART OF THE CASTELLATED PALACE BEGUN BY GEORGE III.

difficulty that he could be persuaded to rise from the sofa where he was lying, and to go to London to see his ministers.

Later on, the quarrel between himself and his son Frederick was carried on by the king with a rancour, descending to personality, unknown to the modern disputes of royalty. The ill blood is supposed to have been caused by the countenance which the Prince of Wales gave to the party in opposition to the measures of Government. "The prince had a separate establishment at Norfolk House, which was," says Mr. William Hone, "the chief resort of the disaffected to the party in power; no persons visiting the prince were allowed to come to the court of the sovereign.

doubt the truth of the allegation; nevertheless, it bears the marks of being a rough draft of it, being altered and interlined, and, from its apparent age, there is no doubt of its being written at the time of its date (1737). There are some grammatical errors, which may possibly arise from its being the production of a foreigner:—

"The professions you have lately made in your letters of your particular regard to me are so contradictory to all your actions, that I cannot suffer myself to be imposed upon by them. You know very well you did not give the least intimation to me or to the Queen that the Princess was with child, till within less than a month of the birth of the young Princess; you removed the Princess twice in the week, and immediately preceding the day of her delivery, from the place of my residence, in expectation, as you voluntarily declared, of her labour; and both times, upon your return, you industriously concealed from me and

* See ante, p. 344.

the Queen every circumstance relating to this important affair ; and you at last, without giving any notice to me or the Queen, precipitately hurried the Princess from Hampton Court in a condition not to be named ; after having thus, in execution of your own determined measures, exposed both the Princess and the child to the greatest perils, you now plead surprise, and your tenderness for the Princess, as the only motive that occasioned these repeated indignities offered to me and the Queen, your mother. This extravagant and undutiful behaviour, in so essential a point as the birth of an heir to my crown, is such an evidence of your premeditated defiance of me, and such a contempt of my authority, and of the natural right belonging to your parents, as cannot be excused by the pretended innocence of your intentions, nor palliated or disguised by specious

These unhappy family circumstances may have been, in true measure, responsible for the apparently ill-advised system of education pursued by the Princess-Dowager in bringing up her son, afterwards George III.

Sir N. W. Wraxall writes, in his "Historical Memoirs":—"During nearly ten years which elapsed between the death of his father, early in 1751, and the decease of his grandfather—a period when the human mind is susceptible of such deep impressions—he remained in a state of almost absolute seclusion from his future people, and from the world. Constantly resident at



OLD KEW PALACE (PULLED DOWN IN 1802).

words only ; but the whole tenour of your conduct for a considerable time has been so entirely void to all real duty to me, that I have long had reason to be offended with you, and until you withdraw your regard and confidence from those by whose instigation and advice you are directed and encouraged in your unwarrantable behaviour to me and the Queen, and until you return to your duty, you shall not reside in my palace, which I will not suffer to be made the resort of them who, under the appearance of attachment to you, foment the division you have made in my family, and thereby weaken the common interest of the whole ; in this situation I will receive no reply ; but when your actions manifest a just sense of your duty and submission, that may induce me to pardon what I at present most justly resent. In the mean time, it is my pleasure that you leave St. James's, with all your family, when it can be done without prejudice or ill-convenience to the Princess. I shall for the present leave to the Princess the care of my granddaughter, until a proper time calls on me to consider on her education. 'G. R.'

'Hampton Court, September 10th, 1737.'

Leicester House, or at Carlton House, when he was in London ; immured at Kew, whenever he went to the country ; perpetually under the eye of his mother and of Lord Bute, who acted in the closest unity of design : he saw comparatively few other persons, and those only chosen individuals of both sexes. They naturally obtained, and long preserved, a very firm ascendancy over him. When he ascended the throne, though already arrived at manhood, his very person was hardly known, and his character still less understood, beyond a narrow circle. Precautions, it is well ascertained, were even adopted by the Princess Dowager to preclude, as much as possible, access to him—precautions which, to the extent of her ability, were redoubled after he became king. It will scarcely be believed, but it is nevertheless true, that in order to prevent his conversing with any persons, or receiving any

written intimations, anonymous or otherwise, between the drawing-room and the door of Carlton House, when he was returning from thence to St. James's or to Buckingham House, after his evening visits to his mother, she never failed to accompany him till he got into his sedan-chair."

"What could be expected," asks Horace Walpole, "from a boy locked up from the converse of mankind, governed by a mother still more retired, who was herself under the influence of a man that had passed his life in solitude, and was too haughty to admit to his familiarity but half-adosen silly authors and flatterers?"

Before he succeeded to the crown, as Prince of Wales even, he had made Lord Bute his intimate friend, and the companion of his daily walks, rides, and drives; and the two were riding together along the road in the neighbourhood of Kew Bridge on the 25th October, 1760, when the news of the sudden death of George II. reached them—having been brought by a groom—intelligence which was soon afterwards confirmed by Mr. Pitt, then Premier, in person. "On receiving the information," writes Sir N. W. Wraxall, "they all returned to the Palace (at Kew), where the new king remained during the whole day, and passed the night also, not going up to St. James's till the following morning. Mr. Pitt having presented him a paper containing a few sentences which he suggested it might be proper to pronounce on meeting the Privy Council, the king thanked him, but replied that he had already considered the subject, and had drawn up his intended address to be delivered at the Council Table. The minister, who perceived that Lord Bute had anticipated him, drew the unavoidable inference. It was, indeed, sufficiently obvious that however his administration might nominally continue for a time, yet his influence and authority were already eclipsed and superseded." In fact, the walls of Kew Palace on that occasion witnessed the establishment, we might almost say, of a new dynasty.

According to Horace Walpole, the first moment of the new reign afforded a symptom of the prince's character: of that cool dissimulation in which he had been so well initiated by his mother, and which comprehended almost the whole of what she had taught him. Princess Amelia, as soon as she was certain of her father's death, sent an account of it to the Prince of Wales; but he had already been apprised of it. He was riding, and received a note from a German *valet-de-chambre* attendant upon the late king, with a private mark agreed upon between them, which

certified him of the event. Without surprise or emotion, without dropping a word that indicated what had happened, he said his horse was lame, and turned back to Kew. At dismounting, he said to the groom, "I have said this horse is lame; I forbid you to say the contrary."

Sir N. W. Wraxall opens his gossiping "Memoirs" by complaining that, whereas even the dull reign of George II. had afforded material for anecdotes of court and social life, the first twenty or thirty years of the reign of George III.—in fact, nearly down to the date of his first mental attack—were spent at Kew and at Windsor in almost Oriental seclusion. "While still a young man," writes Wraxall, "he neither frequented masquerades, nor engaged at play, nor passed his evenings in society calculated to unbend his mind from the fatigues of business and vexations of state. All the splendour of a court was laid aside, or exhibited only for a few hours, on a 'birthday.' Rarely during the first twenty years after his accession did he join in any scene of public amusement, if we except the diversion of the theatre. Still more rarely did he sit down at table with any of his courtiers or nobility. His repasts, private, short, and temperate, never led to the slightest excess. Hence his enemies endeavoured to represent him, not unjustly, as affecting the state of an Asiatic prince, scarcely ever visible except on the terrace at Windsor, or in the circle at a *levée*."

Certainly the well-ordered and decorous court of the third George must have presented an immense contrast to those of his two predecessors, and even to those of Queen Anne and of King William at Kensington Palace, to say nothing of Whitehall between the Restoration and the Revolution of 1688. George III. was too happy in his own family circle and in his own homely tastes to need to have recourse to fashionable gatherings in order to drive away the spleen or *ennui*. He and Queen Charlotte "played Darby and Joan" at Kew, whilst the leaders of fashionable society were crowding the *salons* of Devonshire and Carlton Houses, or turning night into day at Ranelagh.

During a long period his Majesty lived at Kew about three months in every year, besides visiting it on alternate Tuesdays in the autumn, and staying three days each time. The king, true to his character as the "farmer," would dine here on boiled mutton and turnips. Madame d'Arblay—then Miss Burney—speaking of the life of the royal family at Kew, says:—"It is very different from that at Windsor. There is no form or ceremony here of any sort. The royal family are always here in so very retired a way, that they live as the

simplest gentlefolks. The king has not even an equerry with him, nor the queen any lady to attend her when she goes her airings. All the household are more delicate in inviting or admitting any friends here than elsewhere, on account of the very easy and unreserved way in which the family live, running about from one end of the house to the other without precaution or care. All the apartments but the king's and queen's, and one of Mistress Schwollenberg's, are small, dark, and old-fashioned. There are staircases in every passage, and passages in every closet."

The following amusing anecdote concerning George III. and his life at Kew Palace is told in the "Reminiscences of Henry Angelo," but it will bear repeating. Alexander Gresse, to whom the story refers, was an artist of celebrity in his day, teacher of drawing to the queen and the princesses, and a great favourite of the king. "Though a good-natured and friendly-hearted man," writes our author, "Gresse was very irritable, and could not patiently endure the least observations upon the stupendosity of his figure. This, indeed, is verified in a story of his late Majesty and the too sensitive painter, which happened whilst my father was in attendance upon the royal family.

"Gresse, on his first introduction as a teacher at the royal palaces, had been told by Muller, page to the then young Prince Edward [afterwards Duke of Kent], that the etiquette was, if by accident he met the king, or any member of the royal family, within the palace, to stand respectfully still, let them pass, and take no notice, unless those great personages condescended to notice him.

"It happened, that during his many professional visits at Buckingham House, at Kew, and at Windsor, during the first two years' attendance, he had never by any chance met the king. One day, however, whilst waiting to attend the queen, and amusing himself in looking at the painted ceiling in the great audience chamber, a door suddenly opened, and by a side glance he perceived himself in the royal presence. It was no less a personage than his Majesty King George the Third, who entered alone.

"Struck, no doubt, with the extraordinary bulk and general contour of the figure of the artist—for he stood with his hands behind him, grasping his cocked hat, and his legs straddling wide, with his head thrown back—the king advanced to the middle of the room, and eyed him with apparent surprise. Gresse, remembering the point of etiquette, dropped his head to its natural position, and stood stock-still. After his Majesty had taken this survey he walked round, whilst Gresse, wishing

a trap-door to open under his own feet, remained, nothing short of a waxen figure beneath a tropical sun. At length the king, unconscious, we may reasonably suppose, of the misery of the sensitive artist, walked to some distance, and, turning round, took a view of him right in front. Gresse, determined to show the king that he really was not a statue, regardless of further etiquette, made to the sovereign a most profound bow, which the king understanding, as it is supposed, he immediately retired."

Here, or at Buckingham Palace, Queen Charlotte, as we learn from the Hon. Amelia Murray's "Recollections," true to her German associations, regularly had a Christmas-tree dressed up. "It was hung," writes the authoress, "with presents for the children who were invited to see it; and I well remember the pleasure that it was to hunt for one's own name, which was sure to be attached to one or more of the pretty gifts." Christmas-trees are common enough in almost every household now-a-days, but such was not the case half a century ago.

It was at Kew that George III. was shut up when suffering from his first attack of mental malady. George Selwyn, who is generally regarded as a selfish wit, used to say: "Old as I am, I would stand bareheaded all the day, and open the gate on Kew Green, if I could be sure of seeing any one who came from the palace with good news of my royal master." The poor king was "allowed," writes Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, to walk out, as often as the weather permitted, in the gardens, accompanied by his keeper, Dr. Willis, and one of that physician's sons.

All sorts of amusing stories are told concerning the life led by the unfortunate king during his residence here. One day Miss Burney was walking in the gardens at Kew, when she saw his Majesty, whom she supposed to be very insane, coming towards her. To avoid meeting him, she ran off at full speed. But the king was not to be disappointed in his chance of meeting a pretty woman, and so ran after her. The king's attendants were alarmed, and ran after him. But the king proved the swiftest runner, and soon caught up with the charming queen's maid, and, throwing his arms around her, kissed her. He then informed her that he was as well as ever he had been in his life, and that he wished to talk with her on affairs of state. Miss Burney was at first terribly frightened, but soon gained her self-possession, and enjoyed one of the most pleasant interviews with the king that she ever had while in the service of the royal household. Another time, as the king was breakfasting at Kew, the great scarcity of beef which was then prevailing in England became the subject of conversation.

"Why do not people plant more beef?" asked the king. Upon being told that beef could not be raised from the seed, he seemed still incredulous. He took some bits of beef-steak, and went into the garden and planted them. The next morning he went out to see if they had sprouted, and found there some snails. Thinking they were oxen, he was heard calling out, "Here they are! here they are, Charlotte, horns and all!"

The following anecdote, which exhibits King George III. in a most kindly character, belongs to Kew Palace. A person named Goupy attended as an assistant drawing-master at the palace of his royal Highness Frederick, Prince of Wales. When he was one day there, his Majesty George III., being then a very little boy, for some trifling fault was compelled to stand behind a chair as a prisoner. Goupy was ordered to go on with his drawing. "How can I," replied the artist, "make a drawing worthy the attention of your royal Highness when I see the young prince standing under your displeasure." "You may return to your seat, sir," said the good-natured Prince of Wales; "but remember that Goupy has released you." As Goupy grew old, he became infirm and poor; at the accession of George III. he was eighty-four. Soon after that period, walking in pensive mood and piteous plight on the Kensington Road, the royal carriage passed, and he pulled off his hat. The face of the old man caught the king's eye; he ordered the coach to stop, called the friendless artist to the door, and asked him how he went on. "Little enough, in truth," replied the old man, "little enough; but as I was so happy as to take your Majesty *out of prison*, I hope you will not suffer me to go into one." "Indeed I will not, my dear Goupy," replied the good-natured monarch, casting on the poor old man a look brightened with the tear of sympathy, "indeed I will not." And he immediately ordered him a handsome allowance weekly, which the forsaken artist enjoyed to the last day of his life.

The following anecdote of an incident which happened at Kew is quoted from "*Our Great-grandmothers*" in *Fraser's Magazine*:—"The beautiful Miss Port (her grand-niece and adopted child, and subsequently the mother of Lady Llanover), sitting one day writing in Mrs. Delany's drawing-room at the Lodge, heard a knock at the door; she of course inquired who was there. 'It is me,' replied a man's voice, somewhat ungrammatically; but grammar appears to have been much disdained in our great-grandmothers' days. '*Me* may stay where he is,' answered Miss Port; on which the knocking was repeated. '*Me* is imper-

tinent, and may go about his business,' reiterated the lady; but the unknown party persevering in a third knock, she rose to ascertain who was the intruder, and, to her dismay, found it was no other than King George himself she had been unwittingly addressing with so little ceremony. All she could utter was, 'What *shall* I say?' 'Nothing at all,' replied his Majesty; 'you *was* very right to be cautious who you admitted.' The royal disregard of grammar seemed to have furnished a precedent for that of the court and of society in general."

Here, like Dr. Johnson at Buckingham House, Dr. Beattie attended by command of George III., to be presented to his Majesty, after he had published his famous "Essay on Truth." "I never stole a book but once," said the kind-hearted king, "and that was yours: I stole it from the queen to give it to Lord Hertford to read." A more delicate and graceful compliment can scarcely be imagined.

Kew House, or the Old Palace, as it was afterwards called, was taken down in 1802-3. A building for a palace was commenced by George III. on a site near the Thames, in Richmond Gardens, but, as stated in a previous chapter, was never finished internally, although a large sum of money had been expended on the stone exterior. After the death of the king it was pulled down, and the materials sold piecemeal by his successor, George IV.

Mr. Martin F. Tupper writes:—"Kew was an abortive attempt at a palace; and the Fourth George scarcely ever did a better deed in all his life than when he pulled down to the ground that 'castellated structure of carpenter's Gothic.' Its exotic gardens, with the conservatories and all their choice natural treasures, may well be suffered to bloom on; 'whether every temple and ruin which Sir William Chambers created is equally worthy of perpetuity may be questioned; but one, at any rate, is appropriate, useful, and ornamental.'"

The house now called the Palace, but originally known as the Dutch House, is an old structure of red brick, probably built in the time of James I. by Sir Hugh Portman, the Dutch merchant, who is mentioned in a letter among the Sydney Papers, dated 1595, as "the rich gentleman who was knighted by her Majesty (Queen Elizabeth) at Kew." It is about 100 or 150 yards from the original palace, or Kew House, which the king inhabited, and is a solid substantial building, heavy and Dutch in style, with stabling on the one side and a court with out-quarters on the other. It is one of her Majesty's private possessions, and is now quite unoccupied, the lady who has charge of it for the queen living in a small house in the adjoining garden. It is three storeys in height. On

the ground-floor are the old king's dining-room and drawing-room, and another small dining-room, which was used by the young princes. In some of the rooms the panelling and some ornamental fire-places remain; and here and there a few pieces of antiquated and lumbering furniture serve to recal the fact that less than a century ago these rooms had tenants. In one of the upper bed-rooms are still a few specimens of the ingenuity and industry of the princesses. The bed-room in which old Queen Charlotte died is at the top of the staircase on the second floor.

The whole place has an air of desolate grandeur. Till lately there was on the walls a small collection of pictures, but these were lately carried off by order of the queen to Buckingham Palace and Holyrood. The rooms in which the poor old king was confined by his physician, Dr. Willis, adjoined the central portion of the house, and were pulled down, by order of the queen, about the same time.

The adjacent grounds are quite flat and level, but are flanked on either side by fine trees. In hot and dry summers the outlines of the foundations of the old palace may be traced on the lawn in front.

The owner of the "Dairie House," Queen Caroline, when making her improvements in Richmond Gardens, in George II.'s reign, took a long lease of this house, which had not expired in 1781, in which year the freehold was purchased from the then proprietors, in trust for her Majesty Queen Charlotte, who had previously used it as a nursery for the royal offspring. Later on the house was called the Queen's Lodge; and although the apartments are small and inconvenient, the retirement which it afforded made it a favourite place of residence with the younger branches of the family. It is not a little singular that all notice of Kew is omitted by Mr. Pyne in his magnificent and otherwise complete history of our royal residences. Over the doorway appears the date 1631, with the initials "F. S. C."

The present palace belonged to Richard Bennett, Esq., from whom it descended to the Capels, through the marriage of Dorothy, his daughter and heiress, with Sir Henry Capel, K.B., afterwards Lord Capel. Under date of March 24th, 1688, Evelyn writes, in his "Diary":—"From thence we went to Kew, to visit Sir Henry Capel's, whose orangery and myrtetum are most beautiful, and perfectly well kept. He was contriving very high palisados of reeds to shade his oranges during the summer, and painting those reeds in oil."

Lady Capel survived him, and resided at Kew

until her death, in 1721. The property next devolved on Samuel Molyneux, Esq., who had married Lord Capel's grand-niece. This gentleman was secretary to George II. before his accession to the throne, and resided here. He devoted himself to scientific studies, especially astronomy, and he erected a telescope with which, in 1725, Dr. Bradley, afterwards Astronomer-Royal, made the first observations which led to his great discoveries, and of which we shall have more to say presently. Mr. Molyneux died in the year 1728, and his widow married the notorious empiric, Nathaniel St. André (the patron of the infamous Mrs. Toft, the rabbit producer, of Godalming), who was accused of having hastened the death of Lady Elizabeth's first husband in order to marry her.

Mackay, in his "Tour through England," speaks of Mr. Molyneux's fine seat at Kew and excellent gardens, said to have been furnished with the best fruit trees in England, "collected by that great statesman and gardener, Lord Capel."

About 1730, Frederick, Prince of Wales, obtained a long lease of Kew House from the Capel family. After his death, in 1751, the Princess Dowager of Wales continued to reside here, and took great interest in the improvement of the gardens. George III. eventually bought the fee-simple of the estate from the Countess Dowager of Essex.

At this palace, in 1818, died Queen Charlotte, leaving whatever it was in her power to bequeath to her four unmarried daughters. "This," says the Hon. Miss Murray, in her "Recollections," "consisted principally of her jewels, for there was so little money that some of her personalty was sold to pay a few outstanding debts."

Throughout the metropolis and the country in general the indications of sorrow at the queen's death were unusually general and sincere. In consequence of the queen's declining health, two amendments had been made in the Regency Bill during the last session of Parliament: the first empowering her Majesty to add six new members, resident at Windsor, to her council, in the event of her absence from the palace; and the second repealing the clause which rendered necessary the immediate assembling of a new Parliament in the event of the queen's death. These amendments were very opportunely made, as, after a lingering illness of six months, which was sustained with great fortitude and resignation, her Majesty expired at Kew Palace on the 17th of November, in the seventy-fifth year of her age. She had been blessed by nature with a sound and vigorous frame, having

until within two years of her decease enjoyed an almost uninterrupted state of health. Her remains were interred in the royal vault at Windsor on the 2nd of December. George III. survived his queen only about fourteen weeks.

At Kew, the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., was educated, under the superintendence of Dr. Markham, afterwards Archbishop of York, and here the childhood and boyhood of the young Dukes of Cumberland, Sussex, and Cambridge, were chiefly spent.

o'clock, at which hour the queen was conducted into the drawing-room, and was followed by the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Augusta, the Princess Sophia of Gloucester, the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, the Duchess of Meiningen, the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Liverpool, Viscount Sidmouth, Count and Countess Munster, &c. The Duke of Clarence and his intended bride, and the Duke and Duchess of Kent, being introduced into the room in due form,



KEW GREEN.

Here the Duke of Kent was re-married, July 11th, 1818, to the Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg, the mother of our most gracious Queen. A contemporary thus announces the double marriage of the two royal dukes, Clarence and Kent, on the same day:—"The most important circumstance we have to record since our last is the marriage of two of our princes, his royal Highness the Duke of Clarence and his royal Highness the Duke of Kent, which took place on Saturday, the 11th instant, when a temporary altar was fitted up in the queen's drawing-room, which looks into Kew Gardens, on the first floor. The royal pairs, other members of the royal family, and the persons who were to be present, had all arrived before four

and having taken their station at the altar, the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London, performed the marriage ceremony." The scene of this special service was probably the drawing-room.

The king was constant in his attendance on both public and private worship. But in Miss Burney's "Diary" we read:—"There is no private chapel at Kew Lodge; the king and queen consequently, except by accident, as now, never pass the Sunday there. The form, therefore, stands thus:—Their majesties and the five princesses go into an inner room by themselves, furnished with hassocks, &c., like their closet at church. By the door of this room, though not within it, stands the clergyman

at his desk, and here were assembled Mrs. Delany, Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, Miss Goldsworthy, Miss Gomme, Miss Planta, Mlle. Montmoulin, M. De Luc, and I. The pages were all arranged at the end of the room, and in an outer apartment were summoned all the servants, in rows according to their station."

It may be mentioned that the locks on the doors of the principal rooms in the palace are of brass, and engraved with the Prince of Wales's

palace, but at a distance of about 200 yards, is an old sun-dial, standing on a stone pedestal, at one end of which is a tablet thus inscribed :—

"On this spot, in 1725, the Rev. James Bradley made the first observations which led to his two great discoveries, the aberration of light and the nutation of the earth's axis. The telescope which he used had been erected by Saml. Molyneux, Esq., in a house which afterwards became the royal residence, and was taken out in 1803. To per-



KEW CHURCH—INTERIOR.

plumes, the Garter, and crown, and the initials F. P. W., for Frederick, Prince of Wales.

The following epigram, engraved on the collar of a dog which Pope gave to his Royal Highness Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George III., has been often quoted, but may bear repetition here :—

"I am his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?"

This is taken from Sir William Temple's "Heads designed for an Essay on Conversation." "Mr. Grantam's fool's reply to a great man that asked whose fool he was—'I am Mr. Grantam's fool—pray tell me whose fool are you?'"

On the lawn immediately in front of the present

petuate the memory of so important a station, this dial was placed on it in 1830, by command of his Most Gracious Majesty King William IV."

It seems, after this episode, quite according to the fitness of things that Kew should be the seat of the great observatory of which, probably, the Rev. James Bradley sounded the first note, just as Lord Capel's taste for gardening proved the germ of the Botanic Gardens, which we shall describe presently. The Observatory stands in the park, away from all other buildings about half-way between Kew and Richmond.

"The report of the Kew Committee for the year ending October 31st, 1879," says a daily contemporary, "has been published by the Royal

Society. It contains a statement of the work done in the two departments of magnetism and meteorology, and a notice of certain of the instruments. It appears that 196 barometers and 4,828 thermometers have been verified during the year. Besides these last, 53 deep sea thermometers have been tested, the great number of which were subjected, in the hydraulic press, without injury, to strains exceeding three and a half tons on the square inch." These figures may be taken as an average of the work done here annually.

The following is an extract from a paper by Mr. C. Murray, in the "Companion to the British Almanack" for 1884:—"The so-called Kew Observatory was built for George III. by Sir William Chambers, for the purpose of studying astronomical science, with special reference to the Transit of Venus in 1769. The situation is low, but otherwise well situated both for its original and its present work. It stands in the old Deer Park, Richmond, some little distance above Kew Gardens, near that part of the bend of the Thames which faces Isleworth, a little more than 900 feet from the water-side. . . . To show how characteristically isolated this building is from the ways of the world, the only open entrance to it is through a farmyard, and along an ankle-spraining 'prairie path' of cinder-slag, little more than a foot in breadth. The park is the property of the Crown, and the stewards of the Crown have well doubled the saying of 'no royal road to learning' by maintaining there shall be no 'royal road' to Kew and its science. . . . For many years Kew may be said to have quietly glided into a long winter of hybernation, being under the careful guardianship of a curator and reader. However, in 1841, Sir Robert Peel 'disestablished' it, and bestowed such instruments as it had among several learned bodies. The Royal Society, as a body, refused the building, from lack of funds in its corporate capacity; but several private members of that society and of the British Association, headed by Lord Northampton and Lord Francis Egerton, under sanction of the Government, raised subscriptions among scientific persons to establish a physical observatory, where it was decided that meteorology, electricity, and magnetism, were to form the subjects of observation. Much opposition was raised, and at one time it was proposed that the observatory should be closed and discontinued; but a committee of the leaders of the world of science—Herschel, Sabine, Wheatstone, and others—reported in favour of its maintenance, and accordingly it pursued for several years 'the even tenor of its way.' In 1855

the Board of Trade accepted its assistance with respect to meteorological work, and when, on the death of Admiral Fitzroy, the meteorological department of the Board of Trade was transferred to a committee nominated by the Royal Society, Kew was made a central station, from which outlying observatories at Aberdeen, Armagh, Falmouth, Glasgow, Stonyhurst, and Valentia, were controlled, its superintendent being their examiner and reporter. A grant placed at the disposal of the committee—now called the Meteorological Council—is the only sum of public money given for its support. In 1871 the annual grant of the British Association was withdrawn, and a sum of £10,000 being placed in trust in the hands of the Royal Society by Mr. Gassiot for the maintenance of its magnetic observations, it passed into the hands of a committee selected by that body." It would be impossible here to describe in minute detail the marine barometer—which serves also as a barometer on land—the thermometer, the hypsometer, the barograph, the thermograph, the anemometer, and the other instruments used here to work out the several branches of meteoric science practically. Enough to say that barometers, thermometers, sextants, &c., are tested here; that all instruments so verified leave the Kew Observatory with the letters "K. O." stamped upon them, and with a registered number. To our list of these instruments may be added the "Sunshine Recorder," which marks the number of hours and minutes during which the sun is visible. Mr. Murray thus describes it:—"It is a sphere of glass mounted on a polar axis, which rests in a suitable framework and stand. This axis can be set to coincide with the polar one at the place of inclination, whilst a graduated circle will adjust it to its working latitude. The supporting frame has movable card-holders, adapted to receive straight cut strips of card all to fit, so that when one is done with another can be instantly put in its place. These cards are cut from Bristol board, tinted with Prussian blue, and divided into slips thirteen inches long by three-quarters of an inch wide. The large-sized card-holder is used in the instrument during the months of May, June, July, and August, and the smaller-sized during the rest of the year. Each ray of sunshine passing through the glass globe leaves its path along the card, and the hours are marked by a pencil from hour to hour." In fact, so perfect is the command of man over Nature, that it is a matter of common boast that almost without exaggeration the sun is now made to photograph his own face as he rises every morning!

The Crown obtained the patronage of Kew-cum-Petersham, by an exchange with the Provost and Fellows of King's College, Cambridge, in 1867. Service was performed at Kew in a small chapel as early as 1522; but it would seem that it was not till 1769 that Kew was separated from Kingston and constituted a distinct vicarage.

The present church stands on the open area of Kew Green, on a plot of ground granted by Queen Anne. It was built by subscription, headed by the queen, and was completed and consecrated as "the Chapel of St. Anne, of Kew Green," on the 12th of May, 1714. It then consisted of little more than a nave and north aisle, with a school-room on the south; and after several alterations, as the population increased, its character was completely changed in the years 1837 and 1838, when it was enlarged into its present state, under the direction of Sir Jeffrey Wyattville. "This was accomplished," says the "New History of Surrey," "through the considerate munificence of his late Majesty, William the Fourth, who, on his last visit to Kew, in April, 1837, had the plans and estimates prepared by the architect submitted to him for approval; and after his decease, on the 20th of June following, the requisite funds (amounting to nearly five thousand pounds) were found to have been scrupulously set apart by the king for the completion of the work." In reference to his intentions, the following inscription, dictated by himself, and engraven on brass, has been affixed to the front of the royal gallery:—"King William IV., in the year 1836, directed 200 free seats to be provided in this church at his expense, for the accommodation of the poor of the parish and of the children of the King's Free School, to be for ever appropriated to their use." The walls bear several very interesting monuments.

The royal gallery, at the western end of the church, contains seats for about sixty persons. It was originally built by George III. in 1805, and on the re-opening, the king, the queen, and nine princes and princesses, their children, attended divine service. In front, besides the inscription already given, are the arms of William IV., and several small hatchments of royalty, including those of the late Duke of Cambridge, and of Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, afterwards King of Hanover.

On the vestry walls hangs a series of prints—portraits of George III. and his numerous sons.

In a recess eastward of the altar (constructed for its reception) is a small richly-toned organ, which is said to have belonged to Handel, and was a favourite instrument of his Majesty George III.,

by whose successor (George IV.) it was presented to the church in 1823.

On the south wall of the church is a monument to Lady Capel, which ends with a hope that other persons will follow her steps. It is devoutly to be hoped that her steps were heavenward. On the north wall is a medallion profile of Sir William Hooker, erected by his nephew, Mr. Francis Palgrave.

A contemporary, in 1882, states that "the queen has promised a subscription of £100 towards the fund for the enlargement of the royal church at Kew. It is proposed to increase the accommodation to 737 sittings, and in every way to improve the church. The scheme has been unanimously approved at a public meeting of the inhabitants of Kew, presided over by the Duke of Cambridge, who has also subscribed £100. The subscription list further includes the names of the Duchess of Teck, and the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz. The work, it is estimated, will cost £5,500." The Princess Mary Adelaide of Teck also organised a morning concert at St. James's Hall in aid of the same object.

As a result of these subscriptions, a new chancel, with a mortuary chapel beyond it, with a dwarf cupola, in the Dutch or Queen Anne style, has been added (in 1883-4). In this mortuary chapel rests, above ground, the body of the late Duke of Cambridge; room is left for other members of the family. The interior of the chancel will afford a spacious apsidal sacarium. The "wagon" roof of the nave has been raised: and as the pews and seats will be also lowered, much height will be gained in the interior.

In this church, if we may accept the story in the *Monthly Magazine*, George III., then Prince of Wales, married Hannah Lightfoot, the fair Quakeress, of whom some mention will be found in the pages of OLD AND NEW LONDON.* Other versions, however, identify the locale of this apparently well-authenticated union with Dr. Keith's chapel in Curzon Street,† May Fair.

It is said—though the assertion is doubtful—that Queen Charlotte was so much grieved and shocked on finding out the relations which had existed between her husband and the fair Quakeress Hannah Lightfoot, that she insisted on being re-married in 1765, the ceremony being performed in the presence of Lord Chatham at Kew by the Rev. Dr. Wilmot, whose daughter became the wife of Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, and the mother of the Princess Olivia of Cumberland.

* See Vols. IV., p. 27; V., pp. 17, 477; VI., p. 27.

† See "Old and New London," Vol. IV., pp. 347, 349.

For many years there was no monument in the church to Gainsborough; but in 1875 a mural tablet was erected to his memory on the south wall by Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A. There are monuments in the church to the Aitons and to Mr. Bauer.

The churchyard, which is merely separated from the green by a dwarf wall, is crowded with tombs. Here, in kindred graves, lie Meyer, Zoffany, and Gainsborough, the painters—the latter one of the founders of the English school. Here, too, rest Joshua Kirby, the architect, father of the famous Mrs. Trimmer; * William Aiton, the gardener, of whom we shall have more to say on reaching Kew Gardens; Francis Bauer, the microscopist; &c.

Kew has been the burial-place of a few noted individuals. Zoffany, the portrait painter, was interred here in 1810. He was a native of Germany, and came when young to seek his fortune in England. Under the powerful patronage of the Earl of Barrymore, who was a leader of fashion, he soon found his way to fame. We found Zoffany at Strand-on-the-Green and at Brentford.† Zoffany lived in a cottage at Strand-on-the Green, and here he would entertain his friends, much to the disgust of his wife, who doted on her home and her nursery, and hated strangers. One of his most celebrated pictures is a group of the members of the Royal Academy assembled in their hall, near St. Martin's Lane, on a drawing night, with portraits of West, Reynolds, Chambers, Bartolozzi, &c.

At the invitation of the Grand Duke, he visited Florence, where he met the emperor, who, admiring his works, asked him his name. Zoffany told him. "What countryman are you?" asked the emperor. "An Englishman," was the reply. "Why, it sounds German," said the emperor. "True, sir," answered the artist; "I was born in Germany, but that was an accident. I call that my country which has given me shelter and protection."

Near Zoffany's tomb other of his relatives are buried, and not far off is the grave of Mr. R. Ford, "Genealogist." Another artist buried here is Jeremiah Meyer, R.A.; he, too, like Zoffany, was a German, a native of Tubingen, in the Duchy of Wirtemberg. Born in 1735, he came to England at fourteen, and studied art with great success under Zincke. He was for many years "Painter in Miniature and Enamel to George III."

He died in June, 1789. On the north wall of the church is a tablet to his memory, showing the Muse of Painting in mournful contemplation beneath his medallion bust in white marble. It bears the following lines from the pen of Hayley:—

"Meyer! in thy works the world will ever see
How great the loss of Art in losing thee.
But Love and Sorrow find their words too weak,
Nature's keen sufferings on thy death to speak.
Through all her duties what a heart was thine!
In this cold dust what spirit used to shine!

"Fancy, and Truth, and Gaiety, and Zeal,
What most we love in life, and losing feel,
Age after age may not one artist yield
Equal to thee in Painting's nicer field;
And ne'er shall sorrowing earth to heaven commend
A fonder parent or a truer friend."

It must be owned that the feeling which prompted these lines does Hayley more credit than the lines themselves, which scarcely rise above common-place.

In the churchyard lies Thomas Gainsborough, the well-known landscape artist. His tomb having fallen into decay, it was repaired and restored, and surrounded with a light iron railing, the inscription being at the same time re-cut, at the cost of the late Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., a few years ago. The inscription states that Thomas Gainsborough died August 22nd, 1788, aged 62, and that his wife, Margaret, who lies beside him, died December, 1798, aged 71. Gainsborough was a most accomplished man, being not only the best landscape painter of his time, but scarcely inferior even to Sir Joshua Reynolds as a painter of portraits.

Thomas Gainsborough was born at Sudbury, Suffolk, in 1727, and while at school in his native town began to develop that artistic talent which in the end raised him to the highest pinnacle of fame. In his twelfth year he already began painting landscapes. Two years later he came to London, and became the pupil of Francis Hayman, who, like himself, was one of the original members of the Royal Academy. At nineteen he began painting portraits on his own account, and settled first at Ipswich, and afterwards at Bath, where he began painting portraits at the low price of five guineas for a three-quarter canvas, but was soon so successful as to be encouraged to raise his price to eight guineas. In 1774 he returned to London, and found an early friend and admirer in Reynolds. This was the more generous, as he was to some extent the rival of Sir Joshua himself. His last prices in London were forty guineas for a half, and one hundred guineas for a full length.

Gainsborough was liberal and hospitable to an excess; but he had a terribly shrewish and stingy wife, about whom many amusing anecdotes are related in Angelo's "Reminiscences." He was a great favourite with King George III., who preferred him as a portrait painter even to

* See Vol. I., p. 40.

† See Vol. I., pp. 16, 35.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, and who used often to say, "I hope you have not entirely left off landscape painting."

No object was too mean for Gainsborough's pencil; his habit of closely observing things in their several particulars enabled him to perceive their relations to each other, and combine them. By painting at night, he acquired new perceptions: he had eyes and saw, and he secured every advantage he discovered. He etched three plates: one for "Kirby's Perspective;" another an oak tree with gipsies; and the third, a man ploughing on a rising ground, which he spoiled in "biting in." The print is rare.

In portraits he strove for natural character, and when this was attained, seldom proceeded farther. He could have imparted intelligence to the features of the dullest, but he disdained to elevate what nature had forbidden to rise; hence, if he painted a butcher in his Sunday coat, he made him, as he looked, a respectable yeoman; but his likenesses were chiefly of persons of the first quality, and he maintained their dignity. His portraits are seldom highly finished, and are not sufficiently estimated, for the very reason whereon his reputation for natural scenery is deservedly high. Sir Joshua gave Gainsborough one hundred guineas for a picture of a girl and pigs, though its artist required only sixty.

Gainsborough had what the world calls eccentricities. They resulted rather from his indulgence in study than from contempt for the usages of society. It was well for Gainsborough that he could disregard the courtesies of life without disturbance to his happiness from those with whom manners are morals.

He derived his grace and elegance from nature rather than manners; and hence his paintings are inimitably true and bewitching.

Gainsborough resembles Watteau in his landscapes. His pictures are generally wrought in a loose and slight manner, with great freedom of hand, and using very little colour, with a great body of vehicle, which gives to his works great lightness and looseness of effect, properties extremely valuable in a picture, and too easily lost in the endeavour to give more strict and positive resemblance of substance. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his fourteenth lecture, says of this hatching manner of Gainsborough, that his portraits were often little more than what generally attends a dead colour as to finishing or determining the form of the features; but "as he was always attentive to the general effect or whole together, I have often imagined (says he) that this unfinished

manner contributed even to that striking resemblance for which his portraits are so remarkable. At the same time, it must be acknowledged that there is one evil attending this mode: that if the portrait were seen previously to any knowledge of the original, different persons would form different ideas, and all would be disappointed at not finding the original correspond with their own conceptions, under the great latitude which indistinctness gives to the imagination to assume almost what character or form it pleases."

In the same lecture, which principally treats of the acquirements of Gainsborough, and which was delivered at the Royal Academy soon after his death by its truly exalted president, it is said of him, "that if ever this nation should produce genius sufficient to acquire to us the honourable distinction of an English school, the name of Gainsborough will be transmitted to posterity in the history of the art among the first of that rising name.

"Whether he most excelled in portraits, landscapes, or fancy pictures, it is difficult to determine: whether his portraits were most admirable for exact truth of resemblance, or his landscapes for a portrait-like representation of nature, such as we see in the works of Rubens, Ruysdael, or others of these schools. In his fancy pictures, when he had fixed upon his object of imitation, whether it was the mean and vulgar form of a wood-cutter or a child of an interesting character, as he did not attempt to raise the one, so neither did he lose any of the natural grace and elegance of the other: such a grace and such an elegance as are more frequently found in cottages than in courts. This excellence was his own, the result of his particular observation and taste. For this he was certainly not indebted to any school; for his grace was not academical or antique, but selected by himself from the great school of nature, where there are yet a thousand modes of grace unselected, but which lie open in the multiplied scenes and figures of life, to be brought out by skilful and faithful observers.

"Upon the whole, we may justly say that whatever he attempted he carried to a high degree of excellence. It is to the credit of his good sense and judgment that he never did attempt that style of historical painting for which his previous studies had made no preparation."

Nothing could have enabled Gainsborough to reach so elevated a point in the art of painting had he not had the most ardent love for it. Indeed, his whole mind appears to have been devoted to it, even to his dying day, and then his principal

regret seemed to be that he was leaving his art, when, as he said, "he saw his deficiencies, and had endeavoured to remedy them in his last works." Various circumstances in his life exhibited him as referring everything to it. "He was continually remarking to those who happened to be about him whatever peculiarity of counte-

pieces of looking-glass, which he magnified, and improved into rocks, trees, and water: all which exhibit the solicitude and extreme activity that he had about everything relative to his art; that he wished to have his objects embodied as it were, and distinctly before him, neglecting nothing that contributed to keep his faculties alive, and deriving



GAINSBOROUGH.

(From the Original Picture, painted by himself, in the Council Room of the Royal Academy.)

nance, whatever accidental combination of figures, or happy effects of light and shadow, occurred in prospects, in the sky, in walking the streets, or in company. If in his walks he found a character that he liked, and whose attendance was to be obtained, he ordered him to his house; and from the fields he brought into his painting-room stumps of trees, weeds, and animals of various kinds, and designed them not from memory, but immediately from the objects. He even framed a kind of model of landscapes on his table, composed of broken stone, dried herbs, and

hints from every sort of combination." He was also in the constant habit of painting by night, a practice very advantageous and improving to an artist, for by this means he may acquire a new and a higher perception of what is great and beautiful in nature. His practice, in the progress of his pictures, was to paint on the whole together; wherein he differed from some, who finish each part separately, and by that means are frequently liable to produce inharmonious combinations of forms and features.

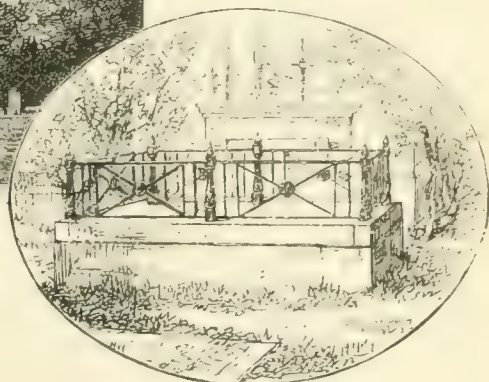
Gainsborough was one of the few artists of

eminence this country has produced who was indebted to foreign travel for his improvement and advancement in painting. Some use, indeed, he appears to have made of foreign productions; and he did not neglect to improve himself in the language of the art—the art of imitation—but aided his progress by closely observing and imitating some of the masters of the Flemish school, who are, undoubtedly, the greatest in that particular and necessary branch of it. He frequently made copies of Rubens, Teniers, and Vandyke, which it would be no disgrace to the most accurate con-

Hardeastle's *Somerset House Gazette*, shows how accurate Gainsborough was in his execution:—"There resided in the same neighbourhood with Gainsborough's father a respectable clergyman, named Coyte. With the sons of this clergyman young Gainsborough and his brothers passed much of their time. . . . The parson's garden having been plundered of a great quantity of wall fruit, much pains were taken, but without effect, to discover the thief. Young Gainsborough having, one summer morning, risen at an early hour, and walked into the garden to make a sketch from an old elm, seated himself in an obscure corner, and had just taken out his chalk to begin, when he observed a fellow's head peeping over the wall of the garden next the road, apparently to 'see if the coast was clear.' Upon a rough board he made a sketch of the head of



KEW CHURCH—EXTERIOR.



GAINSBOROUGH'S TOMB.

noisseurs to mistake for original pictures at first sight. What he thus learned he did not, however, servilely use, but applied it to imitate nature in a manner entirely his own.

The subjects he chose for representation were generally very simple, to which his own excellent taste knew how to give expression and value. In his landscapes, a rising mound, and a few figures seated upon or near it, with a cow or some sheep grazing, and a slight marking of distance, sufficed for the objects: their charm was the purity of tone in the colour, the freedom and clearness of the touch, together with an agreeable combination of the forms; and with these simple materials, which appear so easy as to be within every one's grasp, but which constantly elude the designer who is not gifted with his feeling and taste, does he always produce a pleasing picture. In his fancy pictures the same taste prevailed. A cottage girl, a shepherd's boy, a woodman, with very slight materials in the background, were treated by him with so much character and elegance that they never fail to delight.

The following anecdote, taken from Ephraim

the man; and so accurate was the likeness that he was instantly known to be a man from a neighbouring village, who, on closer inquiry, proved to be the very fellow who had robbed the garden."

Gainsborough was a man of great generosity. If he took as model an infant from a cottage, all the family generally participated in the profits of the picture, and some of them frequently found a home in his house. Needy relatives and unfortunate friends always received help from him. There were other traits in his personal character less amiable. He was very capricious in his manners, and rather fickle and unsteady in his social connections. This was sufficiently evinced by his general conduct towards the Royal Academy, and by his whimsical behaviour to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Soon after he settled in London, Sir Joshua thought himself bound in

civility to pay him a visit. Gainsborough, however, took not the least notice of him for several years, but at length called upon him, and requested him to sit for his picture. Sir Joshua complied, and sat once, but being soon after taken ill, was obliged to go to Bath for his health. On his return to London, perfectly restored, he sent Gainsborough word that he was returned. Gainsborough only replied that he was glad to hear that Sir Joshua Reynolds was well; but never afterwards desired him to sit.

When the Royal Academy was founded, Gainsborough was chosen among the first members; but being then resident at Bath, he was too far distant to be employed in the business of the institution. When he came to London, his conduct was so disrespectful to the members of the Royal Academy that he never complied with their invitations, whether official or convivial. In 1784 he sent to the exhibition a whole-length portrait, which he ordered to be placed almost as low as the floor; but as this would have been a violation of the bye-laws of the Academy, the gentlemen of the council ventured to remonstrate with him upon the impropriety of such a disposition. Gainsborough returned for answer that if they did not choose to hang the picture as he wished, they might send it back, which they did immediately. He soon after made an exhibition of his works at his own house, which did not, however, afford the expected gratification; and after this circumstance he never again exhibited.

Among his amusements, music was almost as much his favourite as painting. This passion led him to cultivate the intimacy of all the great musical professors of his time (one of whom, Fischer, married his daughter); and they, by their abilities, obtained an ascendancy over him greater than was perhaps consistent with strict prudence. Of Gainsborough's musical performance some have spoken highly. His biographer, Mr. Jackson, however, says, that though possessed of ear, taste, and genius, he never had application enough to learn his notes.

Of the former, Angelo observes that "the circumstances of his life were as various as the style, manner, and practice of his art. Some of his humours, however," he adds, "were as nearly allied to tomfoolery as those of his superiors in rank who were the subject of his sarcastic remarks."

Sir George Beaumont relates that Gainsborough had an uncontrollable propensity for laughing; so much so, that at times, when painting grave portraits, he was obliged to deprecate the sitters from taking offence.

Barry and Gainsborough, at one period, were

intimate friends. They used occasionally to compare notes, and laugh at the affectation and whimsicalities of the higher orders.

Many anecdotes of both Gainsborough and Zoffany are to be found scattered up and down the amusing "Reminiscences of Henry Angelo."

The story of Gainsborough's death-bed has been often told, but it will bear telling again. He died at Schomberg House, in Pall Mall, on the 2nd August, 1788.* Reynolds in some way or other had previously offended him; but when Gainsborough found that his end was approaching, he sent for Sir Joshua, who came across from Leicester Fields without delay, and, full of emotion, heard the last words of his friend, "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyck is of the company."

Gainsborough's death was caused by a cancer. He knew that death was approaching, and he prepared himself for his end with cheerfulness and composure. He desired to be "buried near his friend Kirby in Kew churchyard, and that his name only should be cut on his tombstone." He died August 2nd, 1788, in his sixty-first year.

A handsome tablet, designed by Mr. F. T. Palgrave, has been placed at the eastern end of the church, to the memory of his uncle, Sir William J. Hooker, Director of the Royal Gardens, who died in 1865, and of whom we shall have more to say in the next chapter.

On a flat stone at the entrance of the church, under the porch, is the following curious epitaph:—

"Here lyeth the bodys of Robert and Anna Plaistow, late of Tyso, near Edg. Hill; died August 28th, 1728.

"At Tyso they were born and bred,
And in the same good lives they led,
Until they came to marriage state,
Which was to them most fortunate.
Near sixty years of mortal life
They were a happy man and wife.
And being so by nature tied,
When one fell sick the other died;
And both together laid in dust,
To wait the rising of the just.
They had six children born and bred,
And five before them being dead,
Their only one surviving son
Has caused this stone for to be done."

George III. lived at Kew so long, and on such intimate terms with his neighbours, that plenty of stories are still current about the "Farmer King." Here, for instance, is one which shows that he valued those who were not ashamed to follow the dictates of their consciences. When the king was repairing his palace, one of the workmen, who was a pious man, was particularly noticed by his

* See "Old and New London," Vol. IV., p. 124.

Majesty, and he often held conversations with him of some length upon serious subjects. One Monday morning the king went, as usual, to watch the progress of the work, and not seeing this man in his customary place, inquired the reason of his absence. He was answered evasively, and for some time the other workmen avoided telling his Majesty the truth; at last, however, upon being more strictly interrogated, they acknowledged that, not having been able to complete a particular job on the Saturday night, they had returned to finish it on the following morning. This man alone had refused to comply, because he considered it a violation of the Christian Sabbath; and, in consequence of what they called his obstinacy, he had been dismissed entirely from his employment. "Call him back immediately!" exclaimed the king. "The man who refused doing his ordinary work on the Lord's Day is the man for me. Let him be sent for, and brought back again."

Here is another story, which reflects equal credit on the king:—In the severe winter of 1784-5, his majesty, regardless of the weather, was taking a solitary walk on foot, when he was met by two boys, the elder not eight years of age, who, although ignorant that it was the king, fell upon their knees before him, and, wringing their little hands, prayed for relief. "The smallest relief," they cried; "for we are very hungry, and have nothing to eat." The father of his people raised the weeping supplicants, and encouraged them to proceed with their story. They did so, and related that their mother had been dead three days, and still lay unburied; that their father, whom they were also afraid of losing, was stretched by her side upon a bed of straw, in a sick and hopeless condition; and that they had neither money, food, nor firing, at home. This artless tale was more than sufficient to excite the king's sympathy. He, therefore, at once ordered the boys to proceed homeward, and followed them until they reached a wretched hovel. There he found the mother dead, apparently through the want of common necessities; the father ready to perish also, but still encircling with his feeble arm the deceased partner of his woes, as if unwilling to survive her. The sensibility of the monarch betrayed itself in the tears which started from his eyes, and leaving all the cash he had with him, he hastened back to the palace, related to the queen what he had witnessed, and sent an immediate supply of provisions, clothes, coals, and everything necessary for the comfort of the helpless family. Revived by the bounty of his sovereign, the poor man soon recovered, and the king, to finish the

good work so kindly begun, educated and provided for the children.

The Rev. Richard Burgh Byam, who held the joint livings of Kew and Petersham for a period of forty years, commenced life as a private tutor at Eton, and was for several years occupied in classical tuition. In 1816 he went out to Antigua to take possession of the property known as "Byams," which came to him from his elder brother, William Martin Byam; he resided there five or six years, and was some time a member of council. On his return to England he was appointed tutor of King's College, Cambridge, and soon afterwards one of the Whitehall preachers, and an Examiner in Classics at Cambridge. In 1827 he was presented by his college to a living in Devon, which he exchanged in the following year for the united benefices of Kew and Petersham.

During his residence at Kew, Mr. Byam was introduced to various members of the royal family, and became an especial favourite with the late Dukes of Cumberland, Cambridge, and Sussex, by the latter of whom he was appointed domestic chaplain. In 1852 he removed from Kew to Petersham, appointing a curate in residence at the former parish, but still maintaining the friendship of the royal family, and his personal influence as vicar. Mr. Byam died in 1867, at the age of 82. The Duchess of Cambridge, the Duke, and the Princess Mary (at whose marriage with the Prince Teck he acted as one of the officiating clergy), entertained a most sincere regard for him to the very last.

The National Orphan Home at Petersham, of which we have already spoken, was one of those public institutions in whose welfare Mr. Byam was especially interested, and its foundation was in a great measure due to his practical charity and influence. In private life he was no less beloved than in his ministerial character.

Amongst other celebrities connected with the village of Kew was Stephen Duck, the author of the lines inscribed on Joe Miller's tombstone in St. Clement Danes. He was born here, and was in early life employed as a thresher on a farm in the village, when, having picked up a smattering of learning, he turned rhymester, and attracted the notice of Queen Caroline, the wife of George II., who settled on him a small pension, made him one of the Yeomen of the Guard, and, as we have seen in a previous chapter,* installed him as keeper of Merlin's Cave. The queen further procured his admission into holy orders, and appointed him minister of Byfleet, in Surrey, where he became a

* See *ante*, p. 350.

popular preacher, the lower orders being attached to him as "the Thresher Parson."

Duck's head was at length turned by the folly of the Court party, who set him up as a rival to Pope; but not finding the world formed so high an estimate of his poetry as he did himself, he fell into a morbid, melancholy state, and died by his own hand—drowning himself at Reading—a victim to his vanity and to disappointed ambition.

After his best fortune, Duck's friends cautioned him against becoming vain. He said he did not well understand what was meant; and being told it was that he should not speak too highly in favour of his own poems, he replied, "If that was all, he was safe: that was a thing he could never do, for he could not think highly of them. Gentlemen, indeed, might like them, because they were made by a *poor fellow in a barn*; but he knew as well as anybody that they were not really good in themselves."

Another unhappy story is that of Caleb Colton, some time vicar of Kew and Petersham, one of those eccentric parsons who were met with oftener, it may be hoped, in the days of George IV. than now, and of whom we have already had occasion to speak in our account of Petersham.*

Colton was the author of "Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words." In that book he writes:—"The gamester, if he die a martyr to his profession, is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every other loss; and by the act of suicide renounces earth to forfeit heaven." Yet the man who wrote that awful sentence was himself a gamester. Though a beneficed clergyman, and a man of acute and cultivated mind, he spent a great part of his time in the gambling "hells" of London, until he fled, in order to avoid his creditors; afterwards he became a regular frequenter of the gambling-houses of Paris, often winning large sums of money.

He did not care to live at Kew, as he would have to keep up a house and the character of a clergyman, and he thought it pleasanter to live a bachelor life in Prince's Street, London. "It was too expensive to keep up proper appearances in his parish," writes Mr. Cyrus Redding, in his "Recollections"; and Mr. Redding continues:—"He could live in London unobserved for a sixth of the expense, and he acted accordingly, transporting his gun and fishing-rod, and half-a-dozen books, De Foe's 'History of the Devil' among them, to a two pair of stairs lodging overlooking the burying-ground of St. Anne's, Soho. I had

once visited him at Kew on a Sunday, in time for the morning service. The congregation was not large. The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland were present. The sermon was above the average in matter, and correctly delivered, with a slight touch of mannerism. We were leaving the church when a servant of the Duke of Cumberland came up, and said his royal Highness wished to see him. I walked on. I saw the duke and duchess cross the green to Kew—where was the parson? Presently he returned at a quick rate. 'What did the duke want of you?'

"'Nothing of moment—an invitation to dine with him at Kew on Wednesday.'

"'How uncanonical you are—you went into the pulpit in grey trousers. I wonder if the duke remarked it? You will have a rebuke from the bishop. Half a man's importance in courtly eyes centres on costume.'

"'I don't care; the duke might have seen it—he might tell me of it. What then?—I should reply, your royal Highness will have the goodness to remember that the efficacy of the sermon of a Christian clergyman does not depend on the colour of his breeches.'

Mr. Redding draws the following picture of Mr. Colton's lodgings in London:—"His sitting-room was carpetless; a common deal table stood in the centre, and a broken phial placed in a tea-saucer served for an inkstand, surrounded with letter covers and paper scraps. Four common chairs, one or two rickety, a side table holding a few books, half a quire of foolscap paper, and some discarded pens, on one side of the room, composed nearly all the furniture, fishing-rods and gun excepted. Here he indited 'Lacon.' His copy was written on scraps of paper, blank sides of letters, and but rarely on bran-new paper. It is untrue that his rooms were as bad as some penny-a-line scribbler made out in a newspaper sketch of him. They were always clean. . . . He dined at an eating-house, and sometimes cooked a chop for himself, from inveterate bachelor habits. He placed excellent wine on the table, though he had not then opened a wine-cellar, which he did afterwards in the name of another person, under a Methodist chapel in Dean Street, Soho, where I once found him among casks and sawdust. Descending the steps, he called out, 'Come down—*facilis descensus Averni!*' There I tasted some of his choice growths. He was a temperate man in wine, but very choice.

"'You have methodism, heterodoxy, over your head,' Colton. I wonder your wine does not turn sour, belonging as it does to a son of the Church.'

* See *ante*, p. 325.

" 'Wine is reconciling, Redding; there is no fear of the two doxies disagreeing in the cellar. The pulpit is the place for pulling caps.'

"This wine-dealing fit did not last long—he was soon tired of it. There was much of the spoiled child in his composition, going from thing to thing and unsettled. He published all sorts of things in rapid succession: now a poem on 'Hypocrisy,' another on the 'Burning of Moscow,' a Latin version of Gray's 'Elegy,' and last of all, his 'Lacon.'

"Though fond of a Bohemian life, still he was no associate of low characters, of the ignorant and vulgar, but he would steal into a house where there were public tables, and play, where he probably knew no one, as he played against the tables from pure avarice. His gambling here was in Spanish bonds, by which he thought he had ruined himself when he had not, and in the alarm embarked for America. He next returned to France. Then he came over to England, and appeared for a moment at Kew, to prevent the lapsing of the living from his college, which, however, soon after appointed his successor. He went again to France, where he is said to have cleared £25,000 by gambling; and then—strange to say—blew out his brains at Fontainebleau. This was in 1832. Such was the end of the man who, when reproached with being no credit to his clerical profession, replied, most laconically, 'Oh, we parsons, after all, are only finger-posts!'"

Graham, in a letter to Cyrus Redding, says:—"Have you heard of Colton? He is missing. '*Absit, excessit, evasit!*' . . . Empty is thy pulpit, O Kew! and the voice of the preacher shall no more be heard in thy high places."

A pleasanter memory is that of James Thomson, the poet.* It was here, at the residence of his old friend, Mr. James Robertson, surgeon to the royal household, that Thomson first met with his "Amanda," a daughter of a Captain Gilbert Young, from Dumfries-shire. The lady, however, never became his wife.

D'Israeli tells us, in his "Curiosities of Literature," that amid the severity of his philanthropic labours and studies, Granville Sharp found social recreation in keeping here on the Thames a barge, which was frequented by his friends, who were hospitably received and entertained on board of it. His little voyages to Putney, to Richmond, &c., and the literary intercourse which they fostered, were singularly happy events, and added much to his popularity.

Sir Arthur Helps, the distinguished essayist, lived for some years in one of the queen's houses on Kew Green. On the north side of the green Sir Peter Lely had a copyhold house, in which some of his family were still remaining about the middle of the last century, but it has long ago been pulled down.

A large mansion on Kew Green, once belonging to the King of Hanover, is now a herbarium attached to the royal gardens. It contains a library of botanical works—in that special branch of science, it is believed, the finest in the world. The Duke of Cumberland was by far the least popular of all the sons of George III., and the unpopularity which attended him in public life followed him to his country-house at Kew. He took no interest in the parish or in his neighbours, and they cared as little for him as he did for them. His chief friends, or rather acquaintances, were Lord Eldon and Sir Charles Wetherell, who used to dine with him here, and with whom he shared those high Tory ideas which were so little in harmony with the spirit of the nineteenth century. Besides, there had long clung to him an ugly rumour that he had assaulted his valet, and tried to take his life, not wholly in self-defence. He lived on at Kew till the death of his brother, King William, when he went off post haste to Hanover, to claim the crown of that kingdom, which, by its laws, could not devolve on a female. The English nation were heartily glad when the marriage of Queen Victoria and the birth of the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales rendered it, humanly speaking, most improbable that the duke should ever succeed to our throne. His house at Kew was, and is, a dull, heavy structure, and one which always wore a sinister and forbidding look.

Among other lesser stars of the Tory party, Theodore Hook, as the editor of *John Bull*, was honoured with the special notice of the late Duke. At his royal highness's small Sunday dinners at Kew he was for years an almost constant attendant, in company with a few other stout *Brunswickers* of the same school of opinion. The duke was a great musician, a member of the Glee and Catch Club, &c. His concerts at Kew Palace, however, were very unpopular, because only German performers were employed. As King of Hanover he took the side of repression, and was not much beloved by his subjects. He rarely visited England after his accession to the Hanoverian throne. He died in 1851.

At one time, indeed, there was an Orange plot to change the succession, by placing the duke on

* See *ante*, p. 384.

the throne of England; but this was brought to the light of day by Mr. Joseph Hume, and the affair was hushed up.

The Honourable Amelia Murray writes thus, in her amusing "Recollections":—

"It was about this time (1815) that Sellis, an Italian servant, concealed himself in the Duke of Cumberland's bed-room, and tried to assassinate him. The man rushed back to his own room and cut his throat when he found that he had not

" Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
Oh dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon;
Incurably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!"

Cambridge Cottage, on Kew Green, belongs to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge. It is a plain brick building, partly screened from the roadway by an ivy-covered wall, and the entrance is by a *porte cochère* extending across the footway. It contains some pleasant rooms, and the



CAMBRIDGE COTTAGE, KEW GREEN.

succeeded in killing his master. I know there have been a great many cruel insinuations upon these points: it is my belief that they are wholly false. The man Sellis was always an ill-looking fellow; he might have his reasons for determining to wreak his vengeance upon the duke, who, being the most unpopular member of the royal family, was accused of many actions worse than those of which he was really guilty."

Here Prince George of Cumberland, afterwards the blind King of Hanover, was born. His queen paid a visit to the spot of her husband's birth when she was in England in June, 1853. The king would have accompanied her, but, alas! he could only exclaim with Milton—

grounds are well laid out; but neither externally nor internally does it offer material for further remark.

The venerable Francis Bauer, whose name and talents are indelibly associated with the Botanic Gardens at Kew, long occupied a house on Kew Green, and died there in 1840. He was remarkably skilful in microscopic investigations, and talented as an artist in representing the most minute details both of vegetable and anatomical structure. A native of Felsburg, in Austria, he was, by the generous liberality of Sir Joseph Banks, and with the sanction of his Majesty, permanently attached as a draughtsman to the establishment at Kew. Sir Joseph took upon himself the payment of his salary, not only during his own life, but also,

by a provision in his will, for its continuance until the death of Mr. Bauer.

It is worth a passing note that photography was discovered at Kew, for, according to the "New History of Surrey," "M. Niépce, sen., the original discoverer of the photographic art, afterwards advanced to perfection (but by entirely new processes, and under different views) by Daguerre, and thence called the 'Daguerreotype,' resided at

entertainment, 14 August, 1594, drawn up, apparently, by Sir John's steward. It enumerates, under seventeen heads, things to be considered if her majesty should come to my lord's house."

Rowland White, in a letter to Sir Robert Sydney, dated in 1595, and published in the "Sydney State Papers," writes thus:—"On Thursday, her majestie dined at Kew, my lord keeper's house. Her entertainment for that meal was great and exceed-



Kew Bridge.

Kew in 1827; and in the month of December in that year he submitted a paper on the result of his experiments, with several sketches on metal, to the Royal Society, by the intervention of Mr. Bauer. His communications, however, made but little impression at the time upon that learned body."

Sir George Jessel, some time Master of the Rolls, was at a private school at Kew before entering at University College, London.

Sir John Puckering, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal in the reign of Elizabeth, was an inhabitant of Kew, and here he appears to have entertained Her Majesty, since in the Harleian Library at the British Museum is a manuscript, entitled, "Remembrances for furnytüre at Kew, and for her majestie's

ing costly; at her first lighting, she had a fine fanne, with a handle garnisht with diamonds. When she was in the middle way, between the garden gate and the house, there came running towards her one with a nosegay in his hand, delivered yt unto her with a short, well-pened speech; it had in yt a very rich jewell, with many pendants of unfirled diamonds, valued at £400 at least; after dinner, in her privy chamber, he gave her a faire paire of virginals. In her bedroom, he presented her with a fine gown and juppin, which things were pleasing to her highnes; and to grace his lordship the more, she, of herself, tooke from a salt, a spoone, and a forke of faire agate."

"It must be confessed," quietly and quaintly

remarks Miss Aikin, "that this was a most usual mode of gracing a courtier peculiarly consonant to the disposition of her Majesty." She might have been pardoned if she had said that it looked very much more like a bit of freebooting, or "levying black mail," than an act of grace. Her Majesty, in fact, seems to have been just as ready to carry off some of the family plate here as she showed herself at Nonsuch.*

In the "Index Villaris," published in 1700, Kew figures as a place containing the seats of a knight, a baronet, and more than "three gentlemen of coat-armour," that is, esquires.

In Kew Lane, there is, or was lately, an inn known by the sign of "The Pilgrim." Mr. Larwood tells us that "in 1833, a figure of a pilgrim was placed on the roof of this house, which by concealed machinery was made to move to and fro, like the Wandering Jew, doomed to wander up and down until the end of the world; it was, however," he adds, "of contemptible workmanship, and very soon got out of order." The name of the inn, however, remains.

The Thames hereabouts can scarcely be better pictured than by Tennyson's lines:—

"A slow broad stream,
That, stirred with languid pulses of the oar,
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
Crowned with the minster towers."

"That many-winding river" is an epithet used by Shelley of an imagined stream, but might easily be applied to the "silver-winding" Thames, as it bends in graceful curves from east to west, or, as

here, from north to south. The poet perhaps had the Thames in view when he wrote:—

"A swan was there,
Beside a sluggish stream among the reeds:
It rose at his approach, and with strong wings."

The original Kew Bridge was built about the year 1757, by Robert Tunstall, gent., the owner of a ferry between Brentford and Kew. It consisted of eleven arches, partly of brick and partly of stone. In 1782, Robert Tunstall, Esq., the son of the above, applied to Parliament for authority to build a new bridge in place of that put up by his father, and which required extensive repairs. In the same year an Act was passed under which the present bridge was built, from the designs of Mr. Payne. It consists of seven arches of stone, spanning the river, and several small arches of brick on the low ground of the Surrey shore. There is much simplicity in the design, and the effect of the bridge from the water is good, but the curve is too high, and the approaches, in consequence, too steep.

In 1873 Kew bridge was opened free to the public, the rights in the bridge having been bought over by the joint committee of the Corporation of London and the Metropolitan Board of Works. The original claim for compensation in respect of tolls was set down at £73,832; but the sum at which it was finally settled was £57,300.

In the meadows a little to the east of Kew Bridge we are nearly opposite to Strand-on-the-Green, the place from which we started on our pilgrimage at the commencement of this work.*

CHAPTER XLIV.

KEW GARDENS.

"So sits enthroned, in vegetable pride,
Imperial Kew, by Thames's glittering side;
Obedient sails from realms unfurrowed bring
For her the unnamed progeny of spring."—DARWIN'S *Botanic Gardens*, Canto IV.

Sir Henry Capel's Garden in the Seventeenth Century—The Pleasure Grounds of Kew House began by the Prince of Wales—Improvement of the Gardens under Sir Joseph Banks—The Gardens taken in charge by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests—Appointment of Sir William Hooker as Director and Mr. John Smith as Curator—Transformation of the Botanic Gardens—Formation of the Museum of Practical or Economical Botany—Additions to the Pleasure Grounds—Extent and Condition of the Gardens in 1840—General Description of Kew Gardens—The Entrance Gateways—The Old Orangery now Museum No. 3—The Temple of the Sun—The Herbaceous Grounds—Museum No. 2—The Temple of Æolus—The Tropical Aquarium—The Victoria Regia—The Orchid House—The Succulent House—Tropical Fern House—The Great Palm House—Museum No. 1—The Old Arboretum—The Pleasure Grounds—The Chinese Pagoda—The Ruin—The Temple of Victory—The Pantheon—The Flagstaff—The Temperate House, or Winter Garden—Miss North's Collection of Paintings—The "Queen's Cottage"—Mr. William Aiton—William Cobbett—Sir William Jackson Hooker—Sir Joseph D. Hooker—The Herbarium—The Jodrell Laboratory.

To Lord Capel, already mentioned,† is due the original foundation of Kew gardens, which, starting from his comparatively small beginning, have

become famous throughout the whole civilised world. He had a passion for plants, and we hear of his paying £40—which represented a much

* See *ante*, p. 206.

† See *ante*, p. 395.

* See Vol. I., p. 16.

larger sum in those days—for two mastic trees from France for “his garden at Kew,” and £5 each for four variegated hollies. John Evelyn, in his “Diary,” under date of August 30th, 1678, writes:—

“Hence I went to my worthy friend Sir Henry Capel (at Kew), brother to the Earle of Essex: it is an old timber house, but his garden has the choicest fruit of any plantation in England, as he is the most industrious and understanding in it.” And again, in 1688:—“From thence we went to Kew, to visite Sir Henry Capel’s, whose orangerie and myrtetum are most beautifull and perfectly well kept. He was contriving very high palisados of reeds to shade his oranges during the summer, and painting those reeds in oil.”

These gardens were the nucleus of the Royal Gardens at Kew. Their subsequent history is soon told.

It was about 1730 that the Prince of Wales, father of George III., having a long lease* of Kew House, began to form the pleasure-grounds which surrounded it.

In George III.’s reign, while Mr. W. Aiton was gardener, and under the auspices of Sir Joseph Banks, the gardens were greatly improved, and the extensive orangery, a large stove, and other buildings, erected from the designs of Sir William Chambers. Until the death of George III., the collection of exotics and the number of plant-houses were continually on the increase, and the gardens had then acquired great celebrity. After this period, and until the year 1840, little or no progress was made, and the collection was chiefly remarkable for the great size and richness of many of its specimens. At that time, however, public attention having been drawn to the subject, and a commission of inquiry, headed by Dr. Lindley, having been formed to report on the state of these gardens, her Majesty Queen Victoria, in the most liberal spirit, relinquished her title to the garden and pleasure-grounds; the Commissioners of Woods and Forests happily took them under their charge, and appointed Sir William Hooker—so distinguished as a botanist—to be director, and Mr. John Smith—previously well known as a careful and intelligent cultivator, and long connected with Kew—as curator.

Under the management of these gentlemen, and by the aid of liberal parliamentary grants, the Botanic Gardens have undergone a complete transformation, and have become unrivalled as a school of horticulture and botany, more especially since

the foundation of the Museum of Practical or Economical Botany, to commence which Sir William Hooker generously devoted his own valuable collections.

By the addition of a large tract from the pleasure-grounds, and by the destruction of all the old kitchen gardens, the space has been extended from eleven acres to seventy-five acres. An immense stove, with accompanying flower-gardens, has been prepared; many new and superior plant-houses have been erected, museums founded, a pinetum planted, and, what is of great national importance, the whole has been thrown freely open to the public for their unrestricted instruction and enjoyment. So celebrated indeed is the place for floriculture, that Sir William Hooker gave to his “Journal of Botany” a second title as the “Kew Miscellany.”

The following is an account of the extent and condition of the grounds at the time when Dr. Lindley made his report on Royal Botanical Gardens in 1840, at the request of a committee of the House of Commons:—

1. *The grounds immediately about the existing Palace of Kew*, which were of small circuit, lying near the river, and consisting mainly of those attached to the great palace begun by Mr. Wyatt in the reign of George III., and soon afterwards pulled down,* and those around the present palace. The boundary is the river on the north side, the pleasure-grounds on the south and west, and the Botanic Garden on the east.

2. *The Botanic Garden proper*, which contained at the time in question eleven acres, or thereabouts, of very irregular outline; bounded on the north partly by the gardens of those residences, mainly Crown property, which stand on the south side of Kew Green, in part by the Green itself, from which it was separated by a handsome railing, and in part by the gardens of his late Majesty the King of Hanover; westward, by the grounds of the Palace above-mentioned; eastward, by what were then the Royal Kitchen and Forcing Gardens (now a part of the Botanic Garden); and south by the pleasure-ground.

3. *The Royal Kitchen and Forcing Gardens*, situated between the Botanic Garden and the Richmond Road, comprising about fourteen acres. (This portion has been, as just observed, added to the Botanic Garden.)

4. *The Pleasure-ground, or Arboretum*, comprising 270 acres of wood, shrubbery, and lawn, lying to the south of the Botanic Garden, and

bounded by the Richmond Road on one side and the river on the other.

Dr. Lindley's report, as we learn from the authorised "Guide to the Gardens," has reference only to the second of these divisions, namely, the *Royal Botanic Gardens*, which are stated to "include many fine exotic trees and shrubs, a small collection of herbaceous plants, and numerous specimens of grasses." Ten stoves and green-houses then existed, most of which have since been either pulled down or so greatly altered as to be no longer recognisable from Dr. Lindley's description.

It would be altogether unnecessary to attempt in these pages anything like a detailed account of the gardens and their contents. We will, therefore, refer merely to a few of the most important objects, and take notice of the general beauty of the grounds.

It must be remembered that Kew Gardens are not, like the Horticultural Gardens at the Regent's Park or at South Kensington, devoted to the collection, study, and dissemination of ornamental trees, flowers, and fruits, and therefore the same kind of effect must not be looked for. Rather, like the old "physic" gardens at Chelsea, they are intended strictly to aid the study of natural history and science, though in a slightly different manner.

"The gardens here are well wooded; superb beds of scarlet pelargoniums, crimson roses, delicately lemon-coloured calceolarias, deliciously scented heliotropes, and hosts of other half-hardy plants, border the chief walks; all the finest flowering trees and shrubs are to be found scattered about the grounds; the richest floral treasures of China, Japan, Brazil, and Australia have their place in the different glass erections that stud the gardens; but still, one sees at a glance, Kew is not devoted to flowers, but to botany. You may go into a house filled with plants that shall have cost an incalculable expenditure of time, talent, energy, and money to bring together, and see perhaps scarcely a dozen blossoms in some seasons of the year. But look closely; use your guide-book well; and not a step will you move without feeling a high interest awakened, that will make you glad of your visit to Kew.

"Look at those large pines, in pots, on your left, a little within the entrance gates. What noble outlines! what distinct characters! Think what effect they will have on English scenery when they shall have become everywhere distributed, as will certainly be the case in a few years with the hardier kinds. Look especially at that

Araucaria excelsa, with its most elegant pyramidal layers of foliage tier above tier, spread out like so many giant ostrich plumes level on the air; imagine it grown to the height of a forest tree, remember it is evergreen, and judge what must be the effect of such glorious vegetable structures scattered over their native plains. Or look again at its brother *Araucaria*—the imbricated one—less handsome, but more extraordinary, and perfectly hardy, which you will find planted out in the open ground in front of some of the houses further on; what magnificence and variety will not that tree, which is being planted in thousands and tens of thousands, give to our own winter scenery! Or, if you prefer drooping forms, look at the sacred Hindoo pine, the deodar. What the cedar of Lebanon is to Christians, from its associations with the gates of Solomon's Temple, to say nothing of more modern ones, is the deodar to the Hindoo, in connection with the Temple of Somnauth, the gates of which, so famous in our Affghanistan history, were constructed of the deodar wood. Or look at another drooping pine—to our eyes the most beautiful of all—the *Pinus excelsa*, from Norfolk Island, also hardy, growing to an immense height, and becoming rapidly cheaper and cheaper in the flower market."

Here the results of British gardening, scientifically arranged, exhibit in a very small compass the accumulated great uses of the flora of our own islands and of foreign countries. Pleasant as it is to roam abroad and collect indigenous flowers in their various rural homes, yet even this exercise grows wearisome at last; and perhaps there are few botanists who do not at the last prefer resorting quietly for the purpose of study and comparison to the gardens of the Regent's Park or of Kew.

Apparently King George was of the same opinion with Mr. Loudon, that something would be gained for the happiness of the human kind if all men were agreed that wherever there was a habitation, whether for an individual family or for a number of persons, strangers to each other, such as hospitals, workhouses, prisons, asylums, infirmaries, and even barracks, there should be a garden, and that a dwelling without a garden ought not to be allowed to exist throughout all his dominions.

The picturesque variety of the grounds here are perhaps unsurpassed by any public garden in England. The lawns and walks are everywhere diversified by rare and beautiful trees, shrubs, and flowers. The general effect, as seen from the

broad walk near the entrance gates, may be expressed in Tennyson's words :—

"The garden stretches southwards. In the midst
A cedar spreads his dark green layers of shade.
The garden glasses shine."

Not wholly inapplicable to these gardens, too, are the bantering lines of Tennyson's well-known poem, "Amphion," some of them perhaps suggested by a visit here :—

"But what is that I hear? a sound
Like sleepy counsel pleasing.
Oh Lord! 'tis in my neighbour's ground
The modern Muses reading.
They read botanic treatises,
And works on gardening thro' there,
And methods of transplanting trees
To look as if they grew there.

"The withered Muses! how they pose
Oe'r books of travelled seamen,
And show you slips of all that grows
From England to Van Diemen.
They read in arbours clipt and cut,
And alleys, faded places,
By squares of tropic summer shut,
And warmed in crystal cases.

"But these, though fed with careful dirt,
Are neither green nor sappy;
Half-conscious of the garden-squirt,
The spindlings look unhappy.
Better tone the meanest weed
That blows upon the mountain,
The vilest herb that runs to seed
Beside its native fountain."

The above lines are quoted just "for what they are worth," and from their insertion here it must not be understood that, in our love for wild flowers, we entertain anything short of an intense respect and regard for the scientific horticulture of Kew Gardens.

The principal entrance to the Botanic Gardens is at the north-west corner of the green, by handsome wrought-iron gates; another entrance is by the Cumberland Gate, in the Richmond Road, within a short distance of the Kew Gardens station on the London and South-Western Railway. The entrances to the Pleasure-grounds are in the Richmond Road, by the Queen's Gate and the Lion Gate, near the Pagoda. There is also an entrance to the grounds at the south-west corner, facing Isleworth, and another at the north-east angle, opposite Brentford.

The chief entrance to the Botanic Gardens was formerly by a narrow alley from the side of Kew Green, along which the visitor proceeded, as it were, by stealth. A bold and highly appropriate entrance, however, has since been made at the end of Kew

Green, where massive and enriched piers, gates, and open railing extend across the end of the green. They are from the designs of Mr. Decimus Burton.

The main walk, on entering from the principal gateway, takes a westerly course. To the right of this pathway, but a few yards from the gate, is a stone building, set apart for aroids, tropical tree-ferns, palms, and other trees requiring a more humid atmosphere than can be maintained in the great Palm Stove. This conservatory was brought hither from Buckingham Palace. Though a good architectural feature, however, it was built at a period when the requirements of plants were little understood or little cared for; and hence it is far more heavy, and lofty, and dark, than modern cultivators would approve. Turning to the left, the walk continues to the Ornamental Water near the Palm Stove, leaving Kew Palace and the grounds immediately surrounding it to the right. The broad pathway here, one of the most favourite promenades in the grounds, is bordered on each side with large clumps of rhododendron and ornamental trees. A large house to the left, immediately after entering this walk, is the old Orangery, which was erected in 1761 by Sir William Chambers, and now called the No. 3 Museum, in which are exhibited specimens of timber from various countries, chiefly from the colonies, and including examples of remarkable trees too large to be shown in the cabinets of the other museums. This building was originally intended for and occupied by orange trees, most of which were removed to Kensington Palace in 1841. From this date to 1862, it was filled with tender pines and evergreens, since removed to the New Temperate House in the Pleasure-grounds. A large proportion of the specimens here exhibited was derived from the International Exhibition of 1862.

Eastward of this building, and separated from it by verdant lawns and delightful walks bordered with flowering plants, is an ornamental structure of the Corinthian order, bearing the fanciful name of the Temple of the Sun, near which are some of the most beautiful trees in the gardens, particularly an Oriental plane and a Turkey oak. Another tree near here to which a certain interest is attached is a weeping willow, an offshoot from that over Napoleon's tomb at St. Helena, and the general parent of all those bearing his name in the country. Further eastward, extending to the extreme north-east corner of the Gardens, are the several greenhouses and the Herbaceous Grounds. The numerous beds in this portion of the garden

are occupied by hardy plants, and arranged in the natural orders to which they belong. "As a principal object is to illustrate the botanical character of the various groups," remarks Mr. Oliver, in his very admirable "Guide to the Gardens" (1878), "the plants are brought together solely with a view to their relationship or *affinity*, as determined chiefly by the structure of their flowers and seeds, upon which important organs the characters of the natural orders adopted by botanists are based. Hence each bed presents, as might be expected, much uniformity in the plants which occupy it, the same bed seldom including species of more than one order, excepting in cases where the orders are small."

Here, close by, is Museum No. 2, or the Old Museum, which is set apart for specimens and products of monocotyledonous plants, or Endogens, of which palms and grasses form the typical examples. From this museum a pathway winds southward, through what is called the Rock Garden, to Museum No. 1, passing by a mound on which is an ornamental building, called the Temple of *Æolus*.

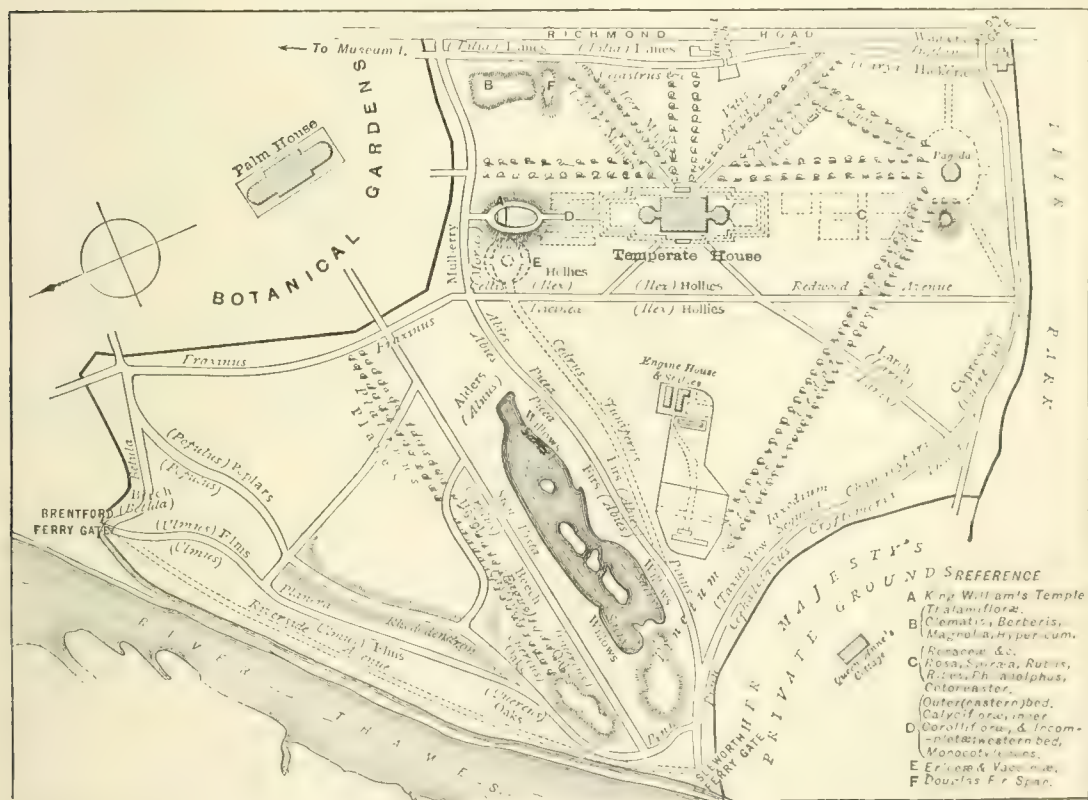
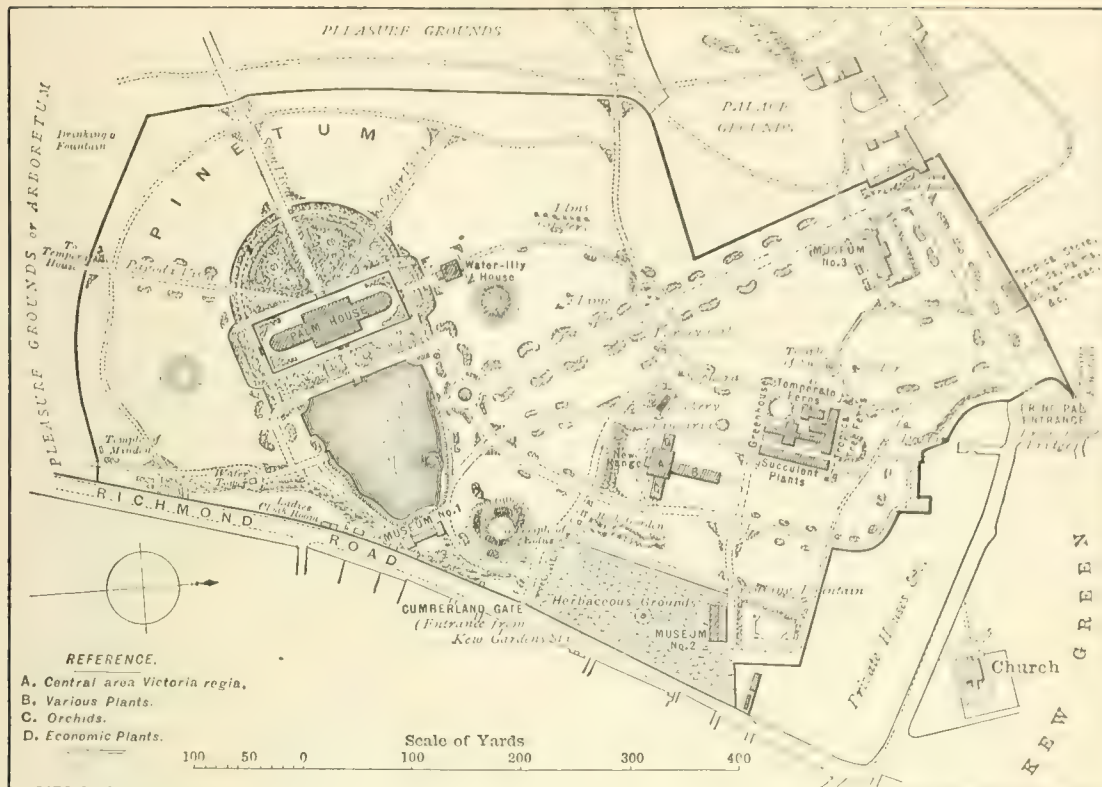
Half-way along the promenade, extending southward from the No. 3 Museum, and opposite the Turkey oak above referred to, a walk to the right describes a semicircle, enclosing a wide area to the north, west, and south of the Palm Stove. This walk follows the wire fence separating the Botanic Garden from the Pleasure-grounds, and, crossing the Cedar, Syon, and Pagoda Vistas, is continued to the wall of the Richmond Road, bordering the Garden on the east, where, turning northwards, it reaches the Ornamental Water near to the campanile, which forms a conspicuous object, terminating the view to the south from the principal promenade. A considerable part of the area enclosed by this semicircular walk, north and west of the Palm Stove, is occupied by a collection of hardy pines and other coniferous trees. Another pathway to the right from the termination of the principal promenade at the Ornamental Water leads to the Palm Stove and Tropical Aquarium, or Water-lily House. This is a T-shaped building of recent construction, replacing eight of the old stoves, and intended to meet, as far as possible, the double requirement of space and other needful conditions for the growth chiefly of tender and tropical plants, and accommodation for a large number of visitors. The division into compartments serves both to secure different climatic conditions and to protect the plants from the draughts, which are so prejudicial to them, caused by the ingress and egress of visitors. The head or prin-

cipal part of the building, is called the Victoria Tank, being set apart for the *Victoria regia*, the wings on either side being devoted to temperate tropical orchids and economic plants, and the lower part, or stem of the T, containing Cape heaths, &c. "This building is filled almost exclusively with Orchidaceous plants, the division next to the Victoria tank with tropical species, the outer division with those which require cooler treatment, chiefly species introduced from greater or less elevations on intertropical mountain chains, where altitude compensates in climate for latitude."

The *Victoria regia*, one of the largest examples of the lily tribe, comes in for a large share of admiration from visitors, and is eagerly sought for. These gardens have the honour of having first raised this extraordinary plant from seed, and distributed it throughout the country. And although it first flowered at Chatsworth, and next at Sion House, the plant here has since bloomed abundantly. It was first discovered by Sir Robert Schomburgk in British Guiana, in 1837. Drawings were exhibited and seeds repeatedly brought over; but as these did not germinate, the idea of a plant with leaves from 5 to 6 feet across, and flowers 15 inches in diameter, began to be reckoned among those travellers' stories which men who go out of the beaten track are supposed to have a peculiar facility in concocting. At length, however, in 1849, Dr. Rodie, of Demerara, sent fresh seeds to Kew Gardens, and the plant is now cultivated here in a high temperature, with a fresh supply of water slowly, but constantly, running through the tank. The flowers are large and very fragrant, streaked and stained with deep pink towards the centre. Other aquatic plants are grown in the corners of the tanks with the *Victoria*, and contribute much to improve its appearance. When the leaves begin to turn up at the edges, it becomes more interesting, the extraordinary veins and spines on the under surface of the leaves, and their deep crimson colour on that side, imparting to it a much more striking character than when the upper surface alone is visible.

Leaving the Orchid House by the front entrance, and turning westward, a specimen of the paper mulberry, from the bark of which the Tapa cloth of Polynesia is fabricated, will be noticed on the lawn by the path leading to the Cumberland Gate. Not far distant may be observed some fine specimens of the willow oak and tulip tree from the United States, and also a large example of the Chili pine, introduced in the year 1792.

The Succulent House, a building some 200 feet long by 30 feet wide, is, as the guide-book



PLANS OF KEW GARDENS.

tells us, "devoted principally to those plants of warm and arid countries which are characterised either by excessive succulence of the stem or leaves (the '*plantes grasses*' of the French), or by the converse condition of extreme dryness and rigidity. Most of these are natives of Mexico, Central America, South Africa, and the Canary Islands, and require a similar treatment under cultivation. Though corresponding in habit, they include plants widely removed in respect of botanical relationship, as a comparison of their flowers serves readily to show."

Another T-shaped building near here is devoted almost wholly to ferns of temperate climates, and another greenhouse (No. IV.), a large cruciform building, contains a number of Australian plants. The Tropical Fern House contains a collection of ferns both extensive and valuable, including many rarely met with in cultivation.

One of the finest views of the great stove is that obtained from about the end of the long walk, where it is seen in perspective. Regarded as a whole, it cannot be considered a great architectural feature. The semicircular heads of the two lofty side entrances, and the attic in the middle portion of the building, appear to us particularly exceptionable. But in the superior height and breadth of the central part, in the adaptation of the whole to its intended object, and in the mechanical arrangements for ventilation, and for painting, repairing, &c., there is much to admire. Looked at pictorially, the building suffers—as everything of the same size would—by being so entirely unsupported. At present it stands alone, in a comparatively naked plain, with not a tree anywhere near it to enter into a composition with it. This extreme nakedness and rawness—which the transparency of the material of which it is composed renders all the more glaring—are among its most defective characteristics, pictorially viewed.

The plants brought together in this large stove are all more or less interesting, and many of them very deeply so. Fortunately, the visitor to whom such things are not familiar will easily be able to gather the required information from the labels which are attached to each plant, and which generally give the common as well as scientific name by which they are known. Here, besides the stately palms, some of which are superlatively fine, are most of the rich tropical fruits, together with plants which produce spices, gums, or other articles known in commerce. Here, also, in a small basin on the eastern side of the house, is the Egyptian *Papyrus* from which paper was first made; many of the plants mentioned in Scripture; the *Vallisneria*

spiralis, also in water, where it uncoils its curious stems in proportion to the depth of the water in which it is placed; the sugar-cane, the cocoa-nut palm, the bread-fruit tree, the chocolate tree, the coffee tree, the celebrated banyan tree, the sensitive plants, and a great multitude of equally interesting objects. As more conspicuous features, the palms are extremely striking, and the bananas are also fine, and fruit well. Many of the palms flower and fruit abundantly; and numerous other things, which are rarely seen elsewhere, except in a small state, regularly blossom and fruit here.

Among the more elegant and peculiar ornaments of this stove, the tree and other ferns will be sure to rank high in the visitor's esteem. The remarkable grace and beauty of their forms and the tender green of their foliage convey altogether a most pleasing and novel impression, such as scarcely anything else in the house produces. These ferns are especially to be admired when seen from the staircase or the gallery; and, indeed, the view of the whole collection from the gallery affords quite a new idea of tropical vegetation, and should by all means be obtained.

In an old stove, in two compartments, where the members of the Aloe tribe are gathered together, are to be seen, amongst other remarkable plants, two extraordinary specimens of the Old-man Cactus (*Cereus senilis*), pointed out on account of their unusual size. They are actually from 12 to 15 feet high, but clothed only at the summit with the white bristly hair which gives its common name to the plant. Judging from the ordinary rate of growth in this species, Sir William Hooker supposes these specimens may probably be as much as a thousand years old! If this be really the case—and we know how careful Sir William is in putting forth such statements—it gives a new and double significance to the name of the plant.

Here also occurred the remarkable vegetable phenomenon in connection with the *Fourcroya gigantea*—belonging to the Aloe family—related by Sir William Hooker.

Two plants of this kind "had been," says Sir William, "in the royal gardens, first of Hampton Court and then of Kew, probably from the earliest introduction of the species into Europe, upwards of a century ago (in 1731). On one and the same day, in the summer of 1844, each was seen to produce a flowering stem, which resembled a gigantic head of asparagus, and grew at first at the astonishing rate of two feet in the twenty-four hours. So precisely did the twin plants keep pace with each other, that at the very time it was found necessary to make an aperture in the glass roof of

the house for the emission of one panicle of flowers (twenty-six feet from the ground), a similar release was needed by the other. The rate of growth then most sensibly diminished; still, in two months the flower-stalks had attained a height of thirty-six feet! The flowers were innumerable on the great panicles: they produced no seed, but were succeeded by thousands of young plants, springing from the topmost branches, and these continued growing for a long while after the death of the parent plants, both of which perished, apparently from exhaustion." Only young plants, therefore, are now to be seen in this collection. Here the fuchsia was first introduced in 1788. It figures in the *Magazine* of that date.

It will be remembered that these gardens gave a title to one of the poems of Thomas Chatterton, the only part of which that appeared in print shows that, young as he was, he had imbibed, and did not scruple to retail, the scandal of the day against the Princess of Wales and her favourite, Lord Bute.

The Palm Stove, or Great Palm House, as it is generally called, was designed by Mr. Decimus Burton, and completed in 1848, and is a work of great magnificence and curiosity. It is somewhat in the form of the hull of a large ship with the keel upwards, having attached to it the hulls of smaller ships, one at each end, the ribs being of cast-iron, and the intermediate spaces of glass. The building is thus described by Mr. Daniel Oliver, in his "Guide":—"The entire length of the structure is 362 ft. The centre is 100 ft. wide and 66 ft. in height; the wings 50 ft. wide and 30 ft. high. The sheet-glass with which the stove is glazed (about 45,000 square feet) is slightly tinged with green by the addition of oxide of copper, at the suggestion of Mr. R. Hunt, with a view to obviate the scorching effect of direct sunlight, by intercepting a portion of the heat-rays. The iron ribs are secured in large blocks of Cornish granite placed in solid concrete. A gallery runs round the central portion of the building at a height of 30 ft. from the ground, enabling the spectator to view from above the plume-like crowns of the smaller palms beneath. The interior is heated by six boilers (of which three or four are usually all that are required in winter), with which a system of over 19,500 feet of hot-water piping, four inches in diameter, is connected. The smoke from the underground flues was formerly conveyed a distance of nearly 500 ft., and consumed in the square smoke tower, 96 ft. in height, near to the Richmond Road. This tower communicates with the Palm Stove by an underground railway, by which the supply of coal is con-

veyed to the furnaces, and the ashes, &c., removed. It was also made available for obtaining the necessary elevation of the water supply required for the gardens and various plant-houses. These arrangements are now superseded by the flues from the furnaces being carried up within the wings of the building, and the water supply, which was formerly deficient, is now derived from tanks in Richmond Park, which are filled from the lake in the Pleasure Grounds by an engine near the Temperate House."

On the east side of the Palm Stove is a large sheet of ornamental water, at the farther extremity of which is the No. 1 Museum, which is devoted to the exhibition of vegetable economic products and preparations of scientific interest. This museum is contained in a large and handsome building of three floors, and of Italian design. It is devoted to specimens of dicotyledonous plants, or Exogens, "the largest and most varied class in the vegetable kingdom." It contains an important collection of fruits and seeds, gums, resins, drugs, dye-stuffs, sections of wood, and all curious and interesting vegetable products, especially what are useful in the arts, in medicine, or in domestic economy—such vegetable substances, in short, as living plants cannot exhibit. Nearly all the articles have descriptive labels attached, but the "Official Guide" to the Museum will greatly facilitate the examination. From this Guide we glean the following particulars concerning the origin of the museums:—

"The foundation and progress of these collections, not only by far the most extensive in existence, but the first of their kind established, may be briefly traced since the conception of their plan by the late Director of the Royal Gardens, Sir William Hooker. In 1847 the building now occupied by Museum No. 2, which up to that year had been in use as a fruit store-house, &c., was added, by command of her Majesty, to the Botanic Garden proper. Permission was immediately sought by the director to have one room of this building fitted up with suitable cases for the exhibition of vegetable products—objects which neither the living plants of the garden nor the preserved specimens of the herbarium could show. Sir William Hooker's request was liberally met by the Chief Commissioner of her Majesty's Woods and Forests, and the museum was forthwith commenced, its nucleus consisting of the director's private collection, presented by himself. No sooner was the establishment and aim of the museum generally made known than contributions to it poured in from all quarters of the globe, until, in a few years, the ten rooms of the building, with

its passages and corners, were absolutely crammed with specimens. Its appreciation by the public being thus demonstrated, application was made to Parliament for a grant to defray the expense of an additional building for the proper accommodation of the objects, and the house occupied by Museum No. 1, opened to the public in the spring of 1857, is the result.

"In 1881 the extension of Museum No. 1 on the west side, containing a new and commodious staircase, was erected, at a cost of £2,000, met by a grant from the India Office, in order to supply the additional accommodation required for the Indian collections mentioned below. From the Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862, and from the Paris Exhibitions of 1855 and 1867, large additions were made to the museums, both by the presentation of specimens, and also by their purchase, aided by grants from the Treasury and Board of Trade. Many eminent firms engaged in the importation and manufacture of vegetable substances have most liberally contributed various illustrative series. By the different Government departments, by our colonial officers and foreign representatives, and by numerous private travellers also, the most important services have been, and continue to be, rendered. Besides these sources of contribution must be mentioned the reinforcement of the Indian element in the Museum, first in 1878 by the collection of forest produce presented by the Government of India (consisting of 1,113 specimens), and secondly in 1880, by the transference to Kew of the entire economico-botanical collections forming part of the India Museum at South Kensington. From these about 4,000 specimens were selected for permanent exhibition."

On the staircase, at the first landing, has been placed the stained-glass window in four lights, removed from the Guildhall, London, and presented to the Gardens in 1878 by Alderman Cotton, M.P. It represents the growth and manufacture of cotton. The collection of portraits of botanists is partly hung on wall spaces in this Museum. The nucleus of it was formed by the late Sir William Hooker, and after his death was purchased by the Government.

The more important objects exhibited in the museums are enumerated in a separate "Museum Guide."

In connection with the living specimens cultivated in the gardens, the museum collections serve to illustrate fully the sources and various applications of vegetable substances for purposes of necessary use and convenience.

The old Arboretum occupies the northern part

of the gardens. "This Arboretum," as we learn from Mr. Oliver's work already quoted, "occupies about five acres, and includes several valuable trees, the more interesting of which only can be noted here. It is believed to be on the site of one of the oldest Arboreta in Europe, established by R. Bennet, Esq., an ardent cultivator of rare trees and shrubs, who possessed the property about the middle of the seventeenth century. It became the celebrated Arboretum of Kew when the grounds were purchased by the royal family, a century later. The present Arboretum occupies great part of the area outside the wire fence, formerly known as the 'Pleasure Grounds.'"

The Pleasure Grounds and the Botanical Gardens are distinct domains, though separated from each other merely by a light wire fence, through which visitors can pass freely from the one into the other. The entrances for the public are also at different places, either from the Richmond Road or at a gate at the side of the Thames. These grounds altogether have an area of nearly 300 acres. Just before the gate is reached, two or three very large elms will be noticed, one of which is said to have been planted by Queen Elizabeth, but was blown down several years ago. The stump is still preserved.

The grounds were originally ornamented with several temples, &c. (one in the Gothic, one in the Arabesque or Turkish style, and one in the Venetian), erected by Sir William Chambers. They were useless and tasteless structures, in keeping only with such buildings as the Royal Pavilion at Brighton, which sprung into being about the same time and under the same auspices. The principal of these is a magnificent pagoda, in imitation of a Chinese building. Of this erection a poet in the *London Magazine* of April, 1773, has written:—

"Let barbaric glories feast his eyes,
August pagodas round his palace rise,
And finished Richmond open to his view
A work to wonder at, perhaps a Kew."

With reference to these curious Oriental structures, Mr. Martin Tupper writes epigrammatically:—"If in the Richmond Manor Court-Rolls Kew, as we now indite the word, is indifferently written 'Kay-hough' and 'Kai-ho,'* we may almost naturally look for a Chinese pagoda in the neighbourhood; and the rival to the Tower of Nanking, overlooking the Mortlake flats, has at least its use in raising some denizen of damp earth to storeys nearer to the healthy airs of heaven."

* See *ante*, p. 389.

The Alhambra, the Mosque, the Gothic Cathedral, and one or two other fanciful structures described in Sir William Chambers's work on the subject, have been taken down. The Pagoda, the most important of these which remain, is a substantial and well-built edifice, of an octagonal form, of hard grey stock bricks, and 163 feet in height. It consists of ten storeys, the staircase leading to which is in the centre of the building. The views from the different storeys are varied and expansive. Sir William Chambers says that the design of the edifice is an imitation of the Chinese pagoda described in his work on the buildings, gardens, &c., of China, published in 1757. "At all the angles of the different storeys were Chinese dragons—eighty in number—covered with thin glass of various colours, which produced 'a most dazzling reflection.'" These monstrosities, however, have been long removed. Most persons suppose, but quite in error, that the strange, tall, pagoda-looking building which towers above the gardens is the Kew Observatory, the veritable home of the Clerk of the Weather Office!

The Ruin, erected in 1760, approached by a gravelled walk, skirted with trees and thickets, represents a dilapidated Roman arch, and embowered as it is in foliage, is a sufficiently picturesque object. It is built of Act of Parliament brick, *i.e.*, the size of which was fixed by Act of Parliament; thus showing, as Horace Walpole quaintly remarks, that "a solecism may be committed even in architecture."

On a raised mound is the Temple of Victory, commemorating the battle of Minden, in which the allied army, commanded by Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, defeated the French under Marshal de Contades, August 1st, 1759. Around the interior are medallions in bas-relief of the naval heroes, Rodney, Howe, St. Vincent, Duncan, and Nelson, with the names and dates of their respective victories. Near the lake is another Chinese building—a dilapidated wooden edifice of two storeys, called the House of Confucius, designed by Goupy.

Among the other ornamental buildings is a beautiful little Doric temple, called the Pantheon, designed and erected, under the superintendence of Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, for William IV. Its interior contains eighteen tablets, commemorating the dates and places of battles fought and won by British soldiers from 1760 to 1815. Here, too, are finely-executed busts of George III. and his sons, George IV. and William IV., together with that of the great Duke of Wellington. Opposite the entrance is also a large tablet, which, "on the

removal of Cleopatra's Obelisk," was brought from Egypt, and presented by Lord Hill (the Commander-in-Chief) to his late Majesty. It commemorates the death of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, who was mortally wounded in a decisive action against the French, under Bonaparte, near Alexandria, in the year 1801.

The Pleasure Grounds are traversed by avenues and walks, bordered at intervals by trees and shrubs, many of which are arranged scientifically in beds in the order of their natural relationship; and the circuit of the entire grounds may be made by following the path leading from the Botanic Garden near the chimney-shaft of the Palm Stove, adjoining the Ornamental Water. This path runs parallel to the Richmond Road, bordered by the collection of Limes, passes the Unicorn Gate, and, reaching the Lion Gate, or Richmond entrance, turns to the right, leaving on the left Richmond Old Park and a portion of the grounds surrounding her Majesty's (or, as it is generally called, Queen Anne's), Cottage fenced off from the Arboretum, and not open to the public. The path leads to the Thames, which it follows to the Brentford Gate, then turning eastward, conducts again to the Botanic Garden, through an entrance immediately adjoining the grounds of the old Kew Palace. On the line of this path, embracing the circuit of the grounds, and near to the Unicorn Gate on the Richmond Road, is the flagstaff, erected in 1861. This spar, which is believed to be the finest in Europe, was presented to the Royal Gardens by Mr. Edward Stamp. It is the trunk of the Douglas spruce (*Abies Douglasii*), a native of British Columbia. Its total length is 159 feet, nearly twelve feet resting under ground in a bricked well. The age of this tree is estimated at about 250 years.

In the middle of the avenue, which extends from the Great Palm House to the Pagoda, is the Temperate House, or Winter Garden, a large glass conservatory, built from the designs of Mr. Decimus Burton, the architect of the Palm Stove. The building consists of a central portion, with small octagonal houses at either end, and is set apart for palms, acacias, pines, &c., mostly from Australia and Tasmania. There is also to be seen here a collection of Japanese plants, which serve to convey some idea of the general character of the peculiar vegetation of the Japanese group of islands, in which the special characteristics of Chinese and East Himalayan botany is strongly brought out. With reference to this collection of plants, Mr. Oliver writes, in his "Guide to the Gardens":—"The Japanese flora is characterised

by an unusually large proportion of woody plants, many of which belong to families which are rare elsewhere so far to the north, and by the abundance of maples, laurels, hollies, hydrangeas, figs, ever-green oaks, and remarkable forms of Coniferae. Taken altogether, it presents much affinity with the flora of the Southern United States of Eastern America. From the general similarity of the climate of Japan to our own, we owe to it many of our most valuable introduced hardy shrubs, and

rather suburban, collection of paintings which is open to the public on Sundays. That the working classes appreciate this privilege is seen by the readiness with which they take advantage of it. From 1,000 to 1,500 have visited it every fine Sunday since it was opened; and even on wet Sundays as many as 600 umbrellas have been taken at the doors."

The building in which Miss North's collection of paintings is exhibited is of red brick, and may



THE PAGODA.

the number of these will yet be, no doubt, largely increased when the island is more thoroughly opened up to foreigners."

Miss North, a daughter of the late Mr. Frederick North, M.P. for Hastings, established here in 1880-2 a fine gallery of paintings, mainly drawn from nature in all parts of the world, which she had herself explored. A substantial building has been erected to contain these paintings and treasures, which are, in the donor's words, "to be thrown open to the public upon all occasions, and at all hours on which the Royal Gardens themselves are open." "It results," observes a writer in the *Queen*, "from the wording of this deed of gift, that the North Gallery at Kew is the only metropolitan, or

be described as classical, and it was built from the designs of Mr. James Fergusson, F.R.S. The paintings are over 600 in number, and form by far the most complete and accurate series of illustrations of the flora of the globe that has ever been brought together. Miss North has wandered over the face of the earth in making her collection of drawings—to Brazil and Borneo, to Teneriffe and California, to Western Australia and Ceylon, to Jamaica and the Himalayas. The collection is not only singularly beautiful, but one of which Sir Joseph Hooker says that "it is impossible to over-rate its interest and instructiveness in connection with the contents of the gardens, plant-houses, and museums of Kew." All the paintings are highly-finished

sketches in oil-colours, done upon paper, and in the case of flowers, &c., are of the size of life, and many of the sketches represent types which are either unknown, or almost unknown, in Europe, or are exceedingly scarce and difficult to reproduce even in the best organised garden. Sir J. Hooker, in the Preface to the "Descriptive Catalogue of the Paintings," writes:—"Many of the views here brought together represent vividly and truthfully scenes of astonishing interest and singularity, and

bamboos, coffee-flowers, and many cultivated flowers, all rendered with great vividness and force. In California, the giant *Wellingtonia*—one of which has been found 325 feet in height—exercised her pencil. Then we have the carnivorous plants of North America, such as "pitcher-plants," "side-saddle flowers," and all the others that are furnished with the means of entrapping luckless insects, as the sundew is. India and Ceylon have furnished Miss North with a very large number of



THE PALM HOUSE.

objects that are amongst the wonders of the vegetable kingdom; and these, though now accessible to travellers and familiar to readers of travels, are already disappearing, or are doomed shortly to disappear, before the axe and the forest fires, the plough and the flock, of the ever-advancing settler or colonist. Such scenes can never be renewed by nature, nor when once effaced, can they be pictured to the mind's eye, except by means of such records as this lady has presented to us and to posterity, which will thus have even more reason than we have to be grateful for her fortitude as a traveller, her talent and industry as an artist, and her liberality and public spirit."

From Jamaica Miss North brought drawings of

subjects, from the cocoa-nut palm to the orchids of Simla. In Borneo Miss North found many a treasure hitherto unknown in Europe, notably the great pitcher-plant, to which her own name has been given. It may be mentioned as a notable instance of the eager enterprise of our floral collectors, and as a proof that anthomania is as real and potent as bibliomania itself, that in consequence of seeing this painting when it was shown at South Kensington, Messrs. Veitch, of Chelsea, "sent a collector all the way to Borneo on purpose to get the species." He succeeded in bringing home living plants.

As an accompaniment to Miss North's collection of paintings, there is exhibited a "Map of the

World, illustrating the distribution of vegetation." This has been drawn and coloured by Mr. Trelawney Saunders, and it has for its base the principal features of both land and water. The continents and islands which form the land are carefully drawn, with their mountain systems and inland waters. Upon this foundation the broadest aspects of the vegetation are distinguished by various harmonising tints.

"The fact, however, that a picture gallery so near London is open to the public on Sunday afternoons," writes the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "is worth chronicling, because it is incredible that those who now keep the other galleries closed can long resist the force of so successful an example. It is said that the concession of opening the gardens on Sunday was made in the first instance on the suggestion of the Prince Consort, in order that the foreigners who flocked to the Great Exhibition in 1851 might have some refuge from the melancholy of a British Sunday. Could not some high personage interfere now to induce the authorities at the National Gallery to throw open to our own much-tempted population on the only holiday afternoon which many of them possess the innocent seductions of Turner and Botticelli?" It is stated as a fact that more than half of the persons who visit Kew Gardens in the year go thither on a Sunday.

The Botanic Gardens are open to the free inspection of the public from one o'clock till six every day, except Sundays. The Pleasure Grounds and museums are open to the public every afternoon throughout the year, except Christmas Day. For many years they were kept apart, and were not accessible from each other; but new and more liberal arrangements have been made. The public thus have the additional privilege of taking a pleasant ramble and a scientific survey on the same day, and without the trouble of going round more than a quarter of a mile to reach the separate entrances.

It may be mentioned, that after the close of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, in 1851, it was at one time proposed to remove the Crystal Palace, and to re-erect it here.

Near the south-western corner of the gardens, not far from the Pagoda, and standing within the queen's private grounds, which are merely separated from the Pleasure Gardens by a light iron fence, stands a picturesque old building of brick with a thatched roof, and ivy-clad, known as the "Queen's Cottage"—a sort of "Petit Trianon" to this Versailles. It is screened from the public gardens to a certain extent by a belt of trees. It was for-

merly used occasionally for pic-nics by the royal family and their personal friends. On the walls hangs a fine collection of Hogarth's engravings.

Mr. William Aiton, who was gardener to George III., as mentioned above, was a Scotchman, and an eminent botanist in his day. He published a magnificent work, "*Hortus Kewensis*," of which a new and enlarged edition was given to the world by his son, Mr. William T. Aiton. In this work, originally issued in 1789, is given an account of the several foreign plants which had been introduced into the English gardens at different times, amounting to 5,600 in number; and so much was it esteemed that the whole impression was sold off within two years. Mr. Aiton did not long survive this publication, for he died in 1793, in the sixty-third year of his age, and lies buried in the churchyard at Kew. He was succeeded by his son, Mr. William Townsend Aiton, who was no less esteemed by George III. than his father had been, and who, besides conducting the botanical department and taking charge of the extensive Pleasure Grounds, was also employed in the improvement of the other royal gardens.

There was not much that was poetical certainly about the sturdy old Radical, William Cobbett; and yet few passages are more touching than that in which he describes his first journey on foot from Farnham to Richmond, on hearing from a man who had been working in the Royal Gardens at Kew a description of that earthly Paradise. The story has been often told, but it will bear repeating. Here it is in his own words:—

"At eleven years of age my employment was clipping of box-edges and weeding beds of flowers in the garden of the Bishop of Winchester, at the Castle of Farnham, my native town. I had always been fond of beautiful gardens; and a gardener, who had just come from the King's Gardens at Kew, gave such a description of them as made me instantly resolve to work in these gardens. The next morning, without saying a word to any one, off I set, with no clothes except those upon my back, and with thirteen halfpence in my pocket. I found that I must go to Richmond, and I accordingly went on from place to place, inquiring my way thither. A long day (it was in June) brought me to Richmond in the afternoon. Two-pennyworth of bread and cheese and a pennyworth of small beer, which I had on the road, and one half-penny which I had lost somehow or other, left threepence in my pocket. With this for my whole fortune, I was trudging through Richmond, in my blue smock-frock and my red garters tied under my knees, when, staring about me, my eye fell upon a

little book in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written: 'Tale of a Tub; price 3d.' The title was so odd that my curiosity was excited. I had 3d., but then, I could have no supper. In I went, and got the little book, which I was so impatient to read that I got over into a field, at the upper corner of the Kew Garden, where there stood a hay-stack. On the shady side of this I sat down to read. The book was so different from anything that I had read before, it was something so new to my mind, that, though I could not at all understand some of it, it delighted me beyond description; and it produced what I have always considered a sort of birth of intellect. I read on till it was dark, without any thought about supper or bed. When I could see no longer, I put my little book in my pocket, and tumbled down by the side of the stack, where I slept till the birds in Kew Gardens awakened me in the morning, when off I started to Kew, reading my little book. The singularity of my dress, the simplicity of my manner, my confident and lively air, and, doubtless, his own compassion besides, induced the gardener, who was a Scotsman, to give me victuals, find me lodging, and set me to work. And it was during the period that I was at Kew that the present king (William IV.) and two of his brothers laughed at the oddness of my dress while I was sweeping the grass-plot round the foot of the Pagoda. The gardener, seeing me fond of books, lent me some gardening books to read; but these I could not relish after my 'Tale of a Tub,' which I carried about with me wherever I went; and when I, at about twenty years old, lost it in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy, in North America, the loss gave me greater pain than I have ever felt at losing thousands of pounds. This circumstance, trifling as it was, and childish as it may seem to relate it, has always endeared the recollection of Kew to me."

Cobbett's love of Kew Gardens ceased only with his death. It may be Mr. G. Lushington was not far from the mark when he wrote of him thus:—

"A labourer's son, 'mid squires and lords,
Strong on his own stout legs he stood;
Well armed in bold and trenchant wit,
And well they learned that tempted it
That his was English blood.

"And every wound his victim felt
Had in his eyes a separate charm;
Yet better than successful strife,
He loved the memory of his life,
In boyhood on the farm." *

Cobbett late in life was elected M.P. for Old-

ham, but died in June, 1835, having held his seat less than three years.

Sir William Jackson Hooker, to whom, as stated above, the present condition of Kew Gardens is mainly due, was a native of Norwich, and was born in the year 1785. His father, Mr. Joseph Hooker, formerly of Exeter, claimed to be a member of the same family as Richard Hooker, the author of "Ecclesiastical Polity." From innate taste, William Hooker devoted himself to botanical studies, and these he pursued with so much success, that he was eventually appointed Regius Professor of Botany in the University of Glasgow, where he greatly endeared himself to the students, not only by his ability as a lecturer, but by his kind and genial disposition. Among these young men were many who have since achieved distinction in science, and one of their number thus wrote of him in the *Naval and Military Gazette*, on the death of Sir William Hooker, in August, 1865:—"Many medical men of both services look back to some of their brightest days as those spent some thirty years ago, in company with their congenial companion, preceptor, and friend, the Regius Professor of Botany in the University of Glasgow, over the rugged hills in the west of Scotland, or the still more rugged mountains of Connemara, when, with knapsack on back and collecting case at side, he practically taught his pupils the science which he loved, guiding, directing, and cheering them to exertion, and ever ready to help them in all their difficulties, and with his lithe step and upright figure, at the age of fifty making himself young for the sake of the young, never allowing himself to be beaten on the mountain side by his more youthful associates."

In 1832 he was removed to a wider sphere of usefulness, being appointed Curator of Kew Gardens, which, in their present state, he may almost be said to have created. On the recommendation of Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister, he had conferred on him the honour of knighthood in 1835, and in 1845 he received the degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford. Sir William Hooker was the author of "The British Flora," "a work containing a complete description of British plants; also the "Flora Scotica," the "Exotic Flora," &c. He also edited a continuation of Curtis's *Botanical Magazine*, and published a *Botanical Miscellany*, in which figures and descriptions of plants were given, especially of those which were of use in the arts, medicine, and domestic economy. This work, with the same design, was continued in the *Journal of Botany*.

Sir William Hooker's management of the Botanic Garden of Glasgow, and his extensive knowledge

* See the "Book of Authors," p. 363-5.

of plants, prepared him to do justice to his position as Curator of the Royal Gardens at Kew. From the time these gardens were placed under his direction, a continued series of improvements have taken place, and it now holds a foremost place amongst similar gardens for the variety and beauty of its collection of living plants. Under his management the large conservatory and other new houses were erected, and the museum of the useful products of the vegetable kingdom was formed under his direction. Sir William Hooker was for many years a Vice President of the Linnæan Society and a Fellow of the Royal Society, and he was also a member of many foreign scientific societies. In 1814 Sir William Hooker married the eldest daughter of Mr. Dawson Turner, F.R.S., of Yarmouth, who was almost as well known for his devotion to natural history as to antiquarian pursuits.

Sir William Hooker was succeeded in the post of director of the gardens by his son, Dr. Joseph Dalton Hooker, F.R.S., who has acquired great celebrity not only as a botanist, but also as a traveller. In 1839, on the occasion of the fitting-out of the expedition to the Antarctic Ocean, under Sir James Ross, Dr. Hooker was appointed assistant-surgeon on board the *Erebus*. "Although appointed surgeon, his real object," observes his biographer in the *English Cyclopædia*, "was to investigate the botany of the district through which the expedition passed—an object which was generously encouraged by the enlightened commander of the squadron. The result was the publication of the 'Flora Antarctica,' in which work Dr. Hooker has not only figured and described a large number of new plants, but by comparison of the species obtained in this voyage with those of other parts of the world, has succeeded in advancing greatly our knowledge of the laws which govern the distribution of plants over the surface of the earth." In the year 1848 Dr. Hooker started on another expedition; but this time his steps were directed to the Himalaya districts in India, whence he returned in 1852, the results of his labours being published in his "Himalayan Journals" (2 vols.) and a large work entitled "Flora Indica." He has since travelled for scientific purposes in Syria, Morocco, and other countries. Dr. Hooker, previous to his travels in the Himalaya, held an appointment in the Museum of Economic Geology, and for some ten years before the death of his father he was Assistant Director of Kew Gardens. He was President of the Royal Society from 1873 till 1878. Dr. Hooker was nominated

a Companion of the Order of the Bath in 1869, and was made a Knight Commander of the Order of the Star of India in 1877.

Sir William Hooker was the author of a variety of works on Ferns, entitled "British Ferns," "Garden Ferns," "Filices Exoticæ," "Species Filicum," and "Synopsis Filicum"; and Sir Joseph has published large and important works on the "Flora" of British India, "Tasmania," "New Zealand"; whilst the Flora of the Cape has been illustrated by Dr. Harvey, that of the West Indies by Dr. Grisebach, that of Australia and Tasmania, by Mr. G. Benthams, that of Mauritius, &c., by Mr. J. G. Baker, and that of New Zealand by Mr. Thwaites.

The Herbarium, or "Hortus siccus"—a collection of dried plants, preserved and arranged exclusively for the purpose of scientific study—and the Library, are contained in the building on Kew Green to the right, immediately before entering the principal gate of the Royal Gardens, formerly occupied by his Majesty the King of Hanover.* This herbarium is the largest in existence, and is constantly increasing by additions from every quarter of the globe. It embraces the collection presented to the Royal Gardens by Mr. George Benthams; that of the late Allan Cunningham, presented by Mr. R. Heward; of Mr. J. Carey, an admirable collection of the plants of the Eastern United States, presented by him in 1868; of the late Dr. Bromfield, presented by his sister; of the late Dr. Burchell, the celebrated traveller in South Africa and Brazil, presented by Miss Burchell; of the late Dr. Francis Boott, a type collection of the genus *Carex*; the Orchid Herbarium of the late Dr. Lindley, purchased by Government; the European Herbarium of the late M. J. Gay, of Paris, presented by Sir J. D. Hooker; and of the late Mr. Borrer; together with the private collection of the late Sir W. J. Hooker, acquired by Government.

"The Herbarium and Library," remarks Mr. Oliver, "are found to be an indispensable adjunct to the Botanic Gardens, as the only means of correctly naming the plants which are there cultivated, as necessary for determining and describing the novelties which are being constantly introduced from foreign parts, and, in short, for maintaining the establishment upon a scientific and really useful footing."

The Jodrell Laboratory, presented by Mr. T. J. Phillips Jodrell, M.A., intended for physiological and microscopical investigations, is placed at the north end of the Herbaceous Ground.†

* See *ante*, p. 417.

† See *ante*, p. 413.

In describing a visit to these gardens in 1854, the author of "Pilgrim Walks" writes:—"Kew can never be seen to greater advantage than after a visit to Sydenham. There all is art—here all is nature; there the powers of imitation and skill are taxed to the utmost for effect—here the objects themselves produce effect unsought. Here grace of form and elegance of arrangement are the spontaneous result of Nature's mould; no dressing, painting, gilding, or artificial aid, yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these!

"It is a beautiful provision of Nature that allows the productions of the vegetable world, seemingly fixed and immovable, to be transported by seed,

root, or slip, to soils and climes far distant and far different from those they grow in. Here we see the inhabitants of other regions presented to the eye in all reality: the lofty palm, the brilliant cactus of the tropics, stands, or even grows, in the same soil beside the European myrtle and the rhododendron of fresh and temperate zones. Here we see them in their native or more than their native beauty; for here no storms disturb, no insects disfigure, no drought impoverishes them. Here we can watch the development of leaf, flower, and fruit—observe Nature's hidden operations, and that, too, without fear of snakes and reptiles, which so wofully impede the labours of the naturalists in other lands."

CHAPTER XLV.

MORTLAKE.

"Dehinc et mortuus est lacus, superba
Villai effigies, domusque nota." LELAND, *Cygnæ Cantio*.

Situation and Boundaries of Mortlake—Population—Its Etymology—Descent of the Manor—The Parish Church—Sir John Barnard The Catholic Church of St. Mary Magdalen—Christ Church—Boot and Shoemakers' Benevolent Institution—Oliver Cromwell's House—Sir Henry Taylor—East Sheen—Edward Jesse—Amy Robsart—Sir Robert Dudley—Sir William Temple—Dr. Pinckney's School—Lord Castlereagh—Lord Grey—Sir Archibald Macdonald—Mr. W. S. Gilpin—Dr. Dee, the Astrologer—Mortlake Tapestry Works—Potteries.

MORTLAKE, or Mortlage, as the name is spelt in the "Book of Doomsday," lies on the Thames immediately below Kew, which it adjoins on the west. Eastwards it stretches along the river to Barnes. On the south it is bounded by East Sheen and Richmond Park. It lies rather low, and its chief street runs parallel with the river, to the banks of which a few narrow, old-fashioned alleys lead down between shops, villas, and manufactories, the rest of its area being devoted to market-gardens. In 1871 the population of the parish was 5,100, which number had increased during the next decade to 6,300.

On account of its name and its low situation combined, it has often been styled by writers who are imbued with a smattering of classical learning *mortuus lacus*. But the derivation of the name, whatever be its origin, is not to be found in any of the dead languages. For instance, Leland, who lived and wrote in the reign of Henry VIII., facetiously styles Mortlake the "dead lake" in the motto prefixed to this chapter.* In the commentary on this passage, Mortlake, however, is called "villa eximie splendida." But, doubtless, what splendour it possessed must have arisen from or been connected with the Archbishop's palace; for in

other respects there could have been little to attract the eye of the traveller to what must have been at best a small, low, and unpicturesque fishing village.

But though not very attractive or picturesque in comparison with Richmond and its immediate surroundings, yet Mortlake is not wanting in that interest which always belongs to the history of the past. As Horace tells us, "the wine-cask long retains the odour which it has once imbibed."

At the time of the Doomsday Survey, the manor belonged to the Archbishop of Canterbury, by whom it appears to have been held for some time before the Conquest; but shortly afterwards it was, with other estates, seized upon by that noted "land-grabber," Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. His claim to the property, however, was not allowed to pass unchallenged, for when Lanfranc was appointed to the archbishopric, he asserted his right to the manor before an assembly of nobles and prelates held on Penenden Heath, in Kent, and the cause being decided in his favour, Odo had no other choice open to him than to make restitution.

Brayley remarks that it is evident from the Doomsday Survey that the ancient manor of Mortlake was of great extent, and, in fact, that it not only composed the present parish, but likewise those of Wimbledon, Putney, and Barnes. For a

* See Leland's "Itinerary," published by Hearne, Vol. IX.

long subsequent period it was included in the manor of Wimbledon, at which place the original church was situated; but the principal mansion, or manor-house, was at Mortlake. This became the occasional residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury, and many of their public acts are dated "from their manor-house at Mortlake." In 1099 Archbishop Anselm here celebrated the festival of Whitsuntide, and here also he held an ordination in the reign of Henry I. Archbishop

immediate successor, Cranmer, alienated the manor to the king, in exchange for other lands. Stow, in his "Chronicle," under date of 1240, records that "Manie strange and great fishes came ashore, whereof eleven were Sea buls (seals), and one of large bignesse passed up the river of Thamys, through the bridge of London, unhurt, til he came as far as the *King's house* (possibly the Archbishop's house, then in the king's possession) at Mortlake, where he was killed."



THE THAMES AT MORTLAKE.

Corboyle was "confined to his house at Mortlake" by sickness in 1136. Archbishop Peckham died here in 1295, and here, too, died Archbishop Walter Reynolds, in 1327. Simon Meopham, who held the see of Canterbury in the early part of the reign of Edward III., having incurred the displeasure of the Pope, was excommunicated by him, and, "retiring to the manor-house of Mortlake, passed many days in solitude." Here, in 1406, in the manorial chapel, Nicholas Bubbewith, Keeper of the Privy Seal and Lord Treasurer under Henry IV., was consecrated Bishop of London by Archbishop Arundel, assisted by the Bishops of Winchester and Worcester. Archbishop Warham was probably the last prelate who resided here, as his

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth this estate was held by Sir Thomas Cecil, from whom it passed by sale to one Robert Walter, who, towards the end of the sixteenth century, conveyed it to Elizabeth, widow of Hugh Stukeley. In 1607 her son, Sir Thomas Stukeley, transferred the property to William Penn. The manor-house is supposed to have been taken down towards the end of the seventh century.

The original parish church of Mortlake could have been no older than the middle of the fourteenth century, for only about that time it would appear Mortlake was cut off from the mother parish of Wimbledon, and made a separate parochial district. Down to the transfer of the parish from

the diocese of London to that of Rochester, in 1876, the living was only a perpetual curacy subordinate to Wimbledon, the latter being the mother church. In the king's books Mortlake is returned as "not in charge." From the Second General Report of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, ordered to be printed 15th June, 1847, it appears

It was first erected on its present site after the exchange between Archbishop Cranmer and Henry VIII., about the middle of the sixteenth century (1543). The tower consists of four storeys; the three lowermost are of flint stone in chequer work, strengthened by buttresses at the angles; the upper storey is of brick, with stone dressings, and it



MORTLAKE CHURCH.

that Mortlake was formerly a "peculiar" of the Archbishop of Canterbury; but under an Order of Council made in 1845, and ratifying certain proceedings of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the parishes of Mortlake and Wimbledon, St. Mary's Newington, Barnes, and Putney, all peculiars of the same prelate, were added to the see of London from and after January 1st, 1846.

The present church, like most of those along the valley of the Thames, has preserved only its western tower, the rest of the edifice being built of brick, in the tasteless style of the earlier Georges.

is crowned by a modern lantern and cupola. The belfry and roof are reached by a spiral staircase, terminating in a turret. Over the window above the doorway in the tower is an inscription—"Vivat Rex Henricus VIII."

The body of the church is plain and uninteresting, and has been re-built and enlarged at various periods. The ceiling is flat, divided into panels, and supported by Tuscan columns. At the east end is a Corinthian screen of oak, having in the centre a painting of the Entombment of Christ, by Vandergutch, who lived for some time at Mortlake,

and by whom it was presented in 1794. The font is octagonal, and of stone, enriched with sculpture, among which are the arms of the see of Canterbury and also those of Archbishop Bouchier, by whom it was probably given to the church in the reign of Henry VI.

In this church was buried, in December, 1818, Sir Philip Francis, the reputed author of *Junius*, and the inveterate enemy of Warren Hastings, having survived only a few short weeks the man whose elevation and prosperity he did so much to destroy. The mystery of the authorship of *Junius*, linked as it is with the names of Burke and so many other distinguished personages, somehow or other seems to sleep in Francis's grave.

Another man of note who rests in Mortlake church is Phillips, the fellow actor of Shakespeare. One of the legacies which he left was "a thirty-shilling piece in gold" to his immortal friend.

In the churchyard lies buried Henry Addington, the first Lord Sidmouth, who was Premier in 1802, a man known to his contemporaries as "the doctor," and described by Lord Russell as "the incarnation of prejudice and intolerance"—politically speaking, of course. We have already seen him as Ranger of Richmond Park.* His wife, who pre-deceased him, also lies here.

Here, too, lie buried the astrologers Dee and Partridge, the latter of whom is immortalised by Swift, who ridiculed him without mercy; Sir John Temple, the father of Sir William Temple; and Mr. John Barber, a printer by trade, who became Alderman and Lord Mayor of London. He was well acquainted with Bolingbroke, Pope, Swift, and the rest of the galaxy of literary stars of that period. A monument records the fact that he was "a constant benefactor to the poor, and true to his principles in Church and State. He preserved his integrity and discharged the duty of an upright magistrate in the most corrupt times. Zealous for the rights of his fellow-citizens, he opposed all attempts against them; and being Lord Mayor in the year 1733, he was greatly instrumental in resisting the scheme of a general excise, which, had it succeeded, would have put an end to the liberties of his country." It is to Alderman Barber that the immortal author of "*Hudibras*," Samuel Butler, is indebted for the memorial tablet in St. Paul's, Covent Garden.†

Here also lies buried the eccentric and independent Lord Mayor of London, Sir John Barnard—the only incorruptible Member of Parliament

that Sir Robert Walpole was ever able to discover. He was a man of strong patriotic sentiments, and opposed Sir Robert in his plan for introducing the Excise. Sir John Barnard was born at Reading in 1685, and was originally one of the Society of Friends; but becoming a member of the Church of England, from conviction, was baptised by Bishop Compton. He distinguished himself by his independent conduct. He entered Parliament in 1722 as one of the members for the City of London.

Some good stories are told which show how strenuously Sir John Barnard maintained his independence in St. Stephen's. Here is one:—When Sir Robert Walpole, then Prime Minister, was one day whispering to the Speaker of the House of Commons, the latter leaning to him over the arm of his chair, while Sir John was "on his legs," he exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, I address myself to you, sir, and not to your chair. I will be heard, and I call the right honourable gentleman to order." The Speaker, feeling the rebuke to be not unmerited, turned round, left off chatting with Sir Robert, and begged Sir John Barnard to proceed, as he was "all attention." The story was well known in Parliamentary circles a century ago.

Notwithstanding that Sir John Barnard was such a zealous opponent of the all-powerful Sir Robert Walpole, then Premier, the great Minister one day paid him a high compliment. The story is thus told:—They (Barnard and Walpole) were riding out in two different parties in a narrow lane, when one of Sir Robert's companions, hearing the voice of Sir John Barnard before he came up to the other party, asked Sir Robert who it was that was approaching. "Oh, don't you know his voice?" was the reply; "for if *you* don't, *I* do, and with good reason, for I have often felt its power in the House of Commons; in fact, I shall not readily forget it." When they met near the end of the lane, Sir Robert stopped his horse, and saluting Sir John Barnard with that courtesy which he eminently possessed, told him what had happened in a way that set both parties at their ease.

As an instance of the esteem in which Sir John Barnard was held in the House of Commons, it may be mentioned that during the time when Lord Granville was Secretary of State, if any application was made to the Minister by the merchants and commercial men of the City, he never gave an answer without first asking "what Sir John Barnard had to say on the subject, and what was his candid opinion." Lord Chatham, too—then Mr. Pitt—a man not particularly apt to be lavish of his praise of any one, gave to Sir John the dignified name of

* See *ante*, p. 172.

† See "*Old and New London*," Vol. III., p. 256.

"The Great Commoner," an appellation which, possibly with greater propriety, was afterwards retorted upon Pitt by Sir John Barnard, whose modesty led him by instinct to repudiate it.

When, by the death of Sir James Thompson, he came to stand first on the list of aldermen, he became "the Father of the City," and it was generally thought that the title was never better deserved. Sir John Barnard died in 1764. He is immortalised by Pope in the same couplet with the Man of Ross. It is mentioned as a proof of his modesty that he never could be induced to enter the Royal Exchange after his monument was set up there.

The first stone of the Catholic church of St. Mary Magdalen, which adjoins the Protestant churchyard on the south, was laid in 1851 by Cardinal Wiseman. It is a handsome church, and an ornament to the village. Portobello House, close to the railway-station, a mansion standing in large grounds, was occupied in succession by many Roman Catholic families, the Mostyns, Gerards, &c. Mass was said in a loft over its stables previous to the building of the Catholic church.

Christ Church was built in Sheen Lane, in the south-west part of the parish, in 1864, as a chapel-of-ease to the parish church. The Independent chapel close by dates from 1716, but has been since enlarged.

At Mortlake and in its immediate neighbourhood are several charitable institutions. Close to the railway-station is a handsome row of Gothic buildings, which form a hospital for the relief of decayed master-tradesmen, manufacturers, or agents, or their widows, in indigent circumstances. These almshouses belong to the Boot and Shoemakers' Benevolent Institution. They were built in 1836, and afford accommodation for fourteen inmates, each of whom receives £35 per annum. There are also other almshouses in the village, founded early in the seventeenth century by John Juxon, for four persons, who receive a small money allowance weekly. At the Limes, close to the river side, Dr. L. S. Winslow has opened a hospital for the cure of dipsomaniacs.

This parish was till lately famous for its beds of asparagus, but of late years the market-gardens have been forced here, as elsewhere, to give place to the onward march of suburban bricks and mortar. Aubrey, in his "Surrey" (Vol. I., p. 91), says that the sand taken from the bed of the Thames at this place makes an excellent cement with a small proportion of lime, and that it is found to bind stronger than any other.

Mortlake is not without its fashionable and its literary associations, though the latter are far less in number than those of Richmond or of Kew.

At the west end of the village there formerly stood a dull and substantial house, said to have been occupied by Oliver Cromwell, though there is but little ground, it is to be feared, for the tradition. It was more probably connected with Thomas, Lord Cromwell, with whom popular ignorance often confounds the Lord Protector. It had a small park before it and an avenue of limes, and in the rear a fine summer-house, overlooking the river.

The old house said to have been occupied by Cromwell was certainly the abode of Edward Colston, the Bristol philanthropist. It is described by Mr. Samuel G. Tovey, in his "Memorials of Colston," as an "isolated picturesque old building, visible from the lower London road to Richmond;" and he adds that "when he visited it, in 1852, it was a solitary, deserted, melancholy house, overshadowed by tall poplars, and divided from the road by a low wall, with an ornamental iron gateway between two square columns supporting globes, and each containing a stone seat under an arched niche." He continues:—"The paved court in front was grass-grown, and in the fine old garden bordering the Thames shrubs had grown into straggling thickets, and gravel paths were hardly distinguishable from grassy lawns. A half-ruined summer-house commanded a view of the church and village of Mortlake and Barnes railway-bridge to the east, and Hammersmith Church and Chiswick Conservatory to the north. The hall itself was an irregular building, plain, spacious, dark, and decayed, with a portico supported by four Doric columns on the north. A long, narrow, panelled room occupying the western wing was known as Cromwell's Council Chamber; and in the gable of the roof, up two or three steps, was a small room, called 'Old Noll's Hole,' from a tradition that it had been the Protector's favourite hiding-place, though why he should have wished to hide, or why, so wishing, he should have chosen such an accessible and apparent hiding-place, is hard to conjecture." The whole story of Cromwell having lived here is doubtless apocryphal, though he may have visited it, since the assessments show that Ireton and other friends of Cromwell had houses at Mortlake. The identification of this house with Colston, however, is no mere conjecture. At the time of Mr. Tovey's visit, the blue drawing-room, in which once hung the portraits of Colston and his father, bequeathed to the hospital at Bristol, retained its distinguishing colour after the lapse

of a century and a half. Painters evidently did their work honestly in those days. On the lawn stood a magnificent catalpa tree, said to have been the largest in England, besides several other evergreens planted by Colston himself, and mentioned by him in his will. Colston, who in his lifetime is said to have expended more than £70,000 in charitable gifts and institutions, bequeathed in 1720 the annual sum of £45 for twelve years towards the support of a charity school which had been founded in this village about the year 1670.

The house was pulled down about the year 1860, though its garden and summer-house by the water-side, and some of the lofty garden wall, still remain. Most of the mansions hereabouts have river-side summer-houses, and in the long evenings of June and July a century ago these summer-houses were the haunts of the "quality" and fashion. Thus, for example, Mrs. Stone, in her "Chronicles of Fashions," gives an amusing picture of the quality going up the river by boat to a "greate banquet at Mortlack," or to Richmond, accompanied by a band of music in a separate boat, and making the shores resound with mirth and revelry."

Cradock tells us, in his "Memoirs," that Mr. Banks, Chancellor of the church (cathedral) of York, an intimate friend of Lord Mansfield, kept a pack of hounds at Mortlake in the middle of the last century; but the house is not to be identified now.

John Anstis, Garter-King-at-Arms, and author of the "Register of the Garter," &c., lived for some years in this village, and died here in 1744.

In a river-side villa here lived Sir Henry Taylor, the author of "Philip Van Artevelde," &c., and here he used to entertain his friends. His house and his gatherings here are repeatedly mentioned by H. Crabb Robinson in his "Diary." Sir Henry Taylor, who acquired some celebrity as a dramatist, was born early in the present century. His first published drama was "Isaac Comnenus;" this was followed by "Philip Van Artevelde," which soon secured for him a place amongst the writers of his day. In 1842 he produced another drama of an historical character, called "Edwin the Fair." He had, however, in the meantime, published "The Statesman," a book containing views and maxims respecting the transaction of public business, which had been suggested by the author, as he himself states, by twelve years of official life in the Civil Service. In 1848 he issued another work, also based on his own experience, entitled, "Notes from Life," and comprising essays on such subjects as "Choice in Marriage," "Humility and Indepen-

dence," "The Life Poetic," "Children," &c. Shortly afterwards appeared his "Notes from Books," which included an essay on "The Ways of the Rich and Great," and three others on modern poets, reprinted from the *Quarterly Review*. In 1850 he published a comedy, chiefly in verse, entitled "The Virgin Widow," which was followed, twelve years later, by "St. Clement's Eve." A collective edition of his plays and poems was issued in 1863. In noticing the last-named plays the *Athenæum* concludes its quotations with the remark:—"In these and other instances we trace the mind to which we owe 'Philip Van Artevelde;' but the present work will bear no comparison with its predecessor in point either of art, vigour, or philosophy." Of "Philip Van Artevelde," the *Quarterly Review* wrote that it was "the noblest effort in the true old taste of an English historical drama that has been made for more than a century;" whilst Lord Macaulay, in the *Edinburgh Review*, says it is "a book in which we have found more to praise and less to blame than in any poetical work of imagination that has fallen under our notice for a considerable time."

In a pretty rustic cottage on the west side of the road leading up to East Sheen and Richmond Park lived for many years the amiable and eminent naturalist, Edward Jesse, the keeper of his Majesty's parks* and palaces, whose name is so well-known to all young people as a naturalist. He was a son of the Rev. William Jesse, vicar of Hutton Cranswick, Yorkshire, and subsequently of Bewdley, Worcestershire, and was born at the former place in 1780. Having held for a short time a clerkship in a Government office, he was appointed private secretary to Lord Dartmouth while President of the Board of Control, and when that nobleman became Lord Steward of the Household, he obtained for Mr. Jesse the Court office of Gentleman of the Ewry. Mr. Jesse subsequently became Controller of the Copper Coinage issued by Messrs. Bolton and Watt at Birmingham. About the year 1812 he was appointed a Commissioner of Hackney Coaches, and soon afterwards Deputy Surveyor-General of the Royal Parks and Palaces. This latter post he held, together with his appointment at Court, until the year 1830, when both offices were abolished, and he retired on a pension. Mr. Jesse was the author of "Anecdotes of Dogs," "Anglers' Rambles," "Favourite Haunts and Rural Studies, including Visits to Spots of Interest in the Vicinity of Windsor and Eton," "Gleanings in Natural History," "A Summer Day

* See ante, p. 213

at Hampton Court," "A Handbook to Hampton Court," "Scenes and Tales of Country Life," and also an edition, with notes, of Walton and Cotton's "Complete Angler," published in one of Bohn's series. The *Literary Gazette* speaks of Mr. Jesse's "Favourite Haunts" as "a pleasing and popular *omnium gatherum* about interesting architectural remains, the biography of their bygone inhabitants, country life, rural scenery, literature, natural history, &c."

Like White of Selborne, who made a small village in Hampshire one of the most interesting spots to the lover of Nature by his ample descriptions of the natural objects which he saw around him, Mr. Jesse rendered his walks a vehicle for much instruction and amusement to himself and to others. He principally confined his attention to zoology—the most generally attractive of the departments of natural history; and he looked upon the animal world with so much practical wisdom—being disposed to be happy himself and to see every creature around him happy—that there are few persons who will not read his slight sketches with improvement to their hearts and understandings. His house was a constant haunt of the learned, the fashionable, and the scientific world. He died in 1868 at Brighton, where his last act was to establish a "Fisherman's Home." One of his most constant visitors was his friend and neighbour, Professor Owen, of whom we have already spoken,* and who lived for many years at Sheen Lodge, just within the gates of Richmond Park.

East Sheen is practically a hamlet of Mortlake, situated on the Richmond Road, a short distance southward of the Mortlake railway-station. The place is not deficient in historic interest, for here the unfortunate Amy Robsart, daughter of Sir John Robsart, is said to have been married, June 4th, 1550, in the presence of Edward VI., to Lord Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester. Her unfortunate fate at Cumnor, near Abingdon, is known to every reader of Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth," and of Mickle's ballad of "Cumnor Hall."

Fuller thus mentions, in his "Worthies," one distinguished native of this place, Sir Robert Dudley, a natural son of Robert, Earl of Leicester. "He became a most compleat gentleman, and endeavoured in the reign of King James to prove his legitimacy (his mother being Douglas Sheffield), and meeting with much opposition from the Court, in distaste left the land, and went over to Italy, where he became a favourite to the Duke of

Florence, who used his directions in all his build-ings. Legorn [*sic*] was much beholding [*sic*] to him for its fairness and firmness, as chief contriver of both. Upon his refusal to come home to England, all his lands were seized by the king. These losses doubled the duke's love to him, as being a much meriting person, an excellent mathematician, physician, and navigator. In Queen Elizabeth's dayes he had sail'd with three small ships to the Isle of Trinidad, in which voyage he sunk and took nine *Spanish* ships, whereof one an Armada of 600 tun. Ferdinand II., Emperor of Germany, conferred on him and his heirs the title of a Duke of the Sacred Empire."

Here, too, resided Sir William Temple. This eminent statesman was nephew of Dr. Henry Hammond, and during the reign of Charles II. took an active part in the affairs of the nation. He formed the Triple League: "the masterpiece," says Burnet, "of Charles's life; and if he had stuck to it, would have been both the strength and glory of his reign!" King William often consulted him on political affairs, and visited him here. So dearly attached was this philosopher to his fascinating suburban retreat, that he lived here for seven years without once going up to London.

Another resident at East Sheen was Mr. Henry Brouncker. "I dined," writes Evelyn, in his "Diary," under date Aug., 1678, "at Mr. Brouncker's, at the Abbey (*sic*) of Sheene, formerly a monastery of Carthusians; there yet remains one of their solitary cells, with a crosse." He adds that within the "ample enclosure" which once belonged to the abbot "are several pretty villas and fine gardens of the most excellent fruites," especially those of Sir William Temple and Lord Lisle.

Again, under date of March 24th, 1688, we find the following entry in the "Diary":—"I went with Sir Charles Littleton to Sheene, an house and estate given him by Lord Brouncker: one who was ever noted for a hard, covetous, vicious man, but for his worldly craft and skill in gaming, few exceeded him. Coming to die, he bequeath'd all his land, house, furniture, &c., to Sir Charles, to whom he had no manner of relation, but an ancient friendship contracted at the famous siege of Colchester, 40 years before. It is a pretty place, with fine gardens, and well planted, and given to one worthy of them, Sir Charles being an honest gentleman and souldier. He is brother to Sir Henry Littleton of Worcestershire, whose greate estate he is likely to inherit, his brother being without children. They are descendants of the great lawyer of that name, and give the same arms and motto. He is married to one Mrs. Temple,

* See *ante*, page 333.

who was formerly maide of honour to the late Queene, a beautiful lady, and he has many fine children, so that none envy his good fortune. After dinner we went to see Sir William Temple's, neere to it; the most remarkable things are his orangerie and gardens, where the wall fruit trees are most exquisitely nail'd and train'd, far better than I ever noted elsewhere. There are many good pictures, especially of Vandyke's, in both these houses, and some few statues and small busts in the latter."

nave the gout, took Swift into the gardens, and amused him by showing him how to cut asparagus after the Dutch manner.

It was probably whilst residing here that Swift first met his Stella, the daughter of Mr. Johnson, of Richmond, Sir William Temple's steward. She followed Swift to Ireland, was privately married to him by the Bishop of Clogher, and died of a broken heart in 1727. The parish register of Richmond contains an entry of her baptism, as already stated.



EAST SHEEN.

These gardens were about as famous as those of the Carews at Beddington* for their growth of oranges.

The house has some literary history, for Swift was for nearly two years resident as a guest in Sir William Temple's house, and thus he had often an opportunity of meeting King William, who was often a visitor there. The king treated Swift with much familiarity, and offered him the command of a troop of horse, which he declined. This was, of course, before he had entered orders.

On one occasion King William, visiting Sir William Temple, who happened at the time to

Sir William Temple was hospitable and friendly, but correct and abstemious. It was this Sir William Temple who was the author of the *mot*, "The first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good humour, and the fourth for my enemies." It would have been well if "lords" in the last century and "working-men" in this could have been brought to acknowledge the wit of this remark, and to act on it. The following lines are to be found in Sir William Temple's "Essay on Gardening":—"If we believe the Scriptures, we must allow that God Almighty esteemed the life of a man in a garden the happiest that He could give him, or else He would not have placed Adam in that of Eden; it was the state of

* See ante, p. 139.

innocence and pleasure, and the life of husbandry and cities came after the fall with guilt and labour."

The house was called Temple Grove, after its former occupier, Sir William Temple. It was for some years the favourite residence of the first Lord and Lady Palmerston, who here kept much company and had many fashionable and distinguished visitors, among the latter being Count Rumford. More recently it was converted into a school, kept formerly by Dr. Pinckney, and now by Mr. O. Waterfield.

Dr. Pinckney's school is probably intended by Disraeli in the first chapter of "Coningsby" as the "fashionable preparatory school to Eton," where that young gentleman "found about two hundred youths of noble families and their connections lodged in a magnificent villa, that had once been the retreat of a Minister of State."

Old Lady Brownlow, in her "Reminiscences of a Septuagenarian," records that Lord and Lady Castlereagh occupied, in 1805, a villa at East Sheen. Lord Grey was living here a little later, in November, 1831, as we learn from the "Life of Lord Macaulay," who spent a day or two with him, talking over with him, doubtless, the prospects of Parliamentary Reform.

In 1813 Sir Archibald Macdonald, Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer, was created a baronet, being styled in the patent of baronetcy as "of East Sheen, Surrey," where he resided for many years. Sir Archibald was the youngest son of Sir Alexander Macdonald, Baronet of Slate, county Antrim, and brother of the first Lord Macdonald. Being bred to the Bar, and having attained eminence in his profession, he was successively Solicitor-General and Attorney-General, and was raised to the Bench in 1793.

At Palewell Lodge, East Sheen, lived and died, in 1843, at an advanced age, Mr. W. S. Gilpin, the celebrated gardener, and the author of various works on the picturesque. At whatever price the

world esteemed his horticultural taste, it would seem that he valued it still more highly himself; at all events, his biographer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* tells us that "when, in the course of a conversation upon the crowded state of all the professions, it was casually remarked to Mr. Gilpin that at all events members of *his* profession were not numerous, he quietly remarked, 'No; there is but one.' He afterwards, however, admitted that there was one other, a gardener in Derbyshire, named Pontet." Had he lived a little later, he might perhaps have admitted the existence of yet another, Sir Joseph Paxton.

But by far the most celebrated inhabitant of Mortlake was the quack alchemist and astrologer of the sixteenth century, John Dee, who died here in 1608, at the age of eighty. In conjunction with one Kelly, he employed himself for many years in searching after the "Elixir Vitæ" and the "Philosopher's Stone," and pretended to hold intercourse with the angelic and spiritual world. He contrived to make himself acceptable to the vanity of Queen Elizabeth, who, on one occasion, condescended to pay him a visit at his house here, to view his museum of curiosities,



J.R. JOHN DEE.

and when he was ill, sent her own Court physician to prescribe for him. He claimed, *inter alia*, to have found the true "Elixir Vitæ" among the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey. A full account of this impostor will be found in Dr. C. Mackay's "Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions."

But it may be well to tell the story of this arch-impostor more in detail, if it be only to show how foolish are the wisest of monarchs at times.

This Dr. Dee, a disciple and follower of Lilly the astrologer, "the cunning man hight Sidrophel" of Hudibras, was a Welshman, and educated at Oxford, where, we are told, "he commenced doctor, and afterwards travelled into foreign parts in quest of chemistry." Lilly tells us that he was Queen Elizabeth's "intelligencer," and that he had for his maintenance a salary from the Secretary of State; that he was the most ambitious man alive, and

never so well pleased as when he heard himself styled "Most Excellent." In 1659 was printed in folio "A Relation of what passed for many years between John Dee and some Spirits." It begins with May, 1583, and ends with September, 1607. It was published by Meric Casaubon, son of the learned Isaac Casaubon, with a preface, in which we find the following statements. When young, he was "sought unto" by two emperors, Charles and Ferdinand, his brother and successor. Camden calls him "*nobilis mathematicus*." In 1595 he wrote an apology for himself, addressed to Whitgift, Archbishop of Canterbury, in which he gives a catalogue of his unprinted works, some fifty in all, among which was a defence of Roger Bacon from the charge of holding conversation with evil spirits; besides these, he appears to have printed eight others, mostly on mathematical subjects. At the end of his "Apology" is a testimonial from the University of Cambridge. From Zachary Grey's notes to "Hudibras" we learn that "about the year 1578, Dee's pretended commerce with the angels began, the account of which was all wrote by his own hand, and communicated by Sir Thomas Cotton. He had a round stone like a chrystal, brought him (as he said) by angels, in which others saw apparitions, and from whence they heard voices, which he carefully wrote down from their mouths. He names at least twenty spirits: Gabriel, Raphael, Michael, and Uriel are known names of good angels; the rest are too far tastie to be mentioned. . . . Of what kind all these were, if they were anything more than fancy, is plain from a revelation of theirs, April 18, 1587, enjoining a community of wives to Dee and Kelly—an injunction which they most conscientiously obeyed. He was so confident as to address himself to Queen Elizabeth and her council often, and to King James and his (council), to the Emperor Rodolph, to Stephen, King of Poland, and several other princes, and to the Spanish Ambassador in Germany. He had thought also of going to the Pope, had he not been banished from Germany. Dee's chief seer was Edward Kelly, from whose reports the shapes and words of the apparitions were wrote. Alasco, Palatine of Poland, Pucci, a learned Florentine, and Prince Rosemberg of Germany, the Emperor's Viceroy of Bohemia, were long of the society, and often present at their actions, as was once the King of Poland himself. After Kelly's death, in 1587, Arthur Dee was admitted to be a seer, and reported to his father what he saw in the stone, but heard nothing from it. In 1607 one Bartholomew Hickman was operator, and both saw and heard. In that year

Dee foretells what has become of stolen goods. There is no account when or how he died. In Dee's account of himself he says that he was offered 200 French crowns yearly to be one of the French king's mathematicians; that he might have served five Christian Emperors, namely, Charles V., Ferdinand, Maximilian, Rodolph, and the then Emperor of Muscovy, 'each of them offering him a stipend from 500 dollars yearly to 1,000, 2,000, and 3,000; and that his Russian Majesty offered him 2,000 pounds sterling yearly stipend, with a thousand rubles (*sic*) from his Protector, and his diet out of his own kitchen; and he to be in dignity and authority among the highest sort of nobility and privy councillors.'

In fact, it would be difficult to determine which of the three, Lilly, Dee, or Kelly, was the greater pretender; though, doubtless, Lilly's name is the better known, and the more thoroughly identified with the occult sciences, on account of his having been the author of so many almanacs.

Butler, in his "Hudibras," Part II., cant. iii., thus writes of a conjuror:—

"He'd read Dee's prefaces before,
The Dev'l and Euclid o'er and o'er,
And all th' intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly
Lescus and th' Emperor would tell ye."

Dr. Dee speaks of sundry charms and incantations practised on Queen Elizabeth, and adds, in the spirit of self-exculpation:—"My careful and faithful endeavour was with great speed required to prevent the mischief which divers of her Majesty's Privy Council suspected to be intended against her Majesty's person by means of a certain image of wax, with a great pin stuck into the breast of it, in great Lincoln's Inn Fields; wherein I did satisfy her Majesty's desire, and the Lords of this Honourable Privy Council, in a few hours, in godly and artful manner."

Similar charms were employed, as it may be remarked, by Eleanor Cobham to take off Henry VI., and by Amy Simpson and others to destroy James VI. of Scotland. A full description of this process will be found in the eighth "Eclogue" of Virgil.

Kelly himself was born at Worcester, and bred up for an apothecary. He was a proficient in chemistry, and pretended to have found the grand "Elixir," or Philosopher's Stone, which he received ready made from a friar on the borders of the dominions of the Emperor of Germany. He pretended to see apparitions in a crystal or beryl looking-glass, or in a round stone like a crystal. Wever, in his "Funeral Monuments," says that he lost his

ears at Lancaster, and raised a dead body there to life by necromancy. He showed his famous glass, and explained the properties of it, to Queen Elizabeth, who was as superstitious as she was vain and imperious. In spite of his knowledge of future events, he appears to have met with a fatal accident, and to have died in Germany.

Miss Strickland writes as follows:—"At the very period of this stormy excitement Elizabeth was secretly amusing herself with the almost exploded chimeras of alchemy, for Cecil, in his Diary, has noted that, in January, 1567, 'Cornelius Lanoy, a Dutchman, was committed to the Tower for abusing the queen's majesty in promising to make the elixir.' This impostor had been permitted to have his laboratory at Somerset House, where he had deceived many by promising to convert any metal into gold. To the queen a more flattering delusion had been held forth, even the draught of perpetual life and youth, and her strong intellect had been duped into a persuasion that it was in the power of a foreign empiric to confer the boon of immortality upon her. The particulars of this transaction would doubtless afford a curious page in the personal history of the mighty Elizabeth. That she was a believer in the occult sciences, and an encourager of those who practised the forbidden arts of divination and transmutation, no one who has read the Diary of her pet conjuror, Dr. Dee, can doubt. It is probable that he was an instrument used by her to practise on the credulity of other princes, and that, through his agency, she was enabled to penetrate into many secret plots and associations in her own realm, but she placed, apparently, an absurd reliance on his predictions herself. She even condescended, with her whole Court and Privy Council, to visit him one day at Mortlake, when it was her gracious intention to have examined his library, and enter into further conference, but understanding that his wife had only been buried four hours, she contented herself with a peep into his magic mirror, which he brought to her. 'Her Majesty,' says Dee, 'being taken down from her horse by the Earl of Leicester, Master of the Horse, at the church wall at Mortlake, did see some of the properties of that glass, to her Majesty's great contentment and delight.'*

"A strange sight, in sooth, it must have been for the good people of Mortlake, who had witnessed in the morning the interment of the wizard's wife in the churchyard, to behold in the afternoon the

maiden majesty of England holding conference with the occult widower under the same church wall on the flowery margin of the Thames. Nay, more: alighting from her stately palfrey to read a forbidden page of futurity in the dim depths of his wondrous mirror*—ebon framed, and in shape and size resembling some antique hand-screen—while her gay and ambitious Master of the Horse, scarcely refrained, perchance, from compelling the oracle to reflect his own handsome face to the royal eye as that of the man whom the fates had decided it was her destiny to wed. Many, however, were the secret consultations which Dee held with Queen Elizabeth at Windsor and Richmond, and even at Whitehall; and when she passed that way she honoured him with especial greetings."

"On September 17th," he writes, "the Queen's Majesty came from Richmond in her coach, the higher way, of Mortlake field, and when she came right against the church, she turned down towards my house; and when she was against my garden in the field, she stood there a good while, and then came into the street at the great gate of the field, where, espying me at my door, she beckoned me to come to the coach side; she very speedily pulled off her glove and gave me her hand to kiss, and, to be short, asked me to resort to her Court, and to give her to wete (know) when I came there." He had also flattered Elizabeth with promises of perennial youth and beauty, from his anticipated discovery of the elixir of life, and the prospect also of unbounded wealth, as soon as he should have arrived at the power of bringing to practical purpose his secret of transmitting the baser metals into gold.

"After years of false, but not fruitless, trickery, he (Dr. Dee) professed to have arrived at the point of projection, having cut a piece of base metal out of a brass metal warming-pan, and merely heating it by the fire and pouring on it a portion of his elixir, converted it into pure silver. He is said to have sent the warming-pan with the piece of silver to the queen, that she might see with her own eyes the miracle, and be convinced that they were the veritable parts that had been severed from each other by the exact manner in which they corresponded after the transmutation had been effected. His frequent impositions on the judgment of the queen did not cure her of the partiality with which she regarded him, and, after a long residence on the Continent, she wooed him to

* "Diary of Dr. Dee" edited by James O. Halliwell; published by the Camden Society.

* This identical mirror attracted much attention at the sale of Horace Walpole's collection, at Strawberry Hill, and was knocked down, after great competition, for fifteen guineas. It is now in the British Museum.

return to England, which he did, travelling with three coaches, each with four horses, in state little inferior to that of an ambassador. A guard of soldiers was sent to defend him from molestation or plunder on the road. Immediately on his arrival he had an audience of the queen at Richmond, by whom he was most graciously received. She issued her especial orders that he should do what he liked in chemistry and philosophy, and that no one should on any account interrupt him. He held two livings in the Church, through the patronage of his royal mistress, though he was suspected by her loyal lieges of being in direct correspondence and friendship with the devil. Elizabeth finally bestowed on him the Chancellorship of St. Paul's Cathedral."

The famous convex crystal which Dr. Dee had in 1582 he pretended to have received from the angel Uriel. This crystal was believed, as we have seen, to have the quality, when intently surveyed, of presenting apparitions, and even emitting sounds. The phenomena varied. Sometimes the crystal had to be turned about several ways before the right focus was obtained; sometimes the spirits appeared upon the crystal, sometimes reflected upon parts of the room, but only one person could see the figure or hear the sounds. Hence a medium was requisite with whose testimony the inquirer was compelled to be satisfied, for he neither saw nor heard anything himself.

But Mortlake has a reputation for something better and more practically useful than astrology, necromancy, or the philosopher's stone. It figures also in the history of one of our national industries. Early in the seventeenth century Sir Francis Crane started here a manufactory of tapestry, under the auspices of royalty. The foundation of these tapestry works is thus recorded in *Anglorum Speculum*, 1684:—"King James I., about the end of his reign, gave 2,000 pounds to Sir Francis Crane to build a house at Morelack (*sic*) for setting up a manufacture of tapestry, and one Francis Klein, a German, was the designer thereof, and united the Italian and Dutch perfections in that mystery. This Klein afterwards settled in London, where he had a gratuity of 100 pounds *per an.* till the beginning of the late Civil Wars."

Charles I. patronised this manufactory, and in the first year of his reign acknowledged a debt to Crane of £6,000 for three sets of "gold hangings." Archbishop Williams paid him £2,500 for a piece representing the "Four Seasons"; and the more affluent of the nobility purchased of him, at proportionate prices, various rich hangings "wrought in silk."

At this factory much of the finest tapestry which still survives in our chief country mansions was made—notably that at Bramshill, Hampshire, now the seat of the Cope family. Here also five at least of the cartoons of Raffaele were copied, under the direction of the above-mentioned Klein, by command of James II. The cartoons were afterwards hung up at Whitehall,* whence they were removed to Windsor Castle, afterwards to Hampton Court Palace, and at last found a permanent abode at Kensington. To Rubens belongs the merit of having mentioned the existence of the cartoons of Raffaele to Charles I., and of having advised him to purchase them for the use of his tapestry weavers at Mortlake. "Five of them," remarks the Countess of Wilton in her "Art of Needlework," were *certainly* woven there; and it is far from improbable that the remaining ones were also." In a priced catalogue of his Majesty's collections of "Limnings," edited by Vertue, is the following entry:—"Item: in a slit box-wooden case, some *two* cartoons of Raphael Urbino for hangings to be made by; and *the other five* are, by the King's appointment, delivered to Mr. Francis Klein, at Mortlake, to make hangings by."

There is extant a letter from Crane addressed to King James I., complaining of the non-payment of debts to him by the king and the Duke of Buckingham, and placing upon record the fact that he had expended no less than £300 out of his own pocket for certain drawings as designs for tapestry made originally for Pope Leo X. by Raffaele, the subjects illustrated being the twelve months of the year. In the first year of the reign of Charles I. Sir Francis Crane received a pension of £1,000 a year; and subsequently there was a grant of "£2,000 yearly for the better maintenance of the said works of tapestries for ten years."

After the death of Sir Francis Crane, his brother sold his interest in the manufactory to Charles I., by whose authority it was thenceforth known as the King's Works.

Allusions to the manufactory, while it was worked, are not unfrequent in the pages of contemporary writers. Thus Jasper Mayne, in his comedy of the "City Match," put on the stage about 1640, makes one of his characters ask:—

"Why, Lady, do you think me
Wrought in a loom? some Dutch piece wove at Mortlake?"

And again, John Oldham, in his "Satyr in imitation of the Third of Juvenal," written towards the

* See "Old and New London," Vol. III., p. 366.

end of the seventeenth century, makes the following reference to these works :—

“ Here some rare piece
Of Rubens or Vandyck presented is ;
There a rich suit of Morelack tapestry,
A bed of damask, or embroidery.”

The manufactory, however was but short-lived. The Civil Wars, or rather the “ Great Rebellion,” put a stop to the demand for such useless and superstitious luxuries, and the industry came to an end. Such an admirable patron of art is the “ sovereign people !”

Some idea may be formed of the extent of the Works here, at that time called the Tapestry House, from the Parliamentary Survey, wherein it is described as “ a building 115 feet long and 84 feet deep, having on the second floor one great working-room 82 feet long and 20 feet wide, wherein are 12 looms for making tapestry work of all sorts, and another room about half as long containing six looms, a great room called the limner’s room, and on the third floor a long gallery divided into three rooms.”

Charles II. had some wish to revive the tapestry manufacture at Mortlake, and even went so far as to send for Verrio the Neapolitan, and consulted him how his wishes could be effected. But in the end it was agreed that the manufacture could be carried on better at Windsor, where that artist found scope for his genius in designing the decorations of St. George’s Hall and Chapel, and other parts of the castle, including the well-known picture of the king in a naval triumph. Verrio was afterwards employed at Hampton Court, and also at Burleigh and Chatsworth.

The Tapestry Works at Mortlake, according to Lysons, occupied the site of Queen’s Head Court. Lysons also states that “ the house on the opposite side of the road, built by Charles I. for Francis Cleyn (or Klein), was pulled down in or about the year 1794.”

Although tapestry-weaving has long been a thing of the past at Mortlake, it may be added that it has lately been revived with success at Windsor ; and it is of interest to know that the late Duke of Albany was really the founder of that manufactory. At a meeting of the Aberdeen Town Council, held shortly before the death of the duke, a letter was read from his Royal Highness in which he referred to the movement for the revival of the art of tapestry-making as a connecting link between painting and manufactures. The duke made an appeal to all public bodies who have so warmly supported technical education to extend the sphere of action of the Windsor looms. He reminded them

that not only are works undertaken at these looms, but that the beautiful specimens of ancient tapestry which decorated so many of the great English houses, and which time and moth are ruining, may be perfectly repaired at them. The Duke of Albany added :—“ Tapestries have at all times commanded the interest of the art-loving world, and are particularly suited for the decoration of the large halls which belong to the various corporations to whom I am appealing for support. I should be pleased to have your view on this matter, and to call a principal meeting to discuss the subject, and talk over the means by which a permanent national institution could be established.”

But Mortlake did not confine its artistic industry to tapestry. Early in the present century it had several potteries ; one of these existed down to 1831, if we may believe a writer in *Notes and Queries*.^{*} The chief names connected with these potteries were Price and Wagstaff. It is said that “ Toby Philpot ” jugs were invented here. The history of this branch of manufacture is thus told :—

It appears that the older pottery here was established by Abraham Saunders about 1742-9 ; he was succeeded in the business by his son, and afterwards by Wagstaff and Co. ; then by Prior, and then by Gurney. The manufactory stood near the present mallings by the water-side, to the north-west of the church. Another pottery, for the manufacture of white stone-ware, on the opposite side of the road, was established by a man named Kishew, who had been employed in the older establishment. It would seem, from the same authority,[†] that “ Toby ” jugs were made at both of these houses. It is not a little singular, as others have remarked before me, that here, as at Chelsea and elsewhere, such potteries should have passed clean away, and left scarce a trace or a vestige behind them.

Though its tapestry works have long since perished and been forgotten, and its potteries are things of the past, Mortlake can boast of a large brewery. The brewery is historic, for it is said to have been founded in 1487 by John Morgan, or Williams, the ancestor of the Cromwell family, of whom we shall have more to say when we reach Wimbledon.

In 1883 it was proposed to make Mortlake the site of new and extensive sewage-works, but the suggestion was strongly opposed. The Local Go-

^{*} See *Notes and Queries*, Dec. 22, 1857.

[†] See *Notes and Queries*, June 27, 1868.

vernment Board sought power to acquire fifty-five acres of land on the banks of the Thames at Mortlake, and there to treat the sewage by precipitation, the sludge being disposed of to the neighbouring market-gardeners or conveyed down the river in barges to some waste land at Woolwich, to

picture such as is not seen on the Seine near Paris, or on the Tagus near Lisbon, though the Thames here can boast no romantic beauty on its level banks, which bristle with osier-beds on either side.

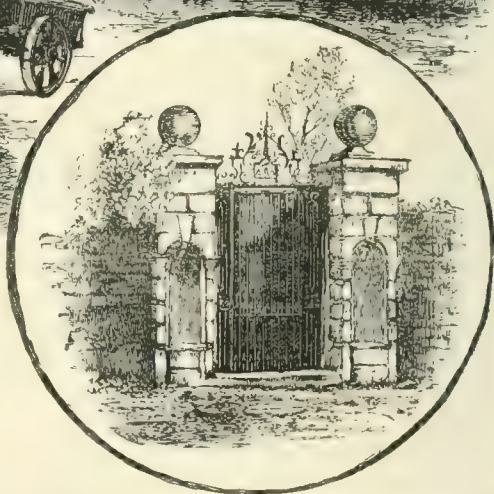
Mortlake, however, enjoys one element of popu-



OLD SUMMER-HOUSE AT MORTLAKE.

obtain which also compulsory powers were sought. If the scheme were carried out, Mortlake would become a depôt of the sewage of no less than twenty-one parishes, with a population of 120,000 and its inhabitants are not very anxious for the honour.

The walk from the west end of Mortlake to Kew, through green meadows and shady lanes, is pleasant in the summer. We keep the river in view all the way on our right hand, and across it we see the dark cedars and evergreens of Grove Park, Chiswick, to which we introduced our readers when they started with us on our present pilgrimage.* In the foreground, the skiffs, the sailing-yachts, and the steam-launches, present a

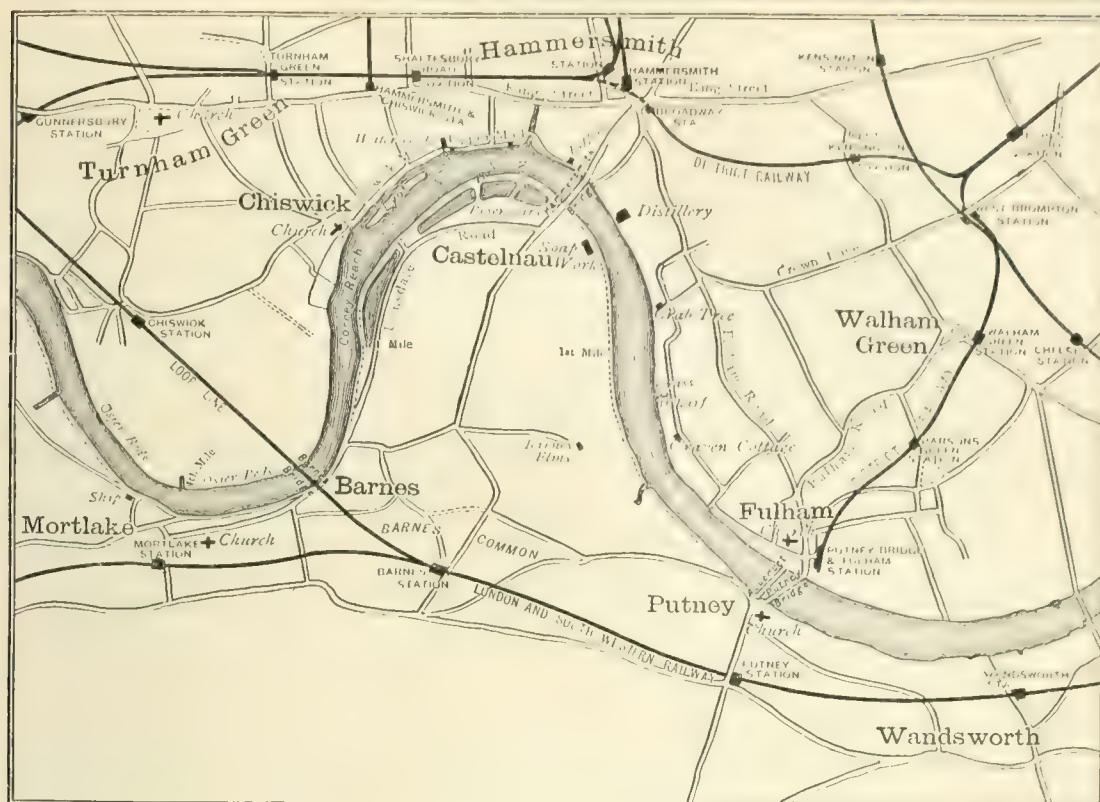


OLD GATEWAY, CROMWELL HOUSE, MORTLAKE.

larity, which seems likely to last as long as the annual boat-race between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge shall continue to be rowed on London waters. Here is the winning-post, just opposite to the "Ship" inn, which stands about a quarter of a mile above the church.

It would seem that this is the most appropriate place for a few remarks about this "Water Derby," this "Battle of the Rival Blues."

* See Vol. I., p. 7.



THE BOAT-RACE COURSE.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

Cuncti ad sint, meritaque expectent premia palmæ.—VIRG. *Æn.* V.

The Crowds of Spectators brought together to witness the Race—The "Blue" Fever—Interest to Londoners occasioned by the University Boat-Race—Scenes of the Road from London on the Boat-Race Day—Popularity of the Boat-Race among the Ladies of England—Scenes on the River—The Press-Boat and the Umpire's Steamer—By Rail to the Scene of the Race—Putney and Mortlake on Boat-Race Day—Description of the Race—Past History of Rowing as an old English Amusement—The Race for Doggett's Coat and Badge—A London Regatta—The First Students' Race upon the Thames—The Earliest Race between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge—Accounts of subsequent Races—Table showing the Results of the Race from its Institution.

It may be easy enough to describe the general outline of the banks of the Thames about Mortlake and Barnes, but to sketch the holiday which comes round in March or April, and the crowds of spectators, would require the pen of a Dickens. The surging multitude annually brought together, no matter at how early an hour in the morning, and blocks up the thoroughfares of Hammersmith, Chiswick, Putney, Barnes, and Mortlake—diverse as are its types, infinite as are the varieties of its character—has evidently been the result of some one common object of national and universal interest. High and low, rich and poor, young and old, all seem to be swayed by one common impulse: to witness a trial of skill, strength, pluck, and endurance between the representatives of those two universities which have been called "the eyes of England." What matters it that the sight of the

struggle can last only for a few minutes, and that, so far as concerns nine-tenths of the spectators along the banks, the race is over and past in "the twinkling of an eye?" that moment is, however, to them the most thrilling of all the year, not even excepting the "Derby" at Epsom.

For days and almost weeks beforehand London looks very "blue" indeed. The light blue of Cambridge and the dark blue of Oxford meet our eyes in the shop-fronts of half the tradesmen at the West End. If the sky is not blue above, at all events we can point to the blue bonnets and ribbons of our wives, sisters, and cousins, as an excellent substitute for its presence. As a lively writer on the boat-race remarks, "There is blue everywhere: in the silk-mercers' and haberdashers' shops, in the shape of ribbons, and bows, and dresses; in the china shops, in the shape of

'blue and white Oriental;' even in the pastry-cooks' windows we find under a glass case an 'eight' in gingerbread propelled by blue peppermint oars; in the bootmakers' shops are dainty little boots topped with blue cloth, or natty little shoes with blue rosettes. For this occasion, indeed, it may be safely assumed that any lady would forgive the bold wag who might call her a 'blue stocking!' Every cabman, every bus driver, has his whip adorned with either a light or dark blue bunch of ribbons; hansoms are gay with blue curtains; the tradespeople's boys, to many of whom probably Oxford and Cambridge are unknown localities, and who may never have been in a boat or seen a race in their lives, wear rosettes in their button-holes; while in the various vehicles, from the lordly four-in-hand drag to the donkey-drawn 'flying bedstead' in which the costermonger, his wife, and friends are seated, all the ladies and gentlemen have some article of wearing apparel of a hue which betoken the drift of their hope and aspirations. The population of London and the surrounding country has, in fact, 'hung out' its 'banner on the outer walls,' and indeed we may well carry on the quotation as we gaze upon the swarming crowds, and exclaim: 'The cry is still, "They come!"'

And, to speak the truth, "on they come" from every point of the compass. London has been astir from the very earliest dawn; and a view of its streets will suffice to convince the incredulous that the boat-race day is rapidly gaining upon the Derby day in popular favour. Much is to be said on its behalf. No doubt it is pleasant to see the highly-trained horses, with their sleek coats and shapely, quivering frames; but in this race it is a team of bipeds, not a number of quadrupeds, that appeal to our sympathies: sixteen stalwart youths, not goaded by the bit and spur, but voluntarily and for the mere honour of their *alma mater*, come forth to do battle for Oxford and Cambridge respectively; and it is because of this *human* interest which brains give to the contest that we feel more delight in watching the eights shoot under Hammersmith Bridge than in witnessing the scrimmage of the race-horses at Tattenham Corner, and gaze with more interest over the sweep of the river between Barnes Bridge and the "Ship" than up the "home stretch" from the Grand Stand at Epsom.

But it is time that we returned to our theme: the crowds of spectators that line the banks of the river from Putney to Mortlake. The ladies, who are up betimes, and have made their toilettes perhaps by candle-light, all do their best to reach their several destinations, no matter how long they may

have to wait shuddering with cold upon the banks. Here is one young lady, a blonde, whose brother is one of the Cambridge crew, and who has surrendered her flowing locks to her maid to be intermingled with fluttering ribbons and streamers of the lightest possible shade of blue. Here is a young mistress of the brunette type, her bonnet, or hat, and dress equally adorned with dark blue, because her cousin or her *fiancé* is in the Oxford boat. But "light" or "dark" blue, however, to-day both mistress and maid will be intent on the same errand: to get a glimpse of "the race." The mistress will probably roll down the Fulham Road in a barouche, drawn by a pair of spanking chestnuts; and the maid will follow, a few moments later, in or on a plebeian omnibus, her "young man" seated by her side. Or, if she be not blessed with a young man, then she and the cook will quietly dispense with omnibuses and cabs, and trudge from the West End to Putney or Hammersmith.

As we wend our way Putney-wards, the victims, not of scarlet fever but of blue fever, meet us on all sides. Carriages whisk by full of ladies and gentlemen, the former conspicuous in their "bonnets of blue," the latter with blue ties and rosettes, at the very least—from the duchess's carriage to the costermonger's cart, the prevailing hue is one and the same. And so the crowd jogs along, in the road and on the pavement, amidst the rush of wheels, the clatter of iron-shod hoofs, the tramp of shoe-leather—a ceaseless stream of vehicles, horses, mankind, all bound to see and enjoy the boat-race. We must remember that this metropolitan and suburban crowd is a material expression, as it were, of the widespread interest that is felt in the event all over the country. As a London journal truly remarks:—"The chief charm of the University Boat-Race is the general interest which it awakens. The Derby has long since ceased to be anything more than a national holiday. People go down to it as they go to the Crystal Palace on a firework night, or to the Opera when it is known that royalty will be present. But nobody, except those who are immediately interested in the matter, cares much whether this or that particular horse wins the blue ribbon of the Turf, or whether this or that particular opera is put upon the stage on the special evening in question. It is quite otherwise with those who attend the boat race. A large section of the spectators goes merely to see a sight, and is not greatly concerned as to the event; but, on the other hand, all over England, in every household where father, son, brother, or even cousin, is a

member of either university, the news flashed throughout the country is waited for with the keenest interest. The boat-race is the one great link between the two old universities and the outer world, and from this point of view there is some excuse for those who have called it the modern Olympia. The university boat-race strikes a chord, the vibrations of which are widely felt. It is, as it were, the 'show day of the two universities.' The crowds 'go to see what they will see: a keen, earnest, manly contest, fought out without fear or favour; and they will also see, if they need to be satisfied on that point, that culture of the highest kind is not incompatible with pluck and endurance, and that the civilisation of modern Europe, like that of ancient Greece, subordinates neither mind to body nor body to mind.'

In fact, in the dense crowd which lines the banks of our river in the early morning of this annual spring festival, not a single element in English social life is left unrepresented.

The separation of political party is lost for the nonce in the division of the country into two great representative sections—the people who declare for Oxford and the people who elect to place their confidence in Cambridge. England is for this occasion more Oxonian and Cantabrigian than she is Conservative and Liberal, and there is more enthusiasm exhibited in twenty minutes along the Thames' banks from Putney to Mortlake than in the houses of the Legislature during the lifetime of half-a-dozen ministers. Moreover, antecedent to the day appointed for deciding this great aquatic contest of the year there is expressed as keen a desire to watch, note, and discuss the athletic and other qualities of the rival crews as if they had been opposing forces, on whose prowess and skill the honour of one or other of two parties in the nation was dependent. The kind of partisanship of which the Oxford and Cambridge University crews are the nucleus is as pleasant to see as it is enjoyable to share.

The better half of mankind is almost entirely answerable for this agreeable state of things. The ladies come to the fore on this innocent festival of the early year, and appear precisely in their most attractive and creditable light. Is it to be supposed that "the boat race" would be so popular or so enjoyable, so wholesome in its pleasures, or so fashionable in its accessories, were there no ladies to patronise it in their delightfully enthusiastic and emotional manner? Not even the Ladies' Day at Epsom, nor the Cup day at Ascot, nor the charmed circle of the lawn at Goodwood, surpass—in the

popularity which they enjoy with England's daughters and matrons—

"With the light blue in their ribbons
And the dark blue in their eyes!"

the great contest for the Academic Championship of the Thames.

To bet gloves and don the colours of blue; to spoil new dresses, and ruin bonnets of exquisite arrangement in the cause, and vow they don't mind it; to submit to piercing winds, iced by the face of the "King of the Floods," and, martyr-like, to bow before the chilling reception of his majesty; to partake of cold meats when they don't want them, and to drink of too-exciting beverages of the Rhine when they hate them; to scream, to chatter, to laugh, to flush with excitement, and pale with apprehension; to applaud the winners and condole with the losers: all this belongs to woman, and with keen sympathy and enjoyment she bears her part. In other words, she is the life and soul of the whole affair, and were it not for the generous leadership she undertakes in this contest of university strength, once and for ever, we might bid farewell to the popularity of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race.

Having now given some idea of the scenes along the road, let us turn back, and see how it fares with the river, that "silent highway" which in bygone ages has witnessed so many aquatic pageants, nearly all different, itself alone unchanged. From Westminster Bridge upwards, for three hours at least before the start, the Thames is alive with craft of every size and shape, from the little coracle up to the leviathan steamer; and all except the coracles are heavily freighted with the fairer portion of creation. All press on eagerly "to the fore"; all, and especially the ladies, are anxious to secure their promised seats.

The racing fever which prevails on these occasions is well and graphically described by one of our London journals:—

"It was not merely that everything which could be called a boat in the vicinity of London was making its way in the same direction as that which we were taking. There was an emulation which pervaded each and all on the face of the broad stream. What risks the drivers of those little steam launches ran, what perils the ladies and gentlemen who sat down to champagne lunches in the tiny saloons escaped, may never be known. But to the practised ear and eye there were signs which told of abnormal pressure and reckless speed, such as could have been the result only of a general desire on the part of everybody to reach some

selected spot or other first. Nothing dawdled needlessly. Even the great clumsy coal-barges, filled, crammed with people, were going at their very best, that may possibly have not exceeded a mile an hour, probably was much less, but it was all the barge could do, as the perspiring trios who worked the sweeps abundantly testified. And as for the skiffs and shallops, the tubs and the outriggers, the indescribable craft which, despite the most palpable unseaworthiness, put off from the shore, loaded to the brim, and the canoes which bobbed in and out everywhere, generally appearing to be in the utmost peril of being swamped, but always coming out of the scrape in the end—it would be impossible to describe the manner in which they all got along. What cared their occupants for the steamers that threatened to submerge them every moment? All they cared for was the race, and the proud distinction of being in a good place outweighed all other considerations. It led occasionally to the temporary surrender of those dignified claims which it is the wont of the fairer sex to make upon men; for here and there an old lady might be seen who had laid down her umbrella and taken up the oar, and who was rowing stroke or bow, as the case might be. It overcame the attractions of music; for how could a boat's crew continue singing 'The Good Rhine Wine' when a rival 'four' was passing them? It overruled the very exchange of courtesies; chaffing was unheard; and even when a more jovial spirit held out a glass and proffered a toast to some passer-by, the response was wanting, so eager was the race. Even curiosity disappeared: a life-boat, manned by ten men, whose fantastic costume would have attracted at other times the attention of everybody on the water, was allowed to go by without so much as a glance. Steamers, crowded on deck and paddle-box, crushed by one after another; the river was literally covered with the thousands and tens of thousands who had come out on that morning to see the struggle between the Light and Dark Blues."

Yonder is a steamer with the large blue flag flying from her bows, bearing the word "Press." She is crowded with journalists and reporters of sporting papers, who, armed with chronometers and note-books, are easily recognised. There is an absence of party emblems on this boat, although among its passengers are many University men, whose hearts beat high with hope and excitement, and yearning for the success of their *Alma mater*; on the representatives of the press, however, whose business it is to be impartial and judicial-minded, we look in vain for the all-pervading colour.

Right ahead of us is the umpire's steamer; a large flag flutters towards us from her mast, but as we come up on her beam we can see that it is the Royal Standard. So we know that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, himself an ardent and thorough sportsman, and a patron of all that is manly, is on board, standing, race-glass in hand, at the bows, and looking as if he, like everybody else, is thoroughly enjoying himself. And so we steam on past the long tower-flanked façade of the Houses of Parliament and the grey walls of Lambeth Palace, past Chelsea Hospital and Battersea Park, and aristocratic Hurlingham, until at last we see Putney Bridge ahead of us, and soon find ourselves in the thick of the fun. Here the river is alive with gigs, skiffs, wherries, punts, canoes, and every imaginable water-going thing. The edges of the stream are lined with a deep fringe of barges crowded with spectators; row-boats dart about here and there, threading their way through the floating labyrinth; little steam launches are fussily puffing about, snorting angrily now and then as they are led off by the ear shorewards by the police boats. It is a scene of indescribable animation.

So much for the river; but as there are "three R's" on the road to education, so in getting to the Boat Race; we have touched on "Road" and "River," and must now say a few words as to "Rail." There is not so much romance, perhaps, in this route as in the other two, but it combines two advantages well suited to the busy age in which we live: a saving of time and rapidity of motion. Year by year ever increasing thousands throng the railway stations; Victoria, Waterloo, and Clapham Junction are besieged from an early hour; and the Metropolitan Railway's extension to Hammersmith is a favourite route. There are few more satisfactory points of view for the boat race than from the special train which usually draws up on Barnes Bridge. The passengers are rapidly whirled to their destination, see what they went to see, and are as rapidly whisked back again. These are they for whom the "fun of the fair" has no attractions, who find no pleasure in mingling with the crowd on the banks, or following in the wake of the boats on a special steamer. Or else they are so overwhelmed with business that even for one day they cannot leave it, except for a few brief hours. But we must not forget that it is above all to the railways that we must look for an explanation of the enormously-increased attendance of late years at our national sports. The perfect organisation and system of the great lines enable them to convey tens of thousands of spectators cheaply and rapidly to and from their destinations.

And now that we have reached our destination, what spot shall we select to see the race from? Bystanders, we know, see more of a game than the players; and we may congratulate ourselves that we are not part and parcel of those two bands of rival galley-slaves, if we really wish to "see the fun." Shall we then take up our stand at Putney or at Mortlake? If we are to judge by mere numbers, Putney is the favourite spot. The headquarters of the rival crews are there. It is here that they embark, and amid the volleys of hearty English cheers they paddle quietly up to the starting-point. At Putney, too, assemble the giants, the fat women, the jugglers, panoramas, and dwarfs, which are always found hanging on the skirts of holiday multitudes. About the streets and bar-rooms we meet famous old historic strokes and bows, who have come up from counting-room, pulpit, or professor's chair, to draw once more the breath of a score or two years ago. In short, almost all the pomp and ceremony of the race is to be seen here, but little or nothing of the race itself. Of course there are plenty of intermediate points, but they only present in dilution the concentrated merits of the two extremities. It is undeniably delightful to be a member of a lawn party at one of the charming river-side villas, but at Mortlake such villas are wanting. The neighbourhood is rather interesting; level meadows constitute the left bank of the river, while the "Ship," and a number of less pretentious buildings occupy the right. But so long as hope springs immortal in the oarsman's heart, and sympathy grows in that of the speculator, so long as oars may snap or spurts avail, so long, in fine, will Mortlake not lack patronage on the Boat Race Day.

We shall imagine ourselves, then, on the tow-path at Mortlake, wedged in among the crowd of equestrians, family carriages, country waggons, pony phaetons, sturdy pedestrians, all gathered on this strip of land, and all destined, soon after the boats and the phalanx of steamers shall have passed by, to be ducked! For presently the river, brimming with the flood-tide, but now flowing quietly at our feet, will rebel at the unwonted displacement of its waters, and encompass us with its angry waves. Retreat will be impossible, for a stone wall is behind us. But we do not think of this just now; our thoughts are bent on the river. The crowd is becoming more and more silent every moment. The time fixed for the starting has passed. A rumour buzzes through the multitude that the boats are off. "By a subsequent comparison of times," says the writer above quoted, "I found that this news had travelled from Putney

to Mortlake in rather less than five minutes: a remarkable instance of the speed of winged fame, though no doubt it can travel faster than a mile a minute on occasion." And now the swarm of boats which line the edges of the stream are forced back by the police as close in shore as possible. The watermen cease their entreaties to come on board and be ferried over, and jumping into their own boats, shove off from shore. Rolling towards us, at first with a low rumble of distant thunder, comes the roar of the vast multitude which tells of the approach of the "eights." Just at the moment when the excitement is becoming almost unendurable, the boats flash suddenly into sight from beneath the shadow of Barnes Bridge. Another moment they are level with us—past us—the pistol shot rings out sharply in the chill air, and all is over—the race has been lost and won.

It should be added that, owing to the tide and the exigencies arising from it, the race is now almost always rowed from Putney to Mortlake, and not from Mortlake to Putney, as was occasionally the case in the early days of the University Boat Race days, when the contest was viewed by some two or three hundred spectators, mostly old University men, and when, after the contest was over, the two crews were hospitably entertained at dinner by Sir Lancelot Shadwell at his house at Barn Elms.

It remains to give a short notice here of the past history of rowing as an old English amusement. The earliest example of rowing for pleasure would seem to belong to the Anglo-Saxon times, for we learn from history that King Edgar was rowed on the Dee, near Chester, by a crew of eight tributary princes, and doubtless all the lords and ladies of the Court crowded that river's banks to see the show. After the Norman Conquest there were water-tournaments on the Thames, and later the young men tilted at the Quintain in boats. When the river was the "silent highway" between London and Westminster, and when hundreds and thousands of Thames watermen plied for hire, we may be sure that English pugnacity showed itself in races in which the strongest arm and the coolest head won the day. In due course of time the Westminster Scholars and the young students of the Inner and Middle Temple came upon the scene as experts in the use of the oar, and gradually the "silent highway" became—at all events at times—a noisy thoroughfare. "On these occasions, and long after also, so much license was indulged in, that the 'water frolics' which sprang up came to partake of the character of a French or Italian carnival, so that modest

ladies avoided appearing in pleasure-boats as much as at the play, owing to the freedom of language then prevalent, both at the theatre and on the river."

In course of time, however, an improvement came alike over the theatre and the river. One Doggett, an actor, who had removed from his native Dublin to London in the time of William III., and who retired from the stage just before the end of the reign of Queen Anne, was as fervent in his

indefinite period. But money is now given in lieu of a costume which is at present rarely even seen. The first race for "Doggett's Coat and Badge" was rowed in 1716, the course being from the "Swan" at London Bridge to the "Swan" at Chelsea. These and intermediate hostelries of the same name have since passed away, but this contest continues annually over the same course, and one of the leading regulations of the match is still retained, such being that the start shall take



THE FIRST BOAT USED BY CAMBRIDGE.

loyalty as he had been prominent in his profession. His attachment to the Hanoverian line of monarchy, coupled with his love for aquatic sports, led him to offer a prize for competition on the first anniversary of the accession of George I. It was to be rowed for by six young watermen just out of their apprenticeship. The prize consisted of a coat of antique cut, but which the actor's loyalty ordained to be of orange colour, and bearing on the right sleeve a silver badge carrying a figure of the White Horse of Hanover. The bill of the Drury Lane Theatre, in announcing the prize, stated that it was given in honour of the king's "happy accession," and that it was to be rowed for annually on the 1st of August "for ever," and Doggett left the means for supplying the annual prize for that rather

place when the tide is strongest against the rowers, so that the strength and endurance of the jolly young watermen are rather severely tested. Dibdin made this annual race the subject of one of his ballad operas. The prize is presented to the winner with some ceremonies at Fishmongers' Hall, that company being trustees of the same. In connection with this, it is interesting to state that at a banquet given by the Fishmongers' Company some years ago to the Prince of Wales, a score or so of winners of this race, in their quaint orange coats with plaited skirts, and with bright badges on their right arms, acted as a guard of honour in lieu of the usual military guard.

The next important incident chronologically in the aquatic history of the great metropolis is a

regatta on a grand scale, which took place in the year 1775. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, having written a glowing account of a regatta she had witnessed at Venice in 1740, induced the leaders of fashion in London to attempt a similar aquatic

and plaster of Paris deities; nor even the crowning of the victors in the races with laurel wreaths. The "show" consisted of a procession of boats in three divisions, with the rowers dressed respectively in the three marine colours, red,



A WEARER OF DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE.

spectacle. But the desire to imitate the doings of the "Queen of the Adriatic" grew so slowly into action, that it was not till the date named that the London regatta actually took place; and then it was not attempted on a scale of grandeur like that which had been carried into effect at Venice. There were not, as at the latter place, any chariots of night drawn by sea-horses, changing to chariots of Aurora, nor triumphal cars, nor mythological and symbolical galleys, with pasteboard temples

white, and blue, and each division led by a grand marshal. The pageant moved on Midsummer Eve from Westminster Bridge to the then noted Ranelagh Gardens, amid the booming of cannon and the cheers of a quarter of a million of spectators, who lined the river's banks, or were seated on barges or in boats, paying dearly for the privilege. At Ranelagh a Temple of Neptune had been erected, which soon became crowded with revellers. A few boat races took place in front of

this temple, but the great business of the evening and night was dancing and suppering and carousing. It was broad day before the revels terminated, and then gay cavaliers and their fair partners, homeward bound, trusted themselves in boats propelled by tipsy rowers, and the result was that seven persons met death beneath the surface of the river.

The first students' race upon the Thames, at all events of any public importance, seems to have taken place no further back than the year 1818, when the best rowers of Westminster School challenged the students of the Temple to a trial of strength and skill. Much interest was excited by the match, which was bravely won by the Westminster lads. From this match the golden era of boating may be said to date. Some ten or a dozen years later there was achieved upon the Thames a remarkable feat of rowing, the story of which old oarsmen still relate with interest. A boat's crew of gentlemen rowed from Oxford to London in one day, the distance, owing to the winding of the river, being near upon, if not fully, one hundred and forty miles, and the tide being strong against them during a part of the day. The crew had little time for rest, and when they had accomplished their feat, were so exhausted that some of them had to be carried ashore.

The interest which the Westminster boys took in boating when they plied the oars more than a century ago increased as one generation succeeded another on the academic forms. In the second quarter of the present century we find them and the Eton lads occupying a position in the boating world not unlike, though less important, than that at present filled by the students of the two great universities. Before their annual matches and those of the London clubs became events of importance, few contests on the river attracted so much attention as those between the boys of the two public schools which we have named. The matches were rowed on various parts of the river between London and Windsor, and the rivals seem to have pretty evenly shared the favours of the goddess of Victory. In 1846 it was considered a great feat for Westminster to row five miles in twenty-eight minutes; but there was no humiliation in Eton's defeat, for its boat was close to that of the victors' at the end of the race. Sometimes one crew would leave their opponents eight or ten boats' lengths behind them, and the next year the luck would be reversed, so that neither school had much occasion to crow over the other. One of the last acts of William IV. was to send, one May day in 1837, for the lads who had just rowed in the match of that year from Datchet to Windsor

to come to the Castle and see him, when he conversed freely with his young visitors, asking and answering questions in his usual sailor-like fashion. In the following month half-a-dozen tars carried the sailor king to his haven of rest.

As to the race between the two universities, we find that it dates from 1829; in the February of that year the Cambridge rowers sent a challenge to Oxford to row against them on the Thames in the Easter vacation. Some correspondence took place between the lords of the Cam and those of the Isis, and eventually it was agreed that the race should be rowed not at Easter, but at the beginning of the Long Vacation. The day fixed was the 10th of June, and the course was from Hambledon Lock to Henley Bridge, a course of a little over two miles. A writer in *London Society* for 1865 thus describes this, the earliest, race between the two universities. He was evidently an eye-witness of the scene.

"Everybody who recollects the day will remember that it was as fine a day as our climate allows a June day to be. The race between the crews of the two universities was, one need hardly say, not at all what it is now. No one then looked upon it as a 'Water Derby': such a thing had never been heard of till that year. And yet I can appeal to the memories of all my contemporaries whether they have at any time since seen the whole university itself turn itself out as it did that day. The gravest and the most unexpected men were seen riding, or even driving, on some part or other of those three-and-twenty miles between Oxford and Henley. There were gigs, tandems, pairs; and one party of friends actually approached the scene, and I believe returned in safety, in a four-horse drag driven by one of themselves. At least, I saw them safe baiting at Benson on the way back."

The chronicler of to-day would scarcely think it worth while to mention four-horse drags as a remarkable feature of the boat-race. They are to be counted now by scores. But to continue:—

"The race was rowed as evening came on; and as the time for it drew near, the whole crowd of Oxford and Cambridge men swelled down to the river-side and on the bridge, the Oxford men showing their blue favours, the Cambridge pink. I was fortunate enough to get a capital position for seeing the conclusion of the race, on the top of the little bridge house at the Berkshire end of Henley Bridge. The start was out of sight. The odds, it will be remembered, were offered and taken against Oxford. A defeat was confidently expected, even by Oxford men, so that we who wore blue on taking our stand as we could to see the end of the

race were not in the highest possible spirits. At last it was known that the boats were off. And I will here set down a story which was told at the time, and generally believed. Our friendly antagonists, at starting, were said to have complained that their oars fouled in the weeds. In consequence of this complaint the start was decided not to have been a fair one, and a second was made. Then the Oxford coxswain steered his men through the same water of which the Cambridge crew had complained, and pleasantly called out to them 'Weeds, weeds !'

"I have made it my business to inquire into this story, and am able to say on the best possible evidence—the evidence of some of the crew of the Oxford boat—that it is untrue. What really happened was this: the Cambridge men, having won the toss for choice of side, chose the Berkshire shore. Then, at the start, the Cambridge coxswain steered out into the stream. If the course so steered had been acquiesced in by the Oxford coxswain, the Oxford boat would have sustained a serious loss. He held his course, and a foul ensued. The umpires decided that, there being plenty of water on the Berkshire side, both boats should be allowed to row in it. When the boats showed themselves rounding the bend of the river, all doubts as to the event were over. The first *corona navalis* was to come to Oxford The Cambridge boat had no chance at any time after it was seen from Henley Bridge; but I think scarcely sufficient justice is rendered to the skill and resolution of the Cambridge crew by the use of the word 'easily' (which is the word used by the *Times* in describing the race). However, the thing was settled; and in a few minutes the Oxford boat came up to an arch of Henley Bridge, well ahead, and shot under to the landing-place. Never shall I forget the shout that rose among the hills. Any one who has been at Henley will recollect how well the valley lies for reverberating sound. Certainly the echo of the Berkshire hills made itself heard. It has never fallen to my lot to hear such a shout since. There was fierce applause at the installation of the Duke of Wellington a few years after, and there has been applause under a hundred roofs since, but applause that fills a valley is a different thing. I did not see the great pageant of the entry of the Princess Alexandra into London, but I had the good fortune to see her embark with the Prince of Wales at Southampton on the evening of their marriage. The quays and the Southampton water gave back no such answer to our cheers as the Henley valley gave on the 10th of June, 1829."

The following is a correct list of the crews of that year:—

OXFORD—1. J. CARTER, *St. John's*; 2. I. I. ALLESTREE, *Balliol*; 3. J. E. BATES, *Christ Church*; 4. C. WORDSWORTH, *Christ Church*; 5. J. J. TOOGOOD, *Balliol*; 6. T. F. GARNIER, *Worcester*; 7. G. B. MOORE, *Christ Church*; Stroke, T. STANFORTH, *Christ Church*; Coxswain, W. R. FREMANTLE, *Christ Church*.

CAMBRIDGE—1. A. B. E. HOLDSWORTH, *Trinity*, 10st. 7lbs.; 2. A. F. BAYFORD, *Trinity II*, 10st. 8lbs.; 3. C. WARREN, *Trinity*, 10st. 10lbs.; 4. C. MERIVALE, *St. John's*, 11st.; 5. T. ENTWISLE, *Trinity H.*, 11st. 4lbs.; 6. W. T. THOMPSON, *Jesus*, 11st. 10lbs.; 7. G. A. SELWYN, *St. John's*, 11st. 13lbs.; Stroke, W. SNOW, *St. John's*, 11st. 4lb.; Coxswain, B. R. HEATH, *Trinity*. Average, 11st. 1½.

It may be of interest to state here that the "C. Wordsworth" of Oxford, was Dr. Charles Wordsworth, now Bishop of St. Andrew's, in Scotland, and the "W. R. Fremantle" is the present Dean of Ripon. On the Cambridge side two names, those of "Merivale" and "Selwyn," will strike the reader's attention. The former is the present Dean of Ely; the latter is the late lamented Dr. Selwyn, Bishop firstly of New Zealand, and afterwards of Lichfield.

The following account of the race is taken from *Jackson's Oxford Journal* of June 13, 1829. "The Oxford crew appeared in their blue-check dress, the Cambridge in white with pink waistbands. The boats of both parties were very handsome, and wrought in a superior style of workmanship. In their preparation to row down to the start the men were hailed with loud acclamations. The post was marked rather more than two miles below the bridge, near a little island; and after an agreement was made as to which side of the island they should row (the choice fell to Cambridge), the race began. The crews of both pulled gallantly, and with clever and equal stroke. There was no great difference between them till passing on each side of the island, when Oxford made a bold and hearty struggle, and, on reaching the main opening of the stream, shot ahead some distance, and then began the race in reality. Each of the boats put out the strength of their arms (!) in excellent style, and with the utmost regularity and precision; but it was seen that the Oxford crew were the more powerful, and were gaining the victory, for the opposing crew, though coming a few strokes on them, were unable to make that head which showed a probability of success. In this way they rowed up to the bridge, among the cheers of thousands, and the contest ended in the victory of Oxford by several boats' lengths. There was a magnificent display of fireworks in the evening. It was reported that the match was for a very large sum;

but we have authority for stating that it was by no means a gambling match, but a trial of strength and skill."

The boat in which the Cambridge crew rowed on this occasion was a heavy tub or "Noah's Ark," differing almost as much from the slight outrigger of to-day as a dapper little gun-boat at Portsmouth differs from a Chinese junk.

The next race between the two Universities did not occur until seven years later, although there was a futile attempt to arrange one in the year 1834. But in 1836 the Universities again met. The course, after some disagreements, which were happily tided over, was agreed upon, and the race rowed from Westminster Bridge to Putney Bridge on the 16th of June, and resulted in a victory for Cambridge. The Cambridge men wore "white cotton elastic rowing shirts; and the Oxford similar shirts striped blue and white, and blue handkerchiefs, the latter of which were thrown on one side previous to the start." A writer in *Bell's Life* says, that "the Red House, Lintell's, the Old Swan, Battersea, and the Baron de Berenger, at the Stadium, fired their artillery as the contending boats passed; and Avis's, the Bells, and the other houses at Putney, greeted the parties with a volley on their arrival."

The year 1837 again witnessed a failure of the negotiations for a race. In the years 1839, 1840, and 1841, over the course from Westminster to Putney, Cambridge scored three successive victories. To *Bell's Life* we are again indebted for some curious particulars as to the Oxford boat of first-mentioned year:—"She was fifty-two feet long, beautifully constructed and tastefully—nay, splendidly—'turned out.' She was painted white and blue, and pricked with gold, having the arms of the University emblazoned on the rudder, with the words, 'Dominus Illuminatio Mea.' She was named the *Isis*, and numbers of persons went to Roberts's boat-house to look at her. For the Cantabs Messrs. Searle, of Stangate, built a new boat, but they had not sufficient time to complete her painting, and she had to be launched with only a simple coat of lilac inside. Both boats seem to have been models of perfect construction, and as oak cutters had perhaps never been surpassed in lightness.

The race of 1842, over the same course, was won by Oxford; but in the next year Oxford was not able to organise a crew for Easter, and their proposal to row at Henley at Whitsuntide being declined by Cambridge, the race fell through. In 1844 again there was a failure, but the cause is not recorded.

In 1845 the race was rowed for the first time over the present course. For this race Messrs. Searle had built for the Cambridge crew a very light outrigger—then quite a novelty—but it could not be used owing to the roughness of the weather and the quantity of ice in the river. In this year Cambridge won.

In 1846 the first public trial with outriggers took place, and the "pace" was much increased. The race was from Mortlake to Putney, and Cambridge were again the winners. There was a crowd, it is true, to see the boats come to the winning post, but only one boat, an eight-oar of the Leander Club, represented the spectators. The next race did not take place till 1849, when the laurels fell to Cambridge. On this occasion we learn that Putney Bridge was crowded with carriages, and several hundred horsemen followed the race along the towing-path. This race fell to Oxford, the umpire having decided in their favour on the ground of a foul. In the year 1850 there was no race; but in 1851 the Universities met at Henley to contend for the Grand Challenge Cup, and being the only two boats entered, this was virtually a University race, Oxford winning. The chief reason for so many failures to bring about a match between the rival universities arose from the divergence of opinion as to the time of the year in which the race should be rowed, Oxford always objecting to Easter, Cambridge to Midsummer. The race of 1852 was a very fast one, and was won by Oxford by twenty-seven seconds. This race was memorable on account of the accidents caused by the swell from the steamers. Just before reaching Barnes Bridge a four-oared outrigger was swamped, and, immediately after, the *Leander* eight-oared cutter met a similar fate.

"Among the crew," says *Bell*, "was the venerable Mr. Layton, and with him Messrs. Nicholas Cocks and Wray, names well known in the annals of the University Boat Races. These were soon *nantes in gurgite vasto* with Jem Parish, their coxswain, whose position was anything but pleasant, as he could not 'swim a yard.' And here we must not omit to record an act of rare generosity and courage. The boat went down head-foremost, so that the men rowing aft could not see the danger, though the coxswain could; and the latter said to Mr. Harrison, who was rowing stroke, 'Give me your oar, sir, to hang on by, for I can't swim;' upon which Mr. Harrison generously tossed him the oar, saying, 'Nor can I'—a piece of magnanimity which speaks for itself. One of the crew, who seemed more like a water-rat than a man, sat quietly up to his middle in water on the bottom of

the boat after she was turned upside down, ordering the numerous boats around him to pick up their unlucky coxswain : which done, he still kept his throne, and directed the rescue of the oars and clothes ; and even when they were collected, he still 'stuck to the ship,' and was rewarded for his trouble by bringing her to land uninjured."

In 1854 Oxford was victorious, and in 1856 the race was rowed from Mortlake to Putney, Cambridge winning by half a length. In all the contests up to this date considerable trouble had been caused by boats and barges blocking the course, the contending crews having actually to run the gauntlet, as it were, from end to end. The utmost nerve and decision was exhibited by the coxswains of both crews in the trying race of this year, the Cambridge boat narrowly escaping destruction at the hands of a pig-headed lighterman. In 1857 Oxford won, and on this occasion strenuous efforts were made to secure a clearer course. *Bell's Life* mentions the excellent behaviour of the captains of all the steamboats, "who took especial care on this occasion to keep out of the way of the umpire's and each other's boats, which, by forming a regular line across the river, and preserving it as much as circumstances would permit, not only afforded a good view of the race to all on board, but thus became themselves a magnificent spectacle when there was little else to interest." This race was remarkable as having been the first in which the present style of keelless boats and round oars were used, both Universities using the same kind of oars and boats. In fact, rowing was now becoming a *scientific* pastime. In 1858 Cambridge won, the "catching a crab" by the Oxford stroke having brought their eight to a standstill at the very commencement. The Cantabs also came to grief by fouling a barge.

In 1859 again the weather was terribly unpropitious, and the Cambridge crew were in danger of being drowned.

"It would not have been easy," wrote the *Times*, "to pitch on a more unfavourable day for an eight-oared race. The wind blew violently in raw, gusty squalls from the north-west, and raised an amount of broken water when it met the tide that boded very ill indeed for the safety of the light racing cutters. The day, too, was intensely cold, and almost every half-hour was varied by a heavy storm of hail and snow. The aspect of a muddy river under such circumstances is endurable only in one of Vanderveldt's pictures. The river swarmed with craft of all kinds, from outriggers, which were scarcely safe, to overcrowded steamers, which were very unsafe indeed. Soon after one

o'clock the word was given, the oars flashed in the sun like polished steel, and with a bound that seemed to lift them from the water, both boats were off at a tremendous pace. For a short distance, until the "way" was well on them, they kept together, straining every nerve to the utmost ; but after the first 200 or 300 yards Oxford drew steadily ahead, and gained so much while their opponents were forcing by main strength their boat through the broken water, which almost swept over it, that at the end of the first mile Oxford was two or three lengths ahead. As the boats flew past, the fleet of steamers which lined the banks, and were laden almost to the water's edge with eager spectators, fell in their wake, and the race, with all its fierce excitement, commenced in earnest. The steamers, rolling heavily from side to side as if they must capsize, and almost threatening to overwhelm the rival cutters, hemmed them in closely, and, with deafening cries and cheers, stimulated the losers to greater efforts. The steamers, boats, and everything in dangerous confusion, fly pell-mell under the Suspension Bridge, the steamers fouling one another, and almost unmanageable in their overcrowded state, the rival cutters just able to keep ahead of their high-pressure pursuers, which almost jeopardise the lives of the rowing crews. At Hammersmith the wind is violent, and dead in the teeth of the competitors, with an ugly stretch of broken water for the Cambridge boat. As they labour through this, it is seen at once that some of their crew are sorely distressed with this last spurt, and that the boat itself is ankle-deep in water. For the latter evil there is no remedy, and it gets worse each minute. The Oxford boat was not too dry, but the first and second oars in the Cambridge boat were almost hidden by the water, which broke completely over them, and made the boat heavier with every stroke.

"While their antagonists were thus impeded, the Oxfords improved their distance, and at last got considerably ahead, and even the steamers, in spite of the shouts and signals from the umpire's boat, in spite of all the rules of fair play, began to pass a little ahead of the poor Cantabs, leaving them to contend as they best could with their trail of broken water. Past Barnes railway bridge the water was very rough ; Oxford, now far ahead, went through it gallantly, but not so Cambridge, whose boat was almost water-logged. Wave after wave broke into it ; the track of steamers passing ahead made matters worse. Yet still, though their sinking condition was seen, the gallant crew pulled to the last, and were in the act of rowing desperately when the boat sank under them. In

another minute, and amid a lot of straw hats, oars, and flannel shirts, they were all seen striking out just as manfully to gain the shore. Some were instantly picked up by the boats, others swam to land, and all escaped without any worse mishap than a ducking on a very cold day. The accident, as we have said, in no way influenced the result of the race, for even at Hammersmith the chance of Cambridge was hopeless. After the accident Oxford rowed the couple of hundred yards which yet remained to be accomplished very quietly, and came in winners amid tremendous cheering."

This exciting race found a Pindar to celebrate it in the person of Mr. H. Cholmondeley Pennell, who wrote :—

"Oxford! Oxford! she wins, she wins,

Well they've won the toss, you see;

Whilst the Cambridge must fetch

Their boats through a stretch

That's as lumpy and cross as can be.

"And the men are too big, and the boat's too light,

But, look, by the bridge a haven in sight,

A smooth long reach that is polished and bright,

And Cambridge may win if she can.

And the squall's gone down, and the froth is past,

And you'll find it's the pace that kills at last."

In 1877 the race was very evenly contested, and resulted in a dead heat, though Oxford had one oar disabled when within some 200 yards of the winning-post. Oxford came off victorious in 1878, winning by nine lengths, but in the following year Cambridge once more regained her laurels.

For the next four years, however, fortune again smiled upon the "Dark Blues," but in the present year (1884) Cambridge won the race, arriving at the goal some three lengths ahead of their opponents.

The following table will show at a glance the results of the race from its institution :—

Year.	Place.	Winner	Time	Won by
1829	Henley, 2 m. 2 fur.	Oxford	14 min. 30 sec.	many lengths
1830	Westminster to Putney	Cambridge	36 min.	11 min.
1839	Westminster to Putney	Cambridge	31 min.	1 min. 45 sec.
1840	Westminster to Putney	Cambridge	29 min. 30 sec.	4½ lengths.
1841	Westminster to Putney	Cambridge	32 min. 30 sec.	1 min. 4 sec.
1842	Westminster to Putney	Oxford	30 min. 45 sec.	13 sec.
1845	Putney to Mortlake	Cambridge	23 min. 30 sec.	30 sec.
1846	Mortlake to Putney	Cambridge	21 min. 5 sec.	two lengths
1849	Putney to Mortlake	Cambridge	22 min.	many lengths
1849	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	—	foul
1852	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	21 min. 36 sec.	27 sec.
1854	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	25 min. 29 sec.	11 strokes
1856	Mortlake to Putney	Cambridge	25 min. 50 sec.	half a length
1857	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	22 min. 50 sec.	35 sec.
1858	Putney to Mortlake	Cambridge	21 min. 23 sec.	22 sec.
1859	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	24 min. 30 sec.	Camb. sank
1860	Putney to Mortlake	Cambridge	26 min.	one length
1861	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	23 min. 27 sec.	48 sec.
1862	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	24 min. 40 sec.	30 sec.
1863	Mortlake to Putney	Oxford	23 min. 5 sec.	42 sec.
1864	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	21 min. 48 sec.	23 sec.
1865	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	21 min. 23 sec.	13 sec.
1866	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	25 min. 48 sec.	15 sec.
1867	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	24 min. 22 sec.	half a length
1868	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	21 min.	six lengths
1869	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	20 min. 20 sec.	five lengths
1870	Putney to Mortlake	Cambridge	22 min. 8 sec.	1½ lengths.
1871	Putney to Mortlake	Cambridge	22 min. 8½ sec.	one length
1872	Putney to Mortlake	Cambridge	21 min. 15 sec.	two lengths
1873	Putney to Mortlake	Cambridge	19 min. 35 sec.	three lengths
1874	Putney to Mortlake	Cambridge	22 min. 39 sec.	three lengths
1875	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	22 min. 2 sec.	eight lengths
1876	Putney to Mortlake	Cambridge	20 min. 19 sec.	seven lengths
1877	Putney to Mortlake	Dead heat	24 min. 6½ sec.	
1878	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	23 min. 12 sec.	nine lengths
1879	Putney to Mortlake	Cambridge	21 min. 18 sec.	four lengths
1880	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	21 min. 23 sec.	four lengths
1881	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	21 min. 51 sec.	three lengths
1882	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	20 min. 12 sec.	ten lengths
1883	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	21 min. 18 sec.	3½ lengths
1884	Putney to Mortlake	Cambridge	21 min. 39 sec.	three lengths

CHAPTER XLVII.

BARNES.

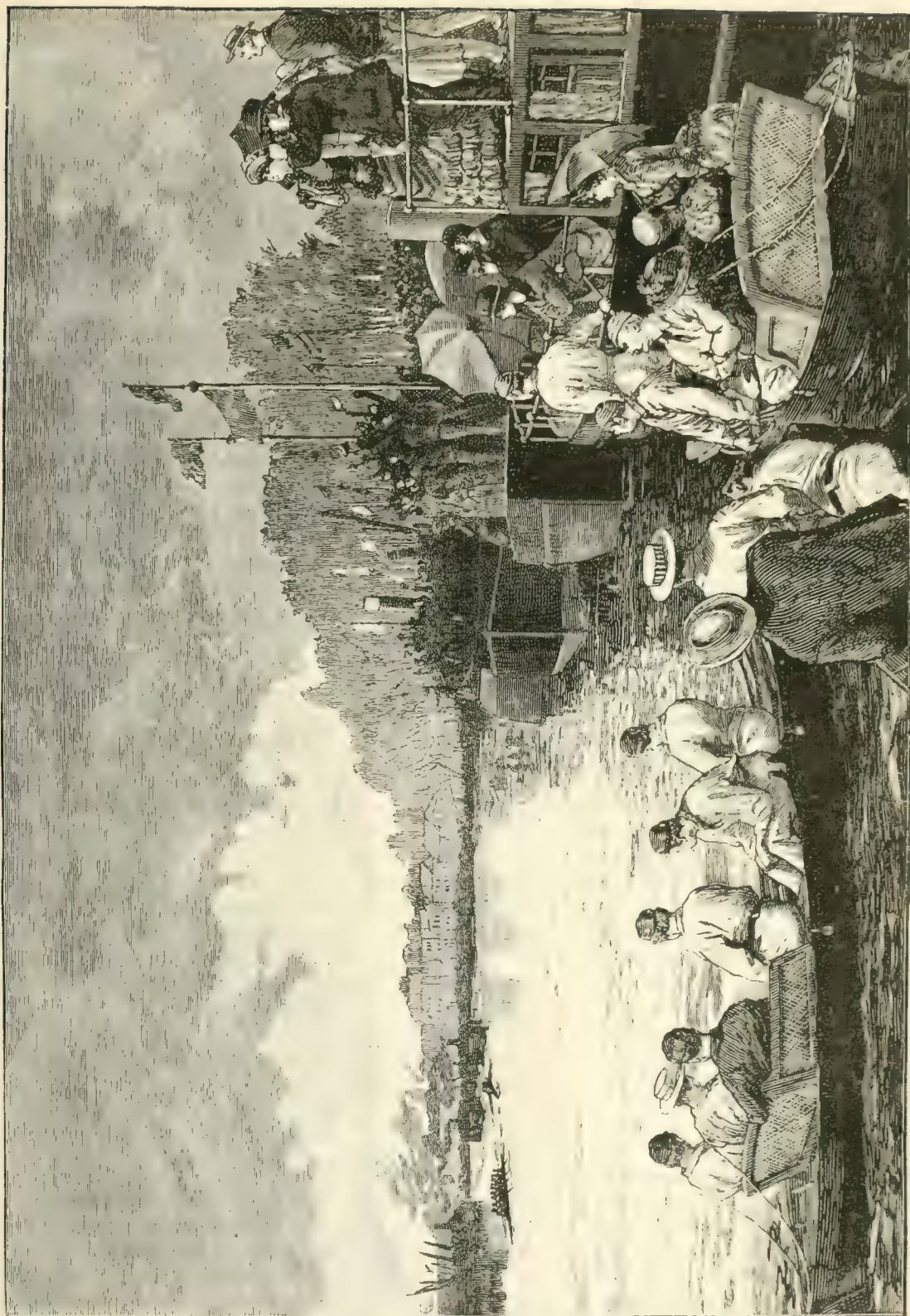
"Tramping o'er the breezy common."—OLD SONG.

Situation, Boundaries, and Extent of the Parish—Its Etymology—History of the Manor—Its several Lessees—The Parish Church—Dr. Hezekiah Burton—Dr. Francis Hare—Dr. John Hume—Dr. Warner—Dr. Christopher Wilson—Canon Melvill—The Rev. John Ellerton—Robert Beale—Mr. Hiam, otherwise Blacker Coppe—Yew-trees—Barnes Terrace—Murder of the Count and Countess D'Antraques—Mr. Bolton Corney—Lady Archer—Barnes Common—An Impertinent Hoax—Henry Fielding, the Novelist—Other Noted Residents—Castlenau West Middlesex Waterworks—Hammersmith Suspension Bridge—The Culture of Cedar trees carried on at Barnes—Barn Elms—Jacob Tonson and the Kit-Cat Club—Sir Francis Walsingham and Queen Elizabeth—Heidegger, Master of the Revels to George II.—Cowley the Poet—Pepys' Visits to Barn Elms—Duel between the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Shrewsbury—Madder grown at Barn Elms—Cobbett here cultivated Indian Corn—The Mansion of Barn Elms modernised by Sir Richard Hoare—Sir John and Lady Kennedy—Sir Lancelot Shadwell.

BARNES, whither we now direct our steps, lies to the east of Mortlake, on the right bank of the Thames, which serves as its northern boundary, whilst on the east and south it is bounded by Putney. A favourite river-side promenade, called Barnes Terrace, serves as a sort of connecting link between this village and Mortlake. The entire parish contains about 900 acres; the soil in

general is gravelly, especially towards the south-west, where it unites with Putney, but near the river is some rich meadow-land.

It is matter for conjecture whether the name of the village is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word for a barn (*Berne*), or whether it is the name of a family who originally held it. The name, at all events, was anciently written *Bernes*, or *Berne*.



THE BOAT-RACE: AN EASY WIN. (See pages 440-450.)

The manor was given to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's by King Athelstan. It is thus described in the "Doomsday Book":—"The Canons of St. Paul's, London, hold Berne. In the time of King Edward it was assessed at 8 hides, which were included in the rate with the Archbishop's manor of Mortlake, as they are at present. . . . In the time of King Edward it was valued at £6, now at £7." In the taxation of Pope Nicholas, about the year 1291, the manor is valued as the property of the canons at £12. It has been held by the Canons of St. Paul's ever since, except during the period of the Commonwealth.

Edward II. granted to the canons a charter of free-warren and an exemption from the charge of purveyance. From the Patent Rolls of 10 Henry IV., it appears that the Archbishop of Canterbury was entitled to a sparrow-hawk, or 2s. in money annually, and also £2 every twentieth year, for ever, from the lords of the manor of Barnes, that they might be excused from serving the office of reeve in his manor of Wimbledon.

The estate of Barnes, as we learn from Brayley's "Surrey," has been generally let on lease for long terms. In 1467 Sir John Saye and others were lessees of this manor, which they held with the advowson, and presented to the living that year, and again in 1471 and 1477. Both the manor and advowson had been transferred, in or before 1480, to Thomas Thwayte, Chancellor of the Exchequer and of the Duchy of Lancaster. In 1504 a lease was granted to Sir Henry Wiatt, and in 1513 and 1524 Sir Henry presented to the living as patron and grantee of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's. About the middle of the sixteenth century the lease of the estate was held by Queen Elizabeth's favourite Secretary of State, Sir Francis Walsingham, who resided at the manor-house of Barn Elms, in the eastern part of the parish, of which we shall have more to say presently. Here he entertained her Majesty in 1585, 1588, and 1589. Previously to the queen's first visit to Sir Francis, her Majesty had taken a lease of the manor from the Dean and Chapter, to commence from the termination (1600) of the lease granted to Sir Henry Wiatt, and by deed dated in her twenty-first year she assigned her interest to Walsingham and his heirs. Frances, the sole surviving daughter and heiress of Sir Francis, was thrice married: first to the celebrated Sir Philip Sidney; secondly, to Robert, Earl of Essex, the unfortunate favourite of Queen Elizabeth; and, after his death, to the Earl of Clanricarde. Essex occasionally resided at Barn Elms; and Lady Walsingham, his mother-in-law, died there in 1602, and was buried privately

on the following night by the side of her husband in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Early in the seventeenth century the dean and chapter granted a new lease of the manor for twenty-one years to a Mr. John Cartwright, who, when the Church property was exposed for sale by the Parliament, purchased the estate, one Robert Shute, of London, becoming the owner of the manor and advowson. After the Restoration of Charles II., the dean and canons recovered their interest, and Mr. Cartwright, or his representatives, held it on lease as before. In the last century, Mr. Richard Hoare (a son of Sir Richard Hoare, Knt., and Lord Mayor of London in 1745) became lessee of Barnes. He was created a baronet in 1786, and was succeeded by his only son, Sir Richard Colt Hoare (known as an antiquary, and especially as the historian of Wiltshire), who enlarged the mansion and made many improvements here. Early in the present century his interest was sold to the Hammersmith Bridge Company, but it was afterwards transferred to Sir Thomas Colebrooke.

Barnes is a rectory and rural deanery in the diocese of Rochester, but the living is in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's.

The church is, or was, an ancient building, dating from, or even before, the time of Richard I., at which period, a hospital having been founded within the liberties of St. Paul's Cathedral by one of the canons, the dean and canons bestowed on it the church of Barnes, with the glebe and tithes. It has, however, been so much altered at different times by repairs, "restorations," and enlargements, that comparatively little of the original now remains. Towards the end of the last century the church was considerably enlarged, and further additions were afterwards made, and the walls stuccoed. The tower, of red brick with stone quoins, and repaired with cement, is supposed to have been built about the latter part of the fifteenth century, and has a staircase and turret at the south-east angle. The body of the fabric is built with stone and flint, rough-cast, and whitewashed over. In the chancel are three lancet windows, Early English, which were opened in 1852, at which time the church was restored throughout.

Near the altar is a brass of William Millebourne, who died in 1415; and against the north wall is a monument in white marble, representing a female leaning upon an urn, and holding a medallion of Sir Richard Hoare, Bart., who died in 1787. His second wife and relict, Dame Frances Anne Hoare, who erected this memorial, died in 1800. Another individual who was buried

here, but whose tomb is no longer to be seen, was Anne Baynard, whose life appears among Ballard's "Memoirs of Learned Ladies:" she died in 1697, at the age of twenty-five. She is said to have made herself a proficient in "natural philosophy, botany, mathematics, and classical literature," and to have learned Greek for the purpose of being able to read St. Chrysostom in the original.

Near the church doorway is a mural stone, with an inscription to the memory of one Edward Rose, citizen of London, who died in the seventeenth century, and bequeathed a sum annually to the parish for ever, on condition of the railing round his tomb being maintained in repair, and roses being trained around his monument. The repairs are executed, and the bequest is still continued.

The donor is thus recorded in the columns of the *Mirror*:—"Edward Rose, by will, in 1652, directed his body to be buried at Barnes, Surrey, and bequeathed £5 for making a frame of wood in the churchyard, where he had appointed his burying-place, and ordered three rose-trees or more to be planted about the place where he was interred. He also directed the purchase of an acre of land; and out of the profits thereof, the minister and churchwardens were to keep the said frame of wood in repair and the said rose-trees to be preserved, and others planted in their places from time to time. The residue of the profits to be given to the poor."*

"Possibly," writes Priscilla Wakefield, "this worthy citizen, immured throughout life within the narrow limits of a counting-house, had, notwithstanding, a love for the beauties of Nature, and wished that this his superior taste should be known as well as admired by posterity."

A white marble tomb on the north side of the church is to the memory of Vice-Chancellor Shadwell, who died in 1850, and of whom we shall have more to say presently, on reaching Barn Elms.

Among the clergymen who have held the living of Barnes within the last two centuries have been several who have acquired a literary reputation. Among them we may mention the following:—

Dr. Hezekiah Burton, who was instituted rector in 1680, was a Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge, where he gained much renown as an academical tutor. Dr. Burton's sermons, published in 1684, are edited by his friend, Dr. Tillotson, with a biographical prefatory memoir.

Francis Hare, D.D., who held the living from 1717 to 1727, became a Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, and also Dean of Worcester, and in the latter year was raised to the bishopric of St. Asaph. In 1731 he was translated to Chichester, and he died in 1740. His chief literary production was an edition of the Comedies of Terence.

John Hume, D.D., was rector of Barnes from 1747 to 1758, when he was consecrated Bishop of Bristol. He was shortly after translated to the see of Oxford, and later on to that of Salisbury. He died in 1782.

On the resignation of Dr. Hume, Ferdinando Warner, LL.D., was appointed to the living. He was the author of an "Ecclesiastical History of England from the Earliest Accounts to the Present [eighteenth] Century" (1759). He also published other works on History, and likewise on Divinity, together with a "Treatise on the Gout," with an account of a peculiar method he had adopted in his own case. He, however, died in 1768 of the very disease which he had professed to cure.

Dr. Christopher Wilson, who was presented to this rectory on the death of Dr. Warner, was a Prebendary of Westminster, and in 1785 was consecrated Bishop of Bristol, over which see he presided till his decease, in 1792.

The rectory was held from 1863 down to 1870 by the Rev. Henry Melvill, Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, but best known in his early manhood as the most popular of London preachers, first at Camden Chapel, Camberwell, and afterwards as holder of the "Golden" Lectureship at St. Margaret's, Lothbury. At Camberwell his eloquence attracted such congregations as to render it necessary to enlarge the building, which was thronged on Sundays, not only by the people of Camberwell, but by visitors from London; and for some years it was quite the custom for country cousins, and especially country clergymen, if they stayed over a Sunday in the metropolis, to "go and hear Melvill." When he came to Barnes he was growing old, and had held the Principalship of Haileybury College during the best years of his life. Still, to the last he was regarded as "the old man eloquent," and he enjoyed great popularity as a parish minister.

Canon Melvill was a member of a family long and honourably connected with the East India Company. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, whence he proceeded as a "Grecian" * to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1821, and he subsequently became a Fellow and Tutor of St. Peter's College. Entering into holy orders,

* Further interesting particulars of this bequest will be found in the *Mirror*, vol. xvi., p. 175; a similar custom at Bletchingley and Ockley, also in Surrey, is recorded in the *Mirror*.

* See "Old and New London," Vol II., p. 375.

he was appointed, about the year 1830, to the incumbency of Camden Chapel, Camberwell. By the favour of the Duke of Wellington he was nominated in 1840 Chaplain to the Tower of London and incumbent of the church within its precincts, and he was subsequently elected to the "Golden" Lectureship at St. Margaret's, Lothbury, which he resigned on becoming a canon of St. Paul's.

The author of "Pen-Pictures of Popular English Preachers" was greatly delighted with the reverend gentleman's eloquence in his Camberwell pulpit. "Hearing Mr. Melvill," he writes, "was like walking, as did Aladdin, through avenues on either side of which were nought but glittering treasures. His style was ornamented to the utmost; yet it was evident enough that elaboration had been sedulously practised. Indeed, we have heard that Mr. Melvill writes and re-writes his sermons until they arrive at *his* standard of perfection, and a high standard it is . . . There is no sentence but what is exquisitely balanced, no period which is not elegantly rounded; every simile is perfect and apt; every descriptive passage is graphic in the extreme. Yet with all this polish, the power is not impaired: the force is not lost in the polish. Rapidly proceeds the orator, never for a moment flagging or becoming commonplace: as soon as one rainbow begins to fade, another as brilliant succeeds it:

"'Like the waves of the summer, when one dies away,
Another as bright and as shining comes on.'

"The fountain from whence this stream of magic eloquence springs appears to be exhaustless. For three-quarters of an hour the listeners in the solemn aisle appear spell-bound; and, indeed, they are so, for they are charmed by the so potent eloquence of a master of his art. At length the music of the preacher's voice begins to die away, and as it ceases altogether, a suppressed murmur of approbation runs through the church—a murmur which elsewhere would have burst into a shout of applause." Canon Melvill died not long after resigning the living, and his eloquence does not survive to the extent that might be expected in his published Sermons.

The Rev. John Ellerton, who was instituted to Barnes in 1876, is well known as the editor of a volume of "Church Hymns Annotated," and the author of one or two of the best of its contents.

Robert Beale, the evil messenger of death to poor, broken-hearted Mary Queen of Scots, died at Barnes, and the record of his death appears in the register. It was he who was despatched by her stony-hearted and cruel cousin, Elizabeth, with the

warrant for her execution at Fotheringhay Castle. "He was a man," says Camden, "of a most impetuous and morose disposition," and it was probably on that account that he was selected for the task. Beale married a sister of Lady Walsingham, and having been introduced to Queen Elizabeth, obtained official employments, and became one of her Majesty's principal confidants. The record of his death is as follows:—"Robert Beale, Counsellor of the north, and Clerk of the privy council, departed out of this life on Monday at eight of the clock at night, being the 25th of May, and is buried in London, 1601."

Another entry in the register is as follows:—"Aug. 23, 1672: buried Mr. Hiam." "The person thus designated," observes Brayley, "was properly named Abiezer Coppe. He was a native of Warwick, and was educated at Oxford; but after having been first a Presbyterian, and then an Anabaptist, he became one of the wildest enthusiasts of the fanatical period in which he lived. He published several pamphlets with odd titles and strange contents. He was sent to Newgate in 1650 for having published one entitled 'The Fiery Flying Roll,' the writer of which apparently was a fitter subject for a madhouse than a prison. After being confined for more than a year, he was called before the House of Commons, and having obtained his liberation, he retired to Barnes, where he practised as a physician, under the name of Higham, and he preached occasionally at the neighbouring conventicles."

The churchyard of Barnes is very picturesque with its yews and dark evergreens. As in so many other churchyards about Surrey, here is a fine yew-tree of venerable antiquity. These trees are also very frequent in the churchyards of Somerset and South Wales. Their dark, sombre gloom is enough to account for their being so planted, as in harmony with the melancholy associations of the spot, without having recourse to the supposition that they were so placed in order to mark boundaries, or to encourage the growth of wood for the bows of English soldiery. It is said also that the yew is regarded as an emblem of eternity, and the very name "Yew" is but a corruption of the ancient British word which signifies "existence," or "being."

Blair has thus apostrophised the yew:—

"Cheerless, unsocial plant, that loves to dwell
'Mid skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms,
Where light-bee'd ghosts and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (so fame reports)
Embodied thick, perform their mystic rounds;
No other merriment, dull tree, is thine."

Wordsworth apparently holds to the belief that the growth of the yew was encouraged for military purposes :—

"Not loth to furnish weapons in the hands
Of Umfreville or Percy, ere they marched
To Scotland's heaths, or those that crossed the sea,
And drew their sounding bows at Agincourt,
Perhaps at earlier Cressy, or Poitiers.
Of vast circumference and gloom profound,
This solitary tree ! a living thing,
Produced too slowly ever to decay ;
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed."

Facing the river, near this angle, half a mile below Mortlake, is Barnes Terrace, an irregular row of comfortable villas, each standing in its own grounds, larger or smaller, and inhabited, at all events in past years, by many fashionable and literary characters. They are occupied in the summer months by families who are fond of yachting and rowing, and of spending their days in steam-launches or fishing-punts. At the Terrace the Thames is spanned by the railway bridge over which passes the Chiswick branch of the South-Western line. The river hereabouts, having run eastwards all the way from Kew, makes a sudden bend, and turns off at Barnes Terrace to the north, in the direction of Chiswick and Hammersmith, whence it again veers southward towards Barn Elms and Putney. About the middle of Corney Reach—the stretch of river between the railway bridge and Hammersmith—is Chiswick Ferry, to which there is a pleasant roadway from Barnes Common.

The whole river-side hereabouts wears a somewhat foreign appearance. Nor is this to be wondered at, since in the early part of the present century a small colony of French exiles settled in this quiet river-side terrace, among them the Count and Countess D'Antraigues, who lived in a house near the upper end of the terrace. This house became the scene of a deplorable incident, of which the count and countess were the victims. The event is thus described in "Murray's Handbook":—"One morning, in 1812, they were about to proceed to London, and the count was following his lady down-stairs towards the coach, when his valet, an Italian, fired a pistol at him, and then struck him between the shoulders with a dagger. The count made towards his room, but fell dead on the floor. The countess, unconscious of what had occurred, turned back to see why she was not followed, when the assassin plunged his dagger into her breast. She shrieked, reeled forward, and fell dead on the pavement. The murderer fled up-stairs, and before any one could

reach him had killed himself. It was said that he was led to the deed from having on the previous evening overheard the count and countess, as they were watching the moonlight on the river, speak of dismissing him from their service."

Here lived Mr. Bolton Corney, the antiquarian critic, from his marriage, in the year 1846, down to his death, in 1870. He lies buried in the Barnes Cemetery.

Here, too, lived in the last century Lady Archer, formerly Miss West, the wonder of the fashionable world, and the envy of half the ladies of the Court. Her house was furnished and decorated in the Chinese style. Her grounds, of five acres, sloped down to the Thames. The place, called St. Anne's, was afterwards the residence of Lord Lonsdale.

The centre of the parish is almost wholly occupied by an open space, tolerably level, and covered with gorse and furze, a favourite haunt of gipsies and itinerant hawkers since they were driven from the green lanes about Wandsworth, and a pleasant open recreation-ground for the Londoner of the south-western districts. It comprises an area of about 120 acres, and is known as Barnes Common. Although it has suffered greatly at the hands of the South-Western Railway Company, it is still, observes the author of Unwin's "Half-holiday Handbook," "an enjoyable spot of broken furzy ground, with mossy banks and swampy hollows, where the microscopist revels. For the rambler of this persuasion the low-lying ground on the northern boundary will be found most interesting. Here on Saturday afternoons in fine weather he is almost sure to find some members of the Queckett Microscopical Club, the South London Microscopical Society, the Lambeth Field Club, or the West London Natural History Society, at work round the pools." A sedgy ditch, backed by rank vegetation, separates Barnes Common from Putney Lower Common, where Douglas Jerrold lived in a house known as West Lodge, at the time when he wrote his inimitable "Mrs. Caudle's Lectures." This latter common is of small extent, and a portion of it is occupied by Putney Cemetery, the remainder being used as a recreation-ground.

The river-side portion of Barnes is immortalised in "Gilbert Gurney" by Theodore Hook as the scene of one of his cleverest and most amusing, but most impertinent, hoaxes, a species of wit, or rather of practical joking, in which he fairly out-Sheridaned Richard Brinsley Sheridan himself. The reader will recollect in "Gilbert Gurney" the episode of his rowing with a friend (Charles Mathews), when they read a painted board in a garden at Barnes :

"Nobody permitted to land here. Offenders prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law." But the comedians resolved to disembark; so taking the fishing-rod as a surveyor's line, Hook, pencil and book in hand, and Mathews as clerk, with the cord and walking-stick, landed, and began to pace the lawn in front of a beautiful villa. The dining-room window was thrown up, and forth came an irritated gentleman from his dinner, inquiring how the trespassers dare invade his territory. Their

about to take their departure, as they "had engagements in town," when Hook burst into extempore song, and explained the whole in this verse:—

"And we greatly approve of your fare,
Your cellar's as prime as your cook;
And this clerk here is Mathews the player,
And my name, sir, is Theodore Hook."

At Barnes lived Henry Fielding, the novelist. "He resided," observes Lysons, in his "Environs of London," "in a house which is now (1810) the



BARNES CHURCH.

reply was cool and business-like. They by degrees communicated to the indignant old gentleman the pleasant intelligence that they had come to settle where a new canal company were to cut across his pleasant retreat. He grew alarmed, and the intruding officials were "never more pained than with such a duty." "Would they walk in and talk the matter over?" This they reluctantly did. An excellent dinner was on the table; they were unnecessarily pressed to stay and partake of it. They sat down, and enjoyed the repast and its accompaniments, and over half-a-dozen of claret they discussed the line of canal. The wine warmed the host's gratitude—"One bottle more, dear gentlemen"—and it was getting dark, and they were

property of Mrs. Stanton, widow of the late Admiral Stanton." The fact, too, receives a certain confirmation from a reference in "Tom Jones" (book iv., chap. ii.) to the "Toasts" of the *Kil-cat* Club.

Manning distinguishes the house as being a very old one on Barnes Green, and adds that it was called Milbourne House from a family of the name, of whom William Millebourne, Esq., was buried in the chancel of Barnes Church in 1415, and represented by an incised brass in plate armour.

Monk Lewis, the author, was for some time a resident here. It is said also that Handel, the composer, should be added to the list of the celebrities who have lived at Barnes.

To the north of Barnes, on the road leading

towards the suspension bridge, is a long row of villas called Castlenau, a modern hamlet of the parish, to the westward of which, bordering the river, and covering an area of some sixteen acres, are the reservoirs and filtering-beds of the West Middlesex Water-works Company. From these reservoirs, after filtration, the water passes under the Thames to the works at Hammersmith, whence it is pumped up to the covered reservoir on Primrose Hill.

chains, composed of wrought-iron bars, each five inches deep and one thick. Four of these have six bars in each chain, and four have only three, making thirty-six bars, which form a dip in the centre of about 29 feet. From these vertical rods are suspended, which support the roadway, formed of strong timbers covered with granite. The width of the carriage-way is 20 feet, and footway five feet. The chains pass over the suspension towers, and are secured to the piers on each shore. The sus-



BARNES TERRACE IN 1823. (*From a Print.*)

The Thames here is spanned by a handsome suspension bridge, generally known to Londoners as the Hammersmith Suspension Bridge. It was erected about the years 1827-9, and is familiar to the pleasure-loving world who come hither in hundreds of thousands in March annually to witness the university boat-race. It is thus described in the *Mirror*, soon after its erection:—"The clear water-way is 688 feet 8 inches. The suspension towers are 48 feet above the level of the roadway, where they are 22 feet thick. The roadway is slightly curved upwards, and is 16 feet above high water, and the extreme length from the back of the piers on shore is 822 feet 8 inches, supporting 688 feet of roadway. There are eight

pension towers are of stone, and designed as archways of the Tuscan order. The approaches are provided with octagonal lodges, or toll-houses, with appropriate lamps and parapet walls, terminating with stone pillars, surmounted with ornamental caps. The whole cost of this remarkable object, displaying the great superiority acquired by British artisans in the manufacture of ironwork, is about £80,000. The advantages to be derived from this bridge is the saving of distance, in that it affords a direct passage from Hammersmith to Barnes, East Sheen, and other parts of Surrey, without going over either Fulham or Kew Bridges."

The bridge was built from the designs and under the superintendence of Mr. Tierney Clarke, civil

engineer. In 1825 the first stone was laid with great ceremony by his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, Grand Master of Freemasons, and the bridge was completed and opened in 1827, as stated above.

Of late years it has been judged by experts that the strength of the bridge is not equal to the tremendous strain placed upon it by the ever increasing crowds on the boat-race day; and in consequence, it is closed by the order of the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police for an hour or two before and after the start.

In one respect, Barnes on a small scale enters the lists as a rival to Kew.

"About the middle of the last century," writes Brayley, "the culture of the cedar of Lebanon was carried on to a great extent at Barnes by a butcher named Clarke, who first raised his plants from the cones of the great tree at Hendon Place.* The late Mr. Peter Collinson, from whose autobiographical notes we derive this information, and who, in 1761, paid £79 6s. for a thousand of these young cedars for re-planting in the Duke of Richmond's park at Goodwood, in Sussex, says that Mr. Clarke 'succeeded perfectly, and annually raised them in such quantities, that he supplied the nurserymen, as well as abundance of noblemen and gentlemen, with cedars of Lebanon; and he succeeded not only in cedars, but he had a great knack in raising the small magnolia, Warner's Cape jessamine, and all other exotic seeds. He built a large stove for pine-apples, &c.'† Mr. Collinson further states that the weeping willow, 'the original of all the weeping willows in our gardens, was transplanted from the river Euphrates by Mr. Vernon, Turkey merchant at Aleppo, brought with him to England, and planted at his seat at Twickenham Park,' where he saw it growing in 1748."

The eastern part of the village, adjoining on Putney, is known as Barn Elms. It consists of a mansion and one or two cottages standing in park-like grounds, and it extends from Barnes Common to the river, the lofty trees which surround the house forming a delightful shady nook by the margin of the stream. Barn Elms is reached from the village by a private road to the right of the "Red Lion" inn, which stands at the angle formed by the junction of the Richmond and Hammersmith roads. It occupies the site of the old manor-house of Barnes, or Berne, whilst the addition of "Elms," as Mr. James Thorne remarks, in his "Environs

of London," "seems to point to the trees which have always been a distinctive feature of the place." Adjoining the mansion, and forming, indeed, almost a part of it, was a cottage, once tenanted by old Jacob Tonson, the venerated Secretary of the Kit-cat Club, one of the most famous booksellers of the Augustinian era of English literature. Here he built a room for the reception of its members, adorning its walls with portraits painted by the master-hand of Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Barn Elms is described by Priscilla Wakefield, in 1820, as a "pastoral spot," and as "deriving its appellation from the majestic trees by which it is surrounded." She writes:—"In an ancient mansion here, called Queen Elizabeth's Dairy, lived and died Jacob Tonson, bookseller to Pope and the other wits of that day. Here he built a gallery, at the time he was secretary, for the accommodation of those noblemen, gentlemen, and geniuses, known by the name of the Kit-cat Club, Christopher Kat being the landlord of the house where they assembled. Sir Godfrey Kneller painted the portraits of all the members which decorated the gallery: being *three-quarter-length* portraits, those of that size are known by this appellation."

Sir Richard Phillips, in his "Morning Walk from London to Kew," thus describes the place as he saw it in 1816:—"A lane in the north-west corner of the common brought me to Barnes Elms, where now resides a Mr. Hoare, a banker of London. The family were not at home, but on asking the servants if that was the house of Mr. Tonson, they assured me with great simplicity that no such gentleman lived there. I named the Kit-cat Club as accustomed to assemble there; but the oddity of the name excited their ridicule, and I was told that no such club was held there; 'but perhaps,' said one to the other, 'the gentleman means the club that assembles at the public-house on the common.' Knowing, however, that I was at the right place, I could not avoid expressing my vexation that the periodical assemblage of the first men of the age should be so entirely forgotten by those who now reside on the spot; when one of them exclaimed, 'I should not wonder if the gentleman means the philosopher's room.' 'Ay,' rejoined his comrade, 'I remember somebody coming once before to see something of this sort, and my master sent him there.' I then requested to be shown this room, when I was conducted across a detached garden, and brought to a handsome structure, in the architectural style of the early part of the last century—evidently the establishment of the Kit-cat Club. A walk, covered with bushes, thistles, nettles, and high grass, led from the remains

* See Vol. I., p. 279.

† See "Transactions of the Linnean Society," Vol. X., pp. 274-5.

of a gateway in the garden wall to a door which opened into the building. Ah! thought I, along this desolate avenue the finest geniuses in England gaily proceeded to meet their friends; yet within a century, how changed, how deserted, how revolting! A cold chill seized me as the man unfastened the decayed door of the building, and as I beheld the once elegant hall filled with cobwebs, a fallen ceiling, and accumulating rubbish. On the right, the present proprietor had erected a copper, and converted one of the parlours into a wash-house; the door on the left led to a spacious and once superb staircase, now in ruins, filled with dense cobwebs, which hung down from the lofty ceiling, and seemed to be deserted, even to the spiders which had woven them. The entire building, from want of ventilation, having become food for the fungus called the dry-rot, the timber had lost its cohesive powers. I therefore ascended the staircase with a feeling of danger, to which the man would not expose himself; but I was well rewarded for my pains. Here I found the old Kit-cat room nearly as it had existed in the days of its glory. It is eighteen feet high and forty feet long, by twenty wide. The mouldings and ornaments were in the most superb fashion of its age, but the whole was falling to pieces from the effects of the dry-rot. My attention was chiefly attracted by the faded cloth-hanging of the room, whose red colour once set off the famous portraits of the club that hung round it; their marks and size were still visible, and the numbers and names remained as written in chalk for the guidance of the hanger. Thus was I as it were, by those still legible names, brought into personal contact with Addison, and Steele, and Congreve, and South, and Dryden, and with many *hereditary* nobles, remembered only because they were patrons of those *natural* nobles; I read their names aloud; I invoked their departed spirits; I was appalled by the echo of my own voice. The holes in the floor, the forests of cobwebs in the windows, and a swallow's nest in the corner of the ceiling, proclaimed that I was viewing a vision of the dreamers of a past age: that I saw realised before me the speaking vanities of the anxious career of man! On rejoining Mr. Hoare's man in the hall below, and expressing my grief that so interesting a building should be suffered to go to decay for want of attention, he told me that his master intended to pull it down and unite it to an adjoining barn, so as to form of the two a riding-house; and I learn that this design has since been executed. The Kit-cat pictures were painted early in the eighteenth century, and about the year 1710 were brought to this spot, but the room and house I

have been describing was not built till ten or fifteen years afterwards. They were forty-two in number, and were presented by the members to the elder Tonson, who died in 1736; he left them to his great-nephew, also an eminent bookseller, who died in the year 1767. They were then removed from this building to the house of his brother at Water Oakley, near Windsor, and, on his death, to the house of Mr. Baker, of Hertingfordbury, near Hertford, where they now remain, and where I lately saw them, splendidly lodged and in fine preservation." So far Sir Richard Phillips.

It may be satisfactory here to add that the Kit-cat Club pictures still (1884) hang on the walls of Mr. W. Baker's house in Hertfordshire, and are well cared for and reverentially preserved.

But Barn Elms has even older memories than that of Jacob Tonson to boast of. Here, as stated above, lived Sir Francis Walsingham, the trusty servant and friend of Queen Elizabeth, and here he entertained his mistress on more than one occasion. Queen Bess, it is related, loved to take her pleasure by the river-side, whether at Greenwich, or at Richmond, or at Barn Elms. She was wont to issue her commands to Sir Francis Walsingham to prepare for her entertainment here, and—worse luck for the minister—she invariably took her whole Court with her. We admire the stout-heartedness of the virgin queen, and her unswerving faithfulness to the country's good, but her meanness was such as to sully her reputation. It is said that Walsingham died so poor—in consequence mainly of her majesty's visits—that he was buried privately, and that no mention of his death is to be found in the records of the Herald's College. Walsingham died at his house in Seething Lane, London, in 1590; and, as Stow relates, "he was, about tenne of the clocke in the next night following, buried in Paul's church without solemnitie."

Here it was that Heidegger, who, as we have already seen,* had made a fortune as "Master of the Revels" to King George II., gratified his Majesty in a somewhat singular manner. One day he received from the king a message to the effect that he should sup one evening with him before long, and that he would come to Barn Elms from Kew by water. Now, Heidegger's profession was to create surprises. The king's attendants, who were in the secret, took care that he should not reach Barn Elms before dark, so it was with difficulty that he found his way up the avenue to the door of the house. Coming to the door, and finding all dark,

* See *ante*, p. 455.

he was angered at so uncourtier-like a reception. Heidegger quietly suffered his Majesty to vent his displeasure to the full, and affected to make some apologies more or less awkward, when in an instant the house and the entire avenue were in a blaze of light! Lamps artfully disposed were suddenly lit up at a given signal, as if by magical incantation. The king himself—a man not to be trifled with generally—laughed heartily at the device, and went away well pleased with the entertainment devised by his servant.

James Heidegger, of whom this and other amusing stories are told, was a native of Switzerland, and died in 1749, at the advanced age of ninety years. The nobility had such an opinion of his taste, that all splendid entertainments given by them, and all private assemblies, were submitted to his direction. After a successful speculation, he has been known to give away several hundreds of pounds, saying to a particular acquaintance, "You know poor objects of distress better than I do; be so kind as to give away this money for me." He was, indeed, for a long period the *arbiter elegantiarum* of England; and yet Heidegger was a very ugly fellow, but was the first always to joke about it. His face is introduced into more than one of Hogarth's prints. Heidegger once laid a wager with the Earl of Chesterfield that within a certain given time his lordship would not be able to produce so hideous a face in all London! A woman was found whose features, at first sight, were thought stronger than his, but upon clapping her head-dress upon himself, he was universally allowed to win the wager. Another time a well-known tailor, carrying his bill to a noble duke, his Grace, for evasion, said, "Hang your ugly face! I will never pay you till you bring me an uglier fellow than yourself." The tailor bowed and retired, wrote a letter, and sent it by a servant to Heidegger, saying his Grace wished to see him next morning on particular business. Heidegger attended, and the tailor was there to meet him; in consequence, as soon as Heidegger's visit was over, the tailor received his payment. He made £5,000 a year by his wits.

Another eminent resident at Barn Elms, though only for a short time, was Abraham Cowley the poet, who lived here just previous to 1665, but not finding this place to agree with his health, he removed to Chertsey, where he spent the best years of his life, and where he died.

John Evelyn, amongst other friends, visited him here more than once. He writes in his "Diary":—"14th May, 1663. Dined with my Lord Mordaunt, and thence went to Barnes to

visit my excellent and ingenious friend Abraham Cowley."

And again, "2nd January, 1664. To Barne Elmes to see Abraham Cowley after his sickness, and returned that evening to London."

It may be remembered that, in his imaginary dialogue between Milton and Cowley, Macaulay introduces to us the latter as having just come up to the "Bowling Green" in Piccadilly, that most fashionable haunt of the quality, whilst his house at Chertsey was being prepared for his reception.

It was to John Evelyn that he most appropriately addresses his "Essay and Poem on a Garden."

On his death, in 1667, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, and being carried thither by water, his corpse must have passed within sight of his former home.

Dr. Spratt tells us, in his "Life of Cowley," that he always loved solitude, and chose Barn Elms on that account, but that in his haste to be gone away from the tumult and noise of the city, he had not prepared so beautiful a situation in the country as he might have done; and he states that he never quite recovered from a "dangerous and lingering fever," which he contracted during his residence here. In the grounds of Barn Elms was erected a rustic temple to the memory of Cowley.

Judging from the records of the visits of Pepys to Barn Elms about this time, the "solitude" of the place was occasionally disturbed by light-hearted visitors who enjoyed a pic-nic beneath its shade. Under date of May 26th, 1667, Pepys writes:—"After dinner I went by water alone to Westminster to the parish church, and there did entertain myself with my perspective glass up and down the church, by which I had the great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women; and what with that and sleeping, I passed away the time till sermon was done. Then away to my boat, and up with it as far as Barn Elms, reading of Mr. Evelyn's late new book against Solitude, in which I do not find much excess of good matter, though it be pretty for a bye discourse. I walked the length of the Elms, and with great pleasure saw some gallant ladies and people come with their bottles, and baskets, and chairs and forms, to sup under the trees by the water-side, which was mighty pleasant; and so home."

The genial secretary seems to have been very fond of Barn Elms; at all events, there are several entries in his "Diary" of visits which he paid to the spot, sometimes alone, and at other times in the company of his friends. Under date of August 21st, 1668, he writes:—" (Lord's Day). I, my

wife and niece up by water to Barn Elms, where we walked by moonshine ;” and again on the 15th September (another “Lord’s Day”), he tells us how he “walked from Putney to Barn Elms, reading of Boyle’s Hydrostat, which are of infinite delight. Walked in the Elms a good while ; then to boat, and leisurely home, with great pleasure to myself.”

On the 23rd March he writes :—“At noon came Mrs. Pierce and Mrs. Manuel (the Jew’s wife), and Mr. Corbett, and Mrs. Pierce’s boy and girl. After dinner I had a barge ready at Tower Wharfe to take us in. So we went all of us up as high as Barn Elms ; a very fine day, and all the way sang. Mrs. Manuel sings very finely, and is a highly discreet, sober-carriaged woman, that both my wife and I are highly taken with her. At Barn Elms we walked round, then to the barge again, and had much merry talk and good singing.” And again on Lord’s Day, May 9th, he writes :—“Took boat, and up all alone as high as Barn Elms.”

Hereabouts, though the exact spot is not known, was fought, on January 16th, 1667–8, the celebrated duel to which Macaulay alludes between the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Shrewsbury, when the wife of the latter stood by dressed in the habit of a page, holding the duke’s horse. This lady was Anna Maria, a daughter of Robert Brudenell, Earl of Cardigan, and had married firstly, Francis, Earl of Shrewsbury. She afterwards married George Rodney Bridges, Esq., of Keynsham, Somerset, and died in 1702. Her son by her second husband lived till 1751. “This woman,” says the Count de Grammont, “is said to have been so abandoned as to have held, in the habit of a page, the horse of her gallant the duke, while he fought and killed her husband, after which she went off with him to his house, stained with her husband’s blood.”

Pepys refers to this infamous transaction in terms rather of contempt than of censure ; he writes in his “Diary,” under date January 17th, 1667–8 :—

“Much discourse of the duell yesterday between the Duke of Buckingham, Holmes, and Jenkins, on one side, and my Lord of Shrewsbury, Sir John Talbot, and one Bernard Howard, on the other side : and all about my Lady Shrewsbury, who is at this time, and hath for a great while been, a mistress to the Duke of Buckingham. And so her husband challenged him ; and they met yesterday in a close near Barne-Elmes, and there fought ; and my Lord Shrewsbury is run through the body, from the right breast through the shoulder ; and Sir John Talbot all along up one of his armes ; and

Jenkins killed upon the place, and the rest, all in a little measure, wounded. This will make the world think that the King hath good councillors about him when the Duke of Buckingham, the greatest man about him, is a fellow of no more sobriety than to fight about a mistress. And this may prove a very bad accident to the Duke of Buckingham, but that my Lady Castlemaine do rule all at this time as much as ever she did, and she will, it is believed, keep all matters well with the Duke of Buckingham ; though this is the time that the King will be very backward, I suppose, to appear in such a business. And it is pretty to hear how the king had some notice of this challenge a week or two ago, and did give it to my lord Generall to confine the Duke, or take security that he should not do any such thing as fight ; and the Generall trusted to the King, that he, sending for him, would do it, and the King trusted to the Generall ; and it is said that my Lord Shrewsbury’s case is to be feared that he may die too, and that may make it much the worse for the Duke of Buckingham : and I shall not be much sorry for it, that we may have some sober man come in his room to assist in the Government.”

The earl died from the effects of his wounds on the 16th of the following March. The Sir John Talbot and the Bernard Howard, who are mentioned as seconds in the duel, were respectively—the former M.P. for Knaresborough and a gentleman of the King’s Privy Chamber, and the latter a younger son of Henry Frederick, Earl of Arundel, father of Thomas, who was restored by Charles I. in blood as Duke of Norfolk.

The old chatterbox Pepys recurs to the subject in his “Diary” on the 15th of May :—“I am told . . . that the Countesse of Shrewsbury is brought home by the Duke of Buckingham to his house, where his Duchesse saying that it was not for her and the other to live together in a house, he answered, ‘Why, Madam, I did think so, and, therefore, have ordered your coach to be ready to carry you to your father’s,’ which was a devilish speech, but, they say, true ; and my Lady Shrewsbury is there, it seems.”

In the reign of Charles I, a man named Shipman, gardener to the king, planted and cured madder on a large scale at Barn Elms, and so far succeeded with his works as to find a large market among the London dyers. He failed, however, to reap a fortune by his enterprise, owing to the troubles of the times. It was again attempted by the patriotic Sir Nicholas Crispe, of Hammersmith.*

* See “Old and New London,” Vol. VI., p. 37.

To come to more recent times, Barn Elms is connected with other names which the world would not willingly allow to die : for instance, with William Cobbett, who here cultivated his Indian corn, his American forest-trees, his pigs, poultry, and butcher's meat, all which he pronounced to be the best that were ever beheld. Cobbett, at the same time that he occupied the farm here, lived also at Kensington ;* but the aristocratic suburb, we are told, did not prove a congenial soil, and he quitted it a bankrupt.

and so bethought him of the high road to England, which, as Dr. Johnson sarcastically remarks, 'is of all prospects the most pleasing to a Scotchman.'

"With that 'canniness' which is attributed to us of the 'North Countree,' Sir John availed himself of this supposed opening to preferment, and crossed the border in the train of his royal master, in search of a beautiful and well-endowed bride. Unfortunately for the poor Scottish gentleman, it



BARN ELMS.

After Barn Elms came into the hands of Sir Richard Hoare, as above stated, the mansion was modernised, and considerably enlarged by the addition of wings. In his time some fine old pictures graced the walls of the dining and drawing-rooms, amongst them being some fine examples of the works of Gaspar Poussin.

"The occupants of Barn Elms in the reign of King James I.," writes Miss Guthrie, in her interesting account of the place,† "were a Sir John and Lady Kennedy. Sir John, like many others of his countrymen, was a

'Peniless lad wi' a lang pedigree,'

befell him, as it did another brave gallant from beyond the Tweed—

'There was an English lady bright,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall ;
And she fell in love with a Scottish knight,
For love will still be lord of all.'

"The enamoured fair one on this occasion proved to be no less distinguished a person than Elizabeth Brydges, daughter of Giles, Lord Chandos, 'King of the Cotswolds,' whom the northern knight successfully wooed and won, to the no small delight of 'gentle Jamie' and his own gratification, at the same time that it enraged the new Lord Chandos, who hated the thoughts of his gay and lovely aunt wedding with a 'beggarly

* See "Old and New London," Vol. V., p. 130.

† "Barn Elms," by Miss L. Guthrie.

Scot.' In the retirement of Barn Elms Sir John Kennedy, no doubt, expected to lead a quiet domestic life in the society of his high-born bride. . . . The old saw, 'When poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window,' was soon verified in their case. Unable to obtain the money necessary to defray her expenses, the lady ran into debt. The husband remonstrated, but in vain. Moreover, the capricious fair one had grown weary of the seclusion of Barn Elms, of its

flaws in the contract, he was enabled in this way to get rid of his wife.

"What follows may well suffice to point a moral and adorn a tale. How long after this separation we know not, this once gay and brilliant girl, 'the light of Sudeley and Hampton Court,' came to the gate of Sir Arthur Gorges: to make use of his own words, 'in rags, her legs bare, her feet shoeless, her coarse petticoat clinging about her limbs, an old cloak on her beautiful head, begging



HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE (BOATING-MEN GOING OUT).

orchards, its gardens, and pasturage for three geldings. What charms could these possess for one accustomed, as she had been, to the glories of Sudeley?

"Domestic feuds ensued. Still the lady pursued her mad career. Debts poured in. In her extremity Lady Kennedy applied to her nephew, Lord Chandos, who refused her any assistance. Unable to satisfy her creditors with aught save fair words, these attacked Sir John. Actions and counter-actions in the court of law nearly drove the poor knight out of his senses. Threatened with arrest, and unable to dispute his wife's debts, Sir John at length resolved to dispute his marriage, and there happening strangely enough to be some

of him to let her come in from the cold for Christian pity and love of his wife."

Sir Lancelot Shadwell, Vice-Chancellor of England, whilst living here, used to entertain at dinner the rival university boats' crews after the annual race. Sir Lancelot Shadwell is represented by *Punch* as bathing in the river, and "granting a rule" to an anxious suitor who had put off in a boat to his lordship. The truth is that he was a fine swimmer, and bathed in a pond in his own grounds daily, both winter and summer, and that on more than one occasion those who came down from London to see him on legal affairs had to talk to him whilst he was in the water, and to receive his replies as they waited on the banks.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ROEHAMPTON.

"Jubetur

Rura suburbana indictis comes ire Latinis."—HOR. 1. Ep.

Situation and General Appearance of the Parish—Population—Putney or Mortlake Park—The Earl of Portland, Lord Treasurer—Christian, Countess of Devonshire—Roehampton Grove—Mrs. Lyne-Stephens *née* Duvernay—The Roman Catholic Convent—Lord Ellenborough—The Parish Church—Roehampton House—Parkstead—The Earl of Bessborough—Manresa House—A Jesuit Community—Lord Rockingham—Lord Giffard—Lord Langdale—Sir J. L. Knight-Bruce—Royal School for Daughters of Military Officers—Mount Clare—Dover House and Devonshire House—Roehampton Gate.

Few villages near London are more pleasantly situated than Roehampton. Lying as it does between Richmond Park and Putney Heath on the south, and Barnes Common on the north, it is open and breezy and healthy, and disfigured by few or none of those squalid hovels which abound in other suburbs; it has always been a highly aristocratic village, and more than "respectably" inhabited. It is described by Miss Priscilla Wakefield, in 1817, as "a hamlet in the parish of Putney, abounding in handsome villas of the nobility and gentry, and a neat chapel." The name has nothing whatever to do with fallow "roes" or other members of the deer tribe; indeed, two centuries ago it was often written Rowhampton.

The village lies about a mile to the south of Barnes Common, stretching away from that station on the Richmond branch of the South-Western Railway. The entire parish has a population of about 2,000 souls.

A great part of what is now known as Roehampton—indeed all that lies to the west of Putney Park Lane—formed a portion of Putney or Mortlake Park, for it was known at different times by each name. The park, though it has never been inhabited by a sovereign, was called "royal," being used occasionally by royalty for the purposes of the chase.

We find one Sir Robert Tyrwhitt appointed keeper of this park in Mary's reign, and the post was afterwards conferred by James I. on Sir Charles Howard. Charles I. had not been long upon the throne when he alienated the park to his Lord Treasurer Weston, Earl of Portland, who took up his residence here. He is said to have lived here in great state and magnificence. In 1632, on May 26, as we learn from the diary in his "Autobiography," Dr. Laud, the Bishop of London, consecrated in his mansion a private chapel, in which shortly afterwards his son and heir, Jerome, was married by Laud to Lady Frances Stuart, daughter of the Duke of Lennox, a lady nearly allied to the royal house. The bride was given away by the king in person.

On this occasion Ben Jonson wrote the "Epi-

thalamium," in which occur the following verses, which will be found in his "Underwoods" :—

" See the procession ! what a holy day,
Bearing the promise of some better fate,
Hath filled with carôches all the way
From Greenwich hither to Roehampton gate.
When looked the year at best
So like a feast ?
Or were affairs in tune,
By all the spheres' consent, so in the heart of June ?"

And then, after exhausting all the classical and romantic epithets and similes and conceits that could be crowded into some two hundred lines, some of them not over delicate, he continues :—

" See ! now the chapel opens, where the king
And bishop stand to consummate the rites ;
The holy prelate prays, then takes the ring,
Asks first, ' Who gives her ? ' ' I, Charles. ' Then
he plights
One in the other's hand,
Whilst they both stand
Hearing their charge ; and then
The solemn choir cries ' Joy ! ' and they return ' Amen ! ' "

This Lord Treasurer obtained from the king, two or three years later, leave to enclose some 450 acres more, and to join them on to the park; but he had scarcely been put into possession of them when death "laid his icy hand" upon him, and he died. Sons do not always carry out the ideas of their fathers, and the new Lord Portland was no exception to the rule, for instead of adding to his demesne, he set to work to sell it and his mansion, and many, though not all, of his broad acres passed into the hands of one of the most celebrated ladies of her age, Christian, Countess of Devonshire. She had great talents, and the art of using them; and in a corrupt age she lived a pure and virtuous life. In fact, she seems to have been resolved to make the best use of both worlds; at all events, we are told that "she was of considerable celebrity for her devotion, hospitality, her great care in the management of her son's affairs, and a patroness of the wits of the age who frequently met at her house." Her house was the rendezvous of the choicest spirits of her time, and the haunt of all men of learning and women of repute and cha-

racter. Poets and philosophers were free of her society, and were hospitably entertained here. Royalty was often among her visitors ; and it is on record that Charles II. and the queen-mother, Henrietta Maria, often came over hither from Hampton Court to dine at her table. A daughter of the noble Scottish house of Bruce, she was a woman of great celebrity, and a very singular character. In her opposites were strangely combined, for although extolled for her devotion, she retained Hobbes, the freethinker, as tutor to her son ; and though famed for her hospitality, yet by judicious economy, whilst acting as guardian of her son, she extricated the Cavendish estates from debt and from (it is said) thirty lawsuits. She ingratiated herself so with the judges, that Charles II. said to her in jest, "Madame, you have all my judges at your disposal." The duchess deserves remembrance as the associate of most of the wits of her time. Waller frequently read his verses to her, and Lord Pembroke wrote in her praise a volume of verses, which were afterwards published, and dedicated to her by Dr. John Donne. She herself was a writer of no mean merit, having left a pleasing monument of her taste in a poem on "The Passage of Mont St. Gothard," which was translated into French by Delille. General Monk corresponded with her, and, it is said, at a time when his conduct was most mysterious, to have made known to her by a private sign his intention of restoring the king. Her loyalty led her into correspondence with half the statesmen of her time to promote the restoration of monarchy. Her "Life" was written by Pomfret. Among her most constant visitors here was good John Evelyn, who, writing of her in his "Diary," under date August, 1662 :—"Came to see me the old Countesse of Devonshire, with that excellent and worthy person, my lord, her son, from Rowhampton." And again in February, 1677 :—"I went to Roehampton with my lady Dutchesse of Ormond. The garden and perspective is pretty, the prospect most agreeable."

Of her sons, one fell in the civil wars fighting for his king, and the elder, who became earl on his father's death, was the father of the first Duke of Devonshire.

Having passed through several intermediate owners, Roehampton Park became the property of a member of Parliament, of foreign extraction, Mr. John Vanneck, afterwards Lord Huntingfield, who dismantled the house, and pulled it down to make room for a smaller one, called Roehampton Grove, which for the last thirty or forty years has been the residence of Mrs. Lyne-Stephens, better known to older readers as Mademoiselle Duvernay, the cele-

brated *danseuse* of the reign of William IV. This lady, Yolande Marie Louise Duvernay, was the daughter of Mons. Jean Louis Duvernay, and was born in France about the year 1815. She made her first appearance in England, with a considerable reputation, at Drury Lane Theatre in 1833, in a ballet called the "Sleeping Beauty." Her reception was highly encouraging, and soon afterwards she performed in the "Maid of Cashmere," a ballet opera by Auber. In December, 1836, was produced the ballet of "The Devil on Two Sticks," which met with great popularity. In this ballet Mlle. Duvernay introduced to the English public the graceful dance with castanets, "La Cachuca," with which her name has been more especially identified. Her charming execution of this dance established the lady as the worthy compeer of Cerito, Taglioni, and Fanny Elssler. In 1845 she retired from the stage, having married Mr. Stephens Lyne-Stephens, of Lynford Hall, Norfolk, and of Roehampton, formerly M.P. for Barnstaple, but was left a widow in 1860.

On the site of a portion of the park now stands a large Roman Catholic convent belonging to the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. The buildings include schools for the poor and a school for young ladies of the higher classes.

Previous to being devoted to its present uses the mansion was occupied by the late Earl of Ellenborough, some time Governor-General of India. His lordship was the eldest son of the first Lord Ellenborough (many years Chief Justice of the King's Bench), whom he succeeded in the barony in 1818. He held the post of Lord Privy Seal in the Duke of Wellington's administration in 1828-29, was President of the Board of Control during the short-lived Peel administration of 1834-35, and was appointed, on the return of Sir Robert Peel, in September, 1841, to the same office, which he relinquished a month afterwards for the post of Governor-General of India. Lord Ellenborough was recalled from the latter office by the East India Company in 1844. He had previously received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament for his "ability and judgment" in supporting the military operations in Afghanistan. His administration in India, however, had given rise to severe criticism in some quarters. His biographer in "Chambers's Encyclopædia" says :—"He was charged with reserving his favour for the military, and inflicting undeserved slights upon the civil servants of the Company. He made showy progresses ; addressed proclamations to the rulers and natives of India which appeared to sanction idolatry ; and, finally, in his proclamation concern-

ing the sandal-wood gates of the temple of Jugger-naut, when brought back from Ghuznee, he reached the climax of a series of extravagances which induced the directors of the East India Company to recall him. The Ministry, however, stood by him, and he was created by the crown an earl and a viscount, and he also received the distinction of a G.C.B.* Lord Ellenborough subsequently held office as First Lord of the Admiralty under Sir Robert Peel, and Minister for India in the Derby administration of 1858. Having permitted a despatch to see the light, in which he had administered a severe and caustic rebuke to Viscount Canning, Governor-General of India, an outcry was raised against him, which threatened the existence of the Derby government. To avert this result Lord Ellenborough resigned. His lordship died in 1871.

The chapel, mentioned above as having been consecrated by Laud, was removed about the year 1728, in order to make way for a larger structure, built of brick, in the "Hanoverian" style of ugliness; and that, again, its accommodation not being equal to the requirements of the village, was superseded by the present edifice, which was designed by Mr. B. Ferrey, and dates from 1841-2. It is of the Decorated period of Gothic architecture. In 1845, when the hamlet of Roehampton was converted into an ecclesiastical parish, cut off from the civil parish of Putney, this chapel was enlarged, so as to serve as the parish church. The church itself is cruciform in plan, consisting of a nave, transepts, and chancel, with vestry and organ-chamber at the north-east corner. The church was altered and enlarged in 1862, and again in 1883-4. The structure occupies nearly the whole of the church-yard, which is square in shape. Adjoining it is a huge mausoleum, in the Classical style, erected by the Lyne-Stephens family, and consecrated by Dr. Tait when Bishop of London, in 1864.

The fine houses and seats in Roehampton parish are extremely numerous in comparison to its acreage and population, the pleasantness of its situation and the nearness of Richmond Park having rendered it from a very early period a favourite place of residence. Two of these seats will be found depicted in the "Vitruvius Britannicus." The first of these is Roehampton House, now the seat of Lady Leven, but formerly of Lord Albemarle. It is a plain, heavy, and substantial red-brick structure, somewhat after the style of Kensington Palace. Sir James Thornhill painted the ceiling of the grand saloon or drawing-room with a representation of the gods at a banquet on Mount Olympus. The house itself was erected

in 1712, from the designs of Thomas Archer, to whom belongs the credit of having designed also the ugliest church in Westminster, St. John's,* Millbank. The other mansion, once the seat of Lord Bessborough, was formerly called Parkstead. It was built, somewhat later than its neighbour, by Sir William Chambers, for Lord Bessborough, who was a connoisseur in works of art, and who had here a fine collection of paintings, sculpture, coins, and other classical antiquities. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1801, gives a long list of these "curiosities," including Roman and Greek statues, busts, cinerary urns, inscriptions, vases, and also some treasures brought from Egypt.

William, second Earl of Bessborough, who made these collections, held the title during nearly the whole of the latter half of the eighteenth century. He was a man of pleasure as well of taste, and he married Lady Caroline Cavendish, a fair daughter of the house of Devonshire, who was a great beauty in her time. His son and successor, Frederick, the third earl, married a daughter of the first Earl Spencer, and lived here till the early part of her Majesty's reign.

The place now belongs to the Jesuit community, who have given to it the name of Manresa, after one of the houses in Spain which are connected with incidents in the life of their founder St. Ignatius Loyola. It now forms one of the novitiates of that Order. In the garden facing Richmond Park is an alcove or summer-house, now turned into a little oratory, in which the tradition is that Lord Bessborough used to spend the long afternoons in playing cards for high stakes with the Prince Regent. The Fathers have here a private printing press, where many Roman Catholic publications are set up in type by their lay brothers, and by others who are trained to the work of compositors. Here they have also received several members of the Jesuit body who have been expelled from France, Germany, and other countries on the Continent, on account of the jealousy and hatred felt against the ministers of religion by the anti-clerical party.

It was to Roehampton that Lord Rockingham retired in 1782, on resigning the seals of office; and here he died. "Junius" pays him a higher compliment than perhaps he deserves when he speaks of his "mild but determined integrity."

Lord Rockingham was a man who, though of very moderate abilities, still contrived to leave his mark upon the history of the eighteenth century. In 1765 he succeeded George Grenville as First

* See "Old and New London," Vol. IV., p. 3.

Lord of the Treasury, but held the Premiership for only a single year. From that time he was the leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords until restored, in 1782, to his former post as head of the Government which is known as the Rockingham administration, and in which Charles James Fox and Edmund Burke held places. Under his auspices was commenced a pacific communication with the revolted States of North America, but he did not live to see his project carried to a completion. He died within a few months after his return to power, when the bulk of his large property and estates passed to his nephew Lord Fitzwilliam.

Lord Gifford lived here whilst Master of the Rolls in the reign of George IV.; and so did his successor, Lord Langdale, some ten years afterwards; and Vice-Chancellor Sir James Knight-Bruce for many years occupied the Priory, now converted into a private asylum for lunatics. In fact, Roehampton would seem to have been a favourite abode of legal celebrities; and it may be worth mentioning that a lane leading from Barnes Common towards the Roehampton Gate of Richmond Park is, according to a writer in *All the Year Round*, known from that circumstance as "Chancery Lane."

The Right Hon. Robert Gifford, Lord Gifford, was the son of a respectable tradesman at Exeter, where he was born in 1779. At an early age he came to London, and entered his name as a student of the Middle Temple. He was duly called to the Bar in 1808, and his earliest professional efforts were made at the Exeter sessions, and from that time his advancement was a rapid one. In 1817 he was appointed Solicitor-General, and two years later he succeeded to the post of Attorney-General. This appointment led to the most remarkable event in his professional career, the prosecution, in 1820, of Queen Caroline. In 1824 he was raised to the peerage, and was appointed to the office of Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and soon afterwards, on the death of Sir Thomas Plumer, he was made Master of the Rolls. Previous to his elevation to the peerage, his lordship sat in the House of Commons as Member for Eye. At the commencement of the Session of 1824 he was appointed Deputy-Speaker of the House of Lords, an office then first established. His lordship died at Dover in 1826.

The Right Hon. Henry Bickersteth, Lord Langdale, lived for many years at Templeton House. He was the son of a country surgeon and apothecary of some repute, Mr. Henry Bickersteth, of Kirkby Lonsdale, Westmoreland, and he was an uncle of the late Dr. Bickersteth, Bishop of Ripon.

Lord Langdale first saw the light in 1783, and was educated at the free grammar-school of his native town, under the mastership of the Rev. J. Dobson. He commenced life with the view of following in his father's profession; and it is stated that he was professionally consulted in his father's house so late as the year 1807. He had, in the meantime, travelled on the Continent in the capacity of medical attendant of the Earl of Oxford, whose daughter he long afterwards married. It is said to have been with the encouragement of his noble patron that Mr. Bickersteth was enabled to enter himself of Caius College, Cambridge, where, in 1808, he graduated as Senior Wrangler and first Smith's prizeman. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple three years later, and at once became engaged in the arduous duties of the legal profession. In 1827 he became a King's Counsel and a bencher of his inn, and subsequently filled the office of treasurer. Mr. Bickersteth rose to great eminence in the Equity Courts, to which he confined his practice. In 1835 he was offered by Sir Robert Peel a seat on the bench, which was afterwards occupied by Mr. Serjeant Coleridge, but he declined the proffered honour. In the following year, however, he was appointed to succeed Lord Cottenham as Master of the Rolls, and at the same time he was called to the House of Peers and sworn a member of the Privy Council. By an unusual exception to the course of high legal preferment in this country, Lord Langdale had thus risen to one of the most honourable and important posts in his profession without having mingled in active political life, and without having either sat in the House of Commons or held the office of a legal adviser to the Crown. Lord Langdale died in 1851, having by his marriage with Lady Jane Harley, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Oxford, left an only daughter; his title, therefore, passed away from the roll of existing peerages, but his memory as a lawyer will not soon be forgotten.

Sir James Lewis Knight-Bruce was the youngest son of Mr. John Knight, of Fairlinch, Devon, and was born in 1791, his mother being the only child and heiress of Mr. William Bruce, of Duffryn, Glamorganshire, whose name he assumed. He became a student of Lincoln's Inn in 1812, and after his call to the Bar attended the Welsh circuit for a short time, when he exchanged the Common Law for the Equity Bar, where his great talents and industry soon secured a large practice. In 1831 he entered Parliament as member for Bishop's Castle, a borough which was disfranchised at the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832. In January, 1842, Sir James Knight-Bruce, who had just been

made a Vice-Chancellor, was sworn a Privy Councillor, and he thus became, in virtue of the Act constituting his office, a member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council and of the Final Court of Appeal for the courts of India and of the colonies, and from the ecclesiastical and admiralty jurisdictions of this country. Nine years later, in 1851, on the creation of the Court of Appeal, he was selected as one of the first Lords Justices. Of the numerous judgments delivered

who succeeded to the business and "the sauce" complained that the brother who had not inherited it was nevertheless vending "Burgess's Sauce," the Lord Justice, deciding against the complainant, commenced as follows:—"All the queen's subjects are entitled to manufacture pickles and sauces, and not the less so that their fathers have done it before them. All the queen's subjects are entitled to use their own names, and not the less so that their fathers have done it before them." The con-



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by him, those which are likely to be referred to as settling or elucidating the law are few and far between; yet there are some few which are remarkable not only for their sparkling cleverness and power, but as examples of legal reasoning, and as settlements of vexed and intricate legal questions. Sometimes, too, there was a certain irrepressible humour even about his gravest judgments, which was eminently characteristic of his general mode of getting through the otherwise dull and prosaic transactions of the court in which he sat. Thus, in a case which came before him, known as the "Burgess's Anchovy Case," in which two brothers named Burgess, sons of the original inventor of the sauce, were the litigants, and in which the brother

conclusion followed, of course. Sir James Knight-Bruce died at Roehampton Priory in 1866.

At Clarence Lodge, situated in Clarence Lane, which was at one time inhabited by William IV. before he came to the throne, was established, in 1864, the Royal School for Daughters of Military Officers.

Mount Clare, situated near Roehampton Gate, Richmond Park, was built a little more than a century ago, and named after Claremont, already mentioned as the seat of the great Lord Clive. It was afterwards the abode of a Scottish baronet, Sir John Dick, who introduced into the structure some Italian details; more recently it was occupied by the gallant admiral, Sir Charles Ogle, who

died in 1858. He had been one of Nelson's captains.

Downshire House and Dover House, both named after noble lords who formerly owned them, are now the seats of merchant princes. In the earlier part of the present century, when occupied by Lord Dover, the latter house was famous for its social and literary gatherings. Charles Greville tells us in his "Memoirs" that he spent two or three "uncommonly agreeable" days here in the company of Tommy Moore, Sir James Mackintosh, Sir William Grant, Master of the Rolls, and other pleasant acquaintances.

Roehampton Gate, the entrance to Richmond Park on the east, has long been closed to the public. The question of the purchase of its approach, by the Crown or otherwise, in order to secure it for the use of the public, has been brought forward in Parliament, it being admitted that this gate would be the easiest way of access to the park for the inhabitants of the metropolis; but up to the present time nothing definite has been decided upon. In April, 1884, on the question being sub-

mitted by Mr. Alderman Lawrence to the First Commissioner of Works, the latter replied that he thought it would be a great advantage to the public if Roehampton Gate were open. "The difficulty was," he added, "that the approach to that gate was private property. It belonged to a lady who was willing to sell it under certain circumstances, but he could not hold out any hope that the Treasury would advance the money for its purchase. Neither did he see that the Metropolitan Board of Works or any other body were ready to advance that money. He did not think that that was a matter which ought to fall upon the public Exchequer, and he could not hold out any prospect of a vote being proposed to the House for such a purchase." Probably what is required is some



SIR J. KNIGHT-BRUCE.

"village Hampden" to rise up and assert his right to enter the park by that particular gate, in the same manner that the Richmond brewer, Mr. John Lewis, did some century ago, as described in a previous chapter of this work. By that means the difficulty might be got over without a parliamentary grant.

CHAPTER XLIX.

WIMBLEDON.

"Let the great world spin for ever
Down the ringing grooves of change."

Situation and Boundaries of the Parish—Its Etymology—Early History of the Manor—Burstow Park—The Cromwell Family—The Cecils—Queen Elizabeth at Wimbledon—Visit of James I. to the Earl of Exeter at Wimbledon—Queen Victoria at the Manor House—The Viscountcy of Wimbledon—The Manor bought by Queen Henrietta Maria—It is afterwards owned by General Lambert, but again reverts to Queen Henrietta Maria—Thomas Osborne, Earl of Danby, afterwards Marquis of Carmarthen and Duke of Leeds—The Manor House rebuilt by Sir Theodore Janssen—The Park formed by Lord Spencer—The present Manor House—An Artesian Well—Description of the original Manor House.

WIMBLEDON is a very extensive and scattered parish, and one that is not devoid of historical interest. From Barnes and Roehampton, and Putney and Wandsworth, on the north, it stretches away to Merton and Cheam on the south; Kingston adjoins it on the west; and the river Wandle,

which forms one of its eastern boundaries, separates it from Mitcham and Wandsworth. The living was formerly a "peculiar," in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury, together with the adjacent parishes of Putney and Mortlake. Wimbledon, in fact, was anciently a portion of the manor

of Mortlake. Though it lies so very near to London that it is yearly threatened with the fate of annexation to the great metropolis, yet it is more famous in early history than most of the suburban districts.

If the early chroniclers are to be trusted, a place bearing the name of Wibbandune was the scene of a fierce battle between Ceaulin, King of Wessex, and Ethelbert, King of Kent, as far back as A.D. 568. Ethelbert, who had aspired to the dignity of Bretwalda, or chieftain of Britain, was defeated, and besides losing two of his great generals, his army suffered terrible slaughter, and he was forced to retreat within his own dominion. In witness of this battle, there is still to be seen at the south-western corner of the common an all but circular encampment, covering about seven acres, and locally known as Bensbury. The tradition of the neighbourhood is that Julius Cæsar encamped here during his invasion of Britain, B.C. 54. Of the encampment we shall have more to say presently.

In Camden's "Britannia" we find:—"Wibbandune, now commonly called Wimbledon, stands on the other bank of the Wandle [*i.e.*, from Beddington, which he had been describing], where, when long prosperity had produced civil wars among the Saxons after their wars with the Britons were ended, Ethelbert, King of Kent, first sounded the alarm against his countrymen; but Ceaulin, King of the East Saxons, fortunately defeated him with great slaughter, having slain his generals, Oslac and Cneben, from which last, probably, the fortification to be seen here was called Bensbury, for Cnebensbury."

Gough, in a note on Camden, writes:—"Dr. Salmon will not allow Bensbury camp, or, as the common people call it, *The Rounds*, at Wimbledon, to have had the use which Camden assigns to it, nor can he satisfy himself of its Romanity"—that is, in common English, of its being of Roman design and execution.

Although the variations in the spelling of the name of the parish may perhaps not have been so numerous as in some other parishes in England, there have been, at all events, about a dozen different examples of its orthography handed down to us, namely:—Wibbandūn, Wibbandune, Wipandune, Wymbaldon, Wymbeldon, Wymbledon, Wymbylton, Wimendon, Wibleton, Wimbleton, Wimbleton. The name is thought to have been derived from that of "some Saxon proprietor named *Wymbald*, and *dun*, or *dune*, a hill in the Saxon language, possibly an adoption from the British; hence the appellations *Wymbaldon* and *Wymbeldon*, by which this place is distinguished in old records."

A writer in *Notes and Queries* (July 15, 1882) says that "it is believed that the earliest mention of Wimbledon is in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, under date A.D. 568, where we find that Ceaulin, King of Wessex, and his brother Cutha, fought against Ethebryht, King of Kent, defeated him, and slew two of his 'ealdermen,' Oslaf and Cnebban (Cnebban) at Wibbandune." He adds:—"There appears reason to think that this Wibbandune is the present Wimbledon, particularly as the word is found in the transition form of 'Wymbaldune.'" The writer owns that he is quite at a loss as to the etymology of the first part of the word. In this, however, another writer, Professor Skeat, of Cambridge, comes to the rescue in the same publication (July 29, 1882) with the following interpretation of its etymology:—"Wibbandūne," he writes, "is the dative of *Wibbandūn*, meaning 'Wibba's down.' Next, *dūn* is not a true Anglo-Saxon word, but borrowed from Celtic, as explained in my 'Dictionary,' the equivalent English word being *tūn*, modern English *town*. A *down* meant both a hill and a hill-fort. Thirdly, *Wibba*, like all masculines in *-a*, is of the form which may be called *agential*, as it denotes an agent. The word literally means 'one who wriggles about,' or (to use a word from an allied root) *wabbles* about, and the secondary sense is 'beetle,' or 'grub'—not a very complimentary name. . . . The very form *wibba* occurs in one of our old glossaries, which gives '*Scarabeus*, *særn-wibba*, *i.e.*, sharn-grub, or dung-beetle.'"

"The manor of Wymbledon, or, as it is generally named, Mortelage, or Mortlake," writes the Rev. W. A. Bartlett, in his history of the parish, "was one of the many estates belonging to the see of Canterbury which were seized by Odo, Bishop of Bayeux." Domesday Book makes no mention of Wimbledon; but it has been considered by most of the county historians that at the time of the Conqueror's survey it was included, as it certainly was at a later period, in the great manor of Mortlake, then held by the Archbishops of Canterbury. In a record made during the time of Archbishop Reynolds, 1327, and preserved at Lambeth Palace, Wimbledon is described as a grange, or farm, belonging to Mortlake. On the impeachment of Archbishop Arundel, in 1398, his estates, including Wimbledon, were seized, and in the inquisition then taken, the manor of Wimbledon is mentioned as "a member of the manor of Croydon (also belonging to the see of Canterbury), consisting of a house and buildings, containing two acres, worth nothing beyond reprises; 100 acres of arable land at 3d. 5s.; 21 of meadow, at 6d. =

10s. 6d. ; four of several pasture, 2d. = 8d. ; assised rents of five tenants, 4s. ; divers works done for 48 virgates of land, at 3s. = £7 4s. ; and 200 courts, worth per annum, with the common fine, £1 13s. 4d. ; in all, £10 17s. 6d." Of this entry Manning has given the following explanation:—"This account could not mean the manor of Wimbledon as now comprehending Mortlake and Putney, to which belong rents and services to a much greater amount. In fact," he adds, "there were two capital houses belonging to the manor of Mortlake—one, with a park, at Mortlake, the other at Wimbledon. The former was frequently the residence of the archbishops, and occasionally that of the king in a vacancy of the see. The latter was rather a grange, or farm. When, therefore, this is called in the inquisition the manor of Wimbledon, nothing more was meant than a mansion, with part of the demesne lands (as has been found in many instances), to which, in this case, certain services of the tenants due to the manor properly so called were attached, as well for the convenience of the tenants who resided in that part of the manor as of the lord, the owner of the house and land."

"The general conclusion, therefore," remarks Mr. Bartlett, "at which we may arrive seems to be this: That the manor of Mortlake, or Mortelage, described in Domesday, included the parishes of Mortlake, Wimbledon, Putney,* and probably East Sheen,† and that during the tenure of the archbishops this manor sometimes went by the name of Mortlake, and sometimes by that of Wimbledon." Although the mansion of the manor of Mortlake was in that parish, the church, as we have already seen, was undoubtedly at Wimbledon.‡ Then, again, the manor of Barnes, or Barn-elms, called in the Domesday Survey *Berne*, was associated in early times with the manor of Wimbledon, as is proved by the fact that "the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's formerly paid a sparrow-hawk yearly, or, in lieu thereof, two shillings, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, as lord of the manor of Wimbledon, to be exempted from serving the office of reeve or provost within that manor."

Burstow, or Burstow Park, was also in early times comprised within the manor of Wimbledon. In the reign of Henry VIII. (1531), "William [Warham], then Archbishop of Canterbury, de-

mised Burstow Park to Sir John Gage [then the owner of Burstow Court Lodge] for eighty years." "Whether the archbishop afterwards granted it to the king, or directly to Thomas Cromwell," writes Mr. Bartlett, "we do not know; but Cromwell had the manor of Wimbledon, and Burstow Park as an appendage to it. On his attainder it was seized by the king, and remained in the Crown till 32 Elizabeth, when the queen granted to Sir Thomas Cecil the manor of Wimbledon, with its members in the county of Surrey, and rents of free tenants—namely, amongst others, 'for lands or tenements in Bristowe, *alias* Burstowe, £6 17s. 4d. ; and all those our lands in Bristowe, *alias* Burstowe, parcel of the same lordship of Wimbledon, called the *Parke*, demised to Sir John Gage, Knt., by indenture under the seal of William, late Archbishop of Canterbury, dated March 11th, 22 Henry VIII. (1531), for eighty years, rent £11, all late parcel of the possessions of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, after of Thomas Cromwell, Knt., late Earl of Essex, attainted of high treason.' " This property was subsequently conveyed by Sir Thomas Cecil to Sir Thomas Shirley the elder, of Wiston, in Sussex, from whose time it passed altogether away from Wimbledon.

The rise and the fall of Thomas Cromwell, who obtained the manor of Wimbledon about the year 1539, are matters of history. It was not a little singular that in middle life he should have been lord of the manor upon which his father had carried on the trade of a blacksmith at the time of his birth. "The site of his birthplace," writes Bartlett, in his "History of Wimbledon," "as pointed out by tradition, agrees with a survey of the manor taken in 1617, which describes upon the same spot 'an ancient cottage called the smith's shop,' lying west of a highway leading from Putney to the Upper Gate, and on the south side of the highway from Richmond to Wandsworth, being the sign of the 'Anchor.'"

Some interesting particulars of the Cromwell family are given by Mr. J. Phillips, in the *Antiquarian Magazine*,* from which we learn that Thomas Cromwell, who had spent his early manhood in travel, returned from Antwerp about the year 1514; that "he then settled as a wool and cloth merchant, and practised as a lawyer, accountant, and scrivener, by Fenchurch, in Fenchurch Street, London." This Thomas Cromwell's wife was the "widow of Thomas Williams, of Wales." The family of the Williamses was of Llanishen, in Glamorganshire, but members of it

* Putney belonged to Wimbledon when Queen Elizabeth granted the manor to Sir Thomas Cecil.

† East Sheen was not enfranchised from Wimbledon till the reign of Henry VII., at which time it was the property of the Welbecks; it had previously been the estate of the Dyneleys.—See Lysons' "Environns," i., 267.

‡ See *ante*, p. 426.

* See Vol. V., p. 171, April, 1834.

had been long connected with Wimbledon and Putney. "From 1492 to 1502, when he died," writes Mr. Phillips, "John Williams was overseer and collector of the revenues of Wimbledon Manor, which included the parishes of Wimbledon, Putney with Roehampton, and Mortlake with East Sheen. His father, whose name was Thomas Williams, was an attorney, accountant, and scrivener in the parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate. He died January 16, 1495, and was buried in St. Helen's Church, where his effigy in brass may be seen in the floor of the chapel south of the chancel. The likeness of him as depicted on the brass remarkably resembles the extant portraits of Oliver Cromwell, the Lord Protector. This may well be so, for he was great-uncle to Morgan Williams, who was the great-great-grandfather of the Protector Oliver. . . . In Wales he was called Morgan ap William, and was brought up there to his father's profession as a lawyer and accountant, but became an ale brewer with his uncle, John Morgan, of Cardiff. In 1487 John Morgan was induced to start two ale breweries on Wimbledon Manor at Mortlake and Putney, for supplying with ale the king's household, yeomen of the guard, and their families, nearly all of whom, like the king himself, were Welsh, and who resided in Richmond, Mortlake, and Putney. Morgan Williams also had a brewery and inn called the 'Crooked Billet,' at the south-west part of Wimbledon Green, and he held, by copy of Court Roll, a cottage contained in half an acre of land in the middle of the west side of the Green, and half an acre of pasture land at Hanery Cross, in Wimbledon. In 1513 he surrendered this property 'to the use and behoof of Walter Cromwell and his heirs,' who from this time until he died, in 1516, resided at this cottage on Wimbledon Green, and carried on the brewery and inn, called the 'Crooked Billet,' close by, for Morgan Williams. Hall, Holinshed, and Stow, say that Walter Cromwell was 'in his latter days a brewer.' The fact is, he was a brewer, not only for a few years until he died at Wimbledon, as we have seen, but in Putney from 1474, when he is first mentioned in the Court Rolls of Wimbledon Manor. Three tenements, with gardens, outbuildings, and a row of cottages behind them, now occupy the site of the cottage on Wimbledon Green given to Walter Cromwell by his son-in-law, Morgan Williams."

When a boy Thomas Cromwell attended a school at Putney, and in his fourteenth year he was articled to John Williams, overseer of Wimbledon Manor, to be brought up as a lawyer, accountant, and steward or manager of estates. "His father," continues Mr. Phillips, "was then a well-to-do

brewer, fuller, and sheep farmer in Putney, having eight virgats (120 acres) of copyhold land there. This land gave him right of grazing on Putney and Roehampton Commons for two hundred sheep, forty beasts, and eight goats. John Williams resided at Mortlake, in a large house he had built between the Lower Richmond Road and the Thames, just above where the Oxford and Cambridge boat races terminate. This house was known long afterwards as 'Cromwell House.' Until John Williams died, in 1502, and from that date until 1504, Thomas Cromwell was collector, first for him and then for his own father (who was appointed temporary overseer, in succession to John Williams), of the revenues of Wimbledon Manor. The intention was apparently that he in two or three years should succeed his father in the overseership of the manor; but early in 1504 he met with some mishap, for which he was put into prison for a time. Probably he got into bad company, and lost or was robbed of the manor rents which he had collected. Whatever the mishap was, it caused a bitter feud between him and his father, which the latter never forgave. We infer from a succession of circumstances related in the Court Rolls of the manor after this date that his father neglected his business, and became reckless and a tippler; and finally, in 1514, all his copyhold lands and tenements, consisting then of five of the six virgats at Roehampton, which had been given to him on October 17, 1499, by Archbishop Morton, the lord of the manor, were seized by Archbishop Warham, the then lord of the manor. We have seen that in 1513 Morgan Williams, evidently in anticipation of this seizure, had provided him with the cottage on Wimbledon Green for his future residence. Thomas Cromwell, being the only son, was the next heir to the lands seized from his father; but as he did not appear after proclamation at three successive Manor Courts to claim them (owing, probably, to his being debarred from doing so), on October 6, 1514, 'William Wellyfed, and Elizabeth his wife, the youngest daughter of Walter Cromwell,' claimed and were admitted to the lands; and when Walter Cromwell died, in 1516, the cottage on Wimbledon Green and the land at Hanery-cross, in Wimbledon, devolved on them by the custom of the manor."

It is recorded in history that Cardinal Wolsey, who proved to be Thomas Cromwell's friend and patron, first discovered him when he was travelling in France, and made him his secretary. After Wolsey's fall, Cromwell was introduced to the notice of the king, "as the fittest person to manage the dispute between his Majesty and the Pope." For

these and other public services Cromwell was raised to the peerage as Baron of Okeham, in Rutlandshire, and subsequently created Earl of Essex, and appointed Lord High Chamberlain of England. His honours, however, were but of short duration, for almost within a twelvemonth of his elevation to the earldom he was arrested for high treason, and a bill of attainder having been quickly passed through Parliament, he was executed on Tower Hill. His estates were, of course, confiscated, and Wimbledon became once more the property of the Crown, by whom it was settled on Queen Catherine Parr, the last of the six wives of Henry VIII. On her death, this manor and estate again reverted to the Crown, and, with the exception of being held for a short time by Cardinal Pole in the reign of Queen Mary, remained in the hands of the Crown through the greater part of Elizabeth's reign, when Sir Christopher Hatton had a grant of the house and surrounding grounds for a short time. In 1576 the mansion-house was sold to Sir Thomas Cecil, whose father, Sir William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, had a small grant of land in the parish during the reign of Edward VI. From Bartlett's "History of Wimbledon" we learn that during this reign and the greater part of the next he resided in this parish, most probably at the rectory house. Here he appears to have suffered a severe and dangerous illness; at all events, amongst the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum is preserved a letter "from Sir William Cecyll, Secretary of State, to the Lord Treasurer, Earl of Bedford," addressed "From my poore house at Wibleton." Thomas, his son and heir, succeeded his father in the estate here in 1598, and subsequently the manor was granted to him by Elizabeth, as above stated.

Queen Elizabeth honoured Wimbledon with her presence on more than one occasion. In an entry made in the register during the year 1597, and quoted by Nichols, in his "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth," we read:—"In this year the bells of Fulham were rung, when the queen went to the Lord Burleigh's house at Wimbledon," and also when "she went to the Lord Admiral's at Chelsea." Again, in an entry under date of August 1, 1599:—"Mr. Chamberlain informs us that the Queen removed from Greenwich the 27th of last month, and dined the same day at Monsieur Caron's, and so to the Lord Burleigh's, at Wimbledon, where she tarried three days, and is now at Nonsuch." Travelling in those days was no easy matter, in consequence of the bad condition of the roads, which seem to have been continually out of repair. There is a curious entry in the churchwardens' books at Kingston, made during this "royal pro-

gress" in 1599:—"Paid for mending the wayes when the Queen went from Wimbledon to Nonsuch, 20d."

Mr. Bartlett, in his history of the parish, quotes from the "Finetti Philoxenus" the following account of a visit paid by James I. to Wimbledon:—"On the 21st of June, 1616," says Sir John Finett, "the king, being invited by the Earl of Exeter to hunt and dine at Wimbledon (as was also the French Ambassador), killed a brace of staggs before he came to the house. Then I demanded when it would be his Majesty's pleasure, to give accesse there to the Ambassador, whom he had not yet seen. It was assigned him for after dinner. The Ambassador dined with the Lords and Ladies at a table placed in the midst of a faire roome, he seated in a chaire at the upper end, at his right hand the Earle of Arundel, the Earl of Montgomery, the Lady Elizabeth Hatton, the Lady Rosse, &c. At his left were the Lady of Exeter, the Lady Anne Tuffton, the Marquis de L'Isle, uncle to the Duke of Retz (new come to England, and to that feast, in company of the French Ambassador), the Lord Haye, Sir George Villiers, and others. After dinner, the Ambassador going to see the House, he attended in the gallery the king's coming, and had there an houre's entertainment of discourse with his Majesty."

Under date of 28th June, 1619, is this entry:—"The king knighted, in the morning at Greenwich, Sir Charles Smith, and in the afternoon at Wimbledon, Sir Samuel Rolls."

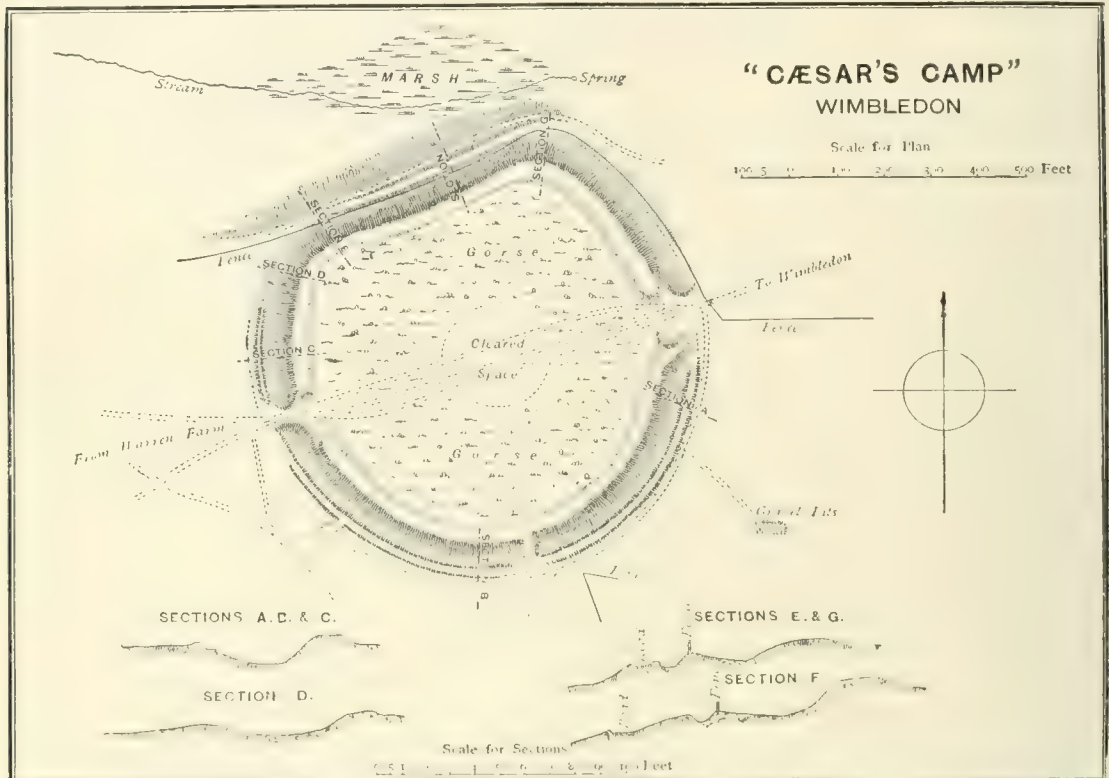
It may not be out of place to record here that in the summer of 1838 our present sovereign, Queen Victoria, honoured Wimbledon with her presence, as the guest of the Duke of Somerset, then a resident at the manor-house.

The title of Viscount Wimbledon formerly existed in the Cecil family, having been conferred in 1626 on the Honourable Edward Cecil, youngest son of Sir Thomas Cecil, first Earl of Exeter, and grandson of William, Lord Burghley, Lord Treasurer to Queen Elizabeth. Entering the army, and having served with distinction in the Netherlands, he was made by Charles I. Marshal and General of the forces sent against Spain and the Imperialists. Already, in 1625, he had been created Lord Cecil of Putney. Walpole mentions in his "Noble Authors" that in the king's library are two manuscript tracts drawn up by this nobleman, on the subject of war and the military defence of the nation; and he also mentions that a manuscript was found by the Earl of Huntingdon in an old chest, purporting to be a warrant of King Charles I., directing, at the instance of Lord Wimbledon, the

revival of the old English march, so famous in all the honourable achievements and glorious wars of this kingdom in ancient times, but which by neglect had been nearly lost and forgotten." His lordship died at his house here in November, 1638, and was buried in the church, where a monument has been erected to his memory, as we shall see presently.

Queen Henrietta Maria, the consort of Charles I., bought the manor of Wimbledon on the death of

one of the eleven major-generals appointed to administer justice in the several districts of England. When Cromwell began to ally himself with the nobility, and exhibit signs of securing the succession in his own family, "Lambert," as we learn from the "Memoirs of Col. Hutchinson," "perceiving himself to have been all this while deluded with hopes and promises of succession. . . fell off from him, but behaved himself very pitifully and meanly, was turned out of all his places, and returned



PLAN OF CÆSAR'S CAMP.

(From the *Journal of the Archaeological Institute*.)

Lord Wimbledon. Charles himself seems to have taken some delight in the gardens of the manor-house, for only a few days before he was brought to trial "he ordered the seeds of some Spanish melons to be planted there." In the inventory which was taken of jewels and pictures belonging to Charles I., Wimbledon is mentioned as belonging to the Crown; and when the Crown lands were put up for sale by order of the Parliamentary Commissioners, this manor was purchased by Mr. Adam Baynes, of Knowstrop, in Yorkshire. He, however, did not long retain possession of the estate, for in 1652 the house—then called Wimbledon Hall—was bought by General Lambert, who, under the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, was

again to plot new vengeance at his house at Wimbledon, where he fell to dress his flowers in his garden, and work at the needle with his wife and his maids, while he was watching an opportunity to serve again his ambition, which had this difference from the Protector's—the one was gallant and great, the other had nothing but an unworthy pride, most insolent in prosperity, and as abject and base in adversity." When the final separation took place between Lambert and Cromwell in 1656, Lambert "retired to his garden," says Clarendon, "as unvisited and untaken notice of as if he had never been in authority, which gave great reputation to the Protector that he was entire master of his army."

"Lambert," writes Mr. Bartlett, "probably continued to reside at Wimbledon till after the death of Oliver and the succession of Richard Cromwell to the Protectorship, when he again became the leader of the opposition ; and, joined by a council of officers, forced that weak man to dissolve the Parliament, April 22nd, 1659. This act virtually expelled Richard. He soon after signed his own demission."

After the restoration of Charles II., Wimbledon

estate of Wimbledon was conveyed, in 1677—8, to Thomas Osborne, Earl of Danby, Lord High Treasurer of England. The house was no doubt very fine at that time, but Evelyn speaks with great contempt of the library. In his "Diary," under date of December 20th, 1677, we read :— "Carried to my Lord Treasurer an account of the Earl of Bristol's librarie at Wimbleton, which my lord thought of purchasing, till I acquainted him that it was a very broken collection, consisting



ON WIMBLEDON COMMON.

was given back to the queen-mother, Henrietta Maria, together with other of the dower lands ; but the place seems to have lost its charm for her, and it was very soon after sold to the Earl of Bristol, who appears to have consulted John Evelyn with reference to the laying out of his grounds. Under date of Feb. 17th, 1662, Evelyn writes in his "Diary :"—"I went with my Lord of Bristoll to see his house at Wimbledon, newly bought of the Queene Mother, to help contrive the garden after the moderne. It is a delicious place for prospect and the thicketts, but the soile cold and weeping clay. Returned to London that evening with Sir Henry Bennet."

Upon the death of the Earl of Bristol, the

much in books of judicial astrologie, romances, and trifles." And again he writes, two months later, Feb. 18th, 1678 :—"My Lord Treasurer sent for me to accompany him to Wimbledon, which he had lately purchas'd of the Earle of Bristol ; so breaking fast with him privately in his chamber, I accompanied him, with two of his daughters, my Lord Conway, and Sir Bernard Gascoyne, and having surveyed his gardens and alterations, returned late at night."

In 1689 Lord Danby was created Marquis of Carmarthen, and later on advanced to the Dukedom of Leeds. He died in 1712, having by his will devised Wimbledon to the Earl of Abingdon and others, as trustees, who, under a decree of

Chancery in 1717, sold the estate to Sir Theodore Janssen, one of the South Sea directors. The next owner of Wimbledon was Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who purchased the manor after the failure of Sir Theodore Janssen and his bubble company. The mansion here became her favourite residence, and here she died, at an advanced age, in 1744, leaving her estate to her grandson, Mr. John Spencer, the youngest son of Charles, Earl of Sunderland. The mansion and estate descended to his only son, John, who was created in 1761 Viscount and Baron Spencer, and in 1765 was raised to the earldom. The property continued in the possession of the Spencer family down to 1846, when it was purchased by Mr. J. A. Beaumont.

It does not appear that much alteration was made in Wimbledon House from the time when it was built by Sir Thomas Cecil till it came into the possession of Sir Theodore Janssen. It was then pulled down and rebuilt, probably on a smaller scale. The work, however, was scarcely finished, when the failure of the South Sea scheme put a stop to Sir Theodore's design, and the estate was sold, as above stated, to the Duchess of Marlborough. She pulled down the house which Janssen had built, and erected a new one, from designs by the celebrated Earl of Burlington,* on the north side of the knoll on which the present mansion stands; but not liking the situation, she soon after caused it to be pulled down, and a second house built further to the south. In 1785 this house was accidentally burnt down. The ruins were cleared away, and the grounds levelled and turfed, so that scarcely a trace of its foundation was visible. The present house was finished in 1801.

Lord Spencer formed here one of the finest parks in England. Miss Priscilla Wakefield, writing at the commencement of the present century, says:—"It contains twelve hundred acres, adorned with beautiful declivities and fine plantations. Here is also," she adds, "a sheet of water of many acres, which always adds to the beauty of any rural scene. From eminences in the park no less than nineteen churches may be counted in the prospect, exclusive of those of London and Westminster. Here are many other mansions of the gentry and the nobility." The grounds of the park were laid out by "Capability" Brown. The house was for many years occupied by the Duke of Somerset, and it was here that the late Sir Joseph Paxton began life as under gardener to

his brother, then head gardener in these grounds. Allusions to Lord Spencer's residence here are very rare in the books which record the social life of a century ago; and accordingly, only a very few anecdotes have been preserved relating to the place, though its noble owner was a leader in society, and doubtless entertained his Parliamentary friends here during the Parliamentary season. One such anecdote, however, may well be recorded here, as almost an English version of the celebrated French story of the Dog of Montargis.

When Thomas Grenville was a boy, he was dining, he would say, at Wimbledon, with Lord Spencer, when George Pitt, afterwards Lord Rivers, who was one of the company, declared that he could tame any animal, however fierce, by looking at it steadily and without shrinking. Lord Spencer suggested that he should try his powers on a mastiff in his stable-yard, who was the terror of every stranger. Pitt agreed to do so. The company went down to the courtyard, and a servant held the mastiff by a chain. Pitt knelt down at a short distance from the animal, and stared him sternly in the face. At a given signal the mastiff was let loose, and rushed furiously towards Pitt. The company stood shuddering, but the mastiff, on seeing him staring without flinching, seemed confounded, and checked her pace, and then turned tail and bounded off.

The total area of the estate when purchased from Lord Spencer was over 1,200 acres. Of this, about 500 acres on the Putney side have already been sold and built upon by a wealthy class of residents; and the whole park, when completed on the same principle, will form one of the most charming spots in England—a perfect arboretum and garden within the very neighbourhood of London.

The situation and character of the district is proverbially healthy, owing to its high position, genial and bracing air, and dry gravelly soil; and the charming scenery of the park, with its magnificent timber and luxuriant shrubs, adorning the rich pastures that encircle the lake, presents a combination of green-sward, wood, and water, while the distant views are unequalled in extent and surpassing interest.

The lake in the centre of the park is used as a Private Subscription Water by the residents for fishing, boating, and skating. It has been restocked with a large number of fish, so that, doubtless, it will henceforth afford abundance of sport for anglers.

The manor-house, now the residence of Mrs. W. Bertram Evans, was built early in the present cen-

* See "Old and New London," Vol. IV., p. 263.

ture, and stands on the site of the one occupied by the Duchess of Marlborough. It is a large stone-built mansion, and has about twelve acres of pleasure-grounds reserved with it; and handsome villas of the Queen Anne type, each in its own grounds, are now springing up on all sides around it.

Standing, as it does, so high, the village of Wimbledon has never had an overflowing supply of water, and accordingly the late Lord Spencer had caused to be sunk on the Wimbledon Park House Estate an Artesian well, which is upwards of 560 feet in depth.

Lord Spencer is still lord of the Manor of Wimbledon. In this manor the custom of "Borough English" prevails: namely, lands descend not to the eldest, but to the youngest, son or daughter.

Having spoken thus far of the manor of Wimbledon and its successive owners, we will now proceed to give an account of the magnificent mansion which was once the glory of the place, but all traces of which have long since passed away.

From a "Survey of the Manor of Wymbledon, *alias* Wimbleton," made in 1649, read before the Society of Antiquaries in 1792 by Mr. John Caley, F.A.S., and printed in the "Archæologia," Vol. X., Wimbledon Hall would appear to have been a very large and well-built mansion. The "survey" begins with a minute description of the various domestic offices "below stairs," such as the kitchen, the larder, the "landrie roome," the "foulding roome," the "sweetmeate roome," the still house, scullery, the common beer cellars, wine cellars, steward's chamber, &c. The gardener's chamber and the "lower Spanish room" are then described: the latter was "floored with white paynted tyle, waynscotted round, the most part of which waynscote is varnished greene, and spotted with starrs of gould, seeled over head, and fitted for the present with boxes, wherein oringe and pomegranat trees are planted. . . . One other roome, called the Stone Gallery, floored with squared stone, one hundred and eight foot long, seeled overhead, pillored and arched with gray marble, lying on the east end of the said manor-house, waynscotted round with oaken waynscot, varnished with greene, and spotted with starrs of gould, and benched all along the sides and angles thereof." The middle part of this gallery is described as fitted with six windows, or "leaved doors," of wainscot and glass. The grotto, placed in the middle of the stone gallery, was floored with painted tile, and in the arch and sides were "sundry sorts of shells of greate lustre and ornament, formed into the shapes of men, lyons, serpents, antick formes, and other rare devices,"

&c. The great hall is described as wainscoted round eight feet high, the upper part being "spotted with starrs of gould." At the lower end of the hall was an arched screen of double wainscot, on which were "three chalices or brass boles well guilt." Then follows a description of the parlours and other chambers. The two staircases, "twenty foote square," were "topped with turrets of a great height, covered with blue slate, on the middle pinacles whereof stand two faier gilded weathercockes, perspicuous to the countrie round about." The east stairs led from the marble parlour to the great gallery and the dining-room, and the west stairs led principally to the rooms on the second floor. The staircases were adorned with a large picture of Henry IV. of France on horseback, with "landskippes of batayles, anticks, Heaven and Hell, and other curious worke." Under the stairs was "a little compleate roome, called the den of lyons, floored with paynted deale cheker worke, wherein is one ovall marble table, in a frame of wood: this roome is painted round with lyons and leopards, and is a good ornament to the staires and the marble parlor, severed therefrom with rayled doors." Other rooms and galleries are then described, together with two courts, one lying twenty-six steps higher than the other; and the survey continues thus:—"The scite of this manor-house being placed on the side slipp of a rising ground, renders it to stand of that height that betwixt the basis of the brick wall of the sayd lower court, and the hall door of the sayd manor-house there are five several assents, consisting of threescore and ten steps, which are distinguished in a very graceful manner; to witt, from the parke to a payre of rayled gates, set betwixt two large pillars of brick; in the middle of the wall standing on the north side of the sayd lower court is the first assent, consisting of eight steps of good freestone, layed in a long square, within which gates, levell with the highest of those eight steps, is a pavement of freestone, leading to a payr of iron gates, rayled on each side thereof with turned ballasters of freestone, within which is a little paved court leading to an arched vault neatly pillowred with brick, conteyning on each side of the pillars a little roome well arched, serving for cellaridge of botteled wines. On each side of this vault are a payre of staires of stone steps, twentie-three steps in assent, eight foote nine inches broad; meeting an even landing-place in the height thereof, leading from the aforesayd gates unto the lower court and make the second assent; from the height of this assent a pavement of Flanders bricke

thirteene foot six inches broad, leading to the third assent, which stands on the south side of the lower courte, consisting of a round modell, in the middle whereof is a payre of iron gates rayled as aforesayd, within which is a fountayne fitted with a leaden cesterne fed with a pipe of lead; this round conteynes a payre of stone stayres of twenty-six steps in assent, ordered and adorned as the second assent is, and leades into the sayd higher courte, and soe makes the third assent; from the height whereof a pavement of square stone, nine foote broad and eightie-seaven foote long, leads up to the fowerth assent, which consists of eleven steps of freestone very well wrought and ordered, leading into a gallery paved with square stone, sixtie-two foote long and eight foote broad; adjoyning to the body of the sayd manor-house towards the south, and rayled with turned ballasters of stone towards the north; in the middle of this gallery, the hall-doore of the sayd manor-house, the fabrick whereof is of columns of freestone very well wrought, doth stand, into which hall from the sayd gallery is an assent of two steps. From the forementioned first assent there is a way cut forth of the parke, planted on each side thereof with cloves and other trees, in a very decent order, extending itself in a direct line two hundred thirty-one perches from thence quite through the parke northward unto Putney Common, being a very special ornament to the whole house."

The hall was adorned with "a border or fret, having set therein eleven pictures of very good workmanship. The ceiling was of fret or parge work, in the very middle whereof was fixed one well wrought landskip, and round the same in convenient distances seven other pictures in frames, as ornaments to the whole roome; the floor was of black and white marble." Near the hall was the organ room, "adorned with a fayre and rich payre of organs." Close by was the "greene chamber," so called from the colour of its walls. The chapel was "well adorned with pulpitt, reading desk, and handsome seates or pewes, with a pavement of black and white polished marble;" the ceiling, a "quadrate arch," was painted with landscapes, as were also the side walls above the wainscot. The lower parlour was wainscoted with oak "adorned with stars and cross pates of gould," whilst in the middle of the arched ceiling "hung one pinnacle perpendicular garnished in every angle with coates of armes well wrought and richly guilt." The Lord's Chamber, the Queen's Chamber, the withdrawing room, and other apartments, were

on this floor. The Stone Gallery, 62 feet long by 10 feet wide, was "floored with square tile, handsomely lighted and seeled, upon the walls whereof are writt many compendious sentences." The Great Gallery, on the second floor, 109 feet long by 21 feet broad, was "floored with cedar boards casting a pleasant smell, seeled and bordered with fret-work well wrought, very well lighted, and waynscotted round with well wrought oake 13 foote 6 inches high, garnished with fillets of gould on the pillars, and starrs and cross pates on the panes, in the middle whereof is a very fayre and large chimnie-piece of black and whyte marble, ingraved with coates of armes adorned with several curious and well-guilded statues of alabaster, with a foot-pace of black and whyte marble." On this floor was an apartment called the Summer Chamber, which was also floored with cedar, and it was "well seeled with fret-work, in the middle whereof a picture of good workmanship representing a flying angel." Among the rooms on this floor were "the Duchess's Chamber," the "Countess of Denbigh's Chamber," and others named after Mr. Willoughby and Mr. Cecill.

The whole house is described in the survey as having been constructed of "excellent good brick; the angles, window staunchions, and jawmes all of ashlar stone;" and the leads and battlements of the roof are said to have been "a great ornament to the whole house."

"Wimbledon House," says Miss Lucy Aikin, in her "Court of Queen Elizabeth," "seated on the side of a hill, was remarkable for the magnificent disposition of steps and terraces, well worthy of an Italian villa," thereby illustrating and explaining what honest old Fuller states in his "Worthies," to the effect that even Nonsuch itself—to the beauties of which the reader has lately been introduced—* is "exceeded by Wimbledon in point of a real situation." The original mansion, in fact, would seem to have been magnificent, if we may judge from the two curious and scarce views of it engraved by Winstanley.

The gardens would seem to have been planned and laid out on a scale of great magnificence. They contained mazes, wildernesses, alleys, knots, &c., and are mentioned in the survey as comprising a great variety of fruit-trees and some shrubs, particularly one "faire bay-tree," and a "very fayer tree called the Irish arbutis, very lovely to look upon." Above one thousand fruit-trees are enumerated, among which appear the names of almost every kind now cultivated.

* See ante, p. 432.

The "orangerie" contained forty-two orange-trees in boxes, valued at £10 each; one "lemmon-tree, bearing greate and very large lemmons," valued at £20; one "pomecitron tree," valued at £10; six "pomegranet trees," valued at £3 each; and eighteen young orange-trees, valued at £5 each. At the end of the kitchen-garden was a "muskilion ground," "trenched, manured, and very well ordered for the growth of muskilions."

Of the second Wimbledon House—that built by the Duchess of Marlborough—there is a view in the fifth volume of the "Vitruvius Britannicus." The building was of brick, with stone dressings and other ornaments, and the principal front was enriched with a portico and pediment, supported by four Ionic columns.

In the "Life of Hannah More" is printed a letter from that lady, in which she describes a visit paid to the mansion in 1780. She writes:—"The

Bishop of St. Asaph and his family invited me to come to Wimbledon Park, Lord Spencer's charming villa, which he always lends to the bishop at this time of the year. I did not think there could have been so beautiful a place within seven miles of London. The park has as much variety of ground, and is as un-Londonish, as if it were an hundred miles out; and I enjoyed the violets and the birds more than all the marchal powder and the music of this foolish town. There was a good deal of company at dinner; but we were quite at our ease, and strolled about or sat in the library, just as we liked. This last amused me much, for it was like the Duchess of Marlborough (old Sarah), and numbers of the books were presents to her from the great authors of her time, whose names she had carefully written in the blank leaves, for I believe she had the pride of being thought learned as well as rich and beautiful."

CHAPTER L.

WIMBLEDON (*continued*)—THE CHURCH, ETC.

General Aspect of the Parish—Its Population—The Beverley Brook—Site of Walter Cromwell's Fulling Mill—The old Village—The Parish Church—The old Parsonage—Christ Church—Other Churches and Chapels—The Cemetery—Local Board of Health—Working Men's Club and other Public Institutions—Wimbledon Green—The London Scottish Golf Club—The Wimbledon Sewage Works—Eminent Residents—Pitt—Schopenhauer—John Horne Tooke—Joseph Marryatt—Sir H. W. Peek—Lady Anne Barnard—Captain Frederick Marryatt—The Countess of Guildford—Lord North—General Sir Henry Murray—Sir Francis Burdett—Mr. William Wilberforce—Sir John Richardson—Mr. John Murray—Mr. William Giffard—Mr. James Perry—Mr. Lyde Browne—The Duke of Cannizaro—The Marquis of Rockingham—Cope Hill—Cottenham Park—The Earl of Durham—Convalescent Hospital—Miss Eliza Cook—Jenny Lind—Sir Bartle Frere.

SINCE the "disparking" of the lands belonging to Wimbledon Manor House, the whole aspect of the parish may be said to have been altered, particularly on the south-east side, between the railway and Merton, where, within the last few years, an entirely new town, called New Wimbledon, has sprung up, whilst the population has, of course, proportionately increased. In 1871 the number of the inhabitants was just over 9,000, whilst according to the census returns for 1881 it amounted to close upon 16,000, of which number about half were located on the south side of the London and South-Western Railway, which passes through the parish.

Part of the eastern boundary of the parish is formed by the River Wandle, of which we have already spoken,* whilst a narrow brook, called the Beverley, forms its western boundary, separating it from Kingston. The latter stream takes its rise at Sutton, and after flowing near Cheam

Common, Lower Morden, Wimbledon, and Richmond Park, empties itself into the Thames at Barnes. "The derivation of this name (Bever-lea)," writes Mr. Bartlett, "throws some light upon the early natural history of our parish. When the unsparing hand of the builder shall have fringed its banks with suburban semi-detached villas, their inhabitants will still be able to recognise in the name of the little stream which flows through their neatly-trimmed gardens the original "beaver's haunt." Alas! how changed is its nature and appearance, though its name remains.

It has been ascertained that there was a fulling mill on the Beverley brook, in Coombe Valley, just below Cæsar's Camp (as it is called), on Wimbledon Common; and there is not the slightest doubt that this mill belonged to Walter Cromwell,* that is, that he made and started this mill when the lease of his father's fulling mill on the River Wandle expired, about 1473 or 1474-

* See *ante*, p. 183.

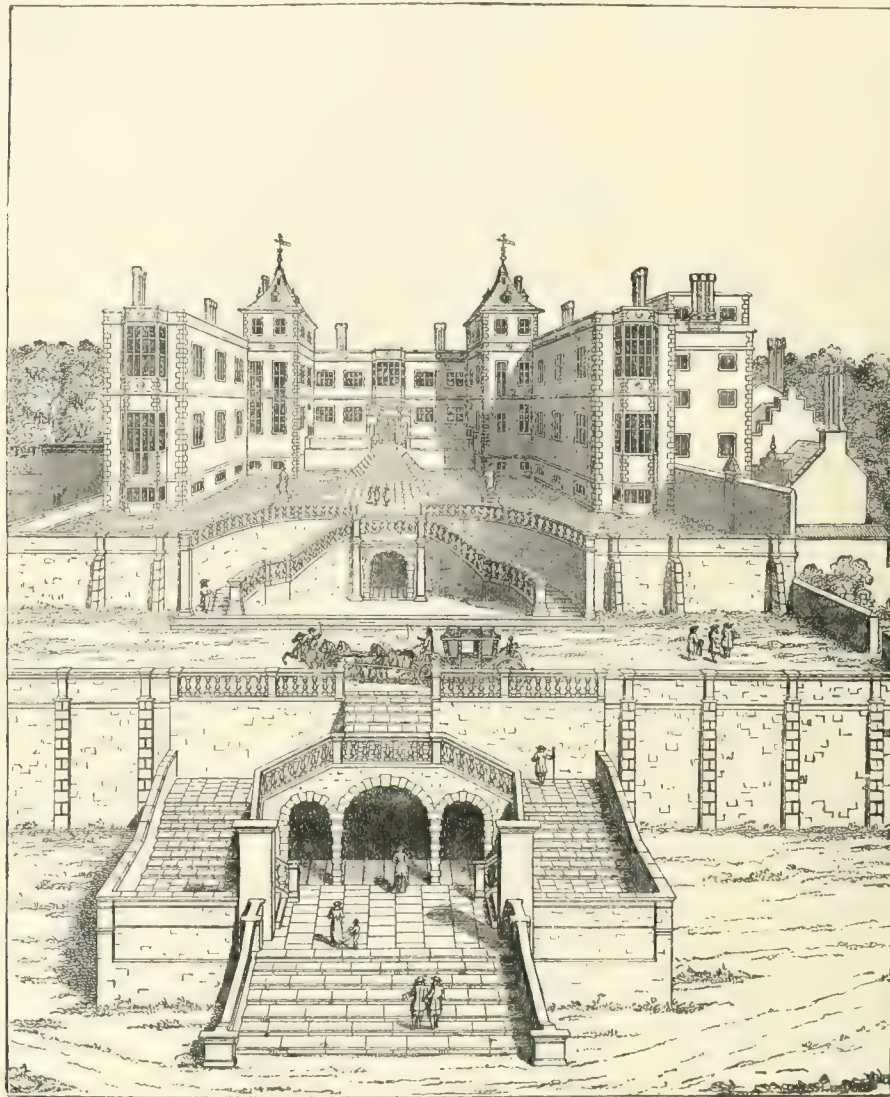
* See *ante*, p. 472.

The course of the race which led out of the brook to the mill can still be easily traced. Of the mill, however, no vestige remains. It is referred to, however, in a survey of the manor taken in 1617.

The old village of Wimbledon lies along the high ground which runs to the west of the park,

place to modern villas and houses of a less pretentious class.

The parish church, dedicated to St. Mary, stands at the eastern end of the village, near the Manor-house. It is said to have had its origin in the Saxon times; but of the church mentioned in



WIMBLEDON MANOR HOUSE. (See page 477.)

and on the south-eastern side of the common. Of late years it has extended considerably in all directions, particularly along the Ridgeway, on the Kingston Road, and down the hill southwards towards the railway-station. With this growth of its area, its rural character is fast disappearing; whilst many of the old red-brick mansions which in former times stood proudly surrounded by their "tall ancestral elms" have already given

"Domesday Book" not a vestige remains. With the exception of the chancel, supposed to be the work of the fourteenth century, the church was entirely rebuilt in 1788. Its predecessor consisted of a nave, chancel, south porch, and a small bell-turret, surmounted by a light spire. On the south wall, in Aubrey's time, was a tablet inscribed:—"This church was repaired and beautified in the year A.D. 1703. Thomas Knight,

John Fenton, churchwardens." Over the south door was the date 1637, and over the west door 1687. This old church having become sadly out of repair, some futile attempts were made to "restore" it, and at the date above mentioned it was determined to rebuild it, and the greater portion of it was pulled down. The chancel, however, being under the control of the Court of Arches, could not be interfered with. The new church was fitted up in the Grecian

box, which occupied an upper storey formed in the eastern half of the old chancel, the lower storey being used as a robing-room! The nave was supported by columns painted to represent Sienna marble, the capitals being gilded. The ceiling was vaulted and ornamented. There were two side aisles, over which ran galleries, with roofs domed into three divisions, arched in front, the four corners of each dome having medallions in *chiaro oscuro* of Adam, Noah, the Apostles, &c." The church



WIMBLEDON PARSONAGE.

style. The contributions of the inhabitants for this purpose, we are told, "were so liberal, that the whole was completed without any application to Parliament, Mr. Levi, a Jew, being one of the most generous subscribers."

As the Early Perpendicular work of the old church and the Grecian could not be expected to harmonise, "the fine old chancel," writes Mr. Bartlett, "must be shut out from the rest of the building by the erection of a semi-circular apse, running in the form of a niche into the chancel. Into this apse," he continues, "were crowded the altar, *above which crowded the pulpit*, the reading-desk, and the clerk's desk! Above the altar were the *lights* or *windows* of Lord Spencer's *pew*, or

was built of white brick, and at the western end was a circular projection, from which rose a square wooden tower, with Gothic pinnacles of artificial stone, and a tapering spire covered with copper.

In 1812 the pulpit was removed from its towering position, and a few years later the semi-circular apse was taken away, and the old chancel thrown into the building, galleries being at the same time erected in the two side aisles.

The church remained in this condition till 1833, when the body of the fabric was rebuilt in the Perpendicular style, from the designs of Messrs. Scott and Moffatt; and in 1860 the chancel was restored by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. It is a poor specimen of Sir Gilbert Scott's work, con-

sidering that it was erected before the real principles of Gothic architecture were fairly grasped. The present church consists of chancel, nave, aisles, and a western tower with lofty spire, containing six bells and a clock striking the hours and chiming the quarters, by Messrs. Gillett and Bland, Croydon. There is on the south side of the chancel a small mortuary chapel, erected by Lord Wimbledon in the early part of the seventeenth century, containing an altar-tomb of black marble to the Cecil family, some painted glass with arms of the Cecils in the windows, and some armour. In the churchyard is the tomb of one Hopkins, a usurer, mentioned by Pope as "Vulture Hopkins." The living is a vicarage, in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Worcester.

The old parsonage, near the western end of the church, is a picturesque and interesting building, and almost the only old house in the place. It is thought to have been the home of Sir William Cecil during his residence in the parish. In the survey taken by order of Parliament in the seventeenth century, it is described as containing a considerable number of rooms, and having "two coach-houses, stabling for fourteen horses, and a hawk's mew." One other building is mentioned as adjoining it, containing "two rooms above stairs and two below stairs, wherein," continues the survey, "the minister of Wimbledon, the French gardener of Wimbledon orange-garden, doe live." At the north-west side of the building is a circular staircase terminating in a turret. The stairs were formed of solid blocks of oak. The exterior of the building was restored in 1863 by Mr. J. A. Beaumont. The building was sold in 1883 to a Mr. Willson, who has fitted it up with due regard to its antiquity of style, though not perhaps with any great regard to strict uniformity of plan.

Wimbledon would seem to be very well off in respect of churches and chapels. Besides the parish church, there is Christ Church, on Copse Hill, which was built in 1869, and much enlarged in 1881. It is in the Early Decorated style, and consists of nave, side aisles, chancel, and a tower at the east end, and will hold nearly 700 worshippers. The Church of St. John the Baptist, on Spencer Hill, is a smaller and less pretentious building, mostly of brick, and in the Early English style, and capable of accommodating an equal number. Near the railway-station is St. Mark's, also of brick; it is as yet unconsecrated, and is used for occasional services. The district south of the railway has been formed into a separate ecclesiastical parish, and has its own church—in the Early Decorated style—Holy Trinity, with sittings

for nearly 800 more. It is a good specimen of Gothic design.

Wimbledon has also three other Episcopal chapels; the Wesleyan, the Congregationalists, the Baptists, the Primitive Methodists, are all represented in the list; and the Roman Catholics have a chapel in Cottenham Park Road, dedicated to St. Jerome and St. Agnes. In addition to these, there are three or four mission-halls and Christian Associations. There are also parochial schools for both North and South Wimbledon, with nearly 2,000 children on their books.

The cemetery, situated in the eastern part of the parish, is about twenty acres in extent. It reaches nearly to Tooting and Merton.

Wimbledon has also its Local Board of Health, its Fire Brigade, its Fever, Cottage, and Convalescent Hospitals, its Village Club and Lecture Hall, its Croquet Club, its Working Men's Club and Institute, its Benefit Building Societies, its Horticultural and Cottage Garden Society, its Musical Society, its Coffee Taverns, its Industrial Training School for Girls, its Parochial Library, its Medical Dispensary, its Art and Benevolent Society, and associations almost beyond number for helping the working-classes and encouraging habits of thrift and temperance. With such advantages, and with plenty of rich persons to support these various charities, surely Wimbledon ought to show an exceptionally good bill of health, moral as well as physical, and its local bench of magistrates ought to have an easy time of it.

Wimbledon Green was occasionally used for cricket matches. In Lillywhite's book on the noble game, it appears that a match was played here, at the commencement of her Majesty's reign, against the Kennington Surrey Club, by the united parishes of Wimbledon, Mitcham, Wandsworth, Esher, Richmond, and Kingston-on-Thames; so it is clear that cricket was a favourite pastime with the natives of the parishes which we have been lately visiting.*

For many years the "royal and ancient game of golf" has been played on Wimbledon Common, where the London Scottish Golf Club has expended large sums of money in maintaining the spaces of smooth sward known as "putting-greens," or golfing-lawns, and surrounding the small holes or pockets into which it is the golfer's aim to play his ball. "Golf," remarks a writer in the *Times*, "has some peculiar advantages which entail peculiar difficulties. It is the most outdoor of outdoor games. Lawn-tennis can be played in any fair-

* See *ante*, p. 300.

sized garden, while cricket or football requires at most a moderate patch of meadow. These are games not only compatible with the commonplaces of civilisation, but actually demanding their assistance. Golf, on the contrary, brings men into contact with unadulterated nature. . . . It must be plain that the game is admirably suited to Wimbledon, and Wimbledon to the game. Nowhere else within practicable distance of London can we find in equal perfection the space, the quietude, and the ruggedness of surface which are as essential to the golfer as to the blackcock. It would surely be hard to deny him the enjoyment of these things, and to attempt this becomes most unreasonable when we remember what manner of man he is. It is not to rash and adventurous youth that golf recommends itself; it is the game of sedate middle age, of hale old age, and of bookish men of all ages, who have learned for themselves, without blazoning the fact in the newspapers, that only a very big candle can be burnt at both ends, and only very vigorous constitutions can undertake heavy brain work together with exacting forms of physical exercise. If Wimbledon Common is to be anything more than a private riding-ground for the inhabitants of the parish of Putney and the immediate vicinity of the common, surely nothing could be less objectionable than a game so played by such players. It is suspected that some notion of a right to exclusive possession has been fostered by the constitution of the Wimbledon Conservancy, which is mainly composed of gentlemen elected by the local rate-payers; but I need hardly point out that the surest way to get the common placed under the control of the Metropolitan Board of Works is to display a jealousy of the rights of the general public. It is on these rights that the Golf Club takes its stand; and I feel sure it will have a vigorous public opinion upon its side the moment it becomes understood that what the conservators object to is the intrusion of Londoners. The plea that golf is dangerous is, of course, too absurd to bear a moment's examination. It may serve as an excuse, but it cannot be the motive of the conservators' action. Golf is played upon a narrow strip, nowhere more than 150 yards wide. Every ball is played with a deliberation which I have not exaggerated in the least; and though it would undoubtedly be awkward for a rider to stop one in mid-volley, he can hardly do so without actual premeditation, or carelessness equally culpable. But perhaps the best practical answer is that during the twenty years that golf has been played at Wimbledon not a single injury of any kind has been inflicted upon a passer-by."

Among the low-lying fields on the banks of the Wandle, skirted on the one side by the Merton road and contiguous to the cemetery, is an extensive range of buildings used as sewage-works. The buildings were designed and erected under the superintendence of Mr. W. F. Rowell, the engineer to the Wimbledon Local Board; they consist of a substantial and by no means unsightly edifice, containing the engines, boilers, mixing machinery, and stores, flanked by two tasteful cottage residences, detached from the main building. In front of the engine-house, but covered over so as easily to escape observation, is the artesian well, 400 feet deep, which supplies water both for the boilers and the mixing. Adjacent to the engine-room are two mixing cylinders of wrought-iron. By a self-acting arrangement it is ingeniously contrived that the supply of water from the artesian well to these cylinders shall be regulated by the speed of the engines, so as to furnish a quantity of disinfecting liquid proportionate to the volume of sewage. The disinfecting liquid thus prepared goes into the sewage contained in the pumping reservoir beneath. A pump, also driven by the main engines, forces a portion of the disinfecting liquid into the tanks provided for the treatment of the high level sewage. The action of the pumping-engines lifts the low-level sewage from the reservoir under the engine-house, and forces it into a mixing-well outside the building. The middle level sewage is likewise lifted into this well. The sewage mingled with the disinfecting liquid is here tossed about as it is forced up from the rising main, and a perfect blending of the whole is obtained. From this well, which is, in fact, a species of circular tank of brickwork raised above the ground, the prepared sewage runs off into one or other of two precipitating tanks, each capable of holding about 400,000 gallons. In the space of three hours the precipitating process is accomplished, and the purified sewage is discharged through an overflow pipe or channel on to the filter bed, or else drawn off through valves at the bottom of the tank into open stoneware carriers for irrigating the land, about forty acres being provided for this purpose.

The overflow from the precipitating tanks leads into a long, open bricked channel, whence the purified sewage overflows on to the filtering area. This is one acre in extent, and holds about 12,000 cubic yards of burnt ballast, with an average depth of four feet. A 12-inch pipe at the opposite end of this filter leads the finally purified sewage into the Wandle, opposite the silk-works, where the stream looks so black and foul that all the purify-

ing process carried on at the Wimbledon works seems to be at once neutralised.

The high-level sewage, before being used on the land, is treated in a separate tank about 200 yards from the engine-house. The disinfecting liquid for admixture with this sewage is forced up a 3-inch pipe to the tank by the action of the engines.

Besides those individuals whose names we have already mentioned, Wimbledon has at different times numbered among its residents several men who have left their mark on history. Here, in the words of Lamartine, Pitt buried himself in his little house, a solitude where, in the bosom of nature and friendship, he could restore his courage, attended by his niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, "an Egeria placed near that great statesman, as though to connect him to earth by something human without distracting him from the political studies in which his existence was absorbed." Here her tender care softened his last days in the midst of the ruin of his power and fortune; for here she closed his eyes, January 23rd, 1806, one month and a few days only after the battle of Austerlitz, from the effects of which he died.

Pitt died at his house on Wimbledon Common, near the spot where Canning and Castlereagh fought their duel, and in a very neglected state, none of his political friends being with him at the time. "One who was sincerely attached to him," writes Mr. Edward Jesse, "hearing of his illness, rode from London to see him. Arriving at his house, he rang the bell at the entrance-gate, but no one came. Dismounting, he made his way to the hall-door, and repeatedly rang the bell, which no one answered. He then entered the house, wandered from room to room, till at last he discovered Pitt on a bed—dead, and entirely neglected. It is supposed he had not been able to pay the wages of his servants, and that they had absconded, taking with them what they could." Can this story be true?

Mr. Cyrus Redding, in his "Recollections," observes: "The sight of Pitt's person was not calculated to strengthen his cause with his youthful advocate—for such I was then. His countenance, forbidding and arrogant, was repellant of affection, and not made to be loved, full of disdain, of self-will, and as a whole destitute of massiveness; his forehead alone was lofty and good. He walked with his nose elevated in the air; premature age was stamped upon his haggard features. It was said he had no affection for the female sex, whence the joke, 'He loved wine, but not a woman.'"

Wimbledon has other recollections of literary

and political celebrities. Here, for instance, the German philosopher, Schopenhauer, went to school from July to September, 1803. His master's name, the Rev. Mr. Lancaster, is recorded by Miss H. Zimmern, in her life of that philosopher.

It was at Wimbledon that John Horne Tooke ended his days in retirement; and here late in life he gave his political dinners or picnics.

"The political career of John Horne Tooke," writes Mr. J. T. Smith, in his "Book for a Rainy Day," "is well known, and the fame of his celebrated work, entitled 'The Diversions of Purley,' will be spoken of as long as paper lasts. In the year 1811, a most flagrant depredation was committed in his house at Wimbledon by a collector of taxes, who daringly carried away a silver tea and sugar caddy, the value of which amounted, in weight of silver, to at least twenty times more than the sum demanded, for a tax which Mr. Tooke declared he never would pay. This gave rise to the following letter:—

"TO MESSRS. CROFT AND DILKE.

"GENTLEMEN,—I beg it as a favour of you, that you will go in my name to Mr. Judkin, attorney, in Clifford's Inn, and desire him to go with you both to the Under Sheriff's Office, in New Inn, Wych Street. I have had a distress served upon me for taxes at Wimbledon, in the county of Surrey. By the recommendation of Mr. Stuart, of Putney, I desire Mr. Judkin to act as my attorney in replevying the goods; and I desire Mr. Croft and Mr. Dilke to sign the security-bond for me that I will try the question. Pray show this memorandum to Mr. Judkin.

"JOHN HORNE TOOKE.

"Wimbledon, May 17th, 1811."

"As Mr. Croft and Mr. Dilke were proceeding on the Putney Road, they met the tax-collector with the tea-caddy under his arm, on his way back with the greatest possible haste to return it, with an apology to Mr. Tooke—that being the advice of a friend. The two gentlemen returned with him, and witnessed Mr. Tooke's kindness when the man declared he had a large family.

"On the 10th of March (1812) Mr. Tooke died, at his house at Wimbledon. He was buried at Ealing,* his executors objecting to inter him, as he had wished, in his own ground."

A portrait of John Horne Tooke, painted by Thomas Hardy, is to be seen in the National Portrait Gallery.

Besides the "great house," the parish in former times contained the residences of several distinguished persons, some of which have been entirely swept away, whilst the memory of others is preserved in the names of streets or houses.

It figures in the "Index Villaris," published in 1700, as a place containing the seat of one earl—this must have been Wimbledon House, the seat of the Earl of Danby, already described*—and also those of "a baronet, a knight, and more than three gentlemen entitled to bear arms."

The mansion now known as Wimbledon House stands about a quarter of a mile to the west of the church. It was built about the middle of the last century, and was for some time the residence of Sir Henry Bankes, alderman of London, who died in 1774. The estate afterwards became the property of Mr. Benjamin Bond Hopkins, who inherited the accumulated wealth of Mr. John Hopkins, the usurer, commonly known as "Vulture Hopkins," whose tomb is to be seen in the neighbouring churchyard.† Early in the present century the Prince of Condé took up his abode at Wimbledon House; and in 1815 the mansion was purchased by Mr. Joseph Marryatt, an eminent West India merchant, and parliamentary speaker on West Indian affairs. He was for some time M.P. for Sandwich, and was the author of several pamphlets, some published anonymously, and others bearing his name; among the latter being his "Speech in the House of Commons on Mr. Manning's motion respecting Marine Insurance," "Observations on the Report of the Committee on Marine Insurance," and "Thoughts on the Expediency of Establishing a New Chartered Bank." Mr. Marryatt died suddenly in the year 1824, and his widow continued to reside here till 1854, devoting much time and money to the cultivation of her beautiful gardens, which were considered among the finest in the neighbourhood of London. "Here flourished," writes Mr. Bartlett, "some of the rarest flowers; whilst the park contained, besides fine old oaks and beeches, a large cork-tree, a very fine *Ligustrum lucidum*, some large evergreen oaks, a red cedar, a *Rhododendron ponticum*, *Magnolia acuminata*, *Pinus serotina*, and other American trees, which were originally planted in these grounds when first introduced into England." A detailed description of these gardens is given in Loudon's "Suburban Gardener." The present possessor of Wimbledon House is Sir Henry William Peek, Bart., late M.P. for Mid-Surrey.

Gothic House, near the Ridgeway Road, was formerly the residence of Lady Anne Barnard, the authoress of "Auld Robin Gray." She was the eldest child of James, Earl of Balcarres, and wife of Mr. Barnard, son of Dr. Barnard, Bishop of

Limerick. The house, later on, became the abode of Captain Frederick Marryatt, the author of "Peter Simple," "Midshipman Easy," "Frank Mildmay," and some half-dozen other novels illustrative of the life led by a blue-jacket in the last generation. He was by profession at once both sailor and novelist, and had a frank, dashing genius, and, as Lord Lytton said, "he splashed about in the water in good style." Few writers have done more than he to make the life of a British sailor intelligible to the multitude of land-lubber readers. It is said that he was refused promotion in the navy by William IV. because he wrote against the impressment of seamen. Here he farmed, collected curiosities, &c. Besides his novels, Captain Marryatt wrote some works on naval affairs, and also a "Diary in America." He was the son of Mr. Joseph Marryatt, M.P., mentioned above, and he died in August, 1848.

On the brow of Putney Hill lived for many years the Countess of Guilford, daughter of Mr. Thomas Coutts. At her house Fuseli the painter breathed his last, in April, 1825. Later on the house became the residence of a daughter of the Countess of Guilford, Susan, in her own right Baroness North, who died March, 1884, having succeeded in 1841 to the barony, on the termination of an abeyance of nearly forty years. She was a granddaughter of the second Earl of Guilford, so long known as Lord North, having been Prime Minister from 1770 to 1782. The house has lately been offered for sale.

Lord North is memorable as the most indolent and most good-tempered of statesmen, and as the minister who most strongly maintained both the justice and expediency of the war between Great Britain and America, contending that the English Parliament had the right of taxing our colonies on the other side of the Atlantic, and still persisting in that policy at the bidding of George III., long after he became convinced that it was necessary to make peace with the revolted colonies, and to recognise the United States. Lord North was blind even before he succeeded, late in life, to his father's earldom. For most of his personal and domestic traits the world is indebted either to the gossiping pages of Sir N. W. Wraxall, or else to his own daughter, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, who appends a long letter on that subject to Lord Brougham's "Historical Sketches of Statesmen." "It is an interesting trait in Lord North's character that he would never allow himself to be called 'Prime Minister,' always saying that there was no such thing in the British Constitution."

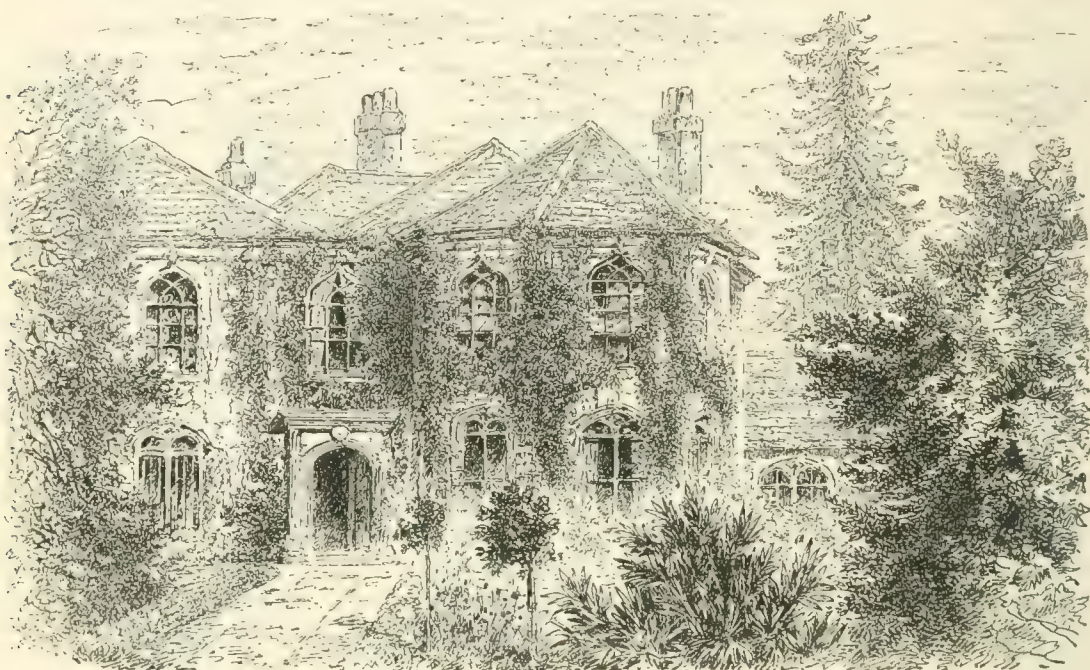
* See *ante*, p. 477.

† See *ante*, p. 482.

Bristol House is so named after its former owner, the Marquis of Bristol, and stands on Putney Heath, overlooking Roehampton. It is a large, old-fashioned mansion, brick-built and stucco-fronted, consisting of a centre and wings, and standing in well laid out grounds, in which are some fine cedars, &c. The house dates from the latter half of the last century, but has been much altered and enlarged at different periods. After the death of Lord Bristol, in 1859, the house passed to Lord Alfred Hervey; and about 1870 it was sold to Thomas D. Galpin, Esq., its present owner.

have occasion to speak presently. Sir Francis was born in 1770, and entering Parliament for the first time in 1796, speedily attained high distinction as an orator in the foremost Opposition ranks. Lord Byron, writing in 1813, expresses his admiration of Burdett's "sweet and silvery" tones, and adds that he seemed to be "the greatest favourite" in the House of Commons.

He was returned for Westminster by a great majority immediately after his encounter with Paull. On the publication of a letter in 1810, in Cobbett's "Political Register," denying the power of the



GOthic HOUSE, WIMBLEDON.

Wimbledon Lodge, on the south side of the Green, was built towards the end of the last century by Gerard de Visme, an eminent merchant of Lisbon, on whose death it was inherited by his daughter, afterwards the wife of General the Hon. Sir Henry Murray, K.C.B., a distinguished Peninsula officer, who ended his days here in 1860. The fourth son of the second Earl of Mansfield, he was born in the year 1784; he entered the army at an early age, and served in the Peninsula, and at Waterloo, &c. His remains are interred in Wimbledon Church, where there is a monument to his memory.

The next house east of Wimbledon Lodge was formerly the home of Sir Francis Burdett* at the time of his duel with Mr. Paull, of which we shall

House to imprison delinquents, he was committed to the Tower, and remained in confinement nearly three months—the last of the long series of State prisoners. Having become late in life a Conservative, he declined standing for Westminster at the general election in 1837, but was returned for Wiltshire, and retained his seat for that county till his death, in 1844. There is a portrait of Sir Francis in the National Portrait Gallery, painted by Phillips in 1834, and presented by his eldest daughter, Lady Burdett-Coutts.

The next house to Wimbledon Lodge, on the west side, overlooking the Green, was long the property and residence of Mr. William Wilberforce, the philanthropist. His uncle, of the same name, had lived there before him; and on the death of his father, in 1768, young Wilberforce was placed under his uncle's care. Most of his holidays were

* See "Old and New London," Vol. IV., pp. 171, 281.

spent at his uncle's house, and here he imbibed from his aunt his first religious principles. "In 1777," writes Mr. Bartlett, "by the death of his uncle, he became possessed of the Wimbledon villa. Here was matured his friendship with Pitt which had begun at college, and had been strengthened by occasional intercourse afterwards. As he was the only member of the set into which he had fallen (consisting for the most part of young, but talented and aspiring, statesmen) who possessed a villa within reach of town, his house was much visited by those who enjoyed the sweets of country after a hard day's work in the House of Commons. His villa, with some trifling alterations, gave him the command of eight or nine bed-rooms; and here Pitt, to whom it was a luxury even to sleep in country air, not unfrequently took up his residence, their easy familiarity permitting him to ride down late at night and occupy his rooms, even though the master of the house was kept in town. In one spring Pitt resided there four months; and he repaired thither when, in April, 1783, he resigned his official residence to the Coalition Ministry. "Eliot, Arden, and I," wrote Pitt one afternoon, "will be with you before curfew, and expect an early meal of peas and strawberries. Bankes, I suppose, will not sleep out of Duke Street; but he is not yet (half-past four) apparent in the House of Commons."

Numerous short entries in Mr. Wilberforce's "Diary" show us the happy freedom of his Wimbledon life at this period. "One morning," so Wilberforce writes, "we found the fruits of Pitt's earlier rising in the careful sowing of the garden beds with the fragments of a dress-hat with which Ryder had come down from the opera."

"Feb. 29th, 1782.—Morning frosty, but extremely fine. Church—Lindsays—the chariot to Wimbledon. Pitt, &c., to dine and sleep."

"April 3rd.—Wimbledon, where Pitt, &c., dined and slept. Evening walk; bed a little past two."

"4th.—Delicious day; lounged morning at Wimbledon with friends, *joining* at night, and ran about the garden for an hour or two."

"Sunday, May 18th.—To Wimbledon with Pitt and Eliot—at their persuasion."

"Sunday, July 6th.—Wimbledon. Persuaded Pitt and Pepper to church."

It may be observed that neither Pitt nor the lawyer Pepper Arden, afterwards Lord Alvanley, was particularly fond of church-going.

Again, in 1785:—"Sir G. Beaumont and Lady Phipps, &c., to dine with me at Wimbledon. Phipps's chat from Locke to New Testament."

The last entry shows the natural bent of Wilberforce's mind, though his biographer says "these thoughts were as yet entirely speculative, exercising no apparent influence upon his conduct." Yet his feelings gradually deepened, and in the latter part of the session of 1786 we find him escaping from the gaieties of town, and sleeping constantly at Wimbledon. Yet "thinking it an unfavourable situation for his servants, a needless increase of his personal expenses, and a cause of some loss of time, he determined to forego in future the luxury of such a villa." And thus his associations with Wimbledon were brought to a close.

Mr. Wilberforce's house, later on, was occupied, about 1819-20, by Dr. William Van Mildert, Bishop successively of Llandaff and of Durham. He died in 1835.

Further westward, in the house opposite the south-east corner of the common, lived Sir John Richardson, sometime Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. He resided here from 1821 to 1823.

Mr. John Murray, the friend of Byron and of Scott, and founder of the *Quarterly Review*, lived for some years close by the "Crooked Billet," near the north-east corner of the common, the first editor of the *Quarterly*, Mr. William Giffard, being one of his near neighbours. Mr. James Perry, the well-known editor and proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*, lived at Wandlebank House. He died in 1821, and was buried in the parish church, where a tablet to his memory was erected by the Fox Club, "in testimony of the zeal, courage, and ability with which he advocated the principles of civil and religious liberty, and of the talent and integrity by which he mainly contributed to convert the daily press into a great moral instrument, always devoted by him to the support of the oppressed and the promotion of public and private virtue."

Another resident of Wimbledon in the latter part of the last century was Mr. Lyde Browne, one of the Directors of the Bank of England, who here formed an extensive collection of antiquities, statues, &c., most of which were purchased by the Empress of Russia for £22,000. His house here, later on, was occupied by Lord Lyndhurst, thrice Lord Chancellor of England, and subsequently by Robert, second Lord Melville, whose father, Henry Dundas, the first lord, lived for some time in the mansion now called Cannizaro House after a later resident. Dundas held office in the administrations of Lord North, Lord Rockingham, and Lord Shelburne. "After the overthrow of the North and Fox coalition," writes Mr. Bartlett, "Mr. Dundas became a strenuous supporter of Mr. Pitt, being

chairman of the select committee which preceded the introduction of Pitt's India Bill. A warm intimacy sprang up between them, and Pitt was now as constant a visitor at Wimbledon, in the house of Dundas, as he had been a few years before in that of Wilberforce. Indeed, a room was specially set apart as 'Mr. Pitt's room.' Great, therefore, was the grief when, in 1805, Dundas, by that time Lord Melville, was impeached for the maladministration of public money, more especially as Wilberforce, though from high conscientious grounds, spoke in favour of the motion. His trial, however, in 1806, resulted in his acquittal of every charge. During his reverses he lived in a small cottage opposite Gothic House, which he called Duneira Cottage, after the family property in Scotland."

The Duke of Cannizaro, after whom, as stated above, Lord Melville's house was named, was a later occupant. He was originally Count St. Antonio, and coming to England as a refugee, married a rich heiress, and became immortalised in one of the "Ingoldsby Legends."

Near the junction of the High Street and Church Street, opposite the back premises of the "Dog and Fox" inn, formerly stood a large house, the country seat of the Marquis of Rockingham, the political opponent of Pitt. He died here in 1782, being at that time premier, at the head of a coalition ministry. After his death, the mansion became for a time the residence of Charles James Fox, who resided here whilst Secretary of State.

Copse Hill, to the west of the park, recalls the memory of a time when Wimbledon still could boast of sylvan scenery, and had its copse and woodlands.

Cottenham Park, which stands on a portion of Copse Hill, is so named after Lord Chancellor Cottenham, who lived there for some years. The second son of Sir William Weller Pepys, Bart., he was born in 1781, and entered Parliament in July, 1831, as member for Higham Ferrers. He represented Malton from the following October down to 1836. In February, 1834, he was appointed Solicitor-General, and he became Master of the Rolls in the September following. His lordship was First Commissioner when the Great Seal was in commission in 1835; and he filled the office of Lord Chancellor under Lord Melbourne from 1836 to 1841, and again under Lord John Russell from 1846 to 1850.

Before Lord Cottenham's coming to reside here the house had been the residence of the first Earl of Durham, who was some time Ambassador to the Court of St. Petersburg, and afterwards High Commissioner in Canada. His name is perpetuated

in Lambton and Durham Roads. After the death of Lord Cottenham, in 1851, the house was pulled down, and much of the estate was cut up for building purposes. About twenty acres, however, were bought by the trustees of St. George's Hospital, who have erected a convalescent hospital on the south side of Copse Hill nearly opposite the cottage hospital.

Miss Eliza Cook has resided at Thornton Hill, on the southern slope of Wimbledon, for many years, and her "Musings in Wimbledon Churchyard" are among the most popular of her poems with the educated classes. She was born about the year 1818, the daughter of a respectable tradesman in Southwark. At an early age she began to contribute to various literary periodicals, including the *New Monthly*, *Metropolitan*, *Literary Gazette*, &c. In 1840 she published a volume of poems, which at once attracted the attention of the public, and stamped her as a writer of great merit and deserved popularity. She more than sustained this favoured position in the "Journal" which bore her name, and which was published weekly from 1849 until 1854, when it was given up, owing to her failing health. More recently, her "Poems" have been reprinted in a collected form, and have passed through numerous editions. In 1860 a beautifully illustrated Christmas volume of her poems was also issued; and four years later was published a new volume of poetry from her pen, entitled "New Echoes and other Poems." In 1864 she obtained a literary pension of £100 a year. She retired here soon after giving up her "Journal."

Jenny Lind lived between the Park and the Common for many years after her marriage with M. Otto Goldschmidt. The "Swedish nightingale," as she was called, is a native of Stockholm, and was born in the year 1821. She came to England in 1847, and caused a perfect *furor* in London by her singing in the character of Alice in the opera of "Robert le Diable," the rôle in which she first obtained popularity in the opera-house of her native city. She subsequently gained great triumphs at Paris, Dresden, Frankfort, Cologne, and Vienna, and in 1845 sang at the fêtes on the Rhine during the visit of Queen Victoria to Berlin. In 1848 she sang for the first time in a sacred oratorio, "Elijah," which was given at Exeter Hall for the purpose of founding musical scholarships in honour of Mendelssohn. Later on she visited New York, but shortly after dissolved her engagement prematurely, and returned to England. In the same year (1851) she married M. Goldschmidt, an eminent musician, and retired from the stage. She re-appeared, however, in 1855, and again in

1861, in 1863, and in 1864, for a limited period. Madame Goldschmidt is well known for her generous disposition, which has been the means of adding many thousands of pounds to the charitable institutions of every country which she has visited.

The following anecdote of the great songstress is related by Miss Logan, in her interesting volume, 'Before the Foot-lights and Behind the Scenes':— "A lady in whom I have the fullest confidence relates as an actual fact the story of Jenny Lind and the Hoosier. She tells me that during her march of triumph through America, and after her visit to Cincinnati, where she captivated all hearts, Jenny Lind found herself one evening in the (then) small town of Madison, Indiana, where Mr. Barnum had made an arrangement with the captain of the mail steamer which plies between Cincinnati and Louisville, to have the boat lie by on the Indiana shore long enough for the divine Jenny to give a concert at Madison. The largest building in the town having been prepared for her reception, an auction of the tickets took place in the hall on the morning of her arrival. The capacity of the building was fully tested by the anxious Madisonites. 'Coming through the Rye' was given first. This was followed by 'Home, Sweet Home;' and who can describe the marvellous effect of that song, as rendered by Jenny Lind? The famous 'Bird Song' was then the popular air of the country, and it was given as the concluding piece on the evening in question. The last line of the song ran thus: 'I know not, I know not why I am singing,' and Jenny gave it with her full power. At this moment a genuine Hoosier, indigenous to the soil, rose up in the auditorium, and thus delivered himself: 'You don't know why you are singin', eh? Gosh! I know, if you don't! You're singin' to the tune of five dollars a head, and I reckon dad's hogs will have to suffer for my ticket!'"

Sir Bartle Frere, many years one of the most

notable of Anglo-Indian statesmen and administrators, died at his residence here, Wressil Lodge, on the 29th May, 1884. A nephew of the Right Hon. John Hookham Frere, "the friend of Canining," he was born in 1815, and having received his education at Haileybury College, entered the Bengal Civil Service in 1833. He was appointed in 1842 Secretary to the Governor of Bombay. From 1846 to 1850 he held the post of Resident of Satara, after which he became Chief Commissioner of Scinde, and for his services there during the Indian Mutiny he was created a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath, and was twice thanked by Parliament. He was senior member of the Supreme Council of India in 1859, President of the Council during the absence of the Governor-General in 1860, Governor of Bombay and Chancellor of Bombay University from 1862 to 1867, and a member of the Council of the Secretary of State for India from 1867 to 1877, during which period he acted for a short time as Envoy Extraordinary on a special mission to Zanzibar and Muscat. In 1875-6 he accompanied the Prince of Wales to India, and was entrusted with the duty of acting as a mentor on all questions of Indian policy and history. In 1877 he was appointed Governor of the Cape of Good Hope and Her Majesty's High Commissioner for South Africa.

Sir Bartle Frere's stewardship in South Africa was unfortunate for him in every way, and he is said to have returned to this country after four years' absence a considerably poorer man than when he went out. In 1867 Oxford University conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L., and in 1874 he received the degree of LL.D. at Cambridge. He was sworn a member of the Privy Council in 1873, created a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and honoured with a Baronetcy. The remains of Sir Bartle Frere were interred in St. Paul's Cathedral.

CHAPTER LL.

WIMBLEDON (*continued*)—THE COMMON.

History of the Common, its Management, General Description of its Scenery.—The Windmill and the Beacon.—Windsor Forest.—The Gravel.—Jenny Holman, C. Highwaysman.—Duel between the Duke of York and Colonel Ligonier, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Perceval, Mr. James Paull and Sir General Darnley, Lord Cardenburgh and Mr. Canning, Mr. George Poyne and Mr. Clarke, the Marquis of Londonderry and Mr. Henry Grafton, Prince Louis Napoleon and Count Loon, and the Earl of Cardigan and Captain Tuckett.—The Earthworks, commonly called "Cæsar's Camp."

A BRIEF and incidental mention of Wimbledon Common has been made in the pages of "Old and New London,"* but it will be desirable to

describe its features now at greater length. This broad stretch of open country, about 1,000 acres in extent, has long been one of the favourite "lungs of London." It adjoins Putney Heath, Kingston Common, and Richmond Park on the north and

* See Vol. VI., p. 300.

west, and on the south and east it merges upon Wimbledon Green and the slopes of Wimbledon Park. The actual division between Wimbledon Common and Putney Heath was for many years the subject of hot dispute between the two parishes, but was at length settled by reference to the Tithe Commissioners, and the common is now under the management of a Board of Conservators. The Select Committee on Commons and Open Spaces have agreed to recommend that no portion of Wimbledon Common shall be enclosed, or sold, or dealt with in any manner that may interfere with its free and unrestricted use by the public.

Roads and pathways intersect the common in all directions, whilst the views on all sides are most picturesquely varied, the undulating nature of the ground leading the eye continually to new vistas.

"The common," writes Mr. George A. Sala, "has about it a look of real nature. There are parts of it in which, as you wander amongst the furze, you might well imagine the huge city fifty miles away; and we do not want to have these nooks and glades and sunny spots of open turf arranged with mathematical precision in monotonous order. The common is English now—English in its free and breezy uplands, in its broad expanse; English in the groups of cricketers who make it merry on a holiday; English even in its gipsies, donkeys, tramps, mud-heaps, and swamps. As for the 'butts,' they are English too, for the old archer spirit of the Plantagenets and Tudors is unimpaired amongst the riflemen of Queen Victoria. A place where the artist can study—where the lover of nature can refresh his jaded eyes with glimpses of a beauty which needs a certain wildness for its charm—where children can gambol on the green without fear of 'trespass,' and without being abruptly summoned to 'keep off the grass'—such is Wimbledon at present."

The furze on the common was a special subject of delight to Leigh Hunt, who commemorates the beauty of the common in his agreeable "Table Talk," much lamenting when he saw it advertised that part of Wimbledon Park was to be sold or let for building purposes. He writes:—"This very Wimbledon Park was once occupied by a cultivator and even a painter of flowers, whom nobody that did not know him, and did not behold all his gentle tasks, would have suspected to be General Lambert, one of the boldest and most independent of the officers of Cromwell. He lived in the interval between his rival's elevation to power and the return of Charles II., and was famous for the ab-

surdly large sums which he gave for his pinks and tulips."

Wimbledon, like Norwood, has for many a long year been celebrated for its hordes of gipsies, who encamp on its open common at their own sweet will, and in larger numbers since their old haunts at Wandsworth have been built over.

"The wrinkled beldame there you may espy,
And ripe young maidens with the glassy eye;
Men in their prime, and striplings dark and dun,
Scathed by the storm and fleckled with the sun;
Their swarthy hue and mantle's flowing fold
Bespeak the remnant of a race of old!"

This open breezy space, in fact, has all the attributes of the country, even to its windmill; one of which structures has stood here for more than a hundred years. A noted spring on the common, called the "Robin Hood," or sometimes the "Roman" well, was enclosed with brick early in the present century. Rare specimens of the feathered tribe are occasionally to be met with here, such as the night-jar, or fern-owl, the nightingale, and cuckoo; whilst near the banks of the Beverley Brook, the woodpecker and the kingfisher have been observed from time to time.

Horse-races were held here at the beginning of the last century.

Miss Priscilla Wakefield speaks of this common as "a spacious tract of ground, on which highwaymen used formerly to perpetrate their midnight depredations. Hence," she adds, "like Hounslow Heath, on the opposite side of the river, it was once deformed by a hideous range of gibbets, the reproach and disgrace of a civilised country. The last poor wretch whose body was here suspended on the ignominious tree, as unworthy of heaven and of earth, was one Abershaw, who, by his depraved deeds, had been the terror of the metropolis and its vicinity."

Jerry Abershaw was executed in August, 1795, on Kennington Common. The daring spirit which he manifested on his way to the gallows was the subject of general conversation. Near his gibbet, Cyrus Redding remembered seeing, on his first arrival in London, posted up close by the side of the swinging carcase, a caricature of Pitt and his duel with George Tierney. The latter, levelling his pistol at the spare form of the premier, was represented as exclaiming, "It's as well as to fire at the devil's darning needle." Wimbledon, as we have seen, was Pitt's favourite suburban haunt; the joke ran that he chose it out of sympathy, for that "Jerry took purses with his pistols, and Pitt

with his Parliaments," the one instrument being not much better than the other. But the highwaymen did not confine themselves to midnight depre-dations.

A writer in Sharpe's *London Magazine* in 1846 thus records one of his earliest reminiscences of the feats of highwaymen. "Some fifty years ago I unconsciously witnessed from the drawing-room window of a friend's house at Wimbledon a highway robbery, committed in open day on the late Lord Onslow. About eleven o'clock on one fine morning in the summer, I saw his lordship's carriage stopped by two highwaymen on horse-back, within the sight and call of several labourers who were at work in the adjoining field, and who, like me, must have believed it impossible that a robbery should be committed in a public place, and at such an hour. No doubt they thought, as did I, that the young man in the red jacket who was at the window of the chariot was the post-boy with Lord Onslow's letters. In this case the highwaymen owed their safety and impunity to their hardihood, and to the good generalship which led them to effect their retreat easily from the apparent impossibility of the undertaking."

The common and its neighbourhood were the scene of many "hostile encounters" in the old days of duelling. Here, in 1789, was fought the celebrated duel between the Duke of York and Colonel Lennox (afterwards Duke of Richmond), of which an account will be found in the first chapter of "Fifty Years' Reminiscences," by Lord William Lennox. The seconds on the occasion were Lords Winchilsea and Hastings. "During an inspection of the Coldstream Guards, in the parade in St. James's Park, in the spring of 1789," writes Lord William Lennox, "one of the captains was observed to leave his position, walk up to the commanding officer, and in a firm voice demand an explanation of certain words of an offensive nature which his Royal Highness had been heard to utter in reference to him. The officers within hearing were filled with consternation, and the Duke of York was evidently taken by surprise. He contented himself with ordering the offender back to his post. His Royal Highness, however, knew that he had completely placed himself in the wrong, and that after so public a display of spirit by the person he had insulted, one course only was left to him. After the parade, when in the orderly-room at the Horse Guards, he sent for the young captain, and, in the presence of his brother officers, thus addressed him:—

"I desire to derive no protection from my rank as a prince, or my station as commanding officer. When not on duty, I wear a brown coat, and shall be ready, as a private gentleman, to give you satisfaction."

"It should be borne in mind," continues Lord William, "that the social status of the two presented not quite so strong a contrast as their military positions. The captain, who was a lieutenant-colonel in the army, was heir to a dukedom, and his ancestor had worn the English crown not much more than a hundred years before. The offence which the second son of George III. had committed would have placed him on a level with any private gentleman, had it been directed against him, and had he resolved to resent it. This was so perfectly understood, that there was no difficulty in obtaining seconds for either party, and when they were selected, an apology or a duel became an imperative necessity. The former not being forthcoming, a meeting was arranged to take place at Wimbledon. Pistols were the weapons employed, and one was handed to each of the combatants, who were to fire together at the usual signal.

The narrative of the duel, as related in Chambers's "Book of Days," is to the effect that Colonel Lennox, being of Tory predilections, and having proposed the health of Mr. Pitt at a dinner-party, the Duke of York, who agreed with his brother in politics, determined to express his resentment against his lieutenant, which he did in the following manner:—At a masquerade given by the Duchess of Ancaster, a gentleman was walking with the Duchess of Gordon, whom the duke, suspecting him to be Colonel Lennox, went up to and addressed, saying that Colonel Lennox had heard words spoken to him at D'Aubigny's Club to which no gentleman ought to have submitted. The person thus addressed was not Colonel Lennox, as the duke supposed, but Lord Paget, who informed the former of the circumstance, adding that, from the voice and manner, he was certain the speaker was no other than the Duke of York.

The ground where the duel was fought was measured at twelve paces. The signal being given, Lennox fired, but the Duke of York refused. Lord Rawdon (Lord Hastings), the duke's second, then interfered, and said he thought enough had been done. Lennox observed that his Royal Highness had not fired. Lord Rawdon said it was not the duke's intention to fire; his Royal Highness had come out, upon Colonel Lennox's desire, to give him satisfaction, and had no ani-

mosity against him. Lennox pressed that the duke should fire, which was declined, with a repetition of the reason. Lord Winchilsea then went up to the Duke of York, and expressed a hope that his Royal Highness would have no objection to say he considered Colonel Lennox a man of honour and courage. His Royal Highness replied that he should say nothing; he had come out to give Colonel Lennox satisfaction, and did not mean to fire at him; if Colonel Lennox was not satisfied he might fire again. Lennox said he could not

but without effect. The second fire was attended with the same result, when the seconds interfered, and declared that sufficient satisfaction had been given. In Lord Holland's "Memoirs of the Whig Party," his lordship writes:—"Mr. Pitt's irritability to Mr. Tierney was very near involving more fatal consequences. Mr. Tierney, I have been told, annexed a meaning to Mr. Pitt's words which they were not meant to convey; but the latter's imperious manner of refusing all explanation, when called upon by a member (Mr. Wigley), made it



WIMLETON COMMON (THE WINDMILL).

possibly fire again at the duke, as his Royal Highness did not mean to fire at him. On this, both parties left the ground.

It is this Colonel Lennox of whom honourable mention is made in the pages of the *Rolliad* :—

"And thou, too, Lennox, worthy of the name!
The heir to Richmond and to Richmond's fame!"

The duel between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Tierney was fought on Putney Heath on Sunday, May 27th, 1798. The latter had sent a challenge to the Minister, in consequence of some angry words in the House of Commons. Pitt was attended by Mr. Dudley Ryder (afterwards Lord Harrowby), and Tierney by Mr. George Walpole. Standing at twelve paces, each fired at the same moment,

difficult for Mr. Tierney not to resent his language. The circumstances of the duel are well known. It was fought on a Sunday, a circumstance which gave a handle to much vulgar abuse against Mr. Pitt. He did, indeed, urge the necessity of fighting immediately, if at all, because it was not proper for one in his situation to maintain any protracted correspondence on such a subject. Never did two men meet more ignorant of the use of their weapons. Mr. Pitt, on being cautioned by his second to take care of his pistols, as they were 'hair triggers,' is said to have held them up and remarked that 'he saw no hair.' They fought near a gibbet on which the body of the malefactor Abershaw was yet suspended. . . Mr. Tierney's second, General Walpole, leaped over the furze bushes or joy when Mr. Pitt

fired in the air. Some time, however, elapsed, and some discussion between the seconds took place, before the affair was finally and amicably adjusted. Mr. Pitt very consistently insisted on one condition, which was in itself reasonable: that he was not to quit the ground without the whole matter being completely terminated. On Mr. Tierney's return home, he related the event to his wife. That lady, who was much attached to her husband, although she saw him safe before her,

"But," writes Mr. Bartlett, "Mr. Paull having advertised Sir Francis as the chairman of a public dinner without his consent, as was asserted, the latter sent his brother instead with a message to the assembled guests, disclaiming the honour which had been paid him. At this Mr. Paull took offence, and challenged the baronet to mortal combat." The duel resulted in their both being wounded, and returning—ludicrously enough—in the same carriage (Mr. Paull's) to London.



THE ROMAN WELL.

fainted away at the relation—a strange, but not uncommon, effect produced by the discovery of events which, known at the time, would have excited strong emotions. The danger to Mr. Tierney had indeed been great. Had Mr. Pitt fallen, the fury of the times would probably have condemned him to exile or death, without reference to the provocation which he had received, and to the sanction which custom had given to the redress which he sought."

In Coombe Wood, near Wimbledon, the duel between Mr. James Paull and Sir Francis Burdett took place in 1807. The two combatants, it appears, had been on terms of the greatest familiarity with each other, in consequence of the exertions of the former at the Westminster election.

In September, 1809, took place on Putney Heath a like "hostile encounter," between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, when the latter was slightly wounded in the thigh at the second fire. This duel, it is stated, originated out of an alleged deception on the part of Mr. Canning, which was afterwards proved to be a mere misconception.

In the following September, Mr. George Payne, a gentleman of fortune, was mortally wounded in a duel he fought on the common with a Mr. Clarke, with whose sister he had been too familiar. Payne died at the "Red Lion" at Putney a day or two afterwards.

In June, 1839, the Marquis of Londonderry

and Mr. Henry Grattan, M.P., had a hostile meeting here, when the latter, after receiving his opponent's fire, discharged his pistol in the air, and so the affair ended.

A memorable meeting which took place here was one between the Prince (afterwards Emperor) Louis Napoleon and Count Léon. It was happily bloodless. They met at seven a.m. on the 3rd of March, 1840. "When on the ground, the count refused to fight with swords," says Mr. B. Jerrold, in his *Life of the Emperor*, "but he found the prince as ready to give him satisfaction with pistols. The delay caused by this change of weapons, however, gave the authorities time to scent the impending breach of the peace, and before the seconds could put their men in position the police came up." The affair ended at Bow Street, when all four were bound over to keep the peace. Count D'Orsay was the prince's "second" on this occasion.

Among the latest duels fought here, or indeed anywhere in England, was one between the Earl of Cardigan and Captain Harvey Tuckett. It took place on the 21st of September, 1840, when the captain was severely wounded by a shot beneath the ribs. The earl was "tried by his peers" in the House of Lords in February, 1841, when, in consequence of the singular tactics of his counsel, who had "discovered a deficiency of proof as to the identity of the wounded man with the Captain Tuckett named in the indictment," a verdict of Not Guilty was returned, although, of course, actually speaking, there could be no doubt of the fact. Another duel about the same time was interrupted by the sudden rise of a cock-pheasant at the moment when the principals were about to fire, and the affair of honour was turned into a jest; and one of the principals in a third duel being a linen-draper's assistant, duelling was voted low and vulgar, and ceased to be fashionable. Even the greatest reforms, however, have their drawbacks, and it may be doubted whether the abolition of duelling has not tended to make men less regardful of the feelings of their neighbours, and encouraged in cowards a tendency to gratuitous insult.

In a previous chapter* we have spoken of the ancient stronghold, or earthwork, on the south-western side of the common, generally known as Cæsar's Camp. "This circular entrenchment," remarks the author of "*Pilgrimages in London*," "is not only a romantic and curious object, but derives additional interest from the mystery hanging over the traditions of its origin, occupants, and purposes. It remains a monument, perhaps a

tomb, not of individuals merely, but of nations long since passed away; and all that antiquaries or topographers can do is to surmise by whom when, and why it was shovelled up from the bosom of Mother Earth."

It has been ascribed by different authors to British, Roman, Saxon, and Danish hands; indeed, seeing that the plough has passed over it, and destroyed many of those features upon which a fair conclusion might be built, it would, no doubt, be a hopeless task to endeavour to settle definitively the period to which these remains may be referred. The final syllable of Wimbledon, as we have already shown, will at once suggest a British origin for the name, if not for the camp itself. Brayley, in his "*History of Surrey*," gives it as his opinion that probably it was originally a British stronghold, subsequently occupied by other nations in succession. Mr. W. D. Saull, in a paper read before the Ethnological Society in March, 1848, speaks very decidedly in favour of the British origin of this earthwork, and even goes so far as to distinctly refer it to the "Fourth, or Pastoral Period" of British history, "when our rude forefathers kept their herds in enclosures of small extent—but numerous—upon the highlands." But there appears to be no reason why this writer might not, with equal propriety, have referred it to his "Fifth Period," when, as he describes it, large and strong encampments were formed on the downs, superseding the small hill camps. Mr. Saull, on the supposition that it belongs to his "Fourth Period," refers Wimbledon to the same date as the enclosures at Edge Hill, in Warwickshire, at Brailes, at Hooknorton Heath, and at Madmarston and Nadbury Camps. As examples of the "Fifth Period," to which Wimbledon would seem more properly to belong, Mr. Saull cites the earthworks on St. Catherine's Hill, near Winchester, the camp on the downs near Folkestone, and a very fine example at Danesfield, near Stockbridge.

Mr. Saull is not alone in his decided opinions on this subject. The Rev. Thomas Hugo, at a meeting of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society, in February, 1856, stated that "a large collection of hut circles was distinctly visible on Wimbledon Common a short time ago;" and suggested that Wimbledon was "the fortified fastness to which the Romans pursued Cassivelaunus."

Mr. Walter H. Tregellas, in an interesting paper on this subject in the "*Journal of the Archaeological Institute*," No. 67, says:—"In a letter to myself, Mr. Hugo writes that the hut circles to which he referred were numerous and conspicuous some

* See *ante*, p. 470.

fifteen years ago, in a line between a windmill and the 'camp,' especially on the brow of the high ground on the north, over against the camp. They were round, and about four feet or five feet deep, the edges overgrown with brake, and at the bottom of each was a mass of large stones. Mr. Hugo was then fresh from some investigations which he had been making into similar remains on Worle Hill, Somersetshire, and is quite clear as to having correctly attributed the pits at Wimbledon. But no recent investigations, either by Mr. Hugo or by myself, have resulted in a discovery, or rather rediscovery, of these remains."

Mr. A. J. Kempe, F.S.A., in a paper in the *Archæologia*, Vol. XXXI., p. 519 (1846), in speaking of this encampment, observes that its construction is somewhat peculiar, and that "the indications which still exist of a second or outer *vallum* occasioned the erroneous conclusion, formed by some authors, that there was a double fosse." He remarks that writers on British military antiquities have considered that it was one of the principles of British tactics to use concentric rings of ramparts, rising one above the other, and he finds such an arrangement faintly indicated here.

From the paper by Mr. Tregellas above referred to, we gather the following details of the earthwork:—"Constructed with the gravelly soil obtained from the excavation of the fosse, it consists of an entrenchment which would have been quite circular, but for the rapid fall of the ground on the north side: on that side it follows the contour of the surface—an arrangement which seems to indicate that much importance was attached to the occupation of this precise site. The fosse is deeper and bolder at some parts than at others, but its average depth may be stated at about twelve feet, and the height of the vallum at from ten feet to twenty feet above the ground immediately beyond it. The outer *vallum* to which Mr. Kempe refers is more easily to be traced on the southern side than on any other; but the outworks noticed by Brayley are now almost, if not entirely, erased: they also were probably on the southern side, where the ground is, from a military point of view, not so strong as on the northern side. The interior has been ploughed, and any traces which might formerly have existed of huts, &c., are of course gone; there is consequently little left beyond its form and situation, and the conflicting pages of late writers, to give a clue to its origin. . . . Bearing in mind, then, that the earthwork is situated on an elevated spot commanding an extensive view—is of a circular form—is near springs of water, and was

probably in former times surrounded by a forest (a supposition strengthened by the presence of the oaks which still grow on its ramparts), we cannot deny that the *situation* and *form* of Wimbledon Camp fulfil most of the characteristics which Cæsar and Strabo give as distinguishing the *oppida* of the ancient Britons.

"Its *form* certainly does not belie the supposition that the entrenchment is of British origin. In looking through the Ordnance Maps, it is very noticeable that along the Roman roads, and in their immediate vicinity, there is, as might be expected, a marked tendency towards the rectangular outline which distinguishes almost invariably the camps of the Romans. But it must not be forgotten that square camps are also to be met with occasionally in the fastnesses of Cornwall and North Wales, though generally the 'camps' in these parts are either circular or elliptical; nor, as is well known, are instances wanting both of undoubtedly British and Roman works, when the advantages of a strong and irregular position superseded the ordinary practice, and the *vallum* followed more or less closely the figure of the ground on which the camp was formed. Such, then, appears to be the evidence in favour of the British origin of the camp at Wimbledon. Let us now examine what has been urged in favour of its having been a Roman work.

"It will be remembered that Surrey was long held by the Regni, and was probably governed by a Romano-British king; and that it also lay in the line of march between the south-east coast of England and the passage of the Thames.

"Gale, in his '*Antonini Iter Britanniarum*,' argues in favour of a Roman road having passed through Wimbledon; and his views seem to have been accepted by Mr. W. Hughes, who, in his *Map of Roman Britain*, published in 1848, gives Wimbledon as the site of a Roman camp.

"Dr. Roots, the well-known collector of the Roman antiquities found at Kingston Hill and in the bed of the Thames,* was of opinion that Cæsar occupied this entrenchment, if, indeed, he did not form it, whilst preparing for his conflict with Cassivelaunus on the banks of the river; and he urges in support of these views the Roman remains which have been found in the neighbourhood. The great objection, however, to this theory," remarks Mr. Tregellas, "appears to lie in the *circular form* of the enclosure."

Of its claim to Saxon parentage we have already had occasion to speak in treating of the

* See *Archæologia*, Vol. XXX., p. 496, and Vol. XXXI., p. 518.

etymology of Wimbledon.* Camden says of "Wibbandune, now commonly called Wimbledon," that "it is possible the military fortification I saw here, of a circular form, called Bensbury, might take its name" from Cnebben, who was slain here. Cnebben, it will be remembered, was one of the generals in the army of Ethelbert, King of Kent, in his conflict with Ceaulin, King of the West Saxons.

"So far as we are acquainted with the earthworks of the Saxons," continues Mr. Tregellas, "there is little in the camp at Wimbledon which conflicts with the received notions on the subject. Fosbrooke, quoting Strutt, ascribes to the Saxons those earthworks with a raised interior surface, surrounded with a broad ditch, and encompassed with an earthen vallum; and he instances the small, double-trenched circular work at Mount Caburn, near Lewes, as a perfect specimen. High *valla* and deep ditches may generally, he thinks, be referred to the Saxons; and the profile of the ramparts at Wimbledon may perhaps be considered bold enough to fulfil these conditions. It now only remains to consider the probabilities of the Danes having constructed this encampment. Aubrey, in his 'Natural History and Antiquities of Surrey,' Vol. I., p. 16, says it was made by the Danes, 'as appears by the Chronicle.' It certainly appears that after Surrey passed into the hands of the West Saxons, this part of the country was much ravaged by Turkill and Swaine, Danish warriors, but I have not succeeded in finding the authority for Aubrey's positive statement; and the only other evidence that occurs to me as bearing, however remotely, on the Danish origin of this entrenchment is the statement in Spelman's 'Life of Alfred,' that 'the Danish camps were always round, and with one entrance:' a statement the accuracy of which would (not to multiply instances) be sufficiently disproved by the harp-shaped camp at Bratton, Wilts—one of the best ascertained of the Danish positions. Perhaps the utmost that could be said on this part of the subject is that, so far as I am aware, there is nothing in the form of the work to entirely preclude the possibility of its being of Danish origin.

"In concluding these remarks, it may not be out of place to notice that the earthwork now under consideration has at different times borne for its name the various forms of the word Wimbledon which have already been mentioned; that Camden knew it as Bensbury; and that Mr. Kempe tells us that in 1846 it was called

Warren Bulwarks. Of course it is also sometimes called 'The Rounds;' and, equally of course, its most usual name is 'Cæsar's Camp.'"

Allen, in his "History of Surrey" (Vol. I., p. 475), describes it as "a round camp surrounded by a double ditch, including about seven acres," the inner trench, in his time, being deep and perfect. The true area of the enclosure is about fourteen acres.

Whether Wimbledon Camp was originally merely the scene of a fortified village and cattle-enclosure of the ancient Britons, or an encampment of Roman legions, or a fortress of either Saxon or Danish warriors, or whether it has been the stronghold of each in succession, it is obviously a site round which historic suggestions richly cluster; and it is to be hoped that in making any future arrangements for the allotment of the common and its vicinity, this interesting piece of antiquity may be judiciously conserved. About the year 1865 the earthwork was threatened with destruction; but in 1873 steps were taken by the Corporation of London with the view to its preservation. Nevertheless, about 1880 it was wantonly ploughed over and partly destroyed by its owner, Mr. Erle Drax; and again, about two years later, it was proposed to carry a roadway, and even a railway, through it.

In Douglas's "Nenia Britannica" is given a description of twenty-three barrows which existed up to 1786 on Wimbledon Common, about a mile to the north of the camp. The only relic actually discovered here by Douglas appears to have been a small earthen vessel; but it is probable that these barrows had been opened by Dr. Stukeley a few years previously.

At a meeting of the British Archæological Association, in 1881, Mr. Loftus Brock gave a description of several ancient British relics found in the neighbourhood of Coombe Hill, close by the common, and which had been lent for exhibition. The relics consisted of a pre-historic vessel of clay, known as a food-vessel, such as are commonly found in early British graves, a clay mould for casting bronze implements, a bronze celt, a dagger, and a fragment of bronze in an unworked state. These relics point to the existence not only of a burial-place, but to the presence of the living, and afford evidence, perhaps, of the people who constructed Cæsar's camp.

Mr. Tregellas, in his paper on Wimbledon Camp above quoted, writes that he had been favoured with a communication from Mr. Albert Way, who told him that he had a note of a singular relic, possibly a sling-shot, found some years ago at the

* See *ante*, p. 176.

Camp, consisting of a large perforated object of baked clay. It was shaped like a cheese, was $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter, $3\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick, and the hole was $\frac{3}{4}$ in. in diameter.

Mr. Tregellas concludes his paper with a description of some cruciform tumuli in Somerset and other parts of the country, and adds:—"Nothing, so far as I am aware, seems to be known positively, at present, of the origin or history of these singular remains, except that they are doubtless of great antiquity. It is interesting to know that there is some reason for supposing that an example existed, not very many years ago, near Wimbledon Camp; and it is to be hoped that any fresh light which

may be thrown upon cruciform tumuli *generally* may also cast a ray upon the now obscure history of the Camp at Wimbledon."

Though now so lonely and desolate, yet once this old camp must have been a busy haunt of men, and the soldiers of Britain and of Rome must here have met in deadly conflict. So true are the words of Shelley—

"From the most gloomy glens
Of Greenland's sunless clime,
To where the golden fields
Of fertile England spread
Their harvest to the day,
Thou canst not find one spot
Whereon no city stood."

CHAPTER LII.

WIMBLEDON (*continued*)—THE VOLUNTEER ENCAMPMENT.

"Oh, forthwith repair to yon ground,
For many brave youths will be there
To guard all the rights of the crown,
With sword and fuzee to a hair.

"Fine hats and rich plumes *militaire*,
Blue coats, red collars, all the rest,
From the head to the foot we appear.
All gentlemen soldiers confess."—OLD LOYAL SONG.

Formation of the First Volunteer Association for the Defence of the Country—First Royal Volunteer Review at Wimbledon—Numerical Strength of the Volunteers of Old—Fiery Enthusiasm of the Country at the beginning of the Present Century—Patriotic Songs, &c.—A Defence of the Volunteer System—Revival of the Volunteer Movement in 1859—Formation of the Force—Captain Hans Busk—The First Volunteer Review by Queen Victoria—Inauguration of the National Rifle Association at Wimbledon—Camp Life at Wimbledon—Prizes, &c.—The Echo Challenge Shield—The Ashburton Shield—The Butts—Concluding Remarks.

As far back as the year 1797—so, at least, we learn from Bartlett's "History of Wimbledon"—the local vestry took into consideration "the formation of an association towards the defence of the country." A meeting was accordingly held, which was attended by a large number of the parishioners, among them being Mr. John Horne Tooke. Two corps, one of horse and one of foot, were then formed. The leading cavalry volunteers were Earl Spencer, the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, Mr. James Meyrick, Mr. Francis Fowke, and other leading inhabitants. The first chairman of the association was the Rev. Septimus Hodson. The leading infantry volunteers were Mr. W. Rush, Mr. Thomas Eden, and Mr. Gerrard de Visme. Mr. Benjamin Patterson, who acted as lieutenant, succeeded Mr. Hodson as chairman. "The association," remarks Mr. Bartlett, "was maintained for some years with great spirit, a spirit which the ladies of Wimbledon seem thoroughly to have shared, as we find them opening a ladies' subscription for furnishing flannel waistcoats to the Infantry Wimbledon Volunteers,

the waistcoats to be made by the lady subscribers; the highest subscription to be 10s. 6d., the lowest, 2s. 6d."

The example of Wimbledon was speedily followed in other localities, and the rapid progress of the movement is shown by the fact that a twelvemonth later, namely, on the 5th of July, 1798, a Royal Volunteer Review was held on Wimbledon Common, and it is notable as being the first of any importance held there. The following account of the review is quoted from Mr. T. Preston's "Patriots in Arms" (Whittaker, 1881), where a reproduction is given of Rowlandson's rare picture of the scene:—"The corps reviewed was the London and Westminster Light Horse Volunteers, under the command of Colonel Herries. The strength of the regiment was altogether 616, composed of 411 mounted men, divided into six troops, and 205 dismounted men, divided into three troops. They were reviewed by his Majesty George III., who expressed his high approbation of the state of efficiency of the regiment, and of its appearance and discipline.

The corps went through a variety of manœuvres in a very soldier-like manner, 'following the rules laid down by his Majesty's orders for the formation and exercise of cavalry. Every movement was correctly and rapidly made; the troops charged well, keeping well up in a compact, well-preserved line. The dismounted part of the corps performed their manual and platoon exercise correctly, and moved in correspondence with the cavalry with precision, steadiness, and a soldier-like manner.' This extract from the general order issued by the Adjutant-General immediately after the review will puzzle many readers, who will naturally wonder what sort of men they could have been to have been able to 'move in correspondence with the cavalry.' The following description of the dismounted part of the corps will explain the matter, and also show the use of the six-horse cars which are seen in the background of Rowlandson's picture. 'The seventh, eighth, and ninth troops of the London and Westminster Light Horse are dismounted, and act as riflemen, carrying a rifle-barrelled gun of a new construction, which will do execution at a great distance; and their broadswords are so contrived as to serve occasionally as bayonets. *Cars, or expedition carriages*, are always ready to convey the dismounted men at the same pace as the cavalry may march.' With reference to this curious picture, it has been observed that the carriage wheels are none of them round. This certainly is remarkable, but it is a peculiarity observable in all wheels in Rowlandson's pictures."

It would be impossible to trace the gradual growth of the volunteer movement; it is enough to say here that it woke up into new life the "train-bands" of half a century before, and that as long as there were fears of an invasion of our shores by the great Napoleon (who figures in contemporary prints as "Boney" and the "Corsican"), it continued to spread until the volunteers numbered their hundreds of thousands.

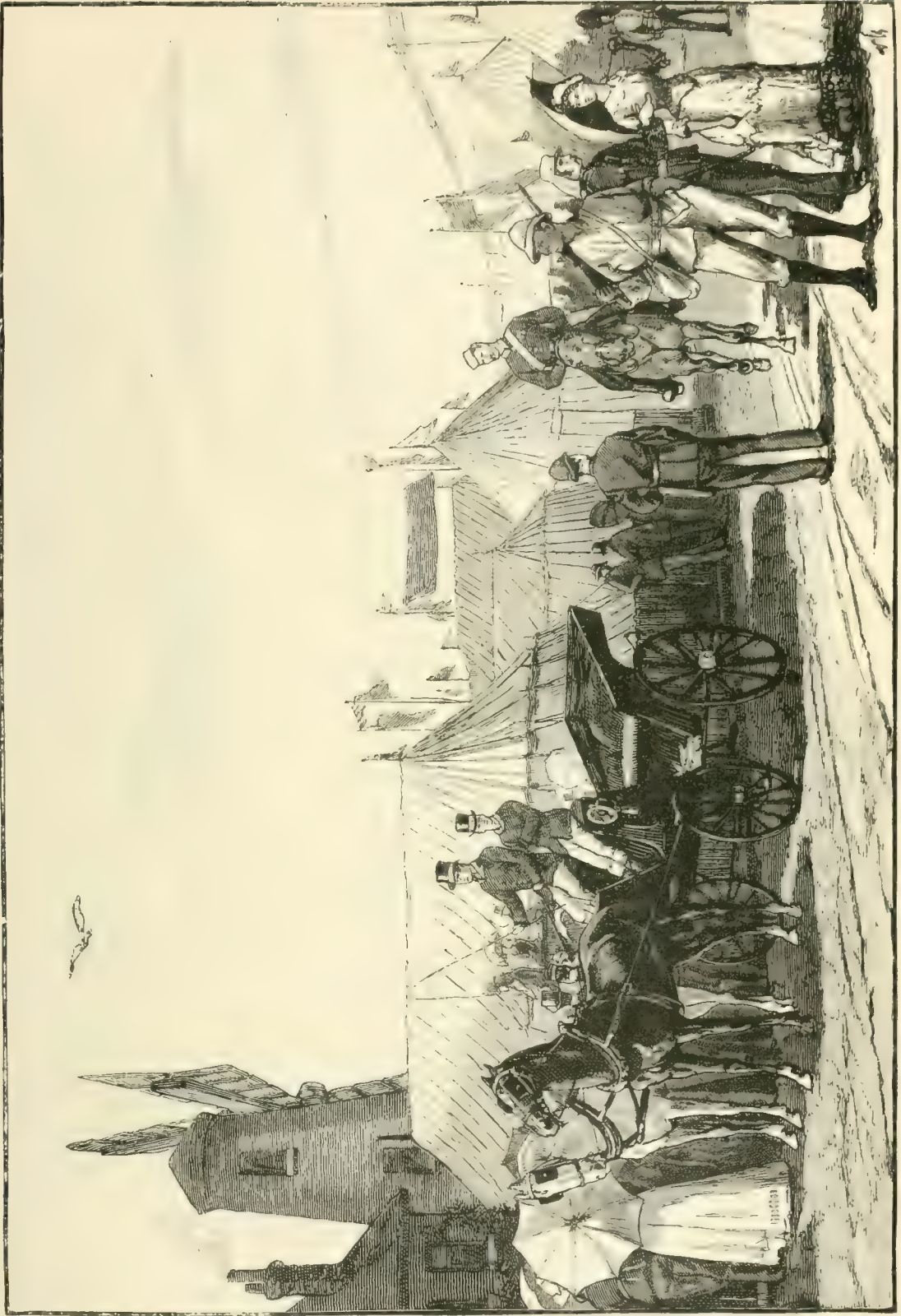
From a return made at the War Office in November, 1803, some idea of the strength of our "volunteers of old" may be gleaned. The account stood thus:—Volunteer infantry, 297,500; volunteer cavalry, 31,600; volunteer artillery, 6,207; total, 335,307. Compared in numerical strength with the French armies, a contemporary journal observes:—"If to these be added our regulars and militia, we too may boast of our 500,000 fighting men;" and taking the volunteer return merely, it exhibits—at a period, too, when the population was not more than a half of what it numbered in 1859, when the present

volunteer movement was started—a muster-roll seven times greater than that of 1859.

The efforts that were made towards organising a system of national defence in 1859 were not to be compared to the fiery enthusiasm that animated the Old England of 1803 and 1804. "At that period," observes a writer in *Chambers's Journal*, "a feverish state of anxiety and vigilance was everywhere apparent. At Folkestone, whenever the wind blew from the French coast, sea-fencibles patrolled the town all night, repeating the usual challenge at every post. 'Something decisive may be expected,' writes a gentleman in a private letter, dated 1st of September, 1804. 'At this moment the Corsican has everything in his favour: a strong flood-tide, the wind fresh and fair for crossing the Channel, and a very hazy fog, so that we cannot see two miles from shore. All the men-of-war in the Downs ready to slip or cut their cables at an instant's notice. Clerks at Admiralty said to be in attendance all night. Everything indicates on the part of the Government the utmost vigilance. A heavy firing, heard from darkness to sunrise, towards France; and on the following day, in the direction of the Cornish coast, twenty reports were counted in the space of a minute.' Yet all this terrific hurly really seems to have delighted those most interested in its momentous results. A mounted dragoon, his horse all foam and mire, dashes through the streets of Southampton, the bearer of an express from the Duke of York—for the electric wire was destined for a later generation. Two thousand four hundred men got under arms in less than an hour. The men of eight adjacent villages, where orders arrived at noon, are marching by four o'clock. The aspect of the town resembles a gala-day. Loyal songs, inspired by the supposed imminent aspect of encountering the enemy, resound through the streets. However homely the composition of those patriotic lyrics, they were calculated to sustain the popular enthusiasm, as will appear from the following fragment, sung to a well-known popular air:—

"Fathers! be of cheer;
 Britons are no drones, sirs;
 Should Bonaparte appear,
 Soon we'll part his bones, sirs.
 And if on our shore
 Should he land his scums, sirs,
 When that he comes o'er,
 Soon he'll be o'ercome, sirs."

Gilray and Rowlandson, the two most famous caricaturists of the day, were actually retained in the public service by Mr. Pitt in aid of the cause,



THE VOLUNTEER CAMP, WIMBLEDON "OUTSIDE THE COTTAGE."

and their comic productions, no doubt, helped to fan the enthusiasm that then prevailed.

The following are two verses from a song called the "Volunteer Boys," to the tune of "Let the toast pass," published in 1801:—

"Here's to the squire who goes to parade,
Here's to the citizen soldier;
Here's to the merchant who fights for his trade,
Whom danger increasing makes bolder:
Let mirth appear, union is here,
The toast that I give is the Brave Volunteer.

"Here's to the lawyer who leaves the bar,
Hastens where honour doth lead, sir,
Changing the gown for the ensigns of war,
The cause of the country to plead, sir;
Freedom appears, ev'ry heart cheers
That call for a health to the Law Volunteers."

A Scotch song, published at Glasgow about the same time as the above, and called "Britain's Contest," contains the following verse:—

"The French they say are coming o'er,
To kill our king, an' a' that;
They'll kiss our sweethearts and our wives,
And slay ourselves an' a' that—
And a' that, an' a' that;
But gin they come we'll crack their crowns,
An' send them hame to claw that."

The following witty "Macaronic" lines on the same subject, supposed to be said or sung by a newly-enlisted volunteer dating from this period, have been ascribed to the pen of no less a scholar than Professor Porson:—

"*Ego nunquam audivi* such terrible news,
As at this *tempus præsens* my senses confuse;
I am drawn for a *miles*, and must go *cum Maxie*,
And *comminus manu* engage Bonaparte.

"Such *tempora nunquam videbant majores*,
But then their opponents had different *mores*;
But we will soon show to the Corsican vaunter
That though times may be changed, Britons *nunquam mutantur*."

A poem "On the Fashionable Rite of Consecrating Military Colours, particularly those of the brave Volunteer Bands," contains the stanza quoted as the motto to this chapter.

In 1806 was published "A Defence of the Volunteer System, in opposition to Mr. Windham's idea of that Force; with Hints for its Improvement." In it the writer observes:—"It has been the custom of those writers who have intended to deprecate the value of the volunteers to adduce instances from history of the inefficacy of raw troops to contend with veterans; but these illustrations have seldom given much strength to their

arguments, as, upon inspection, they will be found to bear but little analogy to the political feelings and military situations of the country. . . . It would not, however, be very difficult to select other examples from the history of any age of troops inferior to our volunteers, who have honourably distinguished themselves against old and highly-disciplined soldiers. But who that has read the history of the American War and the French Revolution, in our own time (1806), can want conviction on this head? In estimating our means of defence, a strange infatuation seems to have laid hold of some men's minds, that, as one battle has decided the fate of nations on the Continent, so it must necessarily do ours. The brilliant actions of Bonaparte seem to have dazzled and confounded their imaginations. A battle of Marengo or of Austerlitz may put an end to a Continental war, or to the independence of a nation solely relying upon a standing army, but never can conquer a country like England, constitutionally defended. In a country defended by the voluntary efforts of its own children, under judicious guidance, every inch of ground gained by an enemy will prove to him a sanguinary conquest. That general should be considered as guilty of little less than treason who suffered an enemy on English soil an hour's repose by night or day till he was conquered. The fresh troops that would every moment flock to his standard would enable him to undertake hourly enterprises. A war of this description would necessarily have a speedy termination. An enemy thus incessantly harassed, when it became judicious to attack him on all points, must fall an easy prey. . . . In forming a plan for the defence of the country, the worst possible circumstances that can happen should be provided against. With us, the confidence placed in our navy should be put entirely out of the question, and we should be prepared for the attack of an enemy as if no such formidable opposition to him existed. There should be no check on the exertions of our fleets: they should be ready, if necessary, to quit our shores to a ship, without fear of the consequences. . . . The question is not now whether we shall become a military nation—that is already decided—but what sort of a military nation?—whether we shall encumber ourselves with and entail on our posterity an enormous growing expense, the natural consequence of an ever-growing military establishment; or whether the same end shall be accomplished by the voluntary efforts of the people, under a plain, systematic form, conducted at a comparatively trifling charge,

and which, when the country shall be no longer in need of their services, it is in the power of the Legislature to extinguish in an instant."

Since then the volunteer movement has progressed steadily and surely, and its prospects soon became more settled, with yet growing numbers, and "with a firm conviction in the minds of Englishmen of its vital importance to the country." "Lord Overstone showed that the immigration to this country of any portion of the French surplus fighting population would be productive of the most disastrous results; and some events occurred which gave rise to a suspicion that although the Empire itself might be filled—paved, if that expression be allowable—with the best and most peaceable intentions, the eagles which that Empire nourished had an unpleasant habit, and a still more restless desire, of 'flying from victory to victory.'"

"It is easy, of course," remarks the *Dublin University Magazine*, "to say that untrained enthusiasm will never stand before thorough discipline, and that volunteers have only been successful against blundering commanders, or troops absurdly overmatched. Yet volunteer levies fought like veterans at Edgehill against the experienced soldiers of Lord Essex. Volunteer armies cleared France of the formidable hosts who thought to take vengeance for the cruel treatment of her king. A nation of German volunteers, under Garibaldi, harassed and defeated the Austrian troops on the skirts of Lombardy in the war of 1859; and yet, later telegrams told us how another army of volunteers, led by the same great hero of our day, beat off the last despairing efforts of a powerful Neapolitan force to bring back to his forfeit capital the king who had accompanied them into the field."

The volunteer movement which marked the war against the great Napoleon had all but passed away out of the memory of the living generation, when suddenly it was revived, in 1859, by Captain Hans Busk and others. It was at once received with the utmost enthusiasm; through the influence of Lord Bury, Lord Elcho, and other members of the two Houses of the Legislature, the approval of the Government and the patronage of her Majesty was secured for it. The Volunteer movement, however, went through its share of ridicule at first, as the pages of *Punch* and the other comic journals of the period can testify; but it has outlived this and all other weaknesses incident to infancy, and now the brave defenders of our homes are toasted along with the army and the militia forces at every public dinner.

The movement seemed to grow almost spontaneously out of the strong irritation against France which was aroused throughout England by the braggadocio utterances of some French colonels, who were, or professed to be, angry because this country did not show, as they thought, sufficient energy in punishing the authors of a dastardly conspiracy, hatched in the happy region of Leicester Square, to murder the Emperor of France by bombs. Dr. Simon Bernard had been arrested in his lodgings at Bayswater on a charge of complicity with Orsini, and the law was being put in motion to vindicate our Imperial ally. But our English law, like all great bodies, is slow in its motions, and was far too slow to satisfy the impulsive colonels who wore the French uniform. Their impatient utterances naturally "put up the English monkey," and for weeks and months the anti-Gallican feeling was growing stronger and stronger, both in London and in the provinces.

In the next year the public indignation became less unreasonable, but it still maintained its strength, though not its heat; and, worked upon by persons of patriotic feelings and military tastes, it gave rise to one of the most important movements which ever left their mark on the social and political history of any nation. "The militia," writes Mr. Thomas Archer, in his "Life of Gladstone," "had already been strengthened and recognised; but now came a steady and determined renewal of former proposals by competent men for the formation of volunteer regiments. . . . Many thousands of volunteer riflemen, whose happily-chosen motto was soon declared to be 'Defence, not Defiance,' were rapidly enrolled under officers who at all events had plenty of energy and enthusiasm, and were not deficient in ability."

But the movement received a further impulse in the same year (1859) through the interference of the Emperor of the French with the affairs of Northern Italy, which threatened to set half Europe in a blaze, in which it was feared that ultimately even England might become involved. At this moment the formation of the Rifle Volunteer force came at once into full play. Their numbers grew with the utmost rapidity, and they soon were formed into a regular body. "Volunteer corps," wrote the Prince Consort to Baron Stockmar on the 8th of December, "are being formed in all the towns. The lawyers in the Temple go through regular drill. Lords Spencer, Abercorn, Elcho, &c., are put through their facings in Westminster Hall by gas-light, in the same rank and file with shop-keepers.

Close on 50,000 are already under arms." The prince was shortly afterwards called on to take a prominent part in the public demonstrations of this force, which kept on growing at once in numbers and in efficiency; and "when the Government decided to authorise the formation of rifle corps, as well as of artillery corps and companies in maritime towns with forts and batteries, the Prince applied himself to the study of the means of organising these bodies in such a way as to make them a permanent means of defence, on which the country might rely upon on an emergency. The results were embodied by him in an elaborate series of 'Instructions to Lord-Lieutenants,' which he sent to General Peel, as Secretary for War, on the 20th of May, 1859. It was found by him to be so complete, that he submitted it three days afterwards to the Cabinet [of Lord Derby], by whom it was adopted, and ordered to be issued forthwith. Accordingly it was printed and sent out to the Lord-Lieutenants throughout the kingdom on the 25th of the same month, and formed the code for the organisation and working of these volunteer corps." *

The earliest and most strenuous advocate of the volunteer system, when in abeyance, was the above-mentioned Captain Hans Busk, the author of "The Rifle and how to use it," "Volunteers, and how to drill them," &c., and it was by him that it was aroused to fresh life.

In 1837 (when an undergraduate at Cambridge) he strongly urged upon the Government of that day the importance of sanctioning the formation throughout the country of rifle-clubs, with a view to the subsequent organisation of an army of volunteers as the most legitimate, constitutional, and surest defence of the realm; and on receiving from the then Prime Minister a reply, indicative of apprehension at the idea of putting arms into the hands of the people at large, he formed a model rifle-club in the university. To show that the materials of which it was composed were of the right sort, it may be mentioned that several of its original members subsequently obtained commissions, and not a few of his most cordial coadjutors have since died gloriously on different battle-fields.

Captain Hans Busk continued lecturing and writing and counselling upon the subject until the revived volunteer movement became an established fact. For a period of nearly twenty years he continued on every occasion strenuously to advocate the establishment of a volunteer army,

but with little effect, until the publication of his treatise on the rifle, into which he again introduced an earnest appeal in favour of the volunteer cause—a subject that had been in complete suspense since 1803. In order to demonstrate, however, the urgent necessity for increased exertion, and to prove the extent of the war preparations making by France, and the growing increase of her fleet, he visited in succession each of her ports and naval arsenals, publishing, on his return, the only authentic French navy list that had appeared for sixteen years.

Not long after he was solicited by an influential deputation from the University of Cambridge to address the undergraduates with a view to the formation of a corps, which he was subsequently requested to help in organising. Such was the success consequent on the appeal then made, that from all parts of the country other invitations daily arrived, earnestly requesting him to aid in the promotion of a cause which—to quote the expression ordinarily used by his correspondents—"he had been first to originate." He died in 1882.

In May, 1860, the whole force reached 124,000 men, and on the evening of the first great volunteer review held by the Queen in Hyde Park, on the 23rd of June, the Prince Consort was able to boast, in a speech made at the Trinity House dinner, that its numbers were in excess of 130,000.

The volunteers had now climbed up to the highest point of popularity, and it was thought by some that such popularity was likely to prove both short-lived and injurious to the force itself. The 2nd of July marked an epoch in the progress of the movement. On that day the first meeting of the National Rifle Association was held on Wimbledon Common. The weather was bright, and a brilliant assembly had gathered to witness the proceedings. "The first shot at the targets was fired by the Queen herself; and Mr. Whitworth had so adjusted one of his rifles as to secure a good score for her Majesty at the 400 yards range. An address was presented to the Queen on her arrival at the camp by Mr. Sidney Herbert, as president of the association; after which, her Majesty, accompanied by the Prince, advanced to a tent in which had been fixed the rifle which was to open the competition. A touch of the trigger was followed by a flutter of the red-and-white flag before the target, an intimation that the 'bull's eye' had been hit, and that her Majesty, in accordance with the rules of the Association, had scored three points. For six successive days the competition for the prizes for the best shooting

continued. The number of volunteers who entered for the regulated prizes was 292, while 494 competed for those open to all-comers. The first Queen's Prize of £250, with the gold medal of the Association, was won by Mr. Ross, of the 7th York, who, in the determining contest, made eight points at 800, seven at 900, and nine at 1,000 yards. About £2,000 was taken for admission to the camp.*

"If we look for the very root and spring of the present volunteer movement," observes a writer in *Once a Week*,† "we shall find it possibly in the celebrated letter of the Duke of Wellington, with which he rudely awakened Englishmen from the dream they had dreamed since Waterloo and Trafalgar, that our isle would be inviolate 'come the four corners of the world in arms to shock us.' The Saxon mind from that time slowly took alarm, and since the establishment of the French Empire the whole nation has turned in upon itself, as it were, to consult its own deep instincts as to what should be done. The *Times*, appreciating the blind instincts of the people, first shaped and moulded the movement in the direction it ultimately took; but it was to the voice of song that we owe the rapid and splendid development of peaceful citizens into armed battalions ready for the field. The philosopher who notes the shapeless grains of seed grouping themselves into regular forms when influenced by the vibrations of certain sounds, could in the volunteer movement see an analogous movement in the moral world, when the poet laureate's stirring song 'Riflemen, Form!' thrilled through the land, and at a stroke organised into serried lines the mobs of panic-stricken citizens. We question if any section of the nation has been taken so much by surprise by this movement as the military caste. Having experience of the lowest station only of the population of our own country, and of the National Guards on the Continent, it did not believe that the office, the chamber, and the shop, could turn out, at six months' notice, regiments worthy to be brigaded with regular troops, forgetting that in the Great Rebellion the shopkeepers of London marched to Gloucester, and there and then decided for ever in England, the contest between despotism and liberty. Those, again, who remembered, with a supercilious smile, the National Guard of Continental nations—middle-aged gentlemen, fat and frowsy, who do duty on compulsion—should not have confounded their capabilities with the picked

youth of this country: athletes, with bone, muscle, and pluck enough to go anywhere and do anything."

The writer then proceeds to comment on the review by the queen which was held in 1860:—"Among the many hundred thousands who crowded Hyde Park on the 23rd of June," he remarks, "jammed tight between two guardsmen in the purgatorial space before the stands, we noticed the long and sombre line of England's home army slowly pass before the queen. Across the green sod this sombre riband of men came on and on, their ranks ruled as straight as lines, and the whole mass sweeping round with a movement like the spokes of a wheel. For an hour and a half came the tramp, tramp, unbroken by a sound save by the distant music, their own feet, and the occasional cheers of the spectators, for it was perhaps wisely ordered that none but the queen's band should play during the review. Persons accustomed to the reviews of regular troops were struck by the exceeding simplicity of the uniforms. There was no holiday attire here. Grey and green made up the long column, save that, like a lance, at its head fluttered the brilliant scarlet of the Artillery Company and the bright tunics of the Huntingdonshire Mounted Rifles. It was impossible to avoid drawing comparisons between the different corps as they marched past; indeed, the line of military spectators who fringed the reserved standings were very demonstrative indeed in their professional criticisms, and it is but just to say that in no instance was there the slightest shade of professional jealousy evinced by them. 'What splendid horses!' we heard a guardsman involuntarily exclaim, as the Huntingdonshire Mounted Rifles went past; 'her Majesty don't mount our men like that.' Every horse perhaps was a valuable hunter, and the man that rode him was warranted to do some cross-country skirmishing if called into the presence of the enemy.

"The Honourable Artillery Corps again puzzled the people mightily, and we believe to this hour numbers went away with the idea that a battalion of her Majesty's Grenadier Guards led off the review. But we confess that, to our unprofessional eye, the most active and soldierly-looking set of men were the Inns of Court Corps. The greyish-brown dress possibly tended to give the men size, but it was impossible not to remark that the 'Devil's Own' carried off the palm for setting-up and athletic proportions. When we consider that these young lawyers are many of them just drafted from the Universities, where physical training is

* T. Archer's "Life of Gladstone," Vol. IV., p. 45.

† See July 14, 1860, Vol. III., p. 81.

perhaps better attended to than among any other assemblage of young Englishmen, it is not surprising that they should make such splendid young soldiers. That the use of their brains does not militate against the use of their legs, the repeated cries of 'Bravo, Devil's Own!' as they marched past, fully testified. Indeed, a good many could not help remarking that here, as in a good many other places, his sable majesty took excellent care of his children. It was observable in this review

—such splendid beards, worthy of Titian, and such fine faces! Imagine some dirty little scrub of a Frenchman picking off his Stanfield, or potting a Millais, in an affair before breakfast! But there would be plenty of Englishmen left to avenge them, and to paint good pictures afterwards. Then there were the Scottish, Welsh, and Irish corps, each distinguished by some national badge or costume. The kilted company of Scotchmen certainly marched admirably, and fully justified the excellence of the



SHOOTING FOR THE QUEEN'S PRIZE.

that the spirit which leads us to stick to what is termed in the army the regimental system also obtains most fully amongst the volunteers. Each corps felt a pride in itself, which doubtless will tend to excellent results if the volunteers are ever called into the field on active service. 'Look at the Robin Hoods!' said a soldier near to us; 'every man of them looks as though he had shot with William Cloudeslie, and could pick off the Sheriff of Nottingham at a thousand paces;' and most certainly, if there is any reliance on manly bearing, that old idea, that we thought had perished with Merry Sherwood, lives and moves in the breasts of the brave men in Lincoln green from Nottingham. Not less admired was the little company of Artists

costume for that exercise; and the Irish, in their green uniforms, looked, we must confess, very like their own constabulary; and we could not pay them a better compliment. . . . If Mr. Bright or any of the 'peace party at any price' were present, it must have galled them to have seen the Manchester corps, 1,600 strong, move along its dark green mass, forming with the Robin Hoods a brigade of themselves. The Lancashire lads, it is clear, are not inclined just at present to beat their swords into pruning-hooks. Neither must we forget the Durham corps, brought to the metropolis by the munificence of Anne, Marchioness of Londonderry. Up to a late hour on the previous Friday these citizen soldiers toiled in the deep mine, in the

counting-house, and behind the counter, then donning their uniform, travelled all night, and appeared on the ground as fresh as daisies, and after a hard day's reviewing, hurried northward, and were home again by daybreak. We question if campaigning would be much harder work than this.

"The Bristol corps, a regiment of stalwart Saxons, in like manner came from the other side of the island; and indeed from all parts the volunteers were drawn to air themselves for a few hours in the eyes of their sovereign. And her Majesty

Instruction,' 'marching and manœuvring can do no more than place the soldier in the best possible situation for using his weapon with effect.' How are our volunteers to become good marksmen? Blazing away at a target without any preliminary instruction is a mere waste of powder and ball; this fact they have long found out at Hythe. The public cannot understand this, and there has been a loud cry in the papers for ball-cartridge practice; but General Hay will tell you that to begin with ball practice is to begin at the end. Before a man can



VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT WIMBLEDON IN 1798. (AFTER ROWLANDSON.)

was justly proud of their devotion, and was so moved that at one time she actually shed tears—precious tears. What other monarch in Europe, for such a cause, could shed them? It may be that we see with partial eyes, but we question if any country in Europe could send forth such an army of picked men as defiled before the Royal Standard on that occasion; and some of the Parisian journals were handsome enough to say almost as much. As the French Ambassador, Persigny, watched the last volunteer march past him, he turned to an English friend, and said, 'This is indeed the handsomest compliment you could have paid us.' But to drill well and to make good marksmen are two very different things; or, to use the language of the 'Hythe Manual of Musket

shoot effectively with a rifle, he must know how to hold it. At short ranges he can shoot standing; but when it comes to a thousand yards, he requires a rest of some kind, and the kneeling position will give him a natural rest, if he is instructed how to take it. We question if many of those portly riflemen to be seen in every corps are at all aware of the trifling knot they must tie themselves up into ere they can accomplish this position. In the book of instruction the position drill for long ranges is as follows:—'When kneeling, the right foot and knee are to be in the right position, and the body (*i.e.*, buttock) is to rest firmly on the right heel.' If any rifleman who has lost his waist will have the goodness to try this position, we would recommend him to have some assistance at hand to help him up

again! Again, we are told that before a man can take aim with his rifle, he must be able to fire a cap without winking—no such easy matter, as any man may easily prove to himself; and when this difficulty is got over, there is the very necessary exercise in judging of distances. Nothing is so deceptive as distance, especially in level places, where you see the ground foreshortened. All these things are taught at the Hythe School of Musketry, and we are glad to find that a number of volunteers have undergone the musketry drill there with exemplary patience. Nine-tenths of the volunteers are, however, perfectly guiltless of having gone through this preliminary instruction, and we cannot, therefore, expect that until they do any large number of first-rate marksmen will issue from their ranks. But we want a large number of good shots rather than a few first-rate ones; and somehow or other, this we must have. The volunteer rifleman has entered upon a new exercise, in which he cannot afford to take a second rank. He must be with his rifle what his forefathers were with the long-bow; and the only manner in which he can accomplish this is to make rifle-shooting as scientific a pastime throughout the land as cricket.

“Every village and hamlet must have its butts as of old, and village must compete with village. Thus trained, our annual gathering on Wimbledon Common will set in the shade the *Tir Fédéral* of the Helvetian Republic. The one great quality necessary to form a rifleman is eminently an English quality—steadiness. Strength is another quality almost as indispensable. The weak-armed man has little chance, for his muscles will tremble before he can take deliberate aim. Look at the Swiss rifleman: his chest and arms are models of capacity and power, and we do not think that in these particulars we have to fear even the mountaineers. It is thought by some that our familiarity with the fowling-piece ought to give us a decided advantage over every other nation, but the experience of the Government school at Hythe appears to be altogether adverse to this notion. The best rifle shots declare that the mere sportsman has, in fact, a great deal to forget before he can handle the rifle properly: that the kind of instinctive aim taken at a flying bird is a very different thing from the deliberate aim required for target-shooting; and that the best riflemen are invariably found among persons who had never previously fired a shot. That this dictum required some little modification, however, will, we believe, be proved by the recent competition at Wimbledon Common, for to our knowledge, some of the largest scores have been made by keen sportsmen.

The opening of our first National Rifle Match, on July 2nd, by her Majesty, gave even the used-up sightseer quite a sensation. He witnessed something of which his former experience afforded him no inkling. It was neither a Derby Day, nor a Review Day, nor a Fair Day, and yet in a measure it partook of all three. The wide-extending heath almost prepared him for the grand stand, and the innumerable persons in uniform led him to expect a sham fight. The line of streamers and flags of all nations, and the town of booths running right and left, seemed as if the old fair had been revived for his delectation. But what was the meaning of the long range of earthworks far away on the other side of the common? Of the hundred thousand people who lined the vast enclosure, in carriages and on foot, possibly not a thousand persons could, of their own personal knowledge, have given an answer. That they were butts indeed they knew, but Englishmen must go back some three or four hundred years in order to associate such appliances with any national pastime; and therefore, their appearance seemed in some measure to revive old times, and to link that vast multitude with old days that are long, long gone.

“But whilst we look into the grey distance, and gather from the size of the target—six feet square, but not apparently larger than a sheet of note-paper—what a thousand yards’ range really is, there is a motion in the gay marquee on our right; the royal flag is run up, and shortly her Majesty and Prince Albert are seen proceeding down the planked road which leads to the little pavilion. Here for upwards of an hour Mr. Whitworth, with the most nervous solicitude, has been laying a rifle on a rest, specially constructed for the occasion. But the sod is soddened, and the delicate instrument is constantly sinking with its own weight, and has to be continually re-adjusted. As her Majesty approaches, however, all is prepared; and almost before the ringing cheer with which she is received has died away, she has fired the rifle, and hit the bull’s-eye, and that only one inch above the two lines which bisect each other in the very centre, on the vertical line itself, and but one inch only above the horizontal one! Thus her Majesty opened the proceedings by scoring three, the highest number that could be obtained at a single shot. Now along the whole line the firing commenced from little tents situated exactly opposite their respective targets; but, as might have been expected, the first day’s firing was not very satisfactory, and many a rifleman, the pride of his own local butt, found that in the flurry of the scene he had lost his

usual cunning, and loud were the complaints we heard that the five shots—the regulation allowance of each gun—were not sufficient to bring out the real stuff in a man. But with the morning air of the second day shaken nerves were restored again, and Englishmen were not found to be behind the picked shots of Switzerland. It is certainly rather fortunate that the latter should have failed to have rescued their rifles from the French Custom-house authorities; but as they well knew that they could only shoot for some of the prizes with rifles not above ten pounds in weight, they have little to complain of, we apprehend.

“The establishment of an open target, at which all comers can fire without any restriction, is a very lucky hit, and is, in our opinion, well calculated to elicit some very good shots from the crowd. Englishmen have a certain individuality which is likely to display itself in rifle-shooting as much as in other things, and a little “undress” shooting is sure to be very popular. As far as we have yet seen, the National Rifle-shooting Association has inaugurated among us a new sport, which will, we believe, rapidly take root, and place us in the foremost ranks as marksmen. It is a good sign when a nation takes to an exercise as a matter of sport, which it may be called upon to perform in grave earnest; and as long as we know how to snap the rifle, truly we may snap our fingers at the gentlemen across the water.”

Mr. W. W. Fenn, in *Tinsley's Magazine* (Vol. XXVI.), recounts his amusing “Recollections of a Volunteer,” showing in a pleasant chatty manner how readily a man in good health, and of moderate capacity and intelligence, may become efficiently acquainted with the use of arms, and be turned to good account for his country's defence. “Once brought into contact with the smart, upright drill-sergeant of the Guards,” he writes, “taught to hold oneself properly, look to the front, keep one's head up, shoulders back and knees stiff, and generally to comport oneself as if all the world belonged to us; introduced to the ‘goose-step’ under the name of ‘balance-step,’ with or without gaining ground; instructed in the mysteries of facing right, left, and about; initiated into the recondite processes of ‘fours’—‘forming fours’ it was then called—and ‘front forming company,’ with all the rest of the successive ins and outs of the early stages of manœuvring, the martial spirit was stirred within me, and I devoted myself enthusiastically to the study of my new calling. The enthusiasm was further stimulated by the congenial company in which I found myself. Shoulder to shoulder with friends and

brethren of the brush, architects, engravers, musicians, authors, journalists, actors, doctors, &c., the sociability of a club was added to the attractions of our parade; and there was very soon established a spirit of emulation and an *esprit de corps* which I am glad to know still exists, and on a much larger scale in my own regiment.”

The following amusing sketch, entitled “Camp Life at Wimbledon,” is quoted from *Belgravia* (Vol. III.):—

“It was a lovely summer's afternoon when Bob Miller and I got out of the train at Putney Station, on our way to the camp. The platform was crowded with volunteers from all parts of the kingdom, who had come down with us to take part in the great national meeting. Well has the camp bard immortalised these noble men—

“ ‘Some were short, some were tall,
Some were big, some were small,
Some were black, some were blue,
Others of a greenish hue ;’

and, carried away by the poetic transports of his soul, concluded his strains in a mystic burst of admiration.

“Upon sallying forth from the station we were beset by a host of charioteers, all of whom eagerly professed the delight they should feel at being permitted to drive us to camp. . . . A quick drive up-hill brought us on to the beautiful common of Wimbledon. In the distance, far away across an undulating tract of heath, could be seen a long line of hoarding extending right across the common. Over it peeped the tops of the tents, gleaming snowy white in the hot afternoon sun.

“ ‘Pretty sight, isn't it?’ said Miller, noticing my admiring glances. ‘That hoarding rather spoils it, though. You see the windmill away to the left there? The Blue-bottles are camping to the right of it, where that big flag is. That long blue building is Jennings's: you know Jennings? No? He is the great refreshment man. We shall turn off here soon, and go over the common. Ah, here we are! Drive straight into the camp, cabby, and go to the quartermaster-sergeant's tent. Doesn't camp look well, eh? See, there's our post-office, and there's the telegraph station; we've got all the comforts of a town. The head-quarters are round the windmill. That's the notice-board over there, where the orders for the day are posted. Our camp is at the end of this street of tents. There's a jolly tent, isn't it? The luxurious owner has positively got a carpet and a chest of drawers, to say nothing of that small family bedstead. He's been here before, I'll bet. Closely packed those

fellows are, are they not? four in a tent. It must be preciously hot and squabby. That's a pretty tent, with the rock-work and flowers outside. 'The man in it is an artist, perhaps.' . . . The mess-tent was a long booth-like structure, tastefully ornamented inside with flags; down it ran two tables, roughly constructed of plain deal boards, doubtless the work of the mechanically disposed members of the corps. Seated at these were some seventy or eighty men, chatting and joking gaily with each other, doing at the same time ample justice to the abundant and somewhat rude fare before them. Plates and glasses there were none; but in their stead were tin platters, ingeniously devised with a view to holding either liquids or solids, and pannikins, out of which beer, sherry, and champagne were quaffed indifferently. At one end was a table drawn across the tent, forming a kind of refreshment counter, laden with provisions; behind this stood the staff upon whom devolved the duty of administering to the wants of their friends. . . . The loud report of a gun, a signal for the re-commencement of firing, broke up the dinner-party. Some rushed off to shoot in prizes; others to try their luck at the pool or carton targets; others, who had nothing particular to do, proceeded to their tents to do it, the operation in most cases consisting in throwing oneself on a bed, and, pipe in mouth, devoting the passing hour to calm perusal of a novel or newspaper; whilst Miller and I went off to inspect our quarters, and to make the necessary arrangements for our stay."

In February, 1860, the 11th Surrey Rifle Volunteer Corps was duly enrolled, the members being furnished for the most part from the parishes of Wimbledon and Merton. The Wimbledon detachment, now known as the 3rd Surrey Rifle Volunteers, have their permanent ranges on the side of the common nearest Roehampton, as also have the Civil Service and the London Scottish Rifle Corps.

The National Rifle Association holds its meetings on the common annually for twelve days in the month of July, when a large number of valuable prizes are offered for competition. These have increased in number from 67 in 1860 to upwards of 2,000 in 1884, exclusive of challenge cups, the value of which amounts to about £9,000. The principal prize is the Queen's Prize of £250, with which is presented the gold medal and badge of the Association. Among the numerous changes which have been made of late years in the list of prizes is the institution of a series of "evening" prizes.

Considerable interest and enthusiasm are awakened among the volunteers when the competitions take place among what are known as the "champions" of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in the annual contest for the Elcho Challenge Shield. This prize was presented for competition in the year 1862 by Lord Elcho (now Earl of Wemyss), who has been many years Colonel of the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers, and it has been held at different times by the representatives of each of the countries above named. Next in interest, perhaps, is the contest for the Ashburton Shield. This, known as the Public Schools' Prize, was given in 1861 by Lord Ashburton, to be competed for by teams of eight representatives of such public schools as have a *bonâ fide* volunteer corps that is annually inspected and reported upon to the military authorities. The competition is with the Snider at 200 yards and 500 yards, seven shots being allowed at each distance, so that the highest possible aggregate score of each team of eight would be 560.

Among the other prizes may be mentioned the "Vizianagram" Challenge Cup, competed for by members of the two Houses of Parliament; the Chancellor's Plate, by members of the Oxford and Cambridge Universities; the Loyd-Lindsay Prize, for sections of four mounted men from the Yeomanry and Volunteer Horse; the Royal Cambridge Shield, for Cavalry; the National Challenge Trophy, for representatives of Great Britain, Wales, and Ireland; the St. George's Vase and Dragon Cup, restricted to efficient volunteers; and the Brinsmead Challenge Shield, for teams of six against movable targets. In the present year (1884) the entries for the Queen's Prize numbered about 2,460, and for the St. George's about 2,280, the largest numbers ever chronicled. Teams from Canada and India took part in the competition.

Although the "camp" is formed annually in July, the "butts" are permanently established here, and rifle practice is carried on all the year round. There are several of these shooting butts on the common. The communication between them is effected underground; whilst the system of "marking," as well as the squadding of competitors, is carried out upon the most approved plans.

"Apart from its undoubted value as an aid to national defence," observes a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "rifle-shooting is a manly sport, inciting to honest, sociable rivalry, and may be kept thoroughly wholesome and healthy in all its surroundings. It is pleasant, therefore, to watch its development. A quarter of a century ago there

were not, besides the deer-stalkers, a hundred Englishmen who could handle the rifle; now the British riflemen number hundreds of thousands, and throughout the Queen's dominions rifle-shooting has become as much a pastime as was archery in the days gone by. In developing rifle-shooting, therefore, the National Rifle Association has undoubtedly fulfilled one of its principal functions; and not only in the British Association, but also

in the numberless National Rifle Clubs which have sprung up in all parts of the world since our Queen fired the famous first shot at Wimbledon, the "Wimbledon Rules" are the basis of all conditions, and the authority for settling all disputes connected with rifle-shooting. This in itself is something to be proud of; but it is still more gratifying to know that our marksmen can now hold their own against the best shots in the world."

CHAPTER LIII.

MALDEN AND MORDEN.

Etymology of Malden—Its Situation and Boundaries—Population—Improvement in the Roads—Descent of the Manor—The Original House of Scholars founded by Bishop Merton—Worcester Park—The Parish Church—Bishop Ravis—The Rev. Edmund Hinton—Situation and Boundaries of Morden—Description of the Village—Census Returns—History of the Manor—The Garth Family—Mr. Abraham Goldsmid—Morden Park—The Parish Church—The Schools.

It would seem not a little singular that there should be a Malden within ten miles of London on the south-west, and also another Malden—or rather, Maldon—little more than forty miles from London in the north-easterly direction. But the River Thames, as we have before remarked, was, and is, very "dissociabilis;" and doubtless nine-tenths of the East Saxons in Essex lived and died in blessed ignorance that there was another parish bearing so near an approach to the same name as Malden in the neighbouring kingdom of Sudrie, or Suthereye, among the men of the South Ric.

Anglo-Saxon authorities tell us that Malden, or, as it was pronounced, "Maeldune," denotes a cross upon a hill. In the "Domesday Book" it figures as Meldone, and it is there described as a manor, or rather, as two manors, in the parish of Kingston. Malden is a scattered village, very irregularly built, and with scarcely any main street. It is located on the east bank of the Hog's Mill River, in its course between Ewell and Kingston, where it unites with the Thames. The village lies about three miles from Kingston, which parish serves as the boundary of this on the north and north-west; well away on the west and south lie Cheam, Cuddington, and Long Ditton; whilst eastward the parish joins that of Morden.

There are still a few green lanes in the parish; but its rural character is gradually disappearing under the hands of the speculative builder. With the growth of its population, too, which had increased from about 400 in 1871 to rather over 500 in 1881, the character of its inhabitants may

be said to have considerably altered; for whereas, ten or fifteen years ago, its population was for the most part agricultural, the means for such industry is now being slowly, but surely, obliterated by the erection of houses and the cutting-up of the land for building purposes. Down to about the year 1850 the main road through the parish was narrow, and almost impassable, in consequence of its deep ruts and miry condition; but on the institution of the Rev. Mr. Stapylton to the vicarage at that time, that gentleman at once set to work as a pioneer, and employed labourers to cut down hedges and trees, which were used in mending the road, with the result that it may now compare favourably with the roads in any other part of the county.

At the time of the Domesday Survey, as stated above, there would appear to have been two manors bearing the name of Meldone; one of these was included among the possessions of the Abbot of Chertsey, and the other among those of Richard de Tonbridge. One of the entries in the Domesday Book is to the effect that "William de Watevile holds Meldone of the fee of the Abbot of Chertsey, who held it in the time of King Edward. . . . It was, and is, valued at 20s." The other entry states that "Robert de Watevile holds Meldone of Richard de Tonbridge." In the latter entry we also read:—"There is a chapel, and three bondmen, and one mill at 12s., and four acres of meadow, and every seventh hog for herbage. . . . The whole manor, in the time of King Edward, was valued at £7, afterwards at 100s., and now at £6 12s." This statement, observes Brayley, is followed by an account of the

manor of Cisendone (Chessington), also held by Robert de Wateville of Richard de Tonbridge; and it is then added that "one hide in Meldone, held by Robert de Wateville, remains in challenge; and the jury, or men of the hundred, report that Edward de Sarisburie and Robert de Oilgi reclaimed this land from Richard de Tonbridge, and that it remained quit in the hands of the king."

Walter de Merton, who held the post of Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, and was afterwards Bishop of Rochester in the thirteenth century, appears to have purchased these estates "with a view to the

Scholars" stood on the rising ground by the south side of the churchyard, on the spot now occupied by the manor-house. "In the deed of conveyance to De Merton," it is continued, "a clause was introduced, according to the custom of that age, restraining him from transferring these manors to Jews or to religious foundations. As this clause interfered with the purpose for which they were purchased, he procured a fresh license to convey the property to 'the House of Merton' (*Domus de Merton*); and afterwards another, to dispose of it to 'the House of the Scholars of Merton' (*Domus*



MALDEN.

foundation of a college for students." In 1262, as we learn from Brayley's "Surrey," he obtained from Richard de Clare, Earl of Gloucester and Hereford (a descendant of Richard de Tonbridge), as lord of the fee, a deed of confirmation of the property, with liberty to appropriate it to the "perpetual support of clerks residing in schools, and advantageously applying themselves to study." A document bearing date 1263 gives us the earliest stage of the founder's benevolent intentions: it presents to us a family arrangement, placing eight of his nephews under a warden and chaplains in his manor-house, with a life-long provision entitling them "scholares in scholis degentes," and tying them to a life of study and of rule, for they were to forfeit their places should they disregard the "ordinatio" or commit any serious offence. There is a tradition in the parish that the old "House of

Scholarium de Merton). In 1264 he executed a charter of foundation, and in the same year another of confirmation. The house for students, thus established, is generally stated to have been fixed at Malden, and thence transferred to Oxford, where it became distinguished by the appellation of Merton College, from the name of the founder."

In his grants to the new establishment, the founder reserved to himself the occasional use of the manor-houses, with such accommodation for himself and his family during such visits as might be consistent with the support of the scholars. In 1264 he induced the Prior of Merton to release to the college all claims to the advowson of the church of Malden, of which he likewise obtained the appropriation. The members of Merton College appear to have possessed the estate and manor of Malden until the time of Henry VIII.,

who took from them 120 acres of their demesne lands here, which adjoined some of the lands which he had appropriated for the formation of the great park of Nonsuch, since known by the name of Worcester Park. Elizabeth went even further, for she *compelled* the Mertonians to grant her a lease of their manors of Malden and Chessington, with the advowson and appropriation of the living of Malden, "for the time of five thousand years, at the annual rent of £40." This lease,

that the lease should be retained for the benefit of the then holder for eighty years, and then revert to the college.

Worcester Park, which we have mentioned as having been formed out of the park at Nonsuch,* is still tithe-free, and was, until recently, extra-parochial, but is now annexed to the parish of Cuddington. On this land a number of villas have been built. The place is now rendered familiar to the Londoner by having been made



WORCESTER PARK.

however, her Majesty immediately assigned to Lord Arundel as an equivalent for Nonsuch. Malden next came into the hands of Lord Lumley,* who married a co-heiress of Lord Arundel, and he conveyed it to William Goode, physician to Mary Queen of Scots.

In 1621 the members of Merton College, dissatisfied with the terms on which they had been constrained to give up their estate for a comparatively trifling rent-charge, brought an action of ejectment against the person who then held it, and at length, in 1627, with the consent of the contending parties, the Lord Chancellor made a decree

a station on the railway between Wimbledon and Leatherhead; the station stands within the bounds of Malden parish. It may be added that an outlying portion of the parish, containing a population of nearly 150, has been severed from the mother parish and amalgamated with Chessington. This alteration was effected in 1884, under the Divided Parishes Act of 1879. We have already mentioned New Malden as a hamlet of Kingston-on-Thames.†

The living of Malden has the neighbouring chapelry of Chessington annexed to it.‡ The church, dedicated to St. John, was rebuilt in the

* See *ante*, p. 26.

* See *ante*, p. 232. † See *ante*, p. 316. ‡ See *ante*, p. 272.

reign of James I. (1610), when the original structure, of flint and stone, was made to give place to a plain piece of brickwork, which about thirty years ago was covered over with stucco. The tower, of brick, profusely covered with ivy, and with its quaint porch, has a picturesque appearance. When the church was rebuilt, the lower portion of the chancel wall, of flint rubble, in which there are some traces of Saxon work, was allowed to remain, but was repaired and altered, the walls being faced with stucco. It contains a piscina in the south wall. In 1863 the interior of the church was restored, when the plaster ceiling was removed and the timbers of the roof shown, and the old-fashioned "pews" made to give place to open benches; a bold arch of English oak—the spandrels filled with elaborate tracery—was constructed at the entrance to the chancel, and a handsome new font of polished Devonshire marble, on a base of Caen stone, was set up. In 1875, in consequence of increased accommodation being required, a new nave and chancel were erected on a larger scale in the Perpendicular style on the north side, and the original north wall being pierced with arches, the old nave and chancel were made to serve as aisle and chancel aisle.

The removal of the chancel necessitated a re-consecration of the church, which was performed by the Bishop of Winchester, the ancient site of the communion-table being marked by the retention of the reredos, and the erection of a large stone slab with the following inscription:—"Here stood the Lord's Table on Maeldune, 'the hill of the Cross,' for well nigh a thousand years, until the consecration of the new chancel, Dec. 7, 1875." The east window of the new chancel is filled with stained glass, representing the Ascension; the east window of the old chancel is also filled with stained glass, the subjects being the Nativity, Crucifixion, and Resurrection; and the west window has been erected by the parishioners, the subject being the Baptism of our Lord. A new reredos, the gift of Mrs. Chetwynd-Stapylton, has been erected; it is of stone, and consists of a framework of bold quatrefoils inlaid with mosaic, the centre compartment being occupied by a cross, with an Agnus Dei on the one side and a pelican on the other. The walls of the new chancel are decorated with mural painting, on either side of the window at the east end being angels bearing the scroll of the *Te Deum*.

In 1883 the old Jacobean pulpit was superseded by a large and handsome pulpit of Caen stone, which has been erected in memory of Mrs. Stapylton, the mother of the vicar. It contains three

beautifully carved alabaster panels, the central subject being "Christus consolator," supported on either side by St. John the Baptist Preaching in the Wilderness and St. Paul at Athens. A dwarf chancel-screen of stone, covered with carved diaper-work, was at the same time erected.

Among the few sepulchral memorials are two mural tablets in the old chancel for former lords of this manor: namely, John Goode, who died in 1627, and Sir Thomas Morley, Clerk-Comptroller of the Green Cloth under James II.; he died in 1693. A grave slab of black marble in the pavement contains the following singular inscription:—

"Here lies John Hamnet, Gent., deceased April 14, 1643. Buried in the dust and grave of his wife, Elizabeth Hamnet, deceased March 30, 1623.

"Deare Consort! well o'ertaken, twice my wife;
In death made one dust, as one flesh in life:
Living, one bedd wee had; now dead, one grave;
Thus twice made one, at last one coveringe have.
Whome God had so together joyn'd, lett none
Asunder put till th' Resurrection,
When wee shall both together wake, though thou
Twenty yeares since to bedd went's't, I but now.
Thrice espoused, why not foure times? 'Tis sed
My Wife and Parish are both widowed."

A small and decayed tomb in the churchyard commemorates Catherine, Lady Walter, wife of Sir George Walter, of Worcester Park, and daughter of Sir William Boughton, Bart. She died in 1733.

Fuller mentions, in his "Worthies," Thomas Ravis, Bishop of London, as "born at Malden, of worthy parentage." His arms in stained glass, impaled with those of the see of London, are in the east window of the old chancel. It was "by the good means and assistance" of Bishop Ravis that the rebuilding of this church was "begun and brought to pass." On another shield are the arms of Walter de Merton, Bishop of Rochester; whilst a third displays the arms of George Mynors, "who made two pews of wainscot and the pulpit, and paved the belfry and the church porch," in 1610. The porch here referred to was on the south side of the nave, but has been pulled down, and the entrance arch walled up, the present entrance being through the tower.

Bishop Ravis is stated in his epitaph to have been of illustrious parentage (*claris natalibus*), and to have been educated as a King's scholar at Westminster. In 1575 he was admitted a student of Christ Church, Oxford, over which college he afterwards presided as Dean; and he held the Vice-Chancellorship of the University for two years following. In 1604 he was appointed one of the contributors to the common translation of the New Testament. James I., in the same year, promoted him to the see

of Gloucester, where, says Fuller, "in so short a time he had gained the good liking of all sorts, that some who could scant brook the name of bishop were content to give, or rather to pay, him a good report." He was transferred to the see of London in 1607, and dying in 1609, was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Another distinguished native of Malden was the Rev. Edward Hinton, D.D., who was born about 1641, as Wood in his "*Athenæ Oxonienses*," states that "he became a portionist or scholar of Merton College, Oxford, in 1658, aged 17 years or thereabouts." He afterwards removed to St. Alban's Hall, in the same university, where he took the degree of M.A. Subsequently he obtained the mastership of Witney Grammar School, in Oxfordshire, and in 1684 he settled at Kilkenny, in Ireland, and had the degree of D.D. conferred on him at Dublin. His translation from the Greek of "Apophthegms, or Remarkable Sayings of Kings and Great Commanders," was published in the first volume of "Plutarch's *Morals*" in 1684.

Morden, whither we now direct our steps, lies to the east of Malden, and on high ground, whence the name of the parish is derived, *Mordone*, or *Mordune*—as it was anciently written—signifying in Anglo-Saxon the Great Hill. The entire parish is only about a mile and a half across either way, and the hill slopes gradually into the valley of the Wandle on the one side and into the Sutton and Mitcham Valley on the other, the whole being surrounded by an amphitheatre of higher ground. From the time that we leave Worcester Park railway-station the ground rises gradually, so that by the time we gain the church and village we find ourselves at an elevation which commands a distant view across to Wimbledon, Sydenham, Epsom, and Banstead, and even to Esher and Claremont.

The village is scattered and irregular, and—like its neighbour, Malden—it possesses no regular street; the whole parish, nevertheless, wears an eminently respectable appearance, and the sides of the high road are diversified with villas and residences of London merchants.

The central part of the village—consisting of the church, and a roadside-inn the "George"—well-known to visitors to Epsom during the race-week—lies about a mile and a half south-west from Mitcham railway-station, and about a mile south of Merton, on the high road to Epsom, which in summer is one of the most dusty in the kingdom; indeed, the clouds of dust raised by the hosts of vehicles of every description on a Derby Day surpass those raised by the chariot wheels of the Roman amphitheatre of old.

The soil of the parish generally is a stiff clay, and the land partly arable and partly meadow, whilst the trees are extremely fine, particularly the oaks and other hardy kinds. Altogether, Morden is still decidedly rural in appearance; it has not even, as yet, been cut up and disfigured by a railway. On passing through the village, one can scarcely imagine himself within ten or eleven miles of the centre of "the great city." Not only is the land in the parish little utilised for building purposes, but the population, instead of being on the increase, appears to be rapidly diminishing, for whereas in 1871 the number of the inhabitants was 790, the census returns for 1881 show a falling off of about 100.

Prior to the Conquest the manor of Morden formed part of the possessions of the abbot and convent of Westminster, and it is mentioned among the monastic estates in the charter of confirmation granted by Edward the Confessor, as also in the charters of William I. and Edward I. In the "*Domesday Book*" it is stated that "the Abbot of St. Peter, Westminster, holds *Mordone*, which in the time of King Edward was assessed at 12 hides; now at 3 hides." For the benefit of such as take an interest in these matters, it may be added that the entry continues:—"There are 3 carucates in the demesne; and 8 villains and 5 cottars, with 4 carucates. There is one bondman; and a mill at 40s. In the time of King Edward it was valued at £6, now at £10, and yet it is worth [or produces] £15."

In the time of King John an estate here appears to have belonged to Isabella de Caron, or Carron, who, in the fifth year of that reign, obtained a "charter for the right of free warren in her lands at Mordon." There was also here, as we learn from Lysons, an estate called Spital Farm, which was granted by Henry VIII. to William Forman, and afterwards became the property of the Garths. It had been held before the Reformation by the Prior of Merton. The Prior of Leeds Abbey, in Kent, also possessed lands in this parish.

At the Dissolution, as we learn from Brayley, the manor became vested in the Crown, and so remained until the seventh year of Edward VI., when it was granted under letters patent to Lionel Duchet and Edward Whitchurch. It was purchased from them in 1553 by Mr. Richard Garth, with whose descendants the estate and manor continued till quite recently.

Sir Samuel Garth, who lived here in the last century, was a great friend of Pope, who writes of him that he was "the best-natured of men, and that he died an heroic death. If ever," he adds,

"there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth."

Another member of this family, Elizabeth, the youngest daughter of Mr. George Garth, and widow of Mr. William Gardiner, left a sum of money for the foundation and support of a school for poor children belonging to the parish. Mr. Richard Garth died in 1787, leaving three daughters. He devised his estates to his eldest daughter, Clara, the wife of Mr. Owen Putland Meyrick, with remainder to her second son, and, in default of such son, with similar remainders to his second daughter, Mary, the wife of Sir John Frederick, Bart. Clara, Mr. Meyrick's wife, dying without issue male, the estate descended to Richard, second son of Mr. William Lowndes Stone, who upon his succession assumed the name and arms of Garth.

The old manor-house, about a mile eastward from the church, is now called Morden Hall, and is the property and residence of Mr. Gilliat Hatfield, a London merchant, the present lord of the manor, which was lately purchased by him from the Garths, of whom the present representative is Sir Richard Garth, formerly M.P. for Guildford, and who, in 1875, was appointed Chief Justice of the High Court of Judicature at Bengal.

Morden Hall is mentioned by the author of the "*Beauties of England and Wales*," in 1800, as the seat of Sir Robert Burnett. Close by is the elegant seat of the late Mr. Abraham Goldsmid, who here terminated his life in September, 1810. Mr. Goldsmid was the head of the great commercial house which bears his name, and he had been long connected with the Stock Exchange. He was the contemporary of the great Rothschild and Sir Thomas Baring, and one of the pillars of the Stock Exchange, on which his transactions were carried on to the extent of something like a million. A sudden depreciation of some stock in which he had dealt largely having overtaken him, he committed suicide with a pistol in the Wilderness, as a part of the grounds of his mansion was called, in September, 1809. So important was this event that, we are told "expresses were sent off with the news to the king and the Prince of Wales; Consols fell in a few minutes from $66\frac{1}{2}$ to $63\frac{3}{4}$, and Omnium declined from about $6\frac{1}{2}$ to $10\frac{1}{4}$ discount. "A hundred fortunes," writes Mr. F. Martin, in his "*History of the Stock Exchange*," "went to pieces under the fall of the most trusted pillar of the Stock Exchange."

Morden was well inhabited a couple of centuries ago; at all events, it figures in the "*Index Villaris*," published in 1700, as the abode of more than three esquires, or gentlemen authorised to bear arms.

It may be mentioned that when the Right Hon. Charles Yorke was raised to the Woolsack in 1770, he elected to take his title as a peer from this village, with which he must have been well acquainted, as his father, Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, lived at Carshalton.* He did not, however, live to enjoy the title, dying before the patent had passed the Great Seal. There has consequently never been a Lord Morden.

About the middle of the last century a Mr. John Ewart built a handsome house on an eminence a little to the north-west of the church. He also enclosed land for a paddock, which he held on a long lease from Mr. Garth. In 1788 he sold the property, which has since several times changed hands. The estate is now known as Morden Park, and the house stands amidst extensive pleasure-grounds, diversified by plantations, sheets of water, and other objects.

The church, dedicated to St. Lawrence, is a long and narrow structure, of red brick, dating from that dark period of ecclesiastical architecture, the reign of Charles I. The building consists merely of a nave and chancel, separated only by a raised step in the floor. Its walls have been denuded of their buttresses—if, indeed, they ever possessed any—and reduced to a Quaker-like plainness, but into them have been inserted the mullions and stone tracery of the Decorated windows of a previous church. At the west end is a low embattled tower containing three bells, but such is the insecure condition of the tower that it is dangerous to ring them. A small porch on the south side of the nave forms the principal entrance. "This church," says Manning, "appears to have been rebuilt about the year 1636, probably at the expense of Mr. Richard Garth, the lord of the manor, who restored the great tithes to the living, and was buried here in 1639." The east window is designed with flowing tracery in the upper part, and is much admired. It is decorated with stained and painted glass, of which the principal portion, namely, Moses and Aaron supporting the Decalogue, with smaller figures of St. Paul and the Gaoler at Philippi, is said to have been brought from the chapel of Merton Abbey, when that building was demolished. The dove and the cherubim in the upper part of the window were executed after the designs of Mrs. Launcelot Chambers, an accomplished lady, long resident in this parish.

The whole interior of the church is in harmony with its exterior. The upper part of the walls on either side, almost from end to end, is covered

* See *note*, p. 307.

with escutcheons containing the armorial bearings of former lords of the soil who have been buried here, whilst the sculptured memorials are numerous, and some of them of an imposing character. Here are monuments, gravestones, and inscriptions in brass to the memory of the Garth, Gardiner, Leheup, Carlton, Meyrick, Lowndes, Batts, Hoare, and other families, but the inscriptions have no general interest. Indeed, the church presents, according to Mr. M. F. Tupper, "its quota of brasses and other monuments." The earliest of these memorials is a small brass in the floor of the

ornamented with quatrefoils; it was probably broken up and buried during the Cromwellian wars, and it is hoped that it will some day be restored and replaced in its original position. The altar-cloth, of crimson velvet, ornamented with gold fringe, &c., is supposed to be about 300 years old. It has been lately renovated. Hone, writing in 1831, mentions the parish church of Morden as "having no antiquity and little beauty to recommend it."

The rectory of Morden, which was once appropriated to Westminster Abbey, was granted, with



MORDEN HALL.

nave, bearing date 1609, and consequently preserved from the earlier church, which is said to have served as a chapel-of-ease to Merton Abbey.

The "sittings" afford accommodation for about 350 persons, and in a gallery at the west end, erected in 1791, is a small organ, the gift of Mr. Charles Hoare, formerly of Morden Lodge. The pulpit, octagonal in form, with a massive sounding-board, is of dark varnished oak; and the font, also of octagonal form, is of stone, with quatrefoil ornaments sunk in the panels, supported by a pedestal. It was executed by Mr. James Legrew, a pupil of Chantrey. The ancient font, also of stone, was discovered during some recent alterations in the nave: it was found smashed and buried. Like the present font, it was apparently

the manor, after the suppression of that monastery. In 1338 the vicarage was endowed with a house and garden and fourteen acres of land. In 1631 Mr. Richard Garth disappropriated the church, and converted the vicarage into a rectory by endowing it with the great tithes and fourteen acres of glebe.

The benefactions to the parish, as appears from inscriptions in front of the gallery, have been numerous.

The Free School, mentioned above as having been founded by Mrs. Elizabeth Gardiner, stands at a short distance from the church. It was built in 1731, and was intended originally for twelve children belonging to the parish, but it is now incorporated with the Endowed National School.

CHAPTER LIV.

MERTON.

Situation and Boundaries of the Parish—The Village and its Surroundings—Paper Mills and Factories—Railway Stations—Population—How the Poor are Robbed—Early Historical Events—Descent of the Manor—Merton Abbey—The Statutes of Merton—Thomas à Becket and Walter de Merton—Dissolution of the Abbey—Remains of the Monastic Buildings—Merton Church—Merton Place—Sir William and Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson Residents here—The Fate of Lady Hamilton.

MERTON—the *Meretone* and *Meredune* of the chroniclers—is “a very ancient parish and village in the ‘Mid’ division of Surrey,” some eight miles from Westminster Bridge, and five miles east from Kingston-on-Thames. The parish is bounded on the west by Kingston and Malden; northward it unites with Wimbledon; whilst to the east lie Mitcham and Tooting, and to the south rise the swelling uplands of Morden, which we have just left. “Merton,” remarks Brayley, “appears to have derived its name from lying adjacent to a mere, or marsh, of which there are traces near the river Wandle, which flows through the parish.”

Thanks to the hands of wanton spoilers and ruthless time, little enough is left of the once proud Abbey of Merton, which, standing on the banks of the clear Wandle, on the Epsom road, was once the scene of a meeting of the legislators of our land, which gave birth to the Statutes of Merton, and also to the founder of one of the proud colleges in the University of Oxford—the college which bears its name. Fifty years ago some parts of the chapel and other buildings were visible, but now desolation reigns here as complete as at Chertsey or Barking.* Fifty years ago, too, there were green meadows on every side of Merton, which was as pretty a village as could be found within ten miles of London and Westminster. But now for green fields we must journey on to its neighbour, Morden, which, as we have shown in the preceding chapter, the profane hands of the modern builder and the demon of bricks and mortar have as yet scarcely invaded.

Merton, for some reason or other, does not figure among the villages and towns mentioned in the “*Index Villaris*,” published in 1700. The place is now rapidly extending in all directions. Lower Merton, where the Abbey stood, is on the Wandle, about midway between the parish church and Tooting, and is largely occupied by mills and factories, some of which, however, do not add to the beauty of the locality. An old undershot water-mill, which still exists here, might perhaps at one time have contributed to the picturesque

charms of the Wandle. Paper-mills in the north of England, where coal is abundant, employ steam-power; but in the south they are worked by water-power: that is, they are placed on some small stream, which, being dammed up, sets the wheels in motion, as in a flour-mill. “A paper-mill moved by water-power,” observes Charles Knight, in the *Penny Magazine*, “is generally a very agreeable object. It is in most instances situated in some little valley through which a little river glides; and as it is important that the water—which is used not only for turning the wheels but also for converting the rags into pulp—should be of the purest quality, the stream is generally one of those transparent ones which are so common in England—now bubbling over pebbly shallows, and now sleeping in quiet depths.” The Wandle, which we have already seen at Beddington and Carshalton, is quite a stream of this description. This portion of the parish is now connected by rows of houses with Upper Merton, as that part is called which surrounds the church, southward of which lies Merton Common, but this is now being rapidly built over. The village possesses the advantage of two or three railway-stations: one called Morden station, although it is within the bounds of Merton parish, on the Croydon and Wimbledon branch of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway; and others at Merton Abbey and Lower Merton. Of late years the population has been slowly on the increase, for whereas in 1871 the parish numbered only about 2,100 inhabitants, in 1881 it had reached 2,500.

In the chief street, in a garden, stands a row of six cottages, which were evidently built as almshouses for the poor, as over the door of the centre one are the arms and crest of Rowland Wilson, Esq., evidently the founder, with the date 1656, and the Scripture text, “Work while it is called to-day.” They have long since been diverted from their original purpose, and are sold or let like other cottages. Three of them are so much out of repair that they can only be used as stables.

Two early historical events have been appropriated to this place—namely, the murder of

* See Vol. I., p. 521.

Kenulph, King of the West Saxons, which happened in the year 784, and a battle between the Danes and the Saxons in 871. Lambarde, in his "Topographical Dictionary," however, doubts whether either of these events took place at Merton, in Surrey, and Lysons, in his "Environs of London," seems inclined to be equally incredulous on these points. Camden assigns the death of Kenulph to this Merton; yet, according to Brayley, the more probable supposition is that Meretune, or

institution which in after years became famous as a home of learning and piety. The principal manor, which belonged to the Crown, was given by Henry I. to this abbey, and it continued to belong to that religious body until the reign of Henry VIII., when the monastic estates were surrendered to the king.

On June 8th, 1215, King John came to Merton, where he gave safe conduct to the Barons, who went in arms against him on their way to Runnymede, where they met a few days later.



"MERTON ABBEY."

Morden, in Wiltshire, a few miles south-eastward of Devizes, was the scene of both transactions.

"Merton," writes Mr. Martin F. Tupper, "is historically known by the murder there of King Kenulph and a battle royal between the Danes and Saxons. . . . The statutes of Merton were concocted in A.D. 1236 within the few remaining fragments of old walls which now enclose the premises of a silk-factor, a cotton-printer, and a leather-dresser." This is terse and epigrammatic, even if not literally true.

The manor of Merton, before the Conquest, was the property of Earl Harold, and was afterwards held by the king in demesne. Early in the twelfth century, Gilbert Norman, Sheriff of Surrey, founded here a convent of Augustinian canons, an

In the last year of Queen Mary (1558) the Carthusian monastery of Sheen was re-founded, and three days before her death the queen, by her letters patent, granted this manor, "with all its rights, members, and appurtenances," to that establishment. On the final suppression of religious houses shortly after, under her sister Elizabeth, the whole reverted to the Crown. In consideration of the payment of £828 8s. 9d., James I., in March, 1609-10, transferred the manor and its appurtenances to one Thomas Hunt, and his wife Joyce (with several remainders), to be held as of the manor of East Greenwich, "in free and common socage, by fealty only, and not in chief or by knight's service." The estate subsequently changed hands on several occasions, by sale or otherwise,

and about the end of the last century the old manor-house was pulled down.

Concerning Merton Abbey the following account is condensed from Brayley's "History of Surrey." The original abbey, erected in 1115 by Gilbert Norman, was a wooden building, and is said to have been at the west end of the village, near the parish church; but its exact position is not now known. It was granted by the founder to Robert Bayle, a sub-prior of Austin canons. Two years later, at the latter's suggestion, the establishment was removed to a second house, whither the prior and his fifteen brethren went in procession, singing the hymn "Salve Dies." In 1121 King Henry I. granted the entire manor of Merton, with all its appurtenances, to the canons, in return for £100 in silver and six marks of gold. Here, in 1130, the first stone priory was built, the foundation-stone being laid with great solemnity by Gilbert Norman, who died the same year.

Like St. Peter's at Westminster, the abbey was a sanctuary,* and it will be remembered by readers of history that it was the place to which Hubert de Burgh, the Chief Justiciary of England, fled for refuge when he had incurred the displeasure of his fickle master, Henry III., and divers accusations had pursued the fallen minister. The king at first wished to drag him forth with an armed force, but yielded to the remonstrances of the Earl of Chester and the Bishop of Chichester, and recalled his mandate. After having several times to seek the protection of the Church, de Burgh was ultimately pardoned.

Here, in A.D. 1236, was held the Great Council of the Nation which passed the statutes of Merton, and in which the king and the pope, acting for once in concert, endeavoured to introduce the provisions of the Canon Law, but were met by the famous declaration, *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*.

The abbey would seem to have been the nurse of great men. It was within its walls that Thomas à Becket appears to have received his earliest training for the Church. The same was the case with Walter de Merton, afterwards Bishop of Rochester and Chancellor of England, who was a native of the village from which he derived his name, and who founded, as stated above, the college which still bears his name at Oxford. He was also the founder of the college at Malden, of which we have spoken in the preceding chapter.* Having taken holy orders, he united the clerical with the legal

profession, and speedily became eminent in the courts of law. In 1260 he was made Lord High Chancellor, a dignity to which he was appointed twice subsequently. He was consecrated Bishop of Rochester in 1274. He met his death by an accident, having fallen into a river or stream which he was attempting to ford, from the effects of which he died shortly after, in October, 1277. His tomb may be seen in Rochester cathedral.

In the Bodleian Library at Oxford are the "Chronicles of Merton Abbey," which contain the ordinances of William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, for the government of the convent. These, among other restrictions, forbid the canons to hunt, or to keep dogs for that purpose, on penalty of being confined to a diet of bread and ale during six holidays. It appears, however, that this rule was not strictly observed, for we find recorded in a visitation of the abbey by Henry de Woodlock, Bishop of Winchester, his censure on the canons for not attending mass, and for carrying bows and arrows.

Nearly all the Plantagenet and Lancastrian kings in succession granted charters to Merton, and the estates belonging to the foundation were very numerous, and yielded a net annual income of £957 19s. 5½d. Among the possessions of the abbey were the advowsons of many churches in different counties.

Little is known—at all events, little stands recorded—about the history of the abbey when it was in its glory; nor is much told us about the facts which accompanied its surrender to the rapacious Tudor sovereign who "suppressed" it in 1538, and quietly appropriated its revenues, which then a little exceeded £1,000 a year. No engraving of it is known to exist. Its broad lands in Merton were about sixty acres, more or less, which were surrounded by a wall of flint and stone. Much of this wall still remains; many of its bricks are Roman.

After the resumption by the Crown of the Merton estates, Queen Elizabeth granted the buildings and site of the abbey, with the Merton lands, to Gregory Lovell, Esq., Cofferer of the Royal Household, on a lease for twenty-one years, at an annual rent of £26 13s. 4d. In 1600 the estates were granted to Nicholas Zouche and Thomas Ware, as trustees for the Earl of Nottingham, to be held by knight's service at the same rent as before; this quit-rent was afterwards settled on Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I., as part of her dower. The estates subsequently passed through several private hands, and we find the abbey mentioned in 1648 as a garrison; for the Derby House Com-

* See "Old and New London," Vol. III., p. 453.

† See ante, p. 1.

mittee were ordered by Parliament "to make Farnham Castle indefensible, and to secure Merton Abbey and other places of strength in the same county." In 1680 Merton Abbey was advertised to be let, when it is described as "containing several large rooms and a very fine chapel."

This abbey is mentioned by Spelman, in his "History and Fate of Sacrilege," who says that in two centuries after the Dissolution it has passed into the hands of eighteen different families, and only twice in that period has descended from father to son.

In 1724 and 1752 two calico-printing works were established within the walls, and at the north-east corner a copper mill was erected, which, Lysons remarks about 1790, employed a thousand persons. These manufactories, however, have been superseded by the silk-printing works of Messrs. Littler. In the rear of these premises stands a curious old mansion, known as Merton Abbey, inhabited by Mr. Littler, the head of the printing-mills close by. It is built of a yellow-ochred brick, and its features are quite of the Dutch type. The new railway between Wimbledon and Tooting runs clean through the site of the ancient abbey, which stood by the side of the Wandle, or rather on both sides of it, the chapel and refectory, if local tradition is true, having been on the eastern bank. The site, after the Dissolution, was, as above stated, granted to Gregory Lovell, Cofferer to Queen Elizabeth, who built here a mansion after the style of the period, working up into it the materials of the dismantled structure. In the garden walls there are three curious Pointed arches, formed with tiles which may be Roman, and which probably marked the end of a cloister or ambulatory. Many of the walls, in fact, have old Roman bricks and tiles worked up into them; and it is quite possible that these may have been part and parcel of the old Roman settlement of Noviomagus, wherever that was situated.

The house is approached through a rude Norman arch, thought to be a fragment of the building erected by Gilbert le Norman about 1130, on which has been placed an Elizabethan entablature. A window of the old chapel and some portions of the exterior walls of the monastic buildings were extant only a quarter of a century ago, but the former has since that date been pulled down, and the latter have been so altered that it is scarcely possible to trace their plan. About the same time nearly half of the house itself was demolished. Of the once grand and historic abbey itself, therefore, little or nothing now remains, beyond a few pieces of its outer walls of

brick and stone intermixed, and two or three oblong fish-ponds, which communicate with the river close by, as they did, doubtless, in the Norman times. In such places it is often found that the water suffers less change than the land, as Tennyson sings :—

" For men may come, and men may go,
But I flow on for ever."

The ponds, however, are now choked up and overgrown with weeds, and nearly dry in summer.

The mansion, which fronts the road, is comparatively modern. On the lawn behind it are two large cannons, which are said to have been placed there by Lord Nelson. The house and its adjoining courtyard, barns, and outhouses, are very spacious.

It is generally thought by strangers that the Abbey House is that which was the favourite residence of Sir W. and Lady Hamilton and of Lord Nelson; but this is not the case, though the tradition may easily have arisen from their having occupied it whilst Merton Place was being prepared for their reception.

The grounds have in them a fine avenue of elms, and some raised terrace walks on the south and west, but of the buildings themselves as clean a sweep has been made as in the case of the two abbeys mentioned above. And yet the abbey—for it was an abbey, and not a mere priory, as it is styled by Mr. Thorne, in his "Environs of London"—was one of the greatest and most important religious houses in England. Its abbot had a seat in the Upper House of Parliament, along with his brethren of Reading, Glastonbury, Abingdon, and St. Albans.

The parish church, which stands at the west end of the village, is a long narrow structure, mostly of the Early English period; but a Norman arch, with zig-zag moulding, apparently of the same date as that above mentioned, surmounts the north doorway. Its roof is tiled, and at the west end is a dwarf timber tower and shingled spire. The walls are cased in flint, and the chancel—recently restored and fairly well decorated—has a row of Early English arches, evidently showing that it was intended to add aisles. These, however, were never made, as is proved by the lancet windows inserted below them. On the south side is a Jacobean mural monument to Gregory Lovell, the Cofferer to Queen Elizabeth of whom we have more than once spoken.

On the walls of the nave still hang several hatchments belonging to great families once connected with the parishes; among them is that of Lord Nelson. On the floor are some slabs to

the Stapyltons and others. In the north aisle is a monument to the widow of Captain Cook, the navigator, who lived at Merton for many years. The old roof of the chancel has been brought to light, but whitewash of many years' standing hides that of the nave. On the north door of the nave is some fine iron scroll-work.

In the vestry is a large and handsome picture of the Descent from the Cross, probably a copy of a picture by one of the Italian school. The parishioners desire to sell it, in order to complete the restoration of the church. Within the walls of this church Lord Nelson was a frequent attendant at service. In the church is a painted window to Mr. Richard Thornton, the London millionaire, who left a large bequest for endowing schools in this parish. This benefice, a rectory in the deanery of Ewell, was appropriated to Merton Abbey in the reign of Henry I. King Edward VI., in return for £359, granted it to Thomas Lock and his heirs, from whom it passed through various holders to George Bond and his issue. In his will this estate is described as consisting of "a royalty, the church tithes, the mansion called Merton Place, and two large farms named Merton Holts and West Barnes." The living is now a vicarage in the diocese of Rochester. The registers, dating from 1559, are imperfect. In the churchyard is the tomb of Mr. William Rutlish, embroiderer to Charles II. He died in 1687, bequeathing property of the then value of £400 for apprenticing the children of poor parishioners. In 1866 the church was restored and re-seated, and several of the windows have been filled with stained glass in memory of former parishioners who have passed away.

Besides the parish church, Merton has also a Congregational chapel in the Morden Road, and a Wesleyan chapel in High Street.

Opposite the church stands a dull, heavy Elizabethan mansion, in a square garden of several acres in extent, surrounded by a wall scarcely less massive than those of the old abbey. In front are very handsome entrance-gates of iron between two lofty pillars of brick and stone. In the rear of the house, at the other end, was another similar entrance, now blocked up, beyond which, within the memory of living persons, was a noble avenue. In front of the gates is one of those stone steps for mounting and dismounting which once were so common. The natives avow their belief that it was placed there for the convenience of Lord Nelson when he rode on Sundays to church, but it is clearly of much older date. Towards the end of the last or beginning of the present century the

house was for a time the residence of Richard Brinsley Sheridan; but later on, after being occupied for some years, it was utilised as a convalescent hospital. For the last five-and-thirty years it has been used as a school by a French family named de Chatelain. The interior of the house is almost all lined with panelling of oak and chestnut, and the beams of the roof are of massive timber. The garden is still laid out in the old Dutch fashion, with square paths.

It would naturally be supposed, from its position, that this old mansion was the original manor-house of Merton; but such does not appear to have been the case. At all events, near the middle of the village, not far from the spot where the roads branch off to Kingston and to Epsom respectively, is a farm long known as the Manor Farm. Possibly there were two manors in Merton.

Merton was a favourite abode of Lord Nelson, and is often mentioned in his "Life." His residence was called Merton Place, and he lived there, with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, from 1801 till 1803, and indeed afterwards occasionally visited it down to the time he left England for Trafalgar. Mr. Martin Tupper asserts that Merton Place was bought by Lord Nelson, and seems to think, somehow or other, that because the grounds were laid out by Lady Hamilton, "neither conscience nor memory could have there found peace."

There is still living at Merton, in possession of all his faculties, a hale and hearty man, named Hudson, over ninety years old, who well remembers Lord Nelson as a visitor here, and who stood by the door of the post-chaise in which, early on the morning of September 13th, 1805, the gallant admiral—so soon afterwards doomed to fall at Trafalgar—drove off from Sir William Hamilton's gates. He states that, as a boy, he used often to see Nelson fishing in the Wandle, near the Abbey Mill, and sauntering with Sir William and Lady Hamilton about their pretty grounds, which extended on both sides of the high road. The admiral would often stop and speak kindly to the boys who were at play in the street, and who regarded his weather-beaten form and features possibly with all the more reverence because of the fruit and the pence which he would bestow on the youngsters. Two cottages at the bottom of the Abbey Lane, he says, were built by Lord Nelson for his coachman and gardener—so entirely had a community of goods been carried out by this affectionate trio; in one of these he and his wife, a daughter of Cribb, Nelson's gardener, have lived for upwards of half a century. This cottage is

marked by a mulberry-tree, which Nelson desired to be planted there. Over the mantelpiece of his little dwelling is a mirror in a gilt frame, which once formed part of the ornaments of Nelson's room in Sir William Hamilton's house, and this he and his wife treasure as their only relic of the admiral.

Merton Place itself, he told me as I sat in his room and chatted, was occupied before the Hamiltons by a family named Graves, who were in business in London; he just remembered their going and the Hamiltons' coming, so that their tenancy must have commenced about 1800. Nelson's association with the place, as may be seen by a reference to his "Life" by Southey or Pettigrew, did not begin till October, 1801, when he had just returned to England, after his magnificent exploit at the battle of Copenhagen. He continued to make Merton his head-quarters down to May, 1803, when he was ordered again to sea, but he again visited it from time to time, whenever he could be spared ashore. Hudson told me that when Nelson was away Lady Hamilton was always busily engaged in furnishing the house and improving the grounds, and that he well remembered the little streamlet which was made artificially to flow through the grounds, and which, in compliment to Nelson, she called "The Nile." It has long been filled up, and its site turned into gardens for the rows of cottages which have been built on all four sides of the estate.

Sir William Hamilton, on returning home after his first interview with Nelson, told Lady Hamilton that he was about to introduce to her a little man who could not boast of being very handsome, but who would become the greatest man England ever produced. "I know it," he said, "from the very few words of conversation I have already had with him. I pronounce that he will one day astonish the world. I have never entertained any officer at my house, but I am determined to bring him here; let him be put in the room prepared for Prince Augustus." Nelson is stated to have been equally impressed with Sir William Hamilton's merits. "You are," he said, "a man after my own heart; you do business in my own way. I am now only a captain, but, if I live, I will be at the top of the tree."

We have no space for the many stories and anecdotes that might be told concerning Nelson's life at Merton; but I may be pardoned for repeating the following:—Dr. Burney, who wrote the celebrated anagram on Lord Nelson, after his victory of the Nile, "Honor est a Nilo" (Horatio Nelson), was shortly after on a visit to his lordship

at his beautiful villa at Merton. From his usual absence of mind, he forgot to put a nightcap into his portmanteau, and consequently borrowed one from his lordship. Previously to his retiring to rest, he sat down to study, as was his common practice, and was shortly after alarmed by finding the cap in flames; he immediately collected the burnt remains, and returned them to his lordship with the following lines:—

"Take your nightcap again, my good lord, I desire,
I would not detain it a minute;
What belongs to a Nelson, wherever there's fire,
Is sure to be instantly in it."

Nelson, it seems, first became acquainted with Lady Hamilton at Naples, and here the great naval hero used to visit her. It has been remarked by a writer in *Blackwood* that "of her virtues, unhappily, prudence was not one. After the death of Nelson, and the disgraceful disregard of her claims by the Government, her affairs became greatly embarrassed. Those who owed wealth and honours to Nelson, and who had sunned themselves in her prosperity, shrank away from her. In her distress, she wrote a most touching letter to one who had courted her smiles in other days, the Duke of Queensberry, imploring him to buy the little estate at Merton, which had been left to her by Nelson, and thus to relieve her from the most pressing embarrassments. The cold-hearted old profligate turned a deaf ear to the request. In 1813 Emma Hamilton was a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench. Deserted by the great, the noble, and the wealthy, abandoned by the heir of his title and the recipient of his hard-earned rewards, she, whom Nelson had left as a legacy to the country, might have died in a gaol. From this fate she was saved by one whose name is not to be found in the brilliant circle who surrounded her but a few short years before. Alderman Joshua Jonathan Smith (let all honour be paid to his most plebeian name) redeemed his share of his country's debt, and obtained her release."

After Nelson's death, the "disconsolate Emma," as she so often styled herself, lived on at Merton in her doubly-widowed condition, for her husband had died two years before. She was, however, but a bad woman of business, and this, coupled with her profuse generosity and hospitality, brought her into pecuniary difficulties, from which the ungrateful country to whose care Nelson had confided both her and her infant Horatia, did not care to extricate her, though she had helped Nelson, by her readiness of resource, when in Italy, to win one sea-fight, at all events. Even his brother, who owed him a canonry in Canterbury Cathedral, an earldom,

and a pension of £6,000 a year, and who had sat and dined with him at Lady Hamilton's table two short months before his death at Trafalgar, declined to assist her with even the loan of a few pounds, and found it convenient to plead in excuse all sorts of scruples on the ground of morality, which would have been more real and more to be respected had they existed in the days of Lady Hamilton's prosperity. Her pecuniary difficulties, therefore, forced her to sell Merton, which she quitted with many a pang, to die a few years later

children of a sister, Lady Hamilton at the head of the table and Mother Cadogan at the bottom. He looks remarkably well and full of spirits. . . . Lady Hamilton has improved and added to the house and the place extremely well, without his knowing she was about it. He found it already done. She is a clever being, after all."

The sort of life led by Nelson whilst he was an inmate of the house of the Hamiltons at Merton may be gathered from another letter of the same individual, under date March 22nd, 1802 :—"I



LORD NELSON AND LADY HAMILTON.

in poverty at Calais. Such is the gratitude of great people, and, indeed, of the world at large !

By this remark it is not intended to justify in the slightest degree the relations of Lady Hamilton with Lord Nelson ; but certainly it was cruelty and mockery of the reverend gentleman, who profited so largely by his brother's death, to disown in her poverty the lady at whose table he had been so willing to sit as a guest. To prove this fact it is necessary only to quote the following extract from a letter addressed to his wife by Sir Gilbert Elliot, afterwards first Earl of Minto, August 26th, 1805 :—"I went to Merton on Saturday, and found Nelson just sitting down to dinner, surrounded by a family party of his brother the Dean, Mrs. Nelson, their children, and the

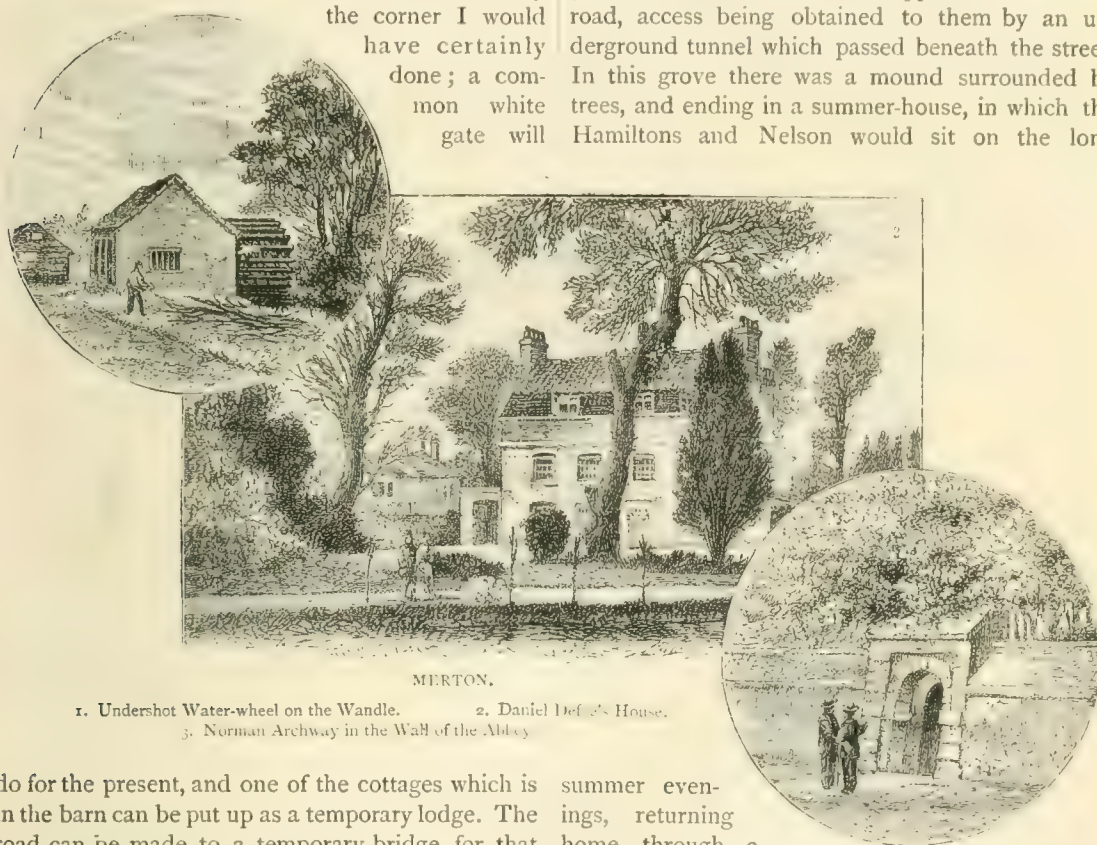
went to Lord Nelson's on Saturday to dinner, and returned to-day in the forenoon. The whole establishment and way of life such as to make me angry as well as melancholy. . . . She [Lady Hamilton] and Sir William, and the whole set of them, are living with him at his expense. She is in high looks, but more immense than ever. She goes on cramming Nelson with towelfulls of flattery, which he goes on taking as quietly as a child does pap. The love she makes him is not only ridiculous, but disgusting ; not only the rooms, but the whole house, staircase and all, is covered with nothing but pictures of her and of him, of all sizes and sorts, and representations of his naval action, coats of arms, pieces of plate in his honour, the flagstaff of 'L'Orient,' &c."

Many passages might be quoted from Nelson's letters to Lady Hamilton, all showing how fondly attached he was to Merton, where doubtless he spent many of his pleasantest hours, in the company of a woman whom he so passionately adored. The following extract from one of these will serve as a specimen:—"I would not have you lay out more than is necessary at Merton. The rooms and the new entrance will take a deal of

money. The entrance by the corner I would have certainly done; a common white gate will

The house and furniture, the grounds, and all their contents, were sold about the year 1808 to Mr. Asher Goldsmid, a Jewish banker, who made the place his abode for a time. Nelson's study, as Mr. Hudson informed me, and some of the other rooms, were long preserved in the same condition as when they had been left by Lady Hamilton, and the library was not sold till about sixty years ago.

The stabling, as well as one pleasure garden and grove, were situated on the opposite side of the road, access being obtained to them by an underground tunnel which passed beneath the street. In this grove there was a mound surrounded by trees, and ending in a summer-house, in which the Hamiltons and Nelson would sit on the long



MERTON.

1. Undershot Water-wheel on the Wandle. 2. Daniel Defoe's House.
3. Norman Archway in the Wall of the Abbey

do for the present, and one of the cottages which is in the barn can be put up as a temporary lodge. The road can be made to a temporary bridge, for that part of the 'Nile' one day shall be filled up. Downing's canvas awning will do for a passage. . . The footpath should be turned . . . and I also beg, as my dear Horatia is to be at Merton, that a strong netting, about three feet high, may be placed round the 'Nile,' that the little thing may not tumble in, and then you may have ducks again in it."

To this may be added an extract from Nelson's "Diary," given by Sir Harris Nicolas:—

"Friday Night, 13th September, 1805.

"At half-past ten drove from dear, dear Merton, where I left all that I hold dear in this world, to go and serve my king and my country. May the great God whom I adore enable me to fulfil the expectations of my country!"

summer evenings, returning home through a green gate which opened in the wall by a key from within. The stables, after having been made to do duty for a time as cottage-residences for persons of the working class, were finally pulled down in 1882, and the site in due time will be covered by houses.

The little estate occupied by the Hamiltons covered about thirty acres; it stood just to the south of the old abbey walls, from which it was severed only by a narrow lane, called then, as now, the Abbey Road. The house was only one storey high above the ground-floor, built of plain brick, and almost surrounded by a verandah, up which the rose, clematis, woodbine, honeysuckle, and other creepers, grew freely at their own sweet will. It did not face the road, but looked south, to

which side the drive-way led round from the entrance-gates, by the side of which stood a lodge-gate. This lodge is now converted into a grocer's shop, close by which is an inn, "The Nelson's Arms," still perpetuating the name of the admiral. In the bar is an original portrait of Nelson in colours, which goes as a fixture or heirloom with the house, and authenticates it. The worthy landlord values this picture greatly, and has refused very high offers for it.

"Not far from the Merton turnpike, and within a few miles of London," wrote the *Times*, August 22nd, 1849, "there is to be seen a field upon which stood the home of Nelson and of his mistress. It was left, with its debts and liabilities, to Lady Hamilton. These were large enough, for extravagance accompanied the meridian of her life, as it had characterised the dawn. The Government proving obdurate to the last, the owner of Merton was dismissed from the place. She went for a time to Richmond, and then took temporary lodgings in Bond Street. Here she was chased by her importunate creditors, and for a time hid her-

self from the world. In 1813 we find her imprisoned in the King's Bench for debt, but charitably liberated therefrom by a City alderman. Threatened again with arrest by a coachman, the unhappy woman escaped to Calais. Here the English interpreter gave the refugee a small and wretchedly furnished house." She died at Calais, as we have said, having been glad to accept the scraps of meat which were put aside for the dogs, and at her death her remains were placed in a deal box without an inscription, her pall being a black silk petticoat, lent by a poor woman for the occasion. As no clergyman could be found in Calais, an Irish half-pay officer read the burial service over her; and as the cemetery in which she was buried shortly after was turned into a timber-yard, the ultimate fate of her bones is not known, and will not be known till the judgment day. Such was the end of the once brilliant, and, in spite of all her faults, patriotic lady, who a few years previously had helped Nelson to win his laurels. Alas! for the charity of those who stood aloof from her at the last, when Christian charity was needed.

CHAPTER LV.

MITCHAM.

Etymology of Mitcham—Situation and Boundaries of the Parish—General Description of the Village—The River Wandle—Mills and Factories—The Cultivation of Flowers and Medicinal Plants—Mitcham Common—The Green—Mitcham Famous for Cricketing—Railway Communication and Population—The "King's Head"—A "Mitcham Whisper"—History of the Manor—Hall Place—Rumball's Farm—The Cranmer Family—The Parish Church—The Registers—Christ Church—Schools and Chapels—Dr. Roberts' School—Miss Tate's Almshouses—Visit of Queen Elizabeth to Sir Julius Cæsar—Sir Walter Raleigh—Dr. Donne—Mitcham Grove—A Relic of Antiquity—Mitcham a Rallying-point for Nonjurors—Defoe's House—Moses Mendez, the Poet, a Resident here.

MITCHAM, in its origin, is the same as Mickleham: the great home, or village. In Saxon times it was probably a place of considerable population and importance: hence its name.

In the Domesday Survey this parish is designated Michleham; and in other early records, as well as in many of more recent date, it is written *Miecham*, or *Micham*. Its present mode of spelling, which is further from its etymology, observes Brayley, was not universally adopted earlier than the middle of the last century.

It is strange that there should have been a Mitcham and a Mickleham within ten or twelve miles of each other—strange, at least, on the supposition that names were given for the sake of distinction, and in that case proving how little intercourse could have prevailed between districts almost in the same neighbourhood.

The parish is environed on the north and west

by Merton and Morden, whilst on the east it is bounded by Streatham, and on the south it unites with Croydon; and locally it is divided, by a narrow thoroughfare called Wykford, or Whitford, Lane, into two portions, called respectively Upper and Lower Mitcham.

The village is very scattered. The main street extends about a mile along the high road between Tooting and Sutton, but the houses are very irregular in size and in distances.

Many old mansions, with wrought-iron gates and cedars still standing, attest that the place in former times was inhabited by not a few of the wealthier class. The River Wandle, which follows the line of the roadway through the parish, where it has not been disfigured by mills and factories adds not a little to the beauty of the level scenery hereabouts. There is a capital view of the Wandle at this point in *English Etchings* for November, 1882. Here

on the banks of the Wandle are a large number of flour, paper, and oil mills; the last-named trade, it may be added, is not allowed to come nearer to London, as not being very pleasant to the olfactory nerves. People who live here have need to be addressed in the words of the Roman satirist—

"Nec te fastidia mercis
Ullius subeant ablegande Tiberim ultra."

The soil of the parish is principally a rich black mould, and for upwards of a century a large portion of the land hereabouts has been cultivated for the production of sweet herbs and medicinal plants. Poppies, mint, liquorice, aniseed, and chamomiles, have long been extensively grown here. One of its old horticulturists thus amusingly sung the praises of his little garden :—

"The jessamine, sweet-briar, woodbine, and rose,
Are all that the west of my garden bestows;
And all on the east that I have or desire
Are the woodbine and jessamine, blush-rose, and briar;
For variety little could add to the scent,
And the eye wants no change where the heart is content."

Mitcham, it may be stated, is remarkable for the extent to which roses and other flowers are cultivated, and, in fact, the parish has long been celebrated for its "flower-farms." In summer-time the air is perfumed by whole fields of roses, lavender, and sweet and pleasant herbs; and probably there is not in all the kingdom a single parish on which the wholesale druggists and distillers of the metropolis draw more largely for their supplies. The mulberry-tree doubtless flourished here in abundance at one time. In almost all the old gardens in the suburban districts, both north and south of the Thames, is to be seen at least one mulberry-tree, generally of a very venerable age. This is to be regarded as the consequence of an edict of the English Solomon, James I., who took it into his head that if the common people would cultivate silk-worms, and the upper-class plant mulberry-trees for their food, there would be seen a great reduction in the mass of national poverty.

Eastward of the village stretches the broad expanse of Mitcham Common, some 500 acres in extent. On the side towards the Reigate road its surface is broken up into low hills. This open, breezy spot is for the most part bare and bleak, and on it the wild gorse still abounds and the broom still blooms. This common, as we learn from Weale's "London and its Vicinity," "is an immense but not very pleasing tract, being so completely unplanted, and having very few villas on its margins. It is, however, an admirable open plot, with good views of the Norwood and Streat-

ham hills on one side, and prospects of other parts of the country on the south-west. We have also found it," adds the author, "an interesting place for a botanising ramble, *Genista anglica*, *Spiræa filipendula*, and many other by no means common plants being plentifully found there. On the south side it is bounded by the plantations which screen Beddington Park.

The natives of Mitcham and its neighbourhood, it need scarcely be said, are very jealous of encroachments: for instance, when, in 1882, a portion of this common near Beddington,* hitherto used as a cricket and recreation ground, was taken for building purposes by the lord of the manor, an approach to a riot took place, which ended in the case being brought before the magistrates at the Croydon Petty Sessions. It appears that notice-boards had been put up announcing that the land would be let or sold, and that henceforth no cricket or other games would be permitted. Whereupon, one James Cummings, another "village Hampden," and other commoners, in the assertion of their right, assembled, and took the liberty of clearing the ground of the notice-boards and of a builder's office which had been erected on the ground. For taking part in this attempt to establish a legal claim, James Cummings was charged with wilful damage. But the magistrates held that the accused was within his right, and dismissed the case. Again, as recently as the present year (1884) it was rumoured abroad that Mitcham Common was being seriously encroached upon and disfigured by digging pits for gravel; and the aid of Londoners in protecting this fine open space, it is to be feared, is still urgently needed.

Over this common young Charles Mathews used to ride his pony as a boy in the early summer mornings whilst at school at Dr. Richardson's, at Clapham. Dr. Johnson, too, used often to drive along the roads about here in the carriage of his kind hostess, Mrs. Thrale, of Streatham. On one occasion Mrs. Thrale (Piozzi) records a "just rebuke" which she received from the doctor's lips. She writes in her "Anecdotes":—"After a very long summer, particularly hot and dry, I was wishing naturally, but thoughtlessly, for some rain to lay the dust as we drove along the Surrey roads. 'I cannot bear,' replied Johnson, with much asperity, and an altered look, 'when I know how many poor families will perish next winter for want of that bread which the present drought will deny them, to hear ladies sighing for rain only that their complexions may not suffer from the heat or their

* See *ante*, p. 197.

clothes be incommoded by the dust. For shame ! leave off such foppish lamentations, and study to relieve those whose distresses are real.’”

The village green here would be called a common elsewhere. It is a triangular space by the high road to Sutton and Epsom. It has some fine pollard elms on either side, and is well kept as a cricket-ground. Here the American and Australian teams have arranged matches for this summer (1884).

According to “Lillywhite’s Cricket Scores,” Mitcham is a famous village in the annals of cricket. The ground is at Lower Mitcham Green. The “Mitcham eleven” were among the most famous provincial clubs in the “good old days” when George IV. was king, and even later on, and it is still constantly in use for matches.

At the corner of the green is a small obelisk of stone, just inside the grounds of Canons. It was erected in 1822 by the Rev. Mr. Cranmer, then rector, who lived here, in order to commemorate the happy discovery of water by the sinking of an artesian well. It bears an inscription of thanks to Almighty God for the discovery, which really was a boon to the poor at that time, the village not being well supplied. Shortly after the erection of the monument, however, the supply of water failed, the inscription has been allowed to grow illegible, and the fountain has been taken within the railings of the park.

From its pleasant and rural situation, then uninvaded by railroads and excursionists, Mitcham has long been “noted for good air and choice company,” as the author of “Murray’s Handbook to Surrey” observes; but this is no longer the case, as the village now enjoys the advantage of railway communication with the metropolis, having a station on the Croydon and Wimbledon branch of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway. Of late years, too, the population has considerably increased, for whereas in 1871 it numbered about 6,500, of whom 450 were inmates of the Holborn Union Industrial Schools, in 1881 it had amounted to about 9,000.

The “King’s Head” is an old inn, and could tell some stories of the past if its walls had the gift of speech, especially of those who have gone by road to the “Derby” and the “Oaks” at Epsom.

In the “judicious” Puttenham’s “Art of English Poesie”—one of the first blossoms of the Elizabethan period of our literature—it is observed that the Northern men and those of the West Country, though their speech was more purely Saxon, were less polished in their talk than natives of the shires lying around London, “within sixty miles, and not

much above”; and he claims for the gentlemen of Middlesex and Surrey, though not for the common herd, the best usage in talking and writing.

Hazlitt tells us, in his “English Proverbs,” that “a Mitcham whisper” in Surrey denotes “a loud shout.” Judging from Puttenham’s standard, however, this remark would appear to apply only to the “common herd.”

At the time of the Domesday Survey there would appear to have been five manors in this parish; there are now only three—Mitcham (proper), or Canon, Biggin and Tamworth, and Ravensbury. The manors of Michelham and Witford, held by the Canons of Bayeux at the time of William the Conqueror, are supposed by Manning (see “Surrey,” Vol. II., p. 495) to have been retained by them until the reign of Edward III., who, on declaring war against France in 1338, confiscated all the estates belonging to alien priories and abbeys in this country, and gave Mitcham to the Priory of St. Mary Overy, in Southwark. “On the suppression of monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII.,” observes Brayley, “this estate, falling into the hands of the king, was granted by letters patent to Nicholas Spakman and Christopher Harbottell, citizens of London. In 1552 they conveyed the estate to Lawrence Warren, by whom it was sold in the following year to Nicholas Burton, of Carshalton. In the year 1619, Sir Henry Burton, K.B., the grandson of Nicholas, transferred (by sale) the manor of Mitcham, or Canon, with the rectory and advowson, to Sir Nicholas Carew, *alias* Throckmorton, whose son and heir, Sir Francis, in 1645, settled it on his daughter Rebecca, on her marriage with Thomas Temple, Esq.; and in 1647, in conjunction with his son-in-law, he mortgaged the estate to Thomas Hamond, Esq. In 1656 and 1657 the parties joined in a sale to Robert Cranmer (said to have descended from the family of Archbishop Cranmer), of London, merchant, who in 1659 purchased the parsonage (or manor-house), which had been separated from the rest of the estate. Mr. Cranmer died in 1665, and his grandson, James Cranmer, Esq., left this property to his sister, Esther Maria, wife of Captain Dixon, for her life, with remainder to her son, the Rev. Richard Dixon, who assumed the name of Cranmer; and to him the Mitcham estate belonged in 1809. It is now the property of William Simpson, Esq., who, with James Bridger, Esq., is joint lord of the manor.”

Hall Place is the name of a modern mansion between the church and the green. It doubtless stands on the site of an old mansion, as is clear from the old and massive range of stabling, and

two rows of venerable yews which lead up to its front door from the road. At the corner of the house is a stone gateway, well-carved, with a Pointed arch and corbels, evidently not later than the fifteenth century. It is said to have formed a portion of some conventual building; but whether *in situ* or not is uncertain.

On the west of the common, close by the Mitcham Junction railway-station, is an old farmhouse, known as Rumball's or Rumbolt's, which local tradition asserts to have been a country residence of Archbishop Cranmer. The house has been so denuded of every ornament that it is impossible to fix the date of its erection, but the timbers in the upper storey are of oak, and may be three centuries old. The house has now a forlorn and woe-begone appearance, and it is approached from the railway by a very fine avenue of trees.

Mitcham is associated more closely than almost any other parish with the Cranmers. That family owned once a large mansion, still called Cranmer's, and some of them also resided at another old-fashioned mansion, known as Canons. The last of the Cranmers married a Mr. Simpson, one of the lords of the manor of Mitcham, and pastor and rector of the living, and died less than half a century ago, her maiden name, as well as her husband's name, being recorded on a tomb on the south side of the churchyard.

The old church, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, was built chiefly of flint, and it consisted of nave, two aisles, and a chancel, with a square embattled tower crowned with a turret at the west end of the south aisle. In 1637, according to Aubrey, it was greatly injured by lightning, and had ten bells destroyed. This church remained until the present century, when, in consequence of the increase of population, it became desirable to rebuild it upon a more enlarged scale. The fabric was accordingly pulled down at the beginning of the reign of George IV., and rebuilt in the style of that most dreary period, when churchwardens and "compo" architects ran riot without fear of censure from a public which knew little and cared less about the mysteries of "the Gothic" style.

The "restorers," however, must have had a fine time of it with the monuments in the old church; at all events, they have left few survivals in the present structure.

The new church was built exactly on the site of the old. It is, by comparison, a rather good specimen of the Gothic of the Georgian era; and it seems to have been erected regardless of expense, both the nave and the side aisles being vaulted in stone or cement.

The monuments taken out of the old church are fixed on the walls. A very fair chancel, in the ancient style, has lately been added. The lower part of the tower is a relic of the old one. It stands at the *east* end of the south aisle of the present church, and on the right of the entrance from the south is a niche in the wall, divided into two compartments by a shelf. In the lower compartment was a piscina; in the upper a lamp was accustomed to be kept burning. The tower is now in four storeys, with octagonal buttresses, terminating in crocketed stone pinnacles, with large finials. The top is surrounded by a pierced battlement. With the exception of the lower part of the tower, the material of the new church consists of "brick and compo." The rebuilding of the church, which was completed in 1822, is commemorated by the following inscription on the north side of the chancel:—"In token of respect, gratitude, and affection to one of the most excellent of mothers, Mrs. Hester Maria Cranmer, late patroness of this vicarage church of Mitcham, who died the 17th January, 1819, and with whom the rebuilding of this sacred edifice originated; this stone was laid on the 27th of August, 1819, by the present impropriator, the Rev. Richard Cranmer, LL.B. George Smith, architect; John Chart, builder. The boundary of this chancel extends thirty-four feet seven inches westward from the centre of this stone."

The church, as it now stands, consists of nave and side aisles, chancel, north aisle, and tower. The nave is divided from the aisles by four pointed arches resting upon columns, formed by a union of cylinders with plain capitals. The chancel, separated from the nave by a narrow Pointed arch, has a gallery on the north side. The altar-piece consists of four Pointed panels, inscribed with the Decalogue, Creed, &c.

Beneath the great west window, in a recess formed by a large Pointed arch, is a monument to Sir Ambrose Crowley, alderman of London, and his lady, the former of whom died in 1713, the latter in 1727. In the old church this monument occupied a space on the north side of the chancel. Sir Ambrose Crowley is the worthy alderman whom Steele held up to ridicule in the *Tatler* (No. 73) as having, in order to check bribery at city elections, promised, as an acknowledgment of their favour, a "chaldron of good coals gratis to every elector of Queenhithe" who engaged to poll for him.

Among the memorials in the church, chiefly of a mural character, is one in the north aisle to Mrs. Elizabeth Tate, who died in 1821; it was executed by Westmacott, and represents a female figure

with a cup in the left hand, and pointing to the skies with the right; and amongst the tombs in the churchyard is that of Mrs. Anne Hallam, a favourite actress of the early part of the last century, celebrated for her performance of Lady Macbeth and Lady Touchwood. She died in the year 1740.

The registers are well kept, and go back to the reign of Henry VIII. Among the entries are the two following:—"Anne, the daughter of George Washford, who had twenty-four fingers and toes; baptised October 19th, 1690." "Widow Durant, aged one hundred and three years, buried September 23rd, 1711."

In the year 1872 a new ecclesiastical district, called Christ Church, was formed in this parish. The church, with parsonage and mission-house adjoining, is situated in Merton Lane. It is constructed of brick and stone, in the Gothic style, and was built in 1874, at the expense of Mr. W. J. Harris, of Corringe Park.

The parish possesses its national and board schools, and also Dissenting and Roman Catholic chapels. On the road-side in Upper Tooting stands a large new building, the Holborn District Schools; the managers have "annexed" a fine old mansion close by.

Early in the present century there was here a celebrated private school, kept by a Dr. Roberts; the late Lords Derby and Carlisle, Dr. Pusey, and his brother, the scientific agriculturist, Mr. Philip Pusey, M.P., and also Sir T. D. Acland, were educated at it before passing to Eton.

In the year 1829 a row of almshouses, after the style of architecture which was prevalent in the latter part of the sixteenth century, was built, at the expense of Miss Tate, on the south side of the Lower Green. These houses were designed by the founder for twelve poor widows or unmarried women of respectable character, members of the Church of England.

Amongst those who at various times have resided here was Sir Julius Cæsar, Master of the Rolls in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, whom he had the honour of entertaining here in September, 1598, when her Majesty was on her way to Nonsuch. Nichols, in his "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth," gives the following particulars of this visit, quoted from a MS. of Sir Julius Cæsar in the British Museum:—"On Tuesday, September 12th, 1598, the Queen visited my house at Mitcham, and supped and lodged there, and dined there the next day. I presented her with a gown of cloth of silver, richly embroidered; a black net-work mantle, with pure gold; a taffeta hat, white, with several

flowers, and a jewel of gold set therein with rubies and diamonds. Her Majesty removed from my house after dinner the 13th of September to Nonsuch with exceeding good contentment, which entertainment of her Majesty, with the charges of five former disappointments, amounted to £700 sterling, besides mine own provisions, and whatever was sent unto me by my friends."

It is said that Sir Walter Raleigh, in right of his wife, owned here a house which has not been very long since pulled down. The mansion, which in its latter years was occupied as a boarding-school, stood at the corner of Whitford Lane, and was known as Raleigh House. Sir Walter sold the property here when he went on his expedition to Guiana.

Dr. Donne,* the learned and pious Dean of St. Paul's, too, lived here for some time before he took orders. One of his letters is dated "from my hospital at Mitcham." Dryden said of Donne that he was "the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet, of our nation;" and Dr. Johnson called him "the founder of the metaphysical school of poetry." In Dugdale's "History of St. Paul's" it is stated that some time before his death, when he was emaciated with study and sickness, Donne "caused himself to be wrapped up in a sheet, which was gathered over his head in the manner of a shroud, and having closed his eyes, he had his portrait taken, which was kept by his bedside as long as he lived, to remind him of mortality. The effigy on his monument in [old] St. Paul's Church was done after this portrait." Dr. Donne died in March, 1631.

Mitcham figures as "Micham" in the "Index Villaris," published in 1700, and is described as containing the seats of one baronet, one knight, and more than three "gentlemen authorised to bear arms." And "Micham Common" had three more gentlemen of the same calibre among its residents; so, less than two centuries ago it must have been a place of some importance, and the supposition is confirmed by the handsome mansions still scattered about the parish, as shown above.

Mitcham Grove, formerly the seat of Mr. Henry Hoare, was a haunt of the Evangelical party. Mrs. Hannah More was an occasional visitor here; and the Thorntons, Wilberforces, and Macaulays, often came over from Clapham to discuss their theological opinions. The house is now pulled down. It stood in a pleasant situation near the banks of the Wandle, and had some noble and dis-

* See "Old and New London," Vol. I., pp. 47 and 76; Vol. II., p. 111; Vol. III., p. 38.

tinguished owners. It was purchased by Lord Clive, and presented by him to Sir Alexander Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Loughborough and Earl of Rosslyn, in recompense for his defence of that illustrious general and statesman in the House of Commons. Lord Loughborough sold it in 1789 to Mr. Henry Hoare, the banker, of Fleet Street, and he disposed of it to Sir John W. Lubbock. More recently the house was the residence of Mr. John H. Stanton. A new mansion, the property

During the Non-juring Schism this place would seem to have been a rallying point for those who refused to give in their allegiance to the Hanoverian succession. At all events, Robert Nelson writes in 1702-3 that he finds none of "our clergy" placed nearer to his friend Samuel Pepys of Clapham than Mitcham, "where lives a Mr. Higden, who married a sister of Lord Stawell."

In this parish, not far from Tooting Junction station, and nearly opposite to "Figge's" Marsh, is



MITCHAM GROVE IN 1796. (From an old Print.)

of Mr. W. P. Bidder, has been erected near the site of the old house.

According to Lysons, Lord Chancellor More must have had a house here, although it is uncertain that he lived in it, as one Thomas Elrington, by his will dated in 1523, bequeathed to Alice, his wife, "his chief house at Mitcham, which was given to him by Thomas More."

Brayley says that "an object of some interest to the antiquary is an ancient house in this parish, formerly the property of Mrs. Sarah Chandler. This house, in which are the remains of a chapel, is conjectured to have been, at a very early period, the property of Henry Strete, 'who had a license for an oratory in his house at Mitcham,' in 1348. It is held under the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury, and its proprietors claim a right to the north aisle of the church."

a house, on the front gate of which is an inscription in old English characters, to the effect that "Defoe lived here in 1688." Defoe had a Presbyterian chapel in Tooting, and the minister of that chapel and many of the neighbours believe in the tradition, which is probably true, though it cannot be said to be universally accepted. The house in question is now inhabited by Mr. Bumpus, bookseller, of Holborn.

Another noted inhabitant of Mitcham was Moses Mendez, a poet of the last century, who at the time of his death, in 1758, was reported to be worth £100,000. He was the author of four little dramatic pieces—"The Chaplet," "The Shepherd's Lottery," "Robin Hood," and "The Double Disappointment," besides a poem called "Henry and Blanche," &c. Some of his productions are to be found in Dodsley's Collection.

CHAPTER LVI.

TOOTING.

The Etymology of Tooting—Probable origin of the word "toot"—The River Graveney—Doubtful Parish Boundary-lines—The Old Limn Street—Tooting-Bee Common—Early History of the Manor—Encroachments on the Common—The Maynard Family—Sir Paul Wichote—Sir James Bateman—The Parish Church—A Cell to the Priory of St. Mary Overy, Southwark—The Village of Tooting—Druett's School—The Jewish Convalescent Home—The Defoe Presbyterian Chapel—Biographical Notice of Daniel Defoe—Lambeth Cemetery—Summers Town—Holy Trinity Church—The Church of St. Mary Magdalene—Westminster Union Industrial School—Surrey County Lunatic Asylum—Noted Residents—Tooting Common.

THIS parish, which claims as its full designation the name of Tooting Graveney, is more commonly known as Lower Tooting. For common use, the terms Lower Tooting and Upper Tooting, as indicating the two natural divisions of this neighbourhood, are more useful than the words Tooting Graveney; but the district known as Upper Tooting is, we believe, entirely outside the boundaries of Tooting-Graveney parish, which is the smallest in area of any parish in the county of Surrey, being only some 560 acres in extent, but it has a population of about 4,000 souls, which shows an increase not far short of fifty per cent. since the census was taken in 1871; thus, it is unlike its neighbour, Mitcham, which is very extensive in its acreage.

The etymology of Tooting has been somewhat puzzling to topographers. Mr. James Thorne, in his "Environs of London," says, "it is no doubt due to the settlement here of a branch of the Saxon or Teutonic family of the Totingas. In legal documents the place is designated Tooting Graveney (properly Gravenell), the addition being derived from a family of that name who held the manor, with other property, under the Abbot of Chertsey, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries." The first syllable of the name—*Toot*—is perhaps the same as the Welsh word "Tut," a small rising whereon beacons were placed; and the name may have been given to this district from a beacon being planted here. "'Toot,' in one of its varied forms, is not an uncommon prefix to the names of other places in different parts of England, as *Totnes*, *Totham*, *Tutbury*, *Tothill*, *Tottenham*, &c.; and it may be added that all these places are of considerable elevation compared with the surrounding parts."* Such also is the case here, at all events in that part of the parish which is known as Tooting Bec. By some writers the name of Tooting is derived from "Theon," a slave, and "Ing," a dwelling, which would show the word to be derived from the then status of the few inhabitants of the place as villeins or churls, as the original copyhold tenants of a manor were called. In Saxon times

England was divided, as to its inhabitants, into two classes—freemen and serfs; and these latter were, to a great extent, all attached to the soil.

On more than one occasion Tooting has figured in the pages of comic literature, something in the same way as Slowborough-cum-Mud-in-the-Hole; and it may be remembered that Thackeray, in "Vanity Fair," when describing how Rawdon Crawley lived on nothing a year, mentions "the pertinacity with which the washerwoman from Tooting brought the cart every Saturday, and her bills week after week."

It is on record that during the Great Fire of London in 1666, large numbers of the inhabitants flocked to Tooting to view the conflagration, which was plainly visible hence. On the higher grounds at Tooting, and even at Morden, we are credibly informed the light was so strong that one would have sworn the fire was only in the next village.

It is worthy of note that a century or two ago, when the Court took up its quarters at Epsom, as we have already seen,* and large numbers of the wealthier classes were in the habit of going thither from London, it became customary for many of the inhabitants to station themselves at the point where the road forks off to Epsom by way of Tooting and Merton respectively, and vociferously hail or "tout" the travellers, with the object of inducing them to pass through the former village. To such a pitch had this custom grown that it became a common expression for the aristocracy as they approached this spot, in addressing one another, to say that the "toots" were upon them again. Hence, like "burking" or "boycotting," the term has become adopted into our common conversation, the word "toot" and "tout" being pronounced in the same way.

The little river Graveney, which rises in what once were meadows near Tooting Junction station, flows now with diminished flood in winter, and is all but dry in summer. The drainage of the locality no longer finds its way into its bed. Its course is marked by willows, as it wanders through the lowlands in the direction of Tulse Hill.

The parish, as we learn from a local publication

* See "Old and New London," Vol. IV., p. 14.

See *ante*, p. 14.

called the *Tooting Graveney Parish Magazine*, was originally bounded by natural watercourses, but now many that were open have been covered either by drains or arches, or otherwise filled in; this makes it a difficult matter to determine the exact boundary-line in some places, and hence a bone of contention has at different times arisen between the ratepayers of Tooting and the adjoining parishes. An old inhabitant, writing in the above-named publication, remarks:—"The boundary separating the parishes on the common is properly beyond Green Lane, where formerly stood an octagonal cottage, where our pioneer used to chip a brick with his axe, and from there by a watercourse inside the present enclosure to the ditch close to the spot where Streatham Workhouse stood, which included one row of trees in the avenue and also the road. The ditch on the Streatham side was a general watercourse separating the parishes; and although our boundary post has often been put in its proper place, it is taken up again by others, and laid down. A large oak-tree was blown down there about fifty years ago, which Tooting claimed, but Streatham took it away. One field, called the 'Leg of Mutton' field, is entirely isolated from Mitcham, though rated by that parish. It is leading to Biggery Hill, towards the Wandle, and was the end field of Bell's Farm, adjoining the glebe, and surrounded by hedge and ditch, but now being only partly enclosed, great care should be taken to preserve the proper boundary. Tradition says that a corpse was found in this field, and that the Tooting officials refusing to bury it, Mitcham parish did the duty that we should have done, and claimed in consequence to rate the field, which is to this day assessed to them."

Tooting lies on the Epsom road, between Mitcham on the south and west, and Streatham on the east, Wandsworth bounding it on the north; and it is seven miles from Westminster Bridge.

The old Ermin Street ran nearly parallel to, but a little to the east of, the turnpike road through Tooting, Merton, Ewell, and Epsom, to Ashted, and so southward to Dorking, when it went off westward to Farnham, passing to the south of Guildford. One Stane Street, branching from the Ermin Street at Dorking, proceeded southwards, through Ockley, into Sussex. Another Stane Street from London to the south passed through Streatham, Croydon, Coulsdon, Caterham, and Godstone.

At the time of the Conquest there were two, if not three, manors called Tooting—or rather, *Totinges*, as the name was then written. One of

these, forming part of the parish of Streatham,* came to be called Tooting-Bec, from having been held of the gift of Richard de Tonbridge by the Abbot of Bec, in Normandy. The name of this manor is now perpetuated by Tooting-Bec Common, of which we shall have more to say presently. Another of these manors is thus noticed in Domesday Book among the lands of the Abbot of St. Peter, Westminster:—"The abbot holds Totinges, which Swain, or Sweyn, held of King Edward, when it was assessed at four hides. . . . Earl Wallef obtained this land from Swain, after the death of King Edward, and he mortgaged it for two marks of gold to Alnothus the Londoner, who gave his interest in it to St. Peter, for the health of his soul. Odbert holds it of the abbot, exempt from payment of geld." This manor is supposed to have been absorbed either into the manor of Tooting-Bec or into that of Tooting Graveney.

The other estates are thus described in the Domesday Book:—"Haimo the Sheriff holds Totinges of the Abbot of Certesy (Chertsey). In the time of King Edward it was assessed at six hides, wanting one virgate: now at nothing. The arable land consists of three carucates. There is one carucate in demesne; and three villains, and two bordars, with one carucate. There is a church and four acres of meadow. In the time of King Edward it was valued at 40s.; afterwards at 20s., and now at 70s. The same Haimo holds of the abbot one hide, held of King Edward by Oswald, who could remove whither he pleased. There is one villain, with half a carucate, and one acre of meadow. In the time of King Edward it was valued at 15s.; now at 10s."

Mr. S. E. Lambert, in a lecture on "Ancient and Modern Tooting," lately delivered before the Tooting and District Ratepayers' Association, observed: "It was probably in consequence of the grant to St. Peter by Sweyn that a church was erected here. At the time of the compilation of 'Domesday,' it appears that there was a church and four acres of meadow, but I have not been able to obtain any evidence that this church existed in the time of Edward the Confessor, or before the grant by Sweyn. When the land passed to the Church, as was the custom of the ecclesiastics in those times, and in order to evade the public burdens, it was assessed to them at nothing."

From the above entries it is clear that a grant of the manors must have been made at an early date to the Abbey of Chertsey; and the manor of Tooting Graveney appears to comprehend all that

* See "Old and New London," Vol. VI., p. 316.

is described in the Domesday Survey as held by "Haimo the Sheriff." It is probable that this Haimo, or some descendant, bore the surname of "de Gravenell," and gave that name to the manor, which, as shown above, has since become corrupted into Tooting Graveney. One Richard de Gravenell was witness to a deed by which the manor of Balgham (Balham) was confirmed to the Abbey of Bec. Haimo de Gravenell was owner of this lordship in the twelfth century, for in the reign of Henry II. he gave the tithes of the manor and the advowson of the church to the Priory of St. Mary Overy, in Southwark, which grant was confirmed by Richard, Bishop of Winchester. From this monastery the church was served as a vicarage down to the time of the Dissolution, when the advowson was granted to Edward Fynes, Lord Clinton and Say, and it again became a rectory. It subsequently belonged to Sir J. Bateman, Percival Lewis, Brady, Rev. Henry Allen, D.D., Barlow, Broadley, Marsden, Greaves, and others.

In 1214-15 (Charter Roll 13, Edward I., No. 40), one Bartholomew de Costello had a grant of free-warren in his land of Toting.

In 1216, as we learn from Brayley's "Surrey," "King John granted to Denis, his chaplain, the land at Tooting which had belonged to Richard de Gravenell, who had probably lost the estate in consequence of having taken part with the barons in their contest with the king. If so, however, the lands must have been shortly restored, for it is stated in the Testa de Nevill that the heirs of Richard de Gravenell held one knight's fee in Tooting of the Abbot of Chertsey."

Thomas de Lodelowe died in 1314 seized of this manor; and in 1394 the estate was held by Katherine, widow of Thomas de Lodelowe, son and heir of the above, "by the payment of a rose at the feast of St. John the Baptist." From the Lodelowes the manor passed by marriage to the knightly family of the Dymokes, who held it for about two centuries.

The following particulars of the early history of the manor were given by Mr. Lambert in his lecture above mentioned:—"In the fifth year of the reign of Edward III. (1332), a portion of the Church lands, comprising a house and 13 acres found to be held of the parish church, and described as being in Totinge Graveney, was aliened in favour of the prior and brethren of the Holy Cross next the Tower of London.

"In 1341-2 Joan, widow of Thomas de Lodelowe, was still alive, and had her dower out of the Manor of Tooting Graveney. She was seized for the term of her life of the manor of Tooting

Graveney, held of the Abbot of Chertsey. There was there a capital messuage, worth nothing yearly; 42 acres of arable land, valued yearly at 10s. 7½d.; 5 acres of pasture worth 5s., the price of the acre being 12d., and after the time of mowing they are worth nothing, because they lie in common; also 6 acres of pasture, which is in severalty from Lady-day to August, and is worth 6s. yearly; and from August to Lady-day it lies in common. The reversion of the dower of the said Joan belonged to Margaret, daughter and heiress of Thomas de Lodelowe (the son), but subject to the life interest of her mother, Katherine.

"In 1547, at the view of Frankpledge for Tooting Graveney, it was agreed that no cattle should be put on the common fields between the feasts of St. Mary and St. Matthew, penalty 10s.; hogs to be yoked and ringed, penalty 10s. In 1555, several persons were fined for cutting furze off the common lands—amongst others, Richard Blake, of the Lordship of Tooting Bec, parish of Streatham. In the same year the Rector of Tooting Graveney had to make a certain gate between the highway and the common field by a certain day, under a forfeiture of 6s. 8d.

"In 1557 I find it was directed that they of Upper Tooting shall fetch no gravel within the Lordship, neither were they to fell furze. It appears that, by Upper Tooting was meant Tooting Bec, so that we can readily understand that Tooting Graveney would come to be known as Lower Tooting. In the same year it appears that the parson had encroached upon the Lord's ground and the King's highway, going to Mitcham, in making ditches beside the parson's half acre. He was commanded to fill it up within a certain time, under a penalty of 10s. Also, it was provided that the same parson suffer none of his cattell to go on the common, or in the lane, under the penalty of 3s. 4d. for every horse and cow, and 3s. 4d. for every sheep and hogge, as often as they be taken. In 1559 there was a presentment that the rector of Tooting permitted his cattell—to wit, hogs and sheep—to wander in the common, contrary to the penalty set at the last court; therefore he forfeited 3s. 4d., but, by favour of the court, it was turned to amercement—viz., 20 pence. There was a further presentment that the aforesaid Rector of Tooting did not fill up the pit which he had dug in the highway. He was commanded to fill it up by Christmas, under a penalty of twenty shillings.

"In 1561 the Rector of Tooting was again ordered not to permit his beasts to wander in the Lord's commons or lanes, under a penalty of 4d.

each time : and whoever took the beasts to the Lord's grounds was to have 2nd of such 4d.

"In 1565 I find the Lord's waste ground styled Tooting Graveney Common.

"In 1569 one Robert Lewesey enclosed one-fifth part of the two commons, called Tooting Common, belonging as well to the Manor of Tooting Graveney as to Tooting Bec. It was commanded that hereafter he do it not. In 1574 all persons having lands adjoining the common were to fence them, at a penalty of 12d. for every yard.

"In 1589 it was ordered that the little lane on the south-west part of the church be enclosed by the inhabitants with a gate, at their charges. There was a presentment that four elms cut in the ditch of the hedge, over against the churchyard, belonged to the lord of the manor, and not to the Rector of Tooting.

"In 1590, Robert Wymple, of Stretcham, unjustly and without right, entered into the Lord's lands called Tooting Heath, and took and carried away fishes—to wit, eels—being in the ponds there."

Towards the close of the sixteenth century the lordship of the manor of Tooting was conveyed to Sir Henry Maynard, who was secretary to the famous minister, William, Lord Burghley ; and it was probably to this Sir Henry that Queen Elizabeth paid her visit when she was at Tooting in 1600, not very long before her death.

William, the eldest son of Sir Henry Maynard, was raised to the peerage, with the title of Lord Maynard ; but this estate was held possibly under a marriage settlement, as we learn from Brayley, by Sir John Maynard, his second son, who was made a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles I. He sat in several Parliaments for Lostwithiel, in Cornwall, and in 1647, together with Mr. Denzil Holle, Sir William Waller, and other leaders of the Presbyterian party, was impeached for high treason, on account of his strong dislike to the proceedings of the army and his efforts to get it disbanded. Maynard was committed to the Tower, but the prosecution was eventually abandoned. On his decease, in 1658, the manor of Tooting Graveney descended to his son and heir, John, who died in 1664, leaving a daughter, Mary, wife of Sir Edward Honeywood, Bart., of Kent.

The manor was subsequently owned by the Wichcotes. In 1695 Sir Paul Wichcote obtained an Act of Parliament enabling him to grant "leases for ninety-nine years of the manor of Tooting-Graveney, and any of his messuages, lands, and hereditaments in Tooting-Graveney, Tooting-

Becke, and Streatham, in the county of Surrey, for the better improvement thereof." Shortly after we find the property in the hands of Mr. James Bateman, who was afterwards knighted, and became an alderman of London. He was Lord Mayor in 1717, and died in the following year. His funeral must have been a very sumptuous affair. He was buried by night with great pomp in Tooting Church, the *cortège* comprising twenty coaches, each drawn by six horses, a large number of mourners on horseback, and one hundred torch-bearers. His son, Mr. John Bateman, sold this manor, with his other property in Surrey, under the authority of an Act of Parliament in 1725, to Mr. Percival Lewis, of Putney, and about forty years later it was bought by Mr. Morgan Rice, a wealthy distiller, who was high sheriff of the county in 1772, and who also built the mansion called Hill House, on the rising ground above the church.

The old parish church, which is dedicated to St. Nicholas, was pulled down in 1832, when the new one was built ; it had a round tower, which was said to be the only example of a tower of that description in Surrey. The church is said to have been situated at an inconvenient distance from the population, and therefore its removal was the less regretted. But this can scarcely have been the case, the former structure having stood about the middle of the churchyard, by the present apse, where are to be seen some flat memorial stones which once lay in the principal aisle. It was a fine specimen of architecture, partly Roman and partly Saxon, with walls from four to six feet thick. The entrance to the churchyard was by a lych-gate—not unlike those which we have seen at the district of the Crays*—which led to a fine old porch. The old church was described by Lewis, in his "Topography of Surrey," published about the time of its demolition, as "an ancient structure with a circular tower and wooden spire, now much dilapidated." In former times it is said to have contained three bells, but latterly it had only one—and that the one still in use—the other two having been stolen.

The new church, dedicated, like the former, to St. Nicholas, the patron of fishermen, was consecrated in 1833, and it has been twice further enlarged. It is not a bad specimen of the Pointed style, considering the date of its erection, and has a lofty tower of four storeys, terminating in an open parapet and pinnacles. In 1873-5 an apsidal chancel, with organ chamber on the north and

* See *ante*, p. 26.

vestry on the south side, was built, from the designs of Mr. J. St. Aubyn. This chancel, which has greatly improved the appearance of the church, contains five stained glass memorial windows, with illustrations from the life of the prophet Elijah and other Scriptural subjects. The central part of the Gothic altar-screen, before the building of the new Trinity House. In the churchyard are the tombs



TOOTING CHAPEL.

chancel, contained a good copy of the "Salvator Mundi," by Sir James Thornhill. This, however, has now been removed. In the course of the year 1884 the body of the church was re-seated with open benches.

Among the sepulchral memorials removed from the old church, the most noteworthy is a tablet in memory of Sir John Hebdon, twice Envoy to Russia under Charles I. and Charles II., "for whose interest he spared neither purse nor person,

of Sir John Maynard and his son of the same name, who died in 1658 and 1664 respectively.

Dr. Samuel Lisle, who held the Rectory of Tooting from the years 1720 to 1729, was raised to the Bishopric of St. Asaph in 1743. He was subsequently translated to Norwich, and died in 1749.

The Church of Tooting Graveney in former times was not destitute of fitting accessories for the celebration of the Divine Office, as may be gathered from the inventory taken by the com-

missioners in the reign of Edward VI., when they went about the country to claim for the use of the king all plate, jewels, and articles of value, leaving only such things as they thought necessary for the continuance of public worship. Here, however, the commissioners had been forestalled in their work of plunder, for they had to report that there had been "stowlyn out offe the Church, aboute the moneth of May," three years before, "some

Saunder, Esquiors, Comissioners of our Soveraig Lorde the King, among other to that effect these, persel of Churche goodes here after ensuing.

"Imprimis a chalice poiz X oz iiij grt.

"A cope of old red sattin and a Aulter cloth of Satin of Bridges (Bruges?) for the Communyon table.

"Also remaining in their charge to the King's use iij belles in the steeple."



OLD TOOTING CHURCH. (From a Drawing by Harding, Engraved by Cook, 1827.)

crosses and candlesticks"; and they further added, "all other thynges that were in the Church att that tyme was (*sic*) taken away."

The report continues thus:—"Wyllym Hodson and Thommas Borhum were churchwardens of the said parishe Churche off Totynge Graveney" at that time; and they appear to have been in office five years. But the next year there were fresh wardens, for Richard Kingston and Roger Marshall were wardens. That was not long before the poor young king's death. There was "delivered unto the Wardens there (Toting Graveney) xix day of May, Anno regni, regis Edw. VI., VII. (1553), by Sir Thomas Caswarden, Sir Thomas Saunder, Knights, John Scott Nicholas Leigh and William

The parish registers begin in 1555, but the entries are not original until the time of James I.

In almost every neighbourhood the old "Grange," or "Manor House," if lonely and dull, is sure to be associated with a ghost; and if it has a moat or any other trace of antiquity, then the popular imagination is sure to conjure up a subterranean passage. Tooting is no exception to the rule. The "subterranean passage" here is supposed to have led from the church to a moated building in a field close by, which may have served as a home for a small colony of Brethren of the Holy Cross, at the time when the church was "served" by the Priory of St. Mary Overy, in Southwark.

We are told that it was a house and thirteen acres of land. The moat may have served for a fish-pond, but it also afforded protection from surprise by reckless or desperate night marauders. It stood on the edge of the wild open heath land, and there can have been no lack of needy wayfarers, ready to enrich themselves by fair means or foul. "The subterranean passage," remarks the writer of the paper in the magazine above quoted, "was no doubt constructed for the purpose of enabling the brethren to pass to and fro from the church unobserved, and, as they may have had no chapel attached to the house, of going unmolested to the vigils and services in the dark nights and mornings. It is then no great stretch of the imagination to picture on this spot the home of a small colony of the Brethren of the Holy Cross—perhaps the home of a few sent down, and changed from time to time, from the convent in the heart of London, just under the fortress walls. The brethren may possibly have had some spiritual charge in the parish. The church, as we have seen, was in the hands of the Priory of S. Mary Overie, the magnificent church of which, under the name of S. Saviour's, Southwark, still attests the splendour of the convent. And it is not unlikely that many of the services in the church here would have been conducted by the brethren from the little convent in the fields close by, even if they were not responsible to the priory for all the duties of the parish. Here, then, on the ground now in great measure covered by dwellings abutting on the road which is known as the Vant Road, stood, in what must have been the seclusion and quiet of perfect country, the moated monastery of which no known trace now remains."

The principal part of the village of Tooting lies about a quarter of a mile to the north of the church, at the junction of the Mitcham Road with that leading to Merton and Epsom. Here, in what is called the Broadway, are several good shops and houses, a large Board School, a bank, the police-station, and other public buildings. Here, too, are one or two fine old mansions with iron gates, most with extensive grounds annexed. One of these, called Fairfield House, is now, and has long been, a collegiate school. Another large house on the north side of the Broadway, called Eldon House, which has been modernised by a facing of stucco, is thought to be part of the mansion once occupied by the Maynards, and which Queen Elizabeth honoured with a visit, as mentioned above. This house, a few years ago, was occupied by a wealthy Portuguese Jew, named Salvador, and some of the contiguous property is now known as the Salvador

estate. At the corner of the Merton Road and Garratt Lane is a large, square, brick-built mansion, with steep roof, called The Limes, from the trees with which its grounds are surrounded. The iron gates and red-brick piers, surmounted by stone urns, are very fine. One of these old mansions was at one time occupied by Lord Trimleston; the rich iron gates bore a coronet as part of its ornamentation. These, however, have been taken away. Sir Richard Blackmore, a city physician and poet, commemorated by Pope, had his country house here:

"Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's Court."

In the main street are two old inns—the "Angel" and the "Castle"—both remarkable for their low rooms and huge beams across the ceiling.

In the centre of the village, close to Tooting Corner, there stood formerly an institution known as Druett's School, devoted to the care of pauper children from some district in London in which the cholera made most fearful ravages in the year 1848, doubtless through bad sanitary arrangements. No less than 120 victims of this epidemic were buried in Tooting churchyard in the course of a fortnight. The view of the building is given in the *Illustrated News* for January, 1849.

In the Longley Road, near the centre of the village, stands the Jewish Convalescent Home, which was founded in 1869 for the reception of Jewish convalescents—men, women, and children.

The greatest and the most celebrated name connected with Tooting is that of Defoe. In the main street of the village, a few yards north of the "Angel" Inn, stands the Defoe Presbyterian Chapel, which is said to have been founded here by that reverend man of letters in 1688. The present fabric is a commonplace brick building, with the inevitable three windows and a door below; by the side of the door is a panel of stone, recording the above historical associations of the spot. On either side stand a pair of tombstones, as guardian angels, to welcome those who enter; the interior is dull and prosaic enough for the Georgian era.

When he first founded this chapel, Defoe is said to have lived at a house, no longer in existence, near Tooting Corner, close to which runs a row of small villas, called after him Defoe Road. He also resided at one time in an old-fashioned house on the road to Mitcham. It looks like a country parsonage, and has very much altered since Defoe's time; but the fact of its having been occupied by him is recorded on its front gate.

Defoe was quite young whilst he was at Tooting,

and whilst here he had written only one or two pamphlets which never rose into fame, and are now forgotten—amongst others, one on “The Young Academics” of the universities, and another on the war between Austria and Turkey. He had also only lately, through his zeal for the Protestant cause, joined in the rash and ill-concerted conspiracy headed by the Duke of Monmouth, which brought some of his companions in arms to the block. It was probably to the obscurity of his birth and name that he owed his escape from prosecution; and both here as a writer, and afterwards as a hosier in business, he lived on unmolested by the Government of James II., until the Revolution of 1688 enabled him to breathe freely. Though not a minister, he appears to have gathered around him a congregation of Nonconformists, and so to have become the founder of the chapel which is called after his name. About this time he appears to have been admitted a freeman of the City of London; and in 1695, soon after having compounded with his creditors, he was appointed a commissioner for managing the duties on glass. His “Short Way with the Dissenters,” his “Moll Flanders,” and his “Robinson Crusoe,” on which his fame chiefly rests, were not written till a far later period of his strange and chequered life.*

Here Defoe celebrated, doubtless in a convivial manner, November 4, 1669, the first anniversary of the accession of William III. Soon afterwards he had to make good his escape, for the bailiffs were after him for debt, as the authorities of the dominant Church had been after him for his outspoken nonconformity.

It is clear that Defoe, though he read and studied for the Presbyterian ministry, was never the pastor, though he was practically the founder, of the chapel here; in fact, there is no proof that he ever was ordained at all. And it is singular that of all the “Lives” of Defoe that are published, that by Lee is the only one which mentions, and that very briefly, his connection with Tooting. Mr. Chadwick, indeed, goes so far as to say that the years 1680—88 in his life are a blank that is not accounted for, and these were the very years that he spent at Tooting.

The chapel called after Defoe was built in the years 1765-6. Probably in Defoe’s time the congregation met in a small house; this was succeeded by a temporary wooden building, which in due time gave way to the present structure, which is a fair specimen of the churches and chapels of the days of Hogarth.

The following particulars of Defoe’s career are gleaned from a local source:—In 1688, the year of the Revolution, Daniel Defoe, author of “Robinson Crusoe” and many other great works, lived at Tooting, founded the nonconformist church, and supplied it with a minister, upon whose teaching the educated and respectable might attend. Joshua Oldfield, D.D., the son of an ejected minister, and tutor to the family of Paul Foley, Speaker to the House of Commons in the reign of William III., was the first pastor. He was succeeded by such men as Henry Miles, D.D., F.R.S., Samuel Wilton, D.D., the Rev. James Bowden, the founder of the Surrey Mission, and the Rev. William Henry, the earnest and genial Secretary of the Home Missionary Society. In 1861 the Rev. William Anderson became pastor of the church, and in his inaugural discourse called the attention of his congregation to the brave patriot and man of genius, who in an age of persecution here lifted the banner of Nonconformity. Illustrations of old chairs and a table in our vestry, and of the house in which Defoe is said to have resided, embellish the “Life of Defoe” published by Lee in 1869. The old oak pulpit, which was occupied for many years by Thomas Goodwin, D.D., President of Magdalen College, Oxford, a member of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, and one of “the two Atlases and Patriarchs of Independency,” is used by the present pastor in conducting the services. In 1874 a committee was formed for the purpose of erecting a “Defoe Memorial Manse,” for the use of the minister for the time being of the Nonconformist Church. The Rev. John Congreve, M.A., the rector of the parish, co-operated in the erection of a memorial so thoroughly in harmony with the spirit and work of the far-famed Defoe. “If Daniel Defoe were alive and amongst us,” said Mr. Congreve at a public meeting, “it is certain he would greatly desire to see the successive ministers of his church provided with a house suitable to their position and work.” The name of Dean Stanley figures among the subscribers to the undertaking. In 1875 a freehold site was purchased from the British Land Company in the most conspicuous position in Tooting, and a manse was erected for the minister of the chapel in the Domestic Gothic style. Near the front door, between two of the buttresses, it is proposed to place a life-size statue of Defoe under an enriched canopy.

Defoe was one of the greatest of English prose writers, and the father of English novelists. His genius was at once original and versatile. He wrote over 250 works, unlike any other books in literature, besides contributing largely to periodicals.

* See “Old and New London,” Vol. V., p. 537.

But from amongst his numerous works, "Robinson Crusoe" stands out the greatest of them all. Yon desolate island, where the rough-capped exile lived year after year in solitude; the goats, with their large lustrous eyes, glaring wildly through the thicket; and the parrot crying out unexpectedly, "Poor Robinson Crusoe!" beguile old, young, learned, and unlearned. From the time that "Robinson Crusoe" first saw the light it has not been possible to conceive that it would ever lose its charms. But great as Defoe was as an author, he was far greater as a man. He dared to do his own thinking in an age when independence of thought was a rare thing. For the sake of civil and religious liberty he went from his drawing-room to the prison cell, from his carriage to the pillory, and if it had been necessary, would have gone to the stake.

Nearly opposite the Defoe Chapel is a granite building forming three sides of a quadrangle, and apparently designed for almshouses. Its timbers are of solid oak, and the roof looks as if it had been designed for one of the farm-houses in Surrey or Sussex.

Close by the cemetery is Summers Town, which was made an ecclesiastical parish in 1845. The church is in the Pointed style, and consists of a chancel, nave, south aisle, and a small bell-turret. This district is really part of Wandsworth, but has been separated from it only for ecclesiastical purposes, in the same way as the Holy Trinity district, on the high ground to the east of Tooting, and has now come to be vulgarly called Upper Tooting. It has, in fact, nothing whatever to do with Tooting proper. It is simply the western side of the parish of Streatham, and still forms part and parcel of that parish for all but ecclesiastical purposes. It was formed into an ecclesiastical district in 1855. It is an extensive and rapidly increasing locality, built mostly on the hill sloping up from the Broadway, Tooting, towards Balham, and skirting the north-western side of Tooting Common, to which there is a pleasant roadway leading up from the north side of Tooting Church.

The Church of St. Mary Magdalene, in the Trinity Road, was temporarily built in 1870 as a chapel-of-ease to St. Anne's, Wandsworth. Besides this, there are chapels for different denominations of Nonconformists. The Westminster Union In-

dustrial School, in the St. James's Road, is an attractive red-brick building, standing in extensive grounds. It was opened in 1852, and affords accommodation for 200 children, boys and girls. In Burntwood Lane, just on the border of Wandsworth Common, stands the Surrey County Lunatic Asylum. It is a large building in the Elizabethan style, and was erected in 1840, from the designs of Mr. W. Moseley. The asylum has since been enlarged, and will now hold 1,100 inmates.

Upper Tooting, like the rest of this locality, contains a large number of residences of retired merchants and tradesmen, many of which stand in their own well-wooded grounds, some of the cedar-trees which grace them being particularly fine. Here at one time lived Mr. Richard Baggallay, father of Sir Richard Baggallay, one of the Lords Justices of the Court of Appeal; the son, however, was born in the parish of Stockwell. Hill House, formerly the seat of Mr. Alderman Venables, is one of the most conspicuous mansions in the neighbourhood. It is surrounded by extensive grounds on the rising ground above Tooting Church.

Tooting Common, some sixty-three acres in extent, forms the eastern extremity of the parish, and is hemmed in on either side by portions of the parish of Streatham. It is still a delightful piece of sylvan scenery, intersected by roads and footpaths, with fine avenues and groves of elms. In some parts the surface of ground has been broken up in the process of digging for sand and gravel; in other parts it is level, but it is well overgrown with gorse and heather, and is altogether one of the most pleasant spots in the neighbourhood; but considering how great was the struggle to secure this common, it is doubtful whether the boon has been fully appreciated. Tooting Common is separated by merely a roadway from Tooting-Bec Common, which comprises about 150 acres, and the whole is now maintained as an "open space" by the Metropolitan Board of Works, the "rights" having been bought from the lord of the manor in 1875 for several thousand pounds, after an agitation extending over many months. Around the common are several good houses, both old and new, standing in well-wooded grounds; and a great portion of the land on either hand is cut up for building purposes.

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